

47 Venezuela



Jesse S. Mitchell

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The Musician

A Jean Genet eyed cinemaphile picks the lock to the Korean grocery in the alleyway below the third floor studio window. Baron Samedi digs the earth between the legion lines of parked cars as a rash of moon bleached faces board buses that shoot, atomic, from the center of the city to the very edges and back again, some half-observed heavenly body. Rise and fall.

My fingers laid out like bodies cold over the cadaver keys, gauze limbed melodies echo around my bony skull. The harmonium breathes. The crash cymbal shakes.

A lion light half shines, half glows, through the window, bright with a halo mane and sheds itself everywhere like old skin and dry hair, spreads itself like wings and expands and lingers along the walls, down the halls, in the doorways and in the empty spaces. Hollow beats of hearty beasts rise and fall lifeless skeletal to the floor, corpse soundless.

The TV set buzzes, clicks off automatic, the only other form of life. The old rickety leg monster from under the clouds screams thunder and rain pounds the cracked glass pane and leaks streaks through and threatens shock.

The amp crackles. The speaker hums.

Water

Water

Water

Like water rushing through, static sounds that go fading behind far walls. The telephone rings but no one answers. Outside the storm-sky, the night-time police state stammers to a start with a Trotskyite stutter.

The Summoner and Pardoner circle the block, searching for the Reeve.

“When was the last time you saw this so-called ‘Wife of Bath’? Collect up your things and come with us.”

And the robotic arm makes mechanical movements like an oiled piston pumping through the dark, the orchestral crescendo continues an electrical grind up the scale.

Every word, every phrase begins its life as a whisper in Succulent Alabama or a screaming sigh in Firefly Nebraska, a long sustained mellotron note, blood-fire in the veins. Rescued protein from gutted buildings, tongues of neon, broken and breathless, panting bloated, leeches through the carcass city from constant surveillance. Pounding headache drums like fanatical neurosis, my feet on the floor. The lightning crackles the blue web across the horizon. Cracks open the grey scale clouds, makes threads through the atmospheric tangle. It bleeds bruise. Purple violin bruise. Hot electrical strings. Strung out forever across the sky like burning barbed wire.

Blazing bright Sartre light casts fuzzy shadows like Marxism down the Lichtenstein splash panel walls, crying blonde-Camus-Madonnas. Strumming guitars, lonely blurs ricochet, talking to myself, echoing one word off the next. Holes through the arms and legs to let out super-heated atmosphere, blast furnace rib cage, heart beat, rise and fall.

Heavenly bodies. This is me against the dragon of the day. Breathing in the fumes, breathing out the fumes. Red brick chimney lungs, liquid skies descending, smothered in sound, heat and air.

Specter built Ford trucks and four wheeled ghost souled cars growl around every corner and flash dead eyed headlight glare through every open portal window (spirit world glows desolate). The traffic speaks in blinking shimmers and séance noise. The earth excels and spins through the cosmos, speeding nearer the sun all night long and further from rain and cold. Books lay comatose, spine cracked, paralysed scattered along the floor. My feet shuffle. My eyes suffer. My body shines. My shoulders slump.

Water

Water

Water

Like water rushing through, The amp crackles. The speaker hums. The harmonium breathes. The music survives.

Mid-Meridian Prophet

1. Snake Island

In the early cholera hours of day, all grey and wasting, thin icy fingers reaching toward the careful cloth that cloaks the dawn, the red red ripe sun. Raw bone. Fragment stars that linger on the frail light left around the edges of the tender sky. Raw bone and me, all eyes staring...straining into the young morning. Cold coughing caught in the back of my throat. Cigarette broken in my pocket, loose tobacco spilling everywhere.

Sore feet. Blank stare. Open veins. And locked doors.

Trembling tenement building earthquakes, now cold, condensate into dewdrops upon the grassy green lawn. The portrait-mirror Jean Arp rattles, schizophrenic on the wall, strung out and tired, anticipating (Andre Breton looks on).

Raw bone.

Broken back nighttime's old intifada arches it back in the hall and shrinks like shadows beneath the sun. I am yellow fever. I am shockwaves. I am a fog rolling in. I am raw bone.

2. The Ragnarok Rag

Give me, give me all your Earth orphans. Lay it on me dear world.

Give me, give me all your Autobahn highways, your hornbeam cathedrals.

Give me, give me all your lost tribes, your beatnik drivel. Lights fantastic.

Give me, give me the hammers and the nails, your Seoul, Korea, your grey matter warriors.

Give me, give me your short-circuiting machines, your dying blue electric seas.

Give me, give me your strong bones, your things that cannot break, your weeks, your months.

Give me, give me your words, your lies, your lips and your hands.

Give me, give me the hyperactive phrases, the long drawn out moon phases.

Give me, give me the end of the world and I swear to never look back.

3. The War Song

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There is something happening in the cul-de-sacs and the apartment complexes and trailer courts. There is something happening today. There are walls raising and falling and curtains torn and dropping and there is fire burning, burning but nothing turning to ash, no smoke escaping.

"I feel I no longer have the adequate means to define myself. The necessary materials to sketch out or describe ourselves, more than the sons and daughters of balding men with colitis, a pathway narrowing by bad shoes and incremental degrees with each agonizing generation. Collaborators with total annihilation, but then again, that is a definition."

The chimneys are quivering, the asphalt is breaking and the red voices accelerating, I can't hear a word. Bric-a-brac and brickbats through the windows and the sunlight is shining and glinting on shattered leftovers still hanging in the panes and beaten down crushed in the jambs. And I can't hear a word.

The ever gnawing persistent burning, calling in the very backs of our mausoleum minds, glowing and growing, bringing to life new afterlife thoughts of regeneration and rejuvenation, restorations of half-lives half lived, little known etched out pauses between and behind all previous resurrections, tumultuous and with too much of the terrible combustion, inescapable...and here we smolder among figments and fleeting things. And I can't hear a sound.

4. The Biology Poem

I believe in halcyon meadows, in elysian fields
Because I believe in photosynthesis,
Because I believe in photosynthesis heaven
Because I believe in cardiac collapse.
Because I believe Ciudad Juarez bleeds,
Because I believe Ciudad Juarez bleeds rojo.

I believe in osmosis, ameliorate the masses, noble gases
Because I believe in chlorophyll green
Because I believe in lions-blood-Serengeti-plain
Because I believe in crocodile-swollen-Okavango-stream
Because I believe in osmosis and chlorophyll green
Because I believe I bleed
I bleed rojo.

I believe in genetic dispersal, in wind moves the sand, in someday Eden-lands
Because I believe in Pan Troglodytes and Pan Paniscus
Because I believe in man
Because I believe in Peru, because I believe in Amazon and Angel falls
Because I believe in full red lips
Because I believe in Bathsheba hips
Because I believe in genetic dispersal, here and there
Because I believe I bleed
I bleed rojo.

