



Chris Weige is a poet & screen printer who lives in Austin, Texas. His poetry can be viewed on chrisweige.com and his work can be purchased on reckon.ws. His poems have appeared in *Austin Daze Magazine*, *Power of the Word UK*, *BillHicks.com*, *Free Radio Austin*, *Sacred Cow*, *Spiritual Awakenings Magazine*, *Poethia*, *Zenith*, *The PR*, *The Richmond Review (UK)*, *Moose and Pussy*, and *The Literary Lion*.

Renée Zepeda is a poet, teacher, and publisher from Ann Arbor, Michigan. Her poetry can be read on thepr740.vox.com. In addition to publishing *The Pulchritudinous Review*, Renee has been published by Past Tents Press (Detroit), *Exquisite Corpse*, *Monkey Puzzle*, *Oranges & Sardines*, *W5RAn.com*, and *The Residential College Review (UofM)*, among others.

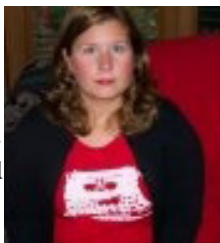


the **twitstat** project
chris weige
& renée zepeda



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& renée zepeda

Simone juggled the handles of 300 glass ceilings
until she was in like Flynn.

I hear it's heaven
head happy houdini
minutes of mere mind flames
organic juice dribbled
in collision something sexy:
tea, truth, tiny tableau.

THE TWITSTAT PROJECT

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THE TWITSTAT PROJECT

Published by The Pulchritudinous Press
Edited & Designed by Renée Zepeda
Boulder, Colorado
ReneeZepeda@gmail.com

Printed in The United States of America
in a limited edition of 25 copies
& set in Adobe Caslon Pro

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The Twitstat Poems were written March-July of 2008
& first published on Chris Weige's website:
reckon.ws

The Body Electric was written August-December of 2009
& published on Renée Zepeda's website:
thepr740.vox.com

your
luminous
body
your body
radiant
with
luminosity
your
luminous
white
body
your radiant
body
glowing
red-gold

31

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glowing
red-gold

31

Last night we danced the orange and our bodies were
writhing and our bodies were like gods. Your body
felt like Vishnu and I was the Goddess of the Lake
who comes to us milky and sweet.

God, I wish you had been there in body. Materialize.
I want to bloom once more. More than once more.
More and more I want to bloom inside you. You
make me burn more brightly than I ever imagined.

This kind of blooming is a stroke of genius.
You must let me blow you as long as I can.

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writhing and our bodies were like gods. Your body
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The Twitstat Project: A Double Book

Chris Weige
& Renée Zepeda

The Pulchritudinous Press
Boulder, CO
2010

The Twitstat Project: A Double Book

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2010

Light pink book / Toasted body

We are becoming a strong strain of tropical hybrid hibiscus. And you said fuck like a gazelle and we fuck like gazelles. Ghazals we sing too and maybe C enters through a knocking door. Heaven's knocking door I'm on and you are completely on too. You're blooming out of my fingers. Am I blooming in you?

Blooming is heavenly sacred and scared to be so blissful, this bliss train goes so fast, so fast while we're blooming inside each other. Fast, fast, tight, fast. At this speed we reek of angels. Is she there yet? No. She's just getting started. Please start her again. Let her start and start and never stop until she's satisfied.

So I keep glowing all day and all through the night. When will we rest? We'll rest when we learn to relax. Relax your feet. Relax me.

Light pink book / Toasted body

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So I keep glowing all day and all through the night. When will we rest? We'll rest when we learn to relax. Relax your feet. Relax me.

BOOK I

The Twitstat Poems

Chris Weige

You'll come into the bedroom silently and lie down,
our bodies fallen from heaven stretched out
waiting naked and restless bury your face

in my shoulders and breasts, breathing my skin and
stroke and kiss neck and mouth and make
back be open and known

your cock in the darkness, together hot hips
and buttocks screwed into each other...
nude ghosts seeking each other out in silence.

-Variation on Allen Ginsberg's
"Love Poem on a Theme by Whitman"

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-Variation on Allen Ginsberg's
"Love Poem on a Theme by Whitman"

kneeling in coy cool cowboy boots
i make more almond downtime
hush you honey quick and swoon
the day i came so easily

easily so came i the day
swoon and quick honey hush
downtime almond more make i
boots cowboy kneeling coy

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i will murmur in your ears
and those roses
will hold
my sound
heaven stretched out waiting watching us sleep

Satie made mincemeat of 200 hat boxes by using
radio that never turns off.

I hear it's home
farm feeling affirming
years of far fun kites
organic food found
hiding in stalks something real:
milk, money, missing parts.

i will murmur in your ears
and those roses
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I hear it's home
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milk, money, missing parts.

