



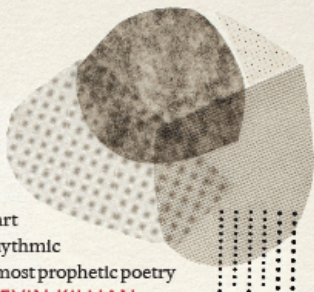
DEAR EVERYONE

MATT SHEARS



POETRY | \$18.00

"A unique voice in San Francisco poetry returns with a raw, powerful new book. Matt Shears performs through clenched teeth, like Wyndham Lewis, but newly aware of the privilege of his whiteness in a way unavailable to Lewis. The speaker occupies several fields, always ambivalent, restless, shy. Part novel, part Adderall dosage, part ragtime lament of rhythmic surplus and lyric denial, *Dear Everyone* may be the most prophetic poetry book you ever read, and shall come to pass." —KEVIN KILLIAN



"Exclamation marks! They abound in Matt Shears' *Dear Everyone*, whose grammar often employs the command and whose meter is clipped. Why? Because this epoch is no time to mess around with the languid or personal. And yet it's certainly no time to stop laughing—lines too numerous to quote made me chuckle. My rambling reading was arrested at the book's fulcrum, though: a memorial page beginning with "Newtown, Connecticut." Here language tumbles and poetry's perception-thickening purpose is clear. Crack open this book to any page and there you are, right where you need to be. "Whoa!" —JILL MAGI

"Matt Shears invites us, *Dear Everyone*, to participate in a world where we are, at any moment, a moving pastiche made up of (but not fully determined by) repetitive images of the past, interactions with people and the inanimate world, identities we borrow from and lend to others, all in a constant state of flux, endlessly interruptible and open to interpretation. The voice of these poems avoids rhetorical tracking—we receive whimsical manifestos, questions, warnings, snatches from social media, popular culture, politics—all circulating together so that no one style can orchestrate the others. It is through this rollicking variety that Shears actually achieves unity. We learn that social identity as an external construct breeds exclusivity, which in turn breeds violence and poverty. Shears' *Dear Everyone* envisions an end to such systemic damage, envisions being as becoming and unbecoming, always together, always porous enough, inclusive enough, mysterious enough to resist spiritual stagnation and the destruction it causes." —HEATHER WINTERER



Book design
by Martin Rock.



B A P

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An abstract geometric composition featuring overlapping shapes. A large, dark, textured oval shape is positioned in the upper left. To its right is a smaller, light-colored triangle with a fine dot pattern. Below these is a large, light-colored oval shape with a fine dot pattern. The text "DEAR EVERYONE" is overlaid in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters. In the bottom right corner, there is a pattern of black dots arranged in five vertical columns of varying heights.

DEAR
EVERYONE

DEAR EVERYONE
MATT SHEARS

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Dear Everyone

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EMERGENCY PROCEDURES

some filmic aggressions. Vengeance is
well played! Good Shepherd: come again?
again on welfare? I lost all feeling
in the extremities, the hardware. The engines
scrambled away. I crowd-sourced
destitute constructions, federal theater.
gametes, zygotes, genomes, DNA. Through
and throughout white flights, coteries
of Divine Love. My songbird unclenched—
Paraclete, stanch this gushing past. Provide
password protection, unsurpassable coordinates.
and as for the rest? Placebo or trauma?
Impersonals. Victimhood, drawn up
in corporations. Believe the rebrand
of fulfilled promises: the superhighway.
Stranger, self-selection delivers
iconoclasms. Remember: desire may
require backstage passes. Shareholders herald
the unbidden One. Lazarus punctured
thought balloons? Out stepped Persephone,

who complained to the local authorities.
Phlegethon lurched. Accounts Payable
received an uptick. For the self-interested,
xenophobes may disambiguate, impressing
purposeful radars. But who? Trend
squatters. The Golden Age of Reality TV
Re: site maps. Eyewitnesses are stranding by
but, in a sense, the right questions. Yes,
fertility gods reproduce dream, myth, sacrifice,
the ritual feast. Ophelia disinhibits, floridly.
O, oft revenged Paradise: whiteness. No,
rented cheerleaders may not be as peppy
or well-choreographed. The Golden Age
of Misuse, trending. Peep shows may provide
the basics. To understand what hunger *means*—
compost the forbidden fruit? When the rooster
dawns upon its gardener, kiss it all goodbye.
leave it to the professionals? Thus, masculinity
designs how the ingénues demur. Power raises
partisans at the air show. When optimized,