5. Warsaw Heights

I resent that my location on a map makes me something that I do not wish to be, perhaps resent is not the right word, I am annoyed, dismayed, melancholy.
And it isn't that I am ungrateful, I could be somewhere else, anywhere else at any point on time, I could be in South Sudan, I could be in sixteen hundred and eleven, I could have the plague.
It is just I think one has to choose to be an American, at least the kind of American the rest of the world sees whenever they think of an American, in Europe or Australia or Brazil...but me, I just happened to be born in Illinois.
Don't cast my lot in with them.
It's just that here I am waiting for the chickens to come home to roost (and they will, what goes around, comes around and our time is approaching), sitting in the middle of the damned coop like I'm the farmer or something and I am going to be asked to answer for things that others did before I was born or crimes still being committed all around me and in my name but I don't even have a hand in them, I don't even approve. People say "then don't pay your taxes, don't help fund it all". As if it is as easy as that, not paying your taxes in America is blasphemy (if you are regular, if you are rich it is called patriotism), it is absolutely the worst sin there is and they will lock you away forever in prison with murders, face-stabbers, rapists.
This is a dangerous country filled with dangerous people with a ruthless government with little in the way of a sense of humor. Don't let our sitcoms fools you. I'm scared. Why wouldn't I be scared? I'm a human being...with a face, who doesn't want it (or otherwise) stabbed. I am even afraid to say out loud that I am scared, what you don't understand is that is almost treason to freely admit there is anything at all to fear. So they build us Wal-Marts and tell us to shop...and we do.
And if I dare speak my mind, I have to deal with the neighbors who will stare you down with squinty evil eyes. A curse upon you, a patriotic pox. But most common people, like myself, no longer truly believe in the mythology of our past and ongoing martial successes. However, the ones who do tend on average to be our most loud, bellicose, obnoxious...and least sophisticated, least rational, least likely to see that we all being played off each other by the same people. They tend to see the world like a stupid bad movie from 1959, good guys vs. bad guys, comic strip mentality, here comes the cavalry, any dissenter is a soldier-spittin'-hippie. Not the case. I'm not saying I'm anti-America guys, you don't have to slit my

tires. I'm just saying I'm not sure I'm pro-any of this, what we have been doing, maybe what we've always been doing and maybe the world has always been in an awful way and everything has always been a piss pot but I would like to try for something better. I'm just saying we can do better than this. Amen.

Lux Light Lumiere

1. Saint Barbara and the Bone Chapel

Pour:
King Kong
Ronald Reagan
The Viet Cong
Juan Trippe
Empress Marie Theresa
Joan Miro
Benjamin Franklin
M. Louise Ciccone
Rene Magritte
(mais pas Josephus, parce qu'il etait un traître)

Let's rip the moon from the sky
And let's replace it with gas-light-lantern-neon-bright
Illuminating search-beams-plastic-electric-sight
Blinking steady in classic beats
Throwing shadows down the film-noir streets.
Rivers, rivers, rivers of radiance
Glowing light on the pure transient and poor miscreants of the world.
Wondering,
Two lame feet dragging under the low-wattage-stars and open sores and the firmament scars,
Alleyways so straight and tight,
Wondering down the boulevards
In the new luminosity of the night.
Singing half-deaf songs to half-blind ears that congregate on the steps to doors,
Doors that lead inward to half-there floors, held up by half-broke boards
Laid out in lines of shadows that bathe themselves under our sky,
Our sky made of light, that we switched on tonight, that we made to glow tonight,
To illuminate tonight.

Paragraph break
periorbital ecchymosis
Syzygy

Gene variant DRD4-7R

I feel like a jail-cell-rusty-door in the middle of an abandoned city, so quiet, empty of all civilization, full now of only wild things. An empty bench in the middle of a flat snowy field, a busted statue taken over by moss and ivy. The lights come up, the skyline sparks and radiates. The prohibition band goes marching, playing through the streets, beneath the black-eyed-billboard-flickering-sign-light, peri(around, surrounding)-orbital(relating to the eye socket) ecchymosis(bruise, bleeding from broken blood vessels and tissues under the skin).

The abandoned eye sees what the other never does. Focus, focus, focus but the vision is a lie.

But the infinite is all around, forever surrounded by forever. Infinite oceans and infinite skies but light is

all we see, all that enters our eye, light or the absence of light. Because all there is, is dark or bright or infinite variations between.

Waning -gibbous -eyes blinking in the Earthshine, the shine-ecliptic the dazzling dazzling electric monotheism of the lunar lit city sky. My fingers make shadow marks across the horizon, little indentations in the cresting sunrise of the icon corners, warm.

2. Biomimicry

India awoke and breathed fire across the sky. Jumped up through a hole in the ceiling and burned scars into the horizon. Fingernails scraping the way down, put trees from crown to root into the Earth's frozen flesh, gold and black tattooed, and empty. Canyons and rivers, gigantic fissures were she stomped her angry feet. She perforated the edges of everything to let shine in the light and tear away the excess.

In Sweden, I am an Irishman.
In England, I am a Jew.
In New York City, I am certainly Jewish.
In Texas, I'm just a everyday American and nothing else
But fortunately, I love the blues.

And humility is a fishbowl and everything's frozen and everything's see through and humanity's a prison and melody is a heaven and harmony is the water we swim through and luminosity is the air we breath in. And the mirror ball light, it shines down and reflects off every surface it touches and I live on to tell it, to fell it and reveal it, to refract it and believe it.

And these are the eye beams we see with it. These are our senses. These are the things we are left with.

Paragraph break
Large Magellanic cloud
Yazata

777

There are stars up over the ocean
And I know because I have seen them.
Like words written mutely in the sky
And I know because I have read them.
Tiny sea beacons to guide all who between the waves still malingering,
Little dots shining bright
That the darkest of night
Cannot cleanly obscure.

The apartment dwellers (fable) fumble through the newsprint searching for Aleister's angel (the Guardian) and study all the hieroglyphs and pictographs and power-glyphs and the turn-key (spells) as the pageantry downstairs spills into the streets and upon the cold concrete swells taking roots beneath the booted feet of the Mithra-loving soldiers (Roman) that parade through the booths and stalls, their rattling phalanxes shaking through the walls. The righteous decry the blindness, the half-righteous the half-blindness and the sinners who still can see are blinded by the glare (noise).

3. Une Graine

Ambulances and cars slam screaming, moon soaked, through the hard streets baked clean by the sun all day. This is me all over the end of the world, surrounded by the spectacular devils and the Moorish angels that inhabit the cold dunes around the Djinn infested oases, where the moonlight streams down smoky through the fronds like shards of broken water. I watch my breath. I watch your breath. And in a second of the universe's time, I existed. And you did too. And I loved you. And did me as well. And up from a seed a tree sprouted and grew and under its canopy we rested as a storm swelled up,

and passed, rain like acid on my lips, so warm it burned. And then the second was over and you disappeared and I was gone.

The Jubilee Years

1. (The Bee-Skin Flint/Homusubi) Jubilee

Izanagi & Izanami

Coming over the mountains
The wild animals cross over into our blood stream
Spark (tungsten, type b)
Electric lighting up our eyes.
Flash.
Driving us crazy from the bottoms of our humid lungs
To the very tips of our hair.
We burst
We burst into flame.
We glimmer, alive.
This is how I remember being born.

2. (The Spontaneous Ratbone/Batare Kala) Jubilee

Antaboga & Bedawang

Frail now
That I am just a wild beast
On earth
I can speak in ten-thousand voices.
This is where (in this space) that all the words come
Into full apprehension
Coil together (like strands)
And connect (like threads)
So like a child (a whole cloth)
With eyes that can see even that
Which cannot be seen.

3. (The Duchess of Sweet Potato/Minotaur) Jubilee

Pasiphae & Daedalus

Gun-oil gun smoke burning smelling, old acrid, machinery everywhere, stale, a hanging-there-in-the-air kind of air. Dragging.
Fog. Mist. Vapor. Mystery. obscure.
Look here.
I am built as raw as you, simple.
Arms and legs. sockets and joints.
An open bone glide under the skin, hydrolytic steam
Pushing through the muscle and tissue, around the veins
As alive and as breathing.
What is brass is brass and what is flesh is flesh and together, union.
Harmony, conclusion, control.

What you confuse out here, is life
And what is life but someone else's confusion
In someone else's some other place.

It's deafness.
It is senseless.
It is labyrinthine.

4. (The North Whale Bone/Lugh) **Jubilee**

Daghdha & Macha

One has to have a certain expertise in large intelligent apes and logging and gasoline
To fully comprehend.

*I believe today
I believe today is a fine day.*

These people fiercely believe in the great thunderer up above
The great thunderbird
The great long coup Deville in the sky.
That's where Elvis lives, in heaven
in a mansion made of gold
Countertops of Formica
Woven wicker magazine rack next to his leather sofa (walls, bright green).

And along the way you pick up some knowledge of numerology, astral projection,
Iran Contra, Sandinista, Savonarola...
And then they let everyone go blind.