Sittin' in that old metal folding chair

To to the peach tree whisper soft lips and scent
No no retreat from the long beach where bodies
will not relent.

To to elaborate, Woman, it may be ok,
it may in any language taste the same
when you call out fuck and game,
when you really drive it, and when yr soon
if you're not getting wet the best kiss consumes
and you know you recognize it, and it you
in your sexy room.

quest

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quest

Best body buzz

wearing your red tank
because we just made You
on top and I was all You
and you're Slow at first
then I wrapped my legs
around your and lifted my
and we got my and
so did my writing

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so did my writing

Van Halen and the record of La Roq

Money moments of course
on the other hand: if you think about it: empty
cameras painting your bedroom
with someone else's deck
of magick cards.
Your cash, oil switch,
Your gruff wonderful words whose true name is Love.
Your bash belly-dancing curves.
Your non-stick non-stop walls vibrating in the
impossible church.

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1. Pretty Reasons for Filming True Friends and Others

- * Most already believe in love
- * Most at least try to hear the missing thoughts
- * Care
- * Change
- * Seriously better beer, and a lot of cool details

Start last hibiscus: a strong burn. like she's the
crosser on green, I of God, maybe.

Now you're on. completely you and a stroke of wish
stop let me.

Sing a too and maybe you orange me with voodoo.
relax fast and materialize. bloom a fingers, am and a
feet. turning body

the Lake say and me too of more. and heavenly so.

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“
 when fantasizing
 “ you became “
 “
 a windshield “ “
 placed carefully
 “ around “
 “ a hybrid “
 flower “my love
 is building “ a building
 “
 “ around you” “
 “

2. Lotsa Soup Means Awesome Noodle

- * Listening live yeah, making new work, new words
- * Ha ha here, dinner and a pantsless party
- * In the cool country tonight
- * You can storm in or bounce quietly
- * Wearing what you were born in

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- * You can storm in or bounce quietly
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**Link man met the morning music feeling every
note in the big picture show,**

ever noting the strange stuff, the techie things
'tween us, old offers in the happy head trying to
make it through feeling stupid, trying to make it go

dueling cupid and the throes, if you follow.

Damn, hope would not let me go despite my shriv-
eling act only known as apathy-ego, mr. cool-done-
doing, mr. social something-or-other, mr. big 'ol
yesterday imagining a marvel through the window
leaning on the pane's chipped paint.

soft
mouth
fox
sits
there

wait
there
soft
mouth
fox

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pressed with no fear of
 “ “ “
 “ “ “
 velvety august forest
 “ “
 “
 i canvas the sun
 “ “
 “ “
 “ you do love ”
 “ “ “ my greenman
 “ “ “
 “ “ “
 ‘
 ‘
 ‘
 ‘
 ‘

20

pressed with no fear of
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 “ “ “
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 “ “
 “
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 “ “
 “ “
 “ you do love ”
 “ “ “ my greenman
 “ “ “
 “ “ “
 “ “ “
 ‘
 ‘
 ‘
 ‘
 ‘

20

5.7 love wasn't work / wasn't isn't old / but was is form more worthy.

love wasn't pointless storks / wasn't isn't bored / but was is born.

either idea scores / big soundy star-stuff / free and prettier folklore / funny ladies made of statues casting shadows on identity /

and love wasn't hidden under floor or carpet dirt / wasn't isn't just a flirt / but was is written / on no heart left unhurt...

i don't know. you tell me.

7

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and love wasn't hidden under floor or carpet dirt / wasn't isn't just a flirt / but was is written / on no heart left unhurt...

i don't know. you tell me.

7

Already found fire and followed;

answer. answer anything (!) apparently awesome

when our minds met that night & sensed someone...
exactly: eyes bed better

yeah yedda (wow) and let life's long looks sound
something off for someone making happy sounds.

A:m exactly... give love the old photo party fix.

A framed branch

faded white

a faint star

stung blue

the wind brings

sounds

the mind wanders

I feel

A kiss

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answer. answer anything (!) apparently awesome

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sounds

the mind wanders

I feel

A kiss

another connection listening, and it looks like love
or why else would we be meeting in these gaps?
morning must make a dream reality, dreams that is
threaded like popcorn round a gift tree that is
sweating buttery sap.

we go over a river riding an Arabian horse that
changes into a Siamese cat the day you write to me from
Tokyo

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Tokyo

****Rest.****

_(or ide's wild)
(or Ida, Southwestern Child)_:
she said the same in shanghai
she wanted to walk on the wild side while wearing a
full body condom;
hmmm...city comments: calm down,
look at the moist mountains in the backdrop
beyond the hotels motels fountains and demo beds;
t.v. on the night-stand tomorrow trying again...
Yeah.