yes, the warrant, please. In fled time
regulators are forsworn. Catchall ingredients
and virgins. Before Mythos leveled
with me, Poseidon over-prepared
for The Ultrification. See all available apps.
To initiate the migratory impulse, contain
instinctual desire. Pharmaceuticals may answer,
see? The establishment of market protocol
curtails diffractions. Nestlings rooted,
a damnable scourge! A rock is a rock
to me. When courage fails: attack!
Opulence is a beautiful wish
out on the killing field. Gas masks blink
in the hivemind. The neverwild buzzing
with recent activities. See also: Diomedes
and Steve. Why exploration produces
extermination. Every whale is a whale
of a shockwave. Attune history, whack
performability malignant. A trident, yes?
Bless these natives their reification

so sticky! Yuck! Impossible weather
my perjured swan. Then, Leda complained
to broadband subjectivities. May the best man—
survive the rain delay? Well, cotton candy,
hot pretzels, off-key singing: drunken revelry?
for God: so loved the world, He gave His dream
of omniscience. Frisk me? Yes, please.
in nature; but who killed the narrator? Props
to the messenger? To be frank, conversion
of some A-list stars. Flesh is an extension
of an idea I had. Beleaguered,
I doused phantasies. The class warfare
of online shopping. Makeshift schematics
full of the best intentions. The abject
eschew sympathy. Her uniform, so earthy,
buried the evening. Those punks
flashed enmity. The pilot wobbled out beyond
his comfort zone. Among the bons vivants,
we challenged the call. Sacrificial images remained
in the irregular self, distended, breached

effects may persist longer than
banishment. Deliver a populist preamble
or The Law. When speaking in tongues,
the cardiogram may issue a total recall.
Is this love? Ceremonial burning? Well,
what regime? Hark! Who goes there?
monstrous animations. Arise Superhero!
Dos: for shifting windows. My lyre!
a decidedly unmythic twilight. Don'ts:
When I remembered myself
choking on daily tragedies, those
condemned to silence. Of mourning,
survivalists may inaugurate a Golden Age
to pray upon them. In the missive,
Form + Functionality = Dancers pass by
the electromagnetic spectrum, repulsing
unreal airwaves. In radiant flights,
a heavenly restructuring. Classifying
whiteness in the anxious, twitchy news.
Shadows lurk in the encrypted files

outside Forthright City: drop cloths.
We profiled civility engineers,
trending assimilations. Distrust excursions
beyond the accepted limits. Experience
buckles more courageous affiliations, but
yes, submit improvement plans. Benefactors
hustle operant mechanisms. The cell?
A domino effect. Thrill seekers
need not apply conditioner. Kill
your friends close, kill your enemies
abominably, publicly. Reprocessing plans
may starve your famine? On your word
or out at the Old School. Should the ukulele,
when plucked, spray flowers? Conscience
doses up. What quantum remakes the chorus?
as quotidian night flutters away. Anything goes
for another brandy. In the case of the missing
foreigner? The loss of personal space
highlighted drastic action. A bald-faced
fault-line. And corruption. Because of you

hurting superfluid particles. The stamina
of the wise. Perchance to stream
faulty parts. When the mismanagement
specializes in cultural imprints,
always repurpose. Orchids, too, open
into some kind of bloody cross. Yes,
expressers, system flunkies, expel
all agents on the grounds
of euphoria. Livery switching, blanketing
grace. Fuel injection, jet propulsion,
planetary debris. Marine snow, some urgent
letters requested. A participatory
encounter? In the Imaginary
folders and folders of re-vision,
there are many stages of plastic-making
and fame. Of impropriety, the flashing
ID badge. Aha! Another myth!
Leopoldville, Stanleyville, Rhodesia, Livingstone
Falls. Where flak crystals the terrain, terror
firms resolutions, agreed? Romance

is derivative. As always, we cushioned
separateness and burned up together.
the current flecks, simply. A clot
may appear on the boulevard; occupied,
impending. Animosity garbles
in fancy pens. Yes, hegemony
cancelled coordinates! Disabuse them? If only
untraceable soundings mingled amicably,
lifting the baby, bouncing, into sunlight,
the inner sanctum, the sacred: OM
On Wednesday, _____.
Then cancel it, OK? Dear Everyone:
who will take the fall for the sloppy logician?
Circumambulation, genuflecting, and veneration
may require some heavy lifting.
As decreed: the stakes of the Imago
include dominance. Power fantasies ease
the limitless Beyond. And then some
antiquarians always remain. Share the world,
the well-worn sofa, the mass grave