One has to have an eye for sorcery,
An ear for butchery,
To fully comprehend the way they divine.

5. (The Beyond the Baritone Mountains/Wisakedjak) **Jubilee**

Shakuru & Pah

Abattoir-shake. For the North Star's sake.
We all show up as fire
Nearly completely all burned through,
We few, we venomous few. Poisonous.
Threading our way past the strip malls and pizzerias
down the frontage roads
Like blood in veins
Bending our images in the mirror eyes of storefront-beasts

Facades grimacing
Breathing
Growling.
Leaking through the days like spilled ink slowly seeping through cloth
Staining down the sides of things,
Making great collections in pools
At the messy final ends of everything.
Heat and steam raising off of us like great lost clouds, fallen and forgotten.

Singing songs from out the sky.
Living and dying off the blood in the air.
Hungry.

And then all the new wave angels came down through the mountain passes
With their pink lipstick and white board shoes,
Sharp bangs.
They came through and light their cigarettes (collectively)
And we watched the smoke ascend to heaven,
Selah,
And made it rain,
Hallelujah
And doused all the fire out,
And we burned-starved no more.

6. (The Opal Satrapy Conspiracy /Digitaria Exilis) **Jubilee**

Mawu & Lisa

These poor men weathering these poor winds, building the automobiles of the rich man,
And digging his jewels
And weaving his cloth,
Going home at night under spider stars, long legged and of woven silk,
To tend their houseplants and feed their pets.
they
Who know everything of sin,
they
Who play out the long drawn out notes,
they
Who know the ways of this Earth,
they
Who always keep in mind the hyenas, the coyotes, the jackals and/or the wolves
Always circling
Always stalking.

Oh my robotic child,
My mechanical mechanical child
Who sees this world with eyes of glass and breathes by gust of steam,
Oh, my automated child.
Punch card set, black sooty smoke ablaze, plumes plumes
Plumes like feathers or waterspouts
Who always knows the wolves are about.

We circle this world like spectres 'round the sphere,

We are made of these third-world spots all over the globe,
Faces like gauze, grainy and obscured,
Bodies like wire that move when pulled.

Here we go again.

Pazzia

I had a dream that was the same as Romeo and Juliet.
Except in this case the hero of the story was a small coiling spiral
Of double helix DNA
And it was a tiny lump of highly protein encrusted couch fluff
To which it was conjoined.
And they floated together on hot air currents
Billowing around the world
Looking for a simple pool of their own in which to self-replicate.
And thoughts traveling wildly across their minds (what minds you could speak of, little synapse and
sparkling little cell-buds and ganglia)
like how different would Cabaret have been
If David Mamet had written all the lines for Sally Bowles
And how much they both hated the work of Paul Theroux,
And how much of the history of the human race on Earth
Is basically a big iron screw jammed in the middle
Of a large misshapen clay ball.
And how we all could use some more productive occupation.

The Milchig Knife

(Meanwhile, all I want to do is go speeding down the rails like a train, through the soft snow falling
everywhere and under a full head of steam. The tree branches hanging down like fingers over my eyes,
hiding 'the in front of me' away. Everything separated out by brackets and pauses, sentences and obscure
punctuation. And who knows what else and anything and now that we are here in the future, who can tell
anyway.)

The past is a millstone
A millstone hung around the neck of...
Around the neck of the future
And the future is the thing drowning now
Drowning, flailing about in the
Vicious liquid of...
The raising tides of...
The inescapable sea of the present.

(or in the jungles or across the deserts were everything is hell and the stars hang down close in the sky and
shed their light so abundantly, but not illumination from pity but pride. The resounding sound of beating
metal on metal and whipping wind and the shrill escaping air of human voices expressing, all we need is a
deep water port and sympathetic government...and here we are in the future, move quick, move, move.)

All around the mulberry bush.
Forever and ever...

Pause transmission

(so, we will all gather around the banyan tree and drink water from the gourds. We will listen to the oil
can drums and watch the whiffs of burning gasoline blowing on the air. and The dancers in the scarlet
gowns cut crescents in the dark and cast their shadows long on the well-lit lawn of the governor's mansion,

in a trance until dawn. The old colonial rats scurry back and forth and wait for the flood because the moon is high and the moon is big and the sea has its roots in the sky.)

We all believe in the same thing...
We all believe in the exact same thing.
We all believe in the same thing
We all believe in now, us and now
And nothing else.

All around the mulberry bush,
The monkey chased the weasel.

(gun-shy, gun-shy, the peasants all have the St. Anthony's fire, dancing their way past the black little limbs, withered smoky like cigarette ash. Strung like ribbons 'round the maypole. Strung like any star across the firmament, from this end to that, blazing fire as it goes, sundown to sunrise.

So, the universe is the egg and Oecumene is the yolk, the liquid like trance that came leaking out. The experience of it at least, or the hard to quantify experimental data/experience of it, the mad pulling of it, the running hard out of breath, scared to death of it, the everything of it. The worth dying for parts of it, the reckless wandering/wondering parts of it, the always dragging you back to it of it all Digging our heels in of it, in the soft mud of it, the loam, the dirt, the rocks and soil, the blood and flesh of it. The rhythm is with the Scythians and the words are Illyrian and the tune is an ancient one, the here and now of it.)

And never mind flamethrower or gas mask.
And never mind the jellied gasoline or phosphorous flash.
Gun-shy gun-shy.
The monkey chased the weasel.
Thought it was all in good fun.
The better angels of our character of it.
Gun-shy gun-shy
never mind it.

The Perestroika Parasol

Belgrade Air raid

The electronics chirp. What comes alive, comes alive and everything else just observes,
Neutral seas. Calm seas.

Somewhere the ocean roils, the air seethes. A mind reckons. A heart pounds.
(silence) it slices.

My days go by in this concrete bliss, the wreckage proliferates,
like broken fingers sticking up through the dirt.

The muddy loam

The roots tangled around the busted knuckles (the dead machinery)

The skin wrinkles up in bunches (the steel just rots).

The clock on the wall shatters time by the minute, taking every single second from me, robbing me,
Killing me.

The beautiful heads plastered pixellated on the TV screen buzz through the news

Like confessional hell-raisers, wild men, wild women. Tribal.

But ugly words follow behind ugly acts and whole tidal pools accumulate.

The sentence structures all but break down entirely.

Glass breaks in the veins and the vile shards rip down the flesh

And send the rubble flying.

Alarming.

So destruction out art-brutes the devil, whatever sophistications abound, (these are modern days)

And the mists of life make their way through the streets by means of clutching vines,
Dew drops cover over everything.
Megalithic everything.
Giganitic everything.
Someday all the beauty of this world will unfurl itself before me
Along the battlement walls, down on the porticos, the verdanas
And through the halls, light. Music will swell, off shore waves will crash
And all of civilization will be happening.
All of good civilization will be happening.
Drudgery everything.
Lizard skin everything,
Sloughing off everything.
Anthemic screaming, pulling and shoving, dragging, moving along. Amphetamine rivers, frail little bodies
afloat go cascading away.
Bus terminals galore, split open seams, the sky pours out in droves. Nothing left of the burning now but
the cinders and ash
And the busted flat tires
And the rolling away flame balls (molten rubber)
and
Disgusting last ditches, open trenches, mass graves, Eucharist euphorias
Drainage channel eulogies
Communion wafer white the skies, incense smoke ascends, shakes the trees
Pathetic dust covers everything
Mind racing everything.

Crocodilian

Reptilian.
Let's get rolling away.
Amphibian.
Let's get rolling away,
Brothers and sisters.
Towards the revolution.
Mammalian.
Tomorrow and tomorrow
And tomorrow forever.
Towards the future now,
I can feel it.
Crocodilian.

The Moon and the stars

Nous sommes la lune et les étoiles au-dessus
In the great concordantia of endings, shall you pick one heroic
Or at least patient and kind.
And in the endless encyclopedia of epiphanies, may you choose one painless
Or barring that, one fond or something blind.
And when you choose for yourself your life of changes, make them at first dramatic
But be certain to let them soften over time.
And with your words, discriminate like your visions, for space and meter
But be always leery of the rhyme.