10

Thinking of three
see you can say Oh
my i hope you'll let me
quote you on that

17

****Rest.****

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10

Thinking of three
see you can say Oh
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17

-au naturel- these poems
have been (pressed
against me)

(warm almond scent)

16

-au naturel- these poems
have been (pressed
against me)

(warm almond scent)

16

A little light felt so far away in the company of the
cool dictionary.

a trip, um, to another place, a drive down webways
watching Man get busy and tired

what the fuck - i just wanted to be able to read.

worth it you better believe

11

A little light felt so far away in the company of the
cool dictionary.

a trip, um, to another place, a drive down webways
watching Man get busy and tired

what the fuck - i just wanted to be able to read.

worth it you better believe

11

Might mellow tonight, porn video, quick whoa, waiting mellow woman. quick whoa listening love,

hot season enjoying menopause, jesus;

it's a sweet trip testing the happy hill...

12

up. I wanted you to have something superterrific explosive in case you checked. And so I've written these lines for you, L'Amour, sweetheart. Just as Stendhal said, 20 lines a day, genius or not.

'15

Might mellow tonight, porn video, quick whoa, waiting mellow woman. quick whoa listening love,

hot season enjoying menopause, jesus;

it's a sweet trip testing the happy hill...

up. I wanted you to have something superterrific explosive in case you checked. And so I've written these lines for you, L'Amour, sweetheart. Just as Stendhal said, 20 lines a day, genius or not.

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'15

L'Amour

I wanted you to have something waiting for you in case you checked. We just had a wonderful tuck-in and are now in Paris, France. We have a window on the Left Bank and a large bath. We have chocolate croissants and two cafe au lait. I would kiss you now but your mouth is full of chocolate croissant. I am admiring the polaroids of us lounging in bed. Here you are wearing my underwear on your head. And here you are reading *Men in the Off Hours* naked. Remember when I painted you nude in the Hotel Stratford? You were so willing and lipstick appeared on an unlikely spot in the painting. I've decided to write a poem about our time on the Left Bank and this is it. Do you suppose it was the inspector in the mystery we just finished? Paris is full of mysteries, just as you are full of mysteries... I am full of L'Occitane lavender lotion slathered liberally over my body. I am awaiting spontaneous enlightenment from my guru. You are no cold potato, I see you, zipping

interesting ideas hmmm
adobe ah air
found a polite bug in the peekaboo project
cool china love in the u.s. made for free
feeling coffee today
thx for the feed

L'Amour

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Mmm something rad i had while washing a window:
head and a buncha good squeeze, long sex lunch
delicious watermelon striped panties in my spit.

14

Mmm something rad i had while washing a window:
head and a buncha good squeeze, long sex lunch
delicious watermelon striped panties in my spit.

14

dreams
(or change's child)
(or Change, Southwestern-style)_:
she wrote the same in Santa Fe
she stopped believing in Babylon
with a cheek in her tongue;
mmm... city thumbs: mirthful,
check out the effluvial Alps in the burnished
backdrop between the hotels motels roadshows
and demi-gods; laptop on the pre-paid desk
today spaghetti inveigling...
yum.

13

dreams
(or change's child)
(or Change, Southwestern-style)_:
she wrote the same in Santa Fe
she stopped believing in Babylon
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today spaghetti inveigling...
yum.

13

two developing shells.
fingering the life thread.
two narratives in our native
and. perfectly anonymous.
clamhappy.

12

Ahora always another apple free. A writing storm
and the tired headaches caught up to me.

Pretty but claustrophobic.

Big books like dinner.

15

two developing shells.
fingering the life thread.
two narratives in our native
and. perfectly anonymous.
clamhappy.

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Ahora always another apple free. A writing storm
and the tired headaches caught up to me.

Pretty but claustrophobic.

Big books like dinner.

15

Two love sleepy Sunday nova;
actually, folks: sweet-tipped pie.
a bird sings outside the window middle of the night.
Yay and yum those are bread crumbs two actually
taste.

16

Two love sleepy Sunday nova;
actually, folks: sweet-tipped pie.
a bird sings outside the window middle of the night.
Yay and yum those are bread crumbs two actually
taste.

16

To be that little perfect weed.
must meet the following criteria:
superb kite lightness
the prism dimensions
seanced into being
glorious blowjob parties
periwinkling

11

To be that little perfect weed.
must meet the following criteria:
superb kite lightness
the prism dimensions
seanced into being
glorious blowjob parties
periwinkling

11

m(us)cle
inside a silver ()
(i)magine (o)pening
() keenly () ()
we () together
we (o)m

10

m(us)cle
inside a silver ()
(i)magine (o)pening
() keenly () ()
we () together
we (o)m

10

Look, Love (Music in the Morning)
add a friend already
beta better in bed
check the cargo going down
gotta hey hello mahalo
it's a pretty show

17

Look, Love (Music in the Morning)
add a friend already
beta better in bed
check the cargo going down
gotta hey hello mahalo
it's a pretty show

17

**Let me slide my elbow into the cup at the back of
your knee**

Measure if you will where my fingertips fit then
While I squeeze your left cheek
apart from the other on the right
Let me chew on the nails of your feet
two by two upwards til two fingers fit
into the grooves of your spine let me climb
down your shiny shoulder ...