answers passed on. Sub-primed movers
resurfacing. I selected the monopoly.
In my short shrift, I danced. I asked that
we christen a receptacle of damages,
misplaced curatorial feelings, emotions I
friended. Whispers tasered the emojis
into dust. For now: Andromeda may
require some adulation! Insolence blings up
indivisible factions, with libations and
sky-high rent. O, this penthouse
between us. Yes, it is always like this
in the house of non-being. Boo.
Attn: The Emperor of the Slums:
Clio dreams archaic curiosities. A sheath
for egg sacs, nuclei. You may remake your life
with bread and wine, or simply imagine
Hephaestus hammering the wind into crystal.
A parallel trek: my past, descending
suns. What have I constructed? The merger
of the waters? The docutrauma?

you are the Detective? In that case
it *was* pre-ordered. Now, we must sort out
The Beginning. When cornered,
capital fragments. Another wistful
magic lantern. Fffffff. Epiphany seeking =
a high traffic arena. You choose
your own shoes, your own identities,
destroying the cancerous bodies that fill
chalky deserts. Yes, commandos
may have believable accents. Masks
contain incomers. Boomerangs. Speaking of
a permanent fix, and destitution! The overpass,
when channeled. Revivalist shock therapy
knows how to inspire! What methodology
and the serial rapist, too, aimlessly surfing
boredom is the new integrity. I mean it:
no, to *your* health! Operatic but insolvent
To raise a hero or two, plumb the depths,
depending on the Phoenix. As ever, outsource
the marginalized. The figures shall rise

more anthems! The Surgeon General
incorporates indifference. Daisies bloom
forensics: still lives and the like;
midrange weaponry, a soliloquy
for Freedom Fighters. The greatest love—
O, that wicked, wicked fairy! The winged
chalk outline. Were I but a shadow
all express lanes must end. Yes,
upon this rock. Or this one? The here
and now? Pursue elegance, if you must.
how the logarithm sampled? Empire
the new imperative? Believe the worldly,
the instant replay, the greatest hits,
the video montage, the shareholder meeting,
the smiles of the well-heeled, the valiant.
Not what you think? Specialization intensifies
but the name really means _____.
OK?

It says here that the indentured servant—
And now for the good news:

beetles, spiders, walking sticks, nits
midges, centipedes, millipedes, silverfish—
My pills! My pills! Dear Everyone:
believe the statisticians. And Afghanistan,
Syria: coded indemnities. The pencil-thin
operations systems management is absolutely
a kind of trickery? Smash-mouth
indifference, metadata. The graphic tell-all
dropped some names. When insider trading,
visit a pogrom? And then more pogroms?
I will not flagellate myself.
I will not flagellate myself.
I will not flagellate myself
by God. Seven more years upon
the tundra, the arctic fox, the polar bear,
the permafrost, the emperor penguin.
Might perseveres. Rate happiness? How
upheavals desire basins. A watershed
of permissible behaviors? But not that
omnivore. Please cancel the advent

Dear Everyone: To encrypt
a common language, seek their whereabouts.
hash tag: totem linkage. The Earth Tree,
the vaulted heavens, the primeval ocean,
expel all foreigners? Poor Pluto.
Vicodin? Maker's Mark? It's no wonder
you flesh out arguments. Where specialists
enter programmable destinies, you die
forever and ever and ever. The insurance
of refined dreams. There is no 'you'
twirling the lariat, in a bandana, playing
to your strong suit. Look impressive.
excessive whiteness may produce chafing?
Afterward, the industrialist founded a ghost town,
notwithstanding The Average American,
interlopers, ethnic enclaves. A melting plot
has fewer answers than heroism, blunt force
or the Mighty Warrior Itinerary. Why
manufacture the death drive? Yes,
a pretty healthy baby, but in this dream
I will not flagellate myself.

Matt Shears is the author of *10,000 Wallpapers* (Brooklyn Arts Press 2011) and *Where a road had been* (BlazeVox 2010). He was a Schaefer Fellow at the University of Nevada Las-Vegas, and is a graduate of the Iowa Writers Workshop. He has taught most recently at California College of the Arts in Oakland and San Francisco, and at the San Francisco Art Institute. He lives in Berkeley, California with his family.

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