The Blue Bird

Long ago, a bird flew into this world.
A blue bird. A big bird.
And the people who lived then, saw it and called it
Hymn.
And with its large eyes, its dewy two eyes, both sun and moon,
It has gazed down upon from high above
A flight ever since.
It has spied with those open eyes, down among us
The sauropods, the Marcher Lords, the
Tiananmen squares, the Gordian knots and the melodious chords.
It has seen us forever, here below.
And samurai sharp the feathers from flight fell like meteors upon the Earth
And in twisted tongues and patois words every tribe upon the surface
Described the fiery flames they had themselves beheld
And the tales like stars across the skies, forever increased.
And what is noble now was made noble then,
They spoke it and they made it
And still we feel it,
Like blood coursing throughout the atmosphere
And lightning talons that grip us round in their strength
Still they bind us.
The blue cerulean bird.

And long ago, a fish swam up into this world.
A sea-green fish. A long fish.
And the people who lived then, saw it and named it
Sagara.
And its glinting scales reflected all the light that was surrounding
And its thrashing tail stirred all the water that was adjoining
And it made all the shades, the nuances of the eye
And it made the tiny fuzz of the ocean foam
And it made the soft salt of sea-borne breezes.
And its wavy fins pushed the oxygen from under currents and blew
Out the air from its gaping mouth
And out upon our banks the mercenary winds and the DNA strands
The Madame Blavatskys, the mysticisms and over reaching hands.
And it glided, swimming across the whole surface of the Earth,
Dividing mist from mist and separating cloud from cloud
What was above was mirror shone on what was below.
And all the people who came down to the shores,
Put their feet in the frothy wash
And all that could ever be extinguished
Was kindled then
In the quickening pulse of the shimmering
Sea-green fish.

Anemia

1. Dramatis Personae

Sir, I am full of nothing but pothos.

I speak aloud to all those bathed in light,
From those drastic days before when everything was fire and we walked together through this world of fire without a drop of water, without a bead of relief. In those long ago Malthusian moments, those dismal scientific seconds that ticked away the time from us and all the world both shrunk from in front of us and expanded madly out around us, the swaying instants dependant only on the satellites that surround us and orbit about us for what little bits of illumination.

We will go though the rosewood and ebony, though the dark and heavy old oak doors, the creaking iron, the black patinated iron gates, between the tall hedge woods, the boxwoods and the flowering bushes, past the fields and the meadows where the children chase the bees and the clouds collect in the sky like pages in a book.

And the sun will fall from the sky.

And the sun will fall from the sky.

And the sun will fall fall fall.

Stand behind me, the fire's heat is too much for us here.

And all the hearts at the séance will say baile baile and then everyone will turn. Let me take a look at your cards, your comings and your goings, the lines of your palms.

The Sahel angels will dive down like meteors through our purple skies and the motion will awake

The moon

And it will lift its lids from over its heavy Cyclops eye.

The light is white and the force guillotines our shadows cast dark across the ground, cuts us off and folds under the weights, the weights of the stars above, the curtains and curtains of brilliant firmament above, the pressure of the growing atmosphere.

The multitudes and millions, the Alsace and Lorraines, all the reckless and the germane, pagan Beltanes, the frost on the ground and the influenza in the air, the cold that shakes hold of the night and busts up our speech and numbs our tongues. Our fingers stumbling, our ways confounded, this smoke before our eyes, these mists and vapors.

And the iron cauldron conjurers continue working through the birth pains.

I am alive.

I am alive.

Like a thousand petals of the flower, together we bloom.

2. Towards a More Civilized Society

And for a moment they smiled, a wealth of wondrous places in their minds.

And they climbed up the mountain, she and him, they went up over the stone soil, their feet clutching the boulders and rocks like the long roots of trees, the long gnarled roots. And over the summit in the cold air they looked, they looked out over the whole expanse of the Earth. And then they spoke, they sang and chanted, all of the words that formed like heavenly bodies between their lips and split out over their teeth, the trembling syllables and quivering rhymes, simiarilities of words and spirits, specters moved like specks of dust glinting in the sun, all the vibrating atoms passing from one mass to another.

And there was calm.

And there were all the varying calamities that forever threaten these universes we chose to inhabit.

And there was calm.

The bare trees stuck up through the ground like sickles and scythes and they rattled together like steel in the good stiff breeze. There was too much moon in the sky to call the night dark. She ran down that lonely New England dirt road, the sky next to her unfurling like a movie reel in jerks and spots, static spots and white noise, cigarette burns in the corners where the starlight collected and the noise fuzzed out. Not less than a thousand years passed between each of her breaths. Her blood pumped. Her muscles ached. She left behind her a hundred tall houses each with a hundred tall yellow windows.

But there was a calm.

The debris seemed explode around him first but he knew it was the shockwaves he felt before anything else. The sound came barreling down the street desperately chasing the shattering silence. The marigold streetlights shook epileptic over his head, bravely, before they finally submitted to the night and burst into shards of dark covered glass, split all over the asphalt road like blood and embers and sparking ash.

And then there was a calm.

3. Saoirse the Lungfish

A. Saoirse.

1. Irish Language word for freedom
2. A given name popular for males or females (most commonly feminine)

B. Lungfish

1. **(a)** A freshwater fish belonging to the subclass Dipnoi. Common only in South America, Africa, Australia
- 1 **(b)**. a primitive fish with the unique characteristics of ability to 'breathe' out of water for short periods of time by gas exchange through gills, mud burrowing, and lobed fins.

All of us, powerless, everyone of us completely helpless to resist the full extent of freedom, even for a moment, the briefest of instants, the smallest of seconds, bobbing up and down on the waves, in and out of reality, buried deep in time.

A fleeting moment of human movement: clarity

All the ice-cyrtsal figures that walk hand-held, across bridges at night from Brooklyn Heights to Water Street, that stay up too late and search out warmth and dream, dreaming dreams of riches and stretched lands and open places or long boats on distant ocean piches. Cracking their cold feet bones on the hard stone concrete and lay down low on sad and slow slabs of rock and covered under in the luminous white snow, get lost in remembering reminiscences and bewildered times they made up in their confused minds. Off track.

It is all this pull, this push and pull, the heaviest things make the deepest rings, troughs, unfathomable indentions in the fabric of everything, of space and of time. Gravity wells that become impossible to escape, to navigate, to tolerate.

A fleeting moment of human understanding: lucidity

Because we may never make it to the future, we need to make it clear to those we may never meet there, that there was more to all of this. Because we may very well run completely out of time, it is imperative we make up our minds to leave to those that may still there shine, that there was more to everything than all of this...

More than blurry photographs of old apparitions that stumble hazy down the dilapidated halls of crumbling walled institutions. More than these Mansfieldian bookends (Katherine and Jane), more than pressed wood pulp pages, more than the fuzzy eyed travelers and the bow-legged shooters. More than what we discovered and much more than we invented. More than what we created and more than the air we

struggled to breathe. More than the scribbled scars and scratches, the etchings we left on the insides of pauses in our lifetimes of passing the minutes and counting the seconds. More than the fleeting moments of human clarity or understanding: freedom

4. Ego Sum

And then they begin to converse, the whole world begins to speak a chorus, a crushing melody.

I am anemia.

I am a certain weakness of the blood.

I am weary. I am pallor.

I am one.

I am two.

I am still water.

I run deep.

I am a shade of red.

I am bled dry.

I am a headache headlight sparkle in the middle of the night.

I am a razor blade. I am a fist fight.

I am a Saint Francis medallion swinging from a rearview mirror.

I am a scrap of cloth.

I am lightning strike.

I am an old song, radio

transistor fuzz, familiar, I am a graveyard, a motorbike. I am shadow, a strand of binary. I am a beachhead, a cattle prod.

I am three.

I am multitudes.