Scene

[Orange and blue
halo of 70's hair
Bob Dylan in white
broad-brimmed hat
& black leather jacket
sings gravelly
Who do you love]

**Let me slide my elbow into the cup at the back of
your knee**

Measure if you will where my fingertips fit then
While I squeeze your left cheek
apart from the other on the right
Let me chew on the nails of your feet
two by two upwards til two fingers fit
into the grooves of your spine let me climb
down your shiny shoulder ...

Scene

[Orange and blue
halo of 70's hair
Bob Dylan in white
broad-brimmed hat
& black leather jacket
sings gravelly
Who do you love]

Get off your high horse and come to the party

This newknowledge

changes me,

but
he's
such a
good song.

Listen again.

No starvation, Broadway

Cool beans feeling food with yr hands and feet
addicted you'll get
your fingernails dirty
and find food tastes better
once you get to know it.
The spell lingers...

Get off your high horse and come to the party

This newknowledge

changes me,

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he's
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No starvation, Broadway

Cool beans feeling food with yr hands and feet
addicted you'll get
your fingernails dirty
and find food tastes better
once you get to know it.
The spell lingers...

I need a new bed already
a new bed another bed bad
enough to go down eating funlight
hey, let's move your legs thataway
put yr feet on top of my while I
while I work the sweet spots thinking
tiempo what tiempo?

we tinkerers met at the afterglow and sensed
something... seers soon cerulean

whoa waiter (whoops) let life's long lips lick
something loquacious for us chirping cheerful quips

am precisely the poem's au pair pairing love the one
orange hybrid hibiscus

I need a new bed already
a new bed another bed bad
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orange hybrid hibiscus

This morning I dreamt that I buried one of the little books I wrote for you and went out to the field to unbury it.

The field was the same field that's out there now, but the soil was different. The soil was a rich, moist brown-black and I sank my hands into it and came up with fistfuls of cakey earth. I knew where I had put the book and kept digging until I felt something... Hair. Head. Nose. You had replaced my book and you were sleeping in the earth. You hadn't gone into the ground to die, you had gone underground to regenerate, recompose yourself. The soil didn't stick to you and your body was perfect again. I brushed the dirt away and waited for you to open your eyes.

This morning I dreamt that I buried one of the little books I wrote for you and went out to the field to unbury it.

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1. Online I am *_completely_* myself.

- * Between the ****ins and outs**** there is no difference
hmmm
- * Out there in the air this morning I was haiku leaves
- * And have felt just as free on flickr

2. Inspired, renewed

- * Walls who watch the web werd fall happily
- * In love so weak-kneed they slide down the sink
- * Watching this my hands get the haha feeling.
Behold:

3. Today I almost entered a cave on Bull Creek

- * But a beautiful woman wouldn't let me go
- * Be bold her natural milk
- * (...and she is neither fat nor old)

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Last Night in Vishnu Lake

we and you and on am i
blooming it
my is let-so when me last night looked like vishnu

so gazelle sing too
i'm fingers, fast sunglasses
i look like this door in your dream drawer

enter it pervade space time
like we was the blooming blooming mind
materialized on whims and beliefs

god

your body won't stop glowing when we meet
i am forever touching you completely
when inside anywhere these arms do reach.

i want to
write with

your taste

in my

mouth

i want my mouth with

your taste

in my

writing

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Vishnu Lake [take 2]

vishnu and lakshmi made love for the first time.

he tried to prolong it;
she tried not to cry.

she gave him what she didn't give yesterday.
it felt so good i wanted to share it with you.

ripples! ripples in my core!
now i'll transmit it to you:

Amazing pleasure pleasure pushing and pulling
kissing everywhere. looked in eyes and gave all
delirium-love to swimming mind.

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Prepositionng

my pantsless guide.

around the gangplank. through the
sluices. bringing it all about-face:

i shyly squiggled my never never
impulses.

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“Shall we walk beside
the ocean shall we
fuck in the grass?”

BOOK II

The Body Electric

Renée Zepeda

“Shall we walk beside
the ocean shall we
fuck in the grass?”

BOOK II

The Body Electric

Renée Zepeda

*In you the lake moves
legs entwined in your mind's eye
I name the lake me*

*In you the lake moves
legs entwined in your mind's eye
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