I am frenzied. I do not begin.

I do not end.

I am random. I am over.

I am silent.

I am thunderous.

I am vulgar.

I am holy.

I run in the viens.

I breathe in the lungs.

I rattle in the throat.

I make my way.

I am one.

5. Dieu de Assassinier

On the High line near Gansevoort street I dreamt I saw the black Madonna of Czestochowa appear to me in the rippled dark bark of a tree stump. I pretended to believe in miracles.

Death Avenue.

There was thick multitudes of birds in the air and in the tree canopies and whole wide expansive tribes of men and beast a' throng on the boulevard. I pretended to care about strangers.

Chelsea Historic.

Little clouds of steam that roll under my feet, the buzz of taxis stalled in the street. Minidress ghosts flutter and appear in the breeze, reflect in the passing panes of glass. I pretended to believe in spirit life.

West 23rd.

We all wish the stars would come out. We all wish the sun would drop away. The sky is too bright and the glare is too much. We all wish together. A desire in unison. I pretended to believe in convergence.

Chelsea Park.

LAUTITIA memoria

Don't forget the oceans.
Don't forget the skies before you.
Don't forget the rivers that cascade down over the mountains.
and
Don't forget the trees that ravenously grip the sheer cliff sides.

Don't forget our eyes, our two wild bright glass eyes.
Don't forget our skin, our resplendent mosaic skin.
Don't forget our hands, our two grasping hands, that cling bloody to the sheer planet sides.
and
Don't forget the ground steady beneath our feet, our two restless feet.

Solid Glass

Sometimes it is best to not say anything at all...

But held captive completely behind the tyranny of solid glass
And what which will not shatter by actions
Must be broken by words.

The Pasha

A lightning strike of thought in an empty atmosphere.
Outside of city limits of a very small town, staring up a dim yellow security light
Heroically guarding a derelict rusty metal box containing a derelict grey metal
Electric transformer. It hums. It buzzes. It shakes slightly but barely perceptibly from under the sheet
metal steel housing. It breathes. It lives. And it most likely only exists now to power its pale yellow
illuminant sentry.
je suis encore en vie , les ombres et tout, les étoiles les mauvaises herbes de germer dans le champ du ciel
autour de moi

The Chaldeans

I.

I imagine figures made of nothing but a few sustained notes and blurred street lights, ghostly bits of
conversation quickly passing by my ears.
I imagine a world of smoke, an intangible thing, an echo jungle, an invisible tangle of sightless sounds and
disembodied sighs, flash bulbs.

II.

You didn't notice me. Racing around madly, extinguishing the human torches. You didn't see me.
Feedback buzz coming off the loudspeakers in waves. Waiting for the future. You didn't notice me at
all.

III.

You follow me. (two Chaldeans at rest)

Like storm clouds rumbling across the sky.
You will follow me tumbling through this ethereal mess out into the evening dark, you and I.
There are places in this world, I have forgotten to name...
And you inhabit those places, that is where you remain to me.

IV.

I imagine this life made of too many cups of coffee, hyperactive nerves, too many anthemic screams into the middle of the night. I imagine everything too thick or too thin or taking up too much space or spending too much time. I know I was not made for here with this lizard skin, everything that just falls away. Too many moments breathing asthmatic in this slender air. But once you are a human being, you are a human being for life (biologically speaking).

V.

Baruch Spinoza spoke to me in a whirlwind, tiptoeing on these sinews, tightrope walking a high wire,
With a mutineer's guile, puppet strings and all the tangled things that hold us all together,
Marionettes that shudder whenever the wind blows.
On empty streets surrounded by all these empty houses, the trees bend low.

VI.

I imagine a world made of nothing but left over words from this dream. No other choice. Meandering.

VII.

I imagine a planet made of nothing but unraveling knots, two stray threads sliding past each other, "So, this is how we meet, tried in absentia?"
Like concrete dragging itself over concrete, two pebbles polished against each other, two eyeless hurricanes waltzing in tandem.

VIII.

Moonlight that falls down into the open spines of books and comes spilling out like rivers, snaking waters, twisting and babbling up with oxygen raising to the surface like bubbles, words trapped inside the froth. My hands holding the sides just glow, my hands and fingers just glow and my eyes ache.

Das Sunlight

You truly believe I am alive.
You truly truly believe,
You believe that I am alive until there is nothing at all left of me.
With
All the white beards, the long beards
The glassy gazed and dead-blow-hammer falls.
With
All the tract marked arm scars, the blood rush to the heads
The envious, the stampede and the fickle-faux, the self-made.
With
All the apartment buildings, the concrete gas lighting.
The condominium parking lots and the pandemonium search lights.
With
All the blunt force, the deep brain wrinkles

The knife blades and the eyes flash in the pan
The twinkles
The cracks
The sparkles
The shines.
With
All the muscles numb, the back and forth grinds
The pitch ascents and the stiff finished drops.
You truly believe I am alive
In the sunlight, the sunlight
Alive
Until there is nothing left of me.
Effortlessly.

The Big Pandemic

passchendaele

1.

I spoke to the universe and said this,
You are my wheels
(and) you turn me 'round and 'round.
My engine, my steam, my big locomotive puffing through the atmosphere.
My right and wrong.
(my first epidemic, fever.)
You know, my first memories are of explosions, my first thoughts of bombs bursting in the air.
But not reality, just fantasy,
Like Vienna, Berlin (east and west), America and Moscow.
Wispy lights in a forest but just around one tree.
(reading Albert Camus)
(*Hello, I'm God's limo driver, I'm here for the party.*)
Controversy, controversy, there has been so much controversy but still the Earth remains round, spinning
out in space, going around the sun in circles, orbits, elliptical, or not so elliptical but maybe wildly random
but still it remains whatever it always has been regardless of us or of any movement or action on our part.
Academic bedeviling be damned.
(be the death of me)
I am the spaces between the letters in a word,
The marrow of the bone,
I didn't see you there when all of this was happening,
Rushing towards the planet's surface, my hair on fire
But you were already formed.
(my first epidemic, fever.)

2. Two. The second one.

(Lisa says...)
And here comes the Artesh, the Matadors, the Jugglers, the Janissaries.
All the careful ones behind, but here
The heroes, the bold, here come the good guys
The end.
(my second epidemic, simplicity)
And the bright young men & women of the future will look back and say, "What a solemn strange somber
age. A great waft of red violence that rolled like a cloud of dust over the great unbroken blue beneath us.
The yawning chasm between the two extremes of everything hewn a little wider and a little rougher with
each passing moment, with every passing year. Like some sort of sainted age and a worse monster
inhabiting the same brief space & obliviously & nothing good or grand to say about either of them or of

anything at all.”

(Some film on my television set. Terence Stamp or Cary Grant or Steve McQueen. The lamps are blown and I can't see.)

And the primitive men who once dwelled on Earth like stars in every corner of the night, who saw cruel demons in the eyes of snakes, there Hariti, there Hecate. Who build all the walls that surround us still, who named the things we mutiny now. They will see us magically, like perfect chimeras like Ascetics with knots of glared headlights above our heads.

Me, I always feel like I'm looking at "0 through 9" by Jasper Johns.

This is how we compartmentalize our lives.

(my second epidemic, simplicity).

3. The third one makes you feel a little like Jack Kerouac

(Double bass drums, four/four, allegro)

(the third big epidemic makes you feel a bit like Jack Kerouac
or Buffalo Bill)

Here come Hercules with some boar chained to his back (Erymanthean).

You old barbarous hordes, I envy you

In a world so crumpled and folded, most of us go falling into the creases.

For abundance of inertia, we cling to abundance even when the profusion is inert.

We are inert.

Not enough to us to hold to the sides of a thing, we fall apart so easily, spinning wildly through the air

Queasy just to move forward, our desire compels us, so shaken.

And we disappear (generationally) along the descending lip

Of elemental importance

That old whirlpool

A maelstrom

And vanishing, we are no more.

(the third epidemic, envy. Old barbarian envy)

4. With impetuous tones

I am a wide creaking swath across the face of everything.

(shining)

And what if I go out to Navassa island, what will I find (out) there?

Zombies from the fishing village and rocks as tall and sharp as DamBallah?

I am an Earth trench.

I am a sky wave.

We come together in the most solar ways.

All day long the Navy plays their ships in the water there,

All day long by the shore.

We are the robotic same, me and you, all new materials, materialism(ists).

Three shiny fish a'drift in the sea.

Come to me, all you symbols of life.

Geomancy, drawings on the ground,

Like a long wail filled with impetuous tones.

(the fourth epidemic, familiarity)

5. Wanderlust

I am more or less, traveling around the center of the universe, orbiting it,

Pulled by it, turned and moved by it

A victim of bizarre heliocentric whims.

A person.

A poltergeist really, a mischievous spirit, a noisy ghost

A little threat of light in the middle of a great darkness.

How the eyes pain to adjust

How the shapes emerge.

Gaia, that's what the Greeks used to call planet Earth.
It means soil, dirt
That's all the planet was, everything else, all the sky and all the air and all the atmospheres
Was heaven.
Dirt was earth and everything else, paradise.
They called the planets, wanderers, wandering stars
Dust adrift.

(the fifth epidemic, wanderlust)

Reading letters aloud in hotel lobbies in Birobidzhan,
Busted knuckles on the table,
A deep husky face of silence
And in the restaurant, 'The Namib',
Echoing things like "They put your face in the fire
And hope not to singe your beard."
The end.

6. The Gulag one (petite-bourgeoisie)

(I've dish pan hands and the devil is on the loose.)
Poison-pollen spread out in the air like a gymnast,
Kaliningrad actors assemble, the tribes accumulate.
I am amass.
Summer dachas down secret streets
Where they hide away the secret politboro souls.
The boulevards gleam.
Here come the petite-bourgeoisie, the petite-bourgeoisie,
La petite mort.
(the sixth epidemic, materialism-lust)
This is our axis mundi, our center of gravity, our end of the world,
Everything espionage,
Our heaven in the sky.
Gulag
Gulag
Gulag brothel
Brothel brothel
Convenience store Gas station
Brothel gulag
Mini mall.

Acetylene

Acetylene torch
Click click
Light it up, baa-fwoosh
Burn my way
Outta here.

Jet plane
Or
Freight train
Or
Steam ship
Gone.

Gonna burn my way
Outta here.

Earth moves
The sky shifts
The sun goes round.
Clouds melt/merge together.
Gonna burn my way
Outta here.

Catal Huyuk: Genevieve

It was crisp air for a knife fight, spinning blades
And the glass in the windows fogged, fogged and cracked
The whole pane shattered.
We cannibalize the injuries and the changes of light,
Little abrasions, little abrasions, lacerations
Spectrum-scattered through the night.

If I come to the surface too closely, too quickly
I get the bends, hideous oxygen bubbles in the blood.
So, I play a game and count the letters of my name and multiply the result by seven.
It pacifies my mind and I can keep my head down.

The music through the walls spills-stumbling in.
Sometimes I imagine I am the only thing left between everything and oblivion,
Between the whole world and universe and total annihilation.
It is not a happy thought and I imagine the multitudes already existing.
Insignificance, it pacifies my mind.

How very coarsely, how very forcefully the crude obliteration goes marching down the halls,
Shaking our hands, shackles and all. Moonlight twinging on the whites of their sharp teeth, dark thin
crescents of purple under their immaculate eyes, gleaming.

Mamba marimba shakes snaky rhythms through the air. radiator in the corner spills-breathes voodoo fire
witchcraft and hallucinates these sicknesses like continental drift and terrible earthquake-tsunami.

*"We're floating away,
Floating away.
We're floating away,
A little further everyday."*

It pacifies my mind.

Shopping list Pirated

Capsaicin
Amino acid
Marijuana
High fructose corn syrup
Fermented distilled potato starch
Protein
Vitamin D
Churned milk solids
Processed and sorted ground wheat kernel (lightly frosted)
Sometimes I wish I was the gigantic swirling mass of universe,
Nebula skin and nail, Magellan cloud upright, the beautiful face of the cosmos.

Turning each banana over and over and over again, checking and rechecking for deadly black tarantula
Which bag of potatoes contains the snake.
Which price is lower (not by unit but by weight).
How am I supposed to live like this, paranoid
Sweat on my brow
Numb fingers?
Pressed wood pulp
Harvested separated tree nuts
Phosphoric acid (canned)

Redeemer

Swing your fists at me.
.....(this dead yellow grass)
There is only one way to get free
.....(this dead yellow grass)
Turn your radio up
All the way up, full blast.

And everything is electric
And everything burns.
.....(this dead dry yellow grass)

Believe in the tree, for it is made of light.
Believe in the forceful wind, it is made of light.
Believe in the creaking limbs, these are made of light.
Believe in the root ball, it is made of light.
Believe in the earth that contains it, for it is made of light.

There is only one way out of here.
.....(this dead yellow grass)
By the light reflected back towards the eye,
.....(this dead yellow grass)
By returning the stare.

The Colonial Song

1. **(X)** *Derevaun Seraun*

We will go down, all alone, we will go down to the shore and we shall gather our salt. We will gather it up in our arms, what the sea has bourned for us. We ourselves, all alone.

And if they are a great blast of heat, through lips of steel and teeth of iron, leaving everything nothing but cinders, with pathways naught but ash for us to walk through, our bare feet careful for the embers.

And if we find one, a quick singe against our flesh, we shall take it up and even if it burns our skin to the bone, we shall kindle a fire from it and we shall light our torches from it and even the darkness will not hinder our way.

2. **(Flustert)**

But bullets and bombs are not skin and bone and iron is not ashes and rust is not home,
And the things that the blood carries is curiously absent

and the air is so sheer,
In the hole of disparity, desperately stomping
In the muddy bloody trenches of fear.

and

They talk about Peru.

and

They talk about Fanon.

You should hear them talk all alone, out on the street
Where they are sure no one can hear any of them speak.
Such a tinderbox world we all live in,
Such a shame to stretch the history so thin.

and

They talk about Mugabe.

and

They talk about Peron.

Such a tinderbox world we all live in,
Such a shame to stretch the history so thin.

Movies

On certain days it seems to me that the biggest part of the history of the Twentieth century is a one gloved Catherine O'Hara lipsynching Harry Belafonte songs.

There is one thing definite, we are surrounded by water, seas and lakes. Swollen by it, buried under it, idle beside it, awash with it, pulled along by it, over locks and dams, sliding through canals with it. Sustained by it and ignored by it.

I want to make movies like it. Huge establishing shots that spill out the sides of scenes, that tear past your peripheral vision. Wild roaring panoramas of great ribaldry, a spark between two terminals, a message in the brain. A reflection of shimmering glow on the surface, the broken light in the waves, kabbalistic effects, esoteric actions.

Big music too, Leopold Stowoski, loud rattling sounds, instrumental murmurings and crescendos morganastically married to the screaming pan shots that tear through all the universe like the end of the world, that's how big, that's how wide.

Barely alive, head above the deluge, drowning in motions and evaporating colors, fading, ebbing, waning, flowing. There is one thing definite, we are surrounded by water, heaving through channels and cataracts, waterlogged finger clutching for dry land as we go careening over the falls.

Charon

Distant men making distant plans
in far away distant places.

Around the world I may ripple.
Around the world I may roam.

Piedmont

1.(difficult classifications)

Electric-man lightning is made of hard light and lives in
Deep outer space
Eats up stars with his indestructible teeth and stays out late every night.

Madam Ice-flow knows wicked Lady Vertebrae from way back in Calcutta
But now they both live inches apart in sunny southern Spain
Right down the water-ran street
Afraid of melting in the rain.
And Cardiac Orion drinks cheap sake in airport lobby bars and makes
Kinetic sculptures of old Detroit Cadillac coup Devilles.
While Sloe-eyed Jim reads the bedeviled news and ticker tape numbers
And imagines the ratio perfect,
Runs his nail bit fingers of pumice hands
Over his tiger-braid lava earth body
And dreams at night of Wassily Kandinsky.

2.(Wichita Watson, upbraid the cow hands and send them packin')

Grab yer gouging tools, boys. We're goin' to town.

Cherry Von Appel played the sitar and harmonium and rode a bay with
Piranha mouth and most people agreed, they both had hard iron for bones and
Cold cement for blood and carried two firm fists for guns.
Mirror-glass Morrison busted into pieces going 'round in the tempest. Sent sharp shards all a'flying
All along the horizon, cutting big ugly holes in the sky.
And those holes are going to bleed and when they bleed they are going bleed movie theatres and dining
room sets and bright electric light. When they bleed they're gonna bleed money.
Patience McCleary held up the trains with two guns in the air, stopped the Icicle Express before it got
started and bit doors in the steel. Rattled off its wheels and left it to teeter-rot alone into the dusty
rust-dust.
And retired rich and early to a fine no-kill shelter for flabbergasted nuns.
And Pinkas and Paul, the twins from Australia, had no sense of direction, got drunk and lost in the wilds of
Westphalia. They died, busted broke, scattering ashtrays in anthills and dropping words in marginalia.
And then there were holes,
holes that would bleed and when they do bleed,
they're gonna bleed money.

3. (Tiptoeing)

Eagle-eats- the-Meat comes along like fire-flood aplenty and grabs what cannot move itself. Burns away
almost everything, burns down to a few grains of sand leaving nothing but desert behind.
Mariza-Pan Jan, not Polythene Pam, be-splendors the hills and the dunes and measures out equilibrium by
the length of her nightmarish hands.
Alkali the buzzard that they made from pieces of the moon, flew down close to the Earth and eat up the
night, picked clean, like bones of twilight left out to bleach in the sun.
And no matter how fast the sun, no matter how fast it did run, Manila-Han the horseman always beat it,
setting, long shadows in tandem, under the clouds and behind the mountains.
The end.

Walla-Walla WA (*a dream involving Father Hidalgo, George Washington, a Corona Radiata, and un œuf dans un plat*)

As I slept in the dark of the night in the open middle of an empty parking lot in Walla-Walla-Walla-Walla
Washington, fully exhausted from a long day of thinking word-thoughts out loud and making drastic
renovations to the ever-expanding world around me, I dreamed a dream. I dreamt I saw Old Father
Hidalgo and George Washington together in heaven standing close around an old junkyard tack piano,

keeping time with their feet. I was alive and I was there and I could see them but they could not see me, I remained invisible. Eventually the topics of independence and liberty were broached and what it meant to them and their kind and their respective countries and we all shared a tear, even though they were not sure that I was there.

And I imagined there must be grand thoughts weaving themselves together under all that wild white-silver hair and that inside those heads must fly around the most magnificent ideals of liberation and emancipation, it must be difficult to even hold a contemplation long enough to speak it, let alone draw it out and compose it. And I felt myself, my whole body numb, numb from exhilaration.

Corona radiata on my slumbering sleeping head, a crown, me a tyrant quiescent, street lights above my eyes glared like halos and muzzle flare and cannon fire. Explode. And then the barmaids waltzed in with armloads of beer and we all shared a song, out of tune. And then it was dawn and then I was awake. In empty parking lot in Walla-Walla-Walla-Walla Washington. Amen.

Gustav was

Repeat title

An old old angelic soul.

He was also the romantic sort.

Gustav was the stalwart standard-bearer of allll modernity.

This is how he felt about being passive,

This is how he felt.

Sergei Eisenstein

I am a militia.

Highly regulated.

Odessa Steps.

So from over the Steppes,

All across America

Blue skies.

Sergei Mikhailovich Eisenstein

Died early February 1948.

Heart attack

That's cardiac arrest,

Anything that stops the heart.

We'll see who wins the Cold War now.

Holllllywood.

Chernobyl

Little Chernobyl soul, little speck,

Little lost isotope

Little fall-out flicker

Come back into this fuzz

This buzz track

This ocean wave.

Little Chernobyl come back home

Come back home

And radiate.

Queen Anne's Lace

The little bullet didn't say a word
The little bullet didn't say a word
The little bullet didn't say a word
And just went bang.

Savages

1.

Let me trust the savages, the fierce-feral, the raw. The unsmothered and uncrushed under all the asphyxiating air, the upright-bloody beneath the sheer weight/pressure of undying atmosphere, the rocks and bits and history accumulated. The tall stacks teetering in the corners. Let me trust our teeth and claws and our bated breath. Let me trust whatever left, the beasts, all the living things. Those who lash out quickly, some times violently, move appendages wildly, thick bold arms flung out high and wide like stalks of cascading field-flame, flicker and smoke and smolder and broad shoulders and twice as fast. Silhouettes steady on bruised light of sunset horizons, something like white phosphorous etched against the sky, engraved, burns through the blood.

2.

Got 'the looking back so far, I can see end of the world blues'

A happy ending still, like gasoline, dredged deep from the earth, highly refined, burnin' off all the air from out the atmosphere. Ignite.

Got our attention though.

Slow

Like a fuzz. A blur. A shattered piece of glass, dangling there like the spider web all covered over with dew in the high corner of the rickety wood awning out front the cinema building on Water St.

We imploded.

A murmur, adding up quickly. From soft to brutal.

Sahara desert, last bus out-of-town, Oaxaca, William Faulkner, all of it...

Mao Zedong, the words fall from my tongue. Over those shoebox mountains we will sail, two colors blending, two colors bending to the enter the eye.

That ol' black soul will make you crazy.

3.

My God! I will save your life if you will save mine. Here take hold of my hand.

I'm going to lie down here on the floor. I am going to lie down here and rest. Just for a while.

Quitting time.

Let me worry about you.

Let me be concerned.

Let me lose sleep

Let me go all the way around your edges, let me surround you but not see back in, no reflections.

Let me wait up nights for you, sitting in the window, blinds up, bathed in the yellow shaded fluorescent light from the all-night gas station.

Luminescent everywhere.

Rocks falling off of rocks. Steel rotting off of steel. Bridges crashing down. Buildings like the petit-bourgeois. Crumbling. Nothing lasts.

And this is why I worry.

Consumed by it.

4.

The woman at the corner has a photograph of Ezra Pound in her handbag (*Money and how it got that way*). I saw it as we both were waiting for the same bus.

Not a part of anything, not ripped from a book, not a tattered orphaned page of periodical just

A little yellowed aged square with crumpled wrinkled edges, bend back crooks (*alarm clock*)
Staring up into the light from the cavernous vacuous dark.
Curious.
More curious still, is that if I had the opportunity or the inclination to rob
It is the only thing I would take from her.

5.

If you think about me at all, think about me at night
Darkest part of the day.
If you think about me at all, think about me in winter
Coldest time of the year.

6.

Abces et entraves
Castor bean
Pools of molten lava
Ian Curtis monotone
Running through my head.
This is what I am reduced to, this is where my time has led.
Caravaggio.
Artemisia Gentileschi.
I am memory power
A pile of books
A thick bright line
Of runny paint
Of neon light
Of sun and moon shining bright
Of broken stems
Pistils threatening to fall
Petals shedding
Volcanic stall
Rotating blades
Orbiting spheres
Cosmic suspension
Appalachian apprehension
Start again.

The Habu Snake

Messianic hooligans threading through the streets, butchered planets on their minds, snow-blind and drifting up like incense smoke, heavenward, leaving dark tracks long behind.
Fire angels in-swooping, so close you can smell their ashy breath smoldering, blowing holes of steam all encompassing around.
A demon, I am a demon, a demon here to poison anything, anything that moves, crawls, breathes, lives.
Super-charged Brooks Brothers super-viruses cover over everything in great thick clouds, tall sleek glass buildings with the rotten pox, traffic drives through the open portals in space, leaving without a trace.
Frozen seas careen over the surface of the Earth, melting and thawing and cracking apart as they near the heat.
May we reign over this forever. Forever ever. May we reign forever.
Out of Hokkaido Square, they spill out, all zombie-eyed in the dead-red glare of crystal mornings, breaking singly in the fire, singed and scorched. Charred fingertips leaving dirty smeared traces over everything, fumbling brass key rings and stumbling foot steps.
The lights flash. The icebergs bobbing, cast long-lost shadows down.
Made of bones, rattling bones and sinews of steel, made of indestructible threads and strings, we go indestructible around destroying destructible things.
Styrofoam Elvis-cups resurrect broken in the crumpled down snow, magic drifts that shine piled up,
On the right side of ice, the cracks extent down for feet, we bleed through the chasms like illuminated

vapours, tall boots kicking and stomping through the streets.

And in the backrooms, the neophytes and nascent hirsute boys will try in vain to seek out and find their short-lived relief with black-teeth and newly-minted-lesbian girls with red-ripe tattoos on their thighs, twisted all around, coiled together. You never know how we feel about a thing until we say we do and there will be princes of the air in the air and royalty abounds and praise-singers of the slow movements of things. Mephistophelian dreams that dance in our heads, the thoughts droop down like leaves from the Yggdrasil tree, entwined and wincing.

And heaven forbid

And heaven forbid, it grows and grows...

May we reign this way forever, forever ever, may we reign here forever.

Bankrupt. Broken and breaking. Hands cold out reaching.

Imbecile Yen-Yuan-Dollar bill, strips the skin off the palm, burns the flesh away down to the skeletal remains, brick by brick we are tumbling down.

Plastic transparency maps of the United States of America projected on the walls like jail cell doors, let this be a lesson to us. Pull back far enough and the picture becomes clear enough, let this be a lesson to us.

And repeat and repeat and repeat until we go pushing, sliding through the cracks and gaps and bend-back hinges, feral floods of icy thawing slush rushing through the halls. You don't deserve this. I don't deserve this. We don't deserve this. The worst words ever uttered were most likely spoke like this. Two hands in front of our faces like this. Two sobbing eyes like this. But I have a plan, a tengu-torture-fist going through the paper walls and grabbing it in the throat in the midst of this. Reaching back from all of this.

Everywhere you look, everywhere you cast your eyes, someone is busy hammering the Masada pegs in the board. Last-stand-reflections in every window, every mirror, every broken shard of glass. End of the world apocalypse steam escapes in blasts from vents underfoot, the fog obscures everything, condensation condenses and what can evaporate leeches off in huge pieces.

May we reign warm here forever, forever ever, may we reign here forever.

But we all live in yesterday, we all love yesteryear, we all live in grey, making little movements soft and slow, making handrail footprint-pathways through this snow. Billion billion blinking lights over head, stars or traffic beacons, advertizements, dead-headed signposts covered sleeping in a kind of hoarfrost and as we approach them, they respond by creaking, moving, casting their own shadows over ours with so little light left, it seems a shame to let any obscure any but the effect is charming, dashing, as we move under our own strenght slouching onward, slouching further toward Gomorrah, the Slough of Despond, Gehenna, brick wall, the end.

May we forever reign, may we forever, ever. May we forever reign over this.

_(liberazione)

(Follow Old Fred to Pepperland)

Deep night is the freeze...

the dowager Empress exhales.

the fanatical clock ticks time away (decays it like a metronome).

but we'll be sleeping on til dawn (in peace)

when the morning bells resound.

..(capitalism)

Civilized-

Nymphomaniac-megalomaniac-kleptomaniac-holy-Ikon-statue-society on fire powered dry by bloody red red blood cells rushing through the empty veins like little dragooned child armies, shoeless feet, muddy bloody prints, clutching diamond bags and hearts of palm, hacking through the vines with machetes humming, chanting chanting, tiny songs, Nakba day, Nakba day, Soweto, Soweto, Wounded knee, blistered air busting open blistered skin under helicopter buzz.

... (the end, scintillation)

(the secret to speaking in tongues is the slight modulations of tone and timbre. The only relative real importance in divine utterances is in variations, oscillations, scintillations.)

I stood on the sandy edge of the beach and looked out over the undulating expanse of the sea. I carefully noted the rising and falling of the troubled ocean waters, the blue foaming despair of formerly cresting but now crashing waves. An anticlimactic rush to a stoic shore.

I stood on the sandy edge of the beach and watched the ocean. The old old ocean that contains everything, giant air-breathing mammals and tiny sea-green vegetal-animal plankton.

I belong to the Earth.

Ras Cam Smith

Ras Cam Smith was born lucky with cyclone blood, whole damned world going down the drain.

Born with two awful arms of solid steel and stretched tight skin that showed every rickety joint and seam.

Wild eyes, Enkidu, Enkidu, under the trees, under the trees, a bastard baby filled with steam.

The wind all around him deferred, time itself postponed, two lips that murmured

And legs as long a fire flickers, tongues of flame that jumped like body fervor,

Visceral

Visceral

The cerebral child.

A shock of midnight hair and a column strong of absolute spinal iron. Never could break. Never could it break.

Gas pipe veins just hum and click together like lifted locomotives, smoke belching brain clouds, raining. Open shirted body, a face staring into the sky, star blind, star burnt, watching the winds blow/compose the sun and all its liquid rays of dewlight shimmering shiny. Here comes the universe and all its life. Here comes the... The bohemian summer, all creation, his black haired hands gripping his sides, bowing, heaving, the water between his toes like the air we breathe today

But it was different then, in some ways better then, the thin skin around the yolk translucent, everything magnificent. Catharsis. Bones growing under his iron flesh, slowly, expanding, intensifying. Escalating reality, a little thief, the creative energies a blaze. Ocean eyes. Images swimming, what is seen is suspended, held between two points and examined, loved, experienced.

A whole body of concrete and soot, a golden cage for the heart, holding things together that mean otherwise to tear apart. He touches his chest. Contains it. The empty-exploded, the ruined and corroded, the place inside where dwells the ghost, the purple hiss of artery and sinew. His eyes squinting under pressure of intense illumination, infinite, indefinite clarification. This is how most mornings dawn to those who face them, his hands like talons clutching, his mouth a fissure, a perforation, a tear filled with words and scars and syllables ready to spill and rushing out, crushing over dams and every hindrance, eloquence, bustling. Breathing, beating, fanning the air with trident spears of forced tongue shaped utterances. The sun appears.

The old Cossack morning, come storming over steppe, a sword-drawn-steel-glinting sunrise.

Iron-head Speakth.

Ras Cam Smith addresses,

“Me, I am king. I can see as far as there are sights to see, nothing is obscured, there is not one mystery to me. Throned Imperium. Like the crown of steam raising off of the boiling water, I am that sort of king, or the pitcher of rotten fruit liquor with the wealth of flies exploding around its rim, that is the sort of king, I am. For me, I live, for me, it exists. A loose clutchful of thoughts, this is expression. A sad and slippery fall down the mountainside is time, and time is where we happen, this is the space we share, descending, evaporating, gliding away. Voices. Voices fainter and dying. Something cold against the skin.

And there burns a life, at the border of a shadow, the ember edge of glowing fire. The murky concerning, the two eyes straining-between, never seeing, never touching, a little bit of light wavering, pull up, pull up...

But don't simply pull yourself out of the muck... both of us (those two lights) shaking, trembling sparks faintly, faintly, as if we both know some old answer to some old question we separately conceived along our ways. Some magnificent mystery of history, some old bit of DNA, some magic thing, some filter on the lens

And what we owe the future

Is this

Ozymandias,

Blood

blood

A bloody blood red edge, a reciprocal rim of human behavior, of dry compliments, sweaty handshakes. The great man-ruler. But we are talking about a universe so psychologically damaging that pockets of delusion is where we hide away, our little holes and pockmarked partitions, our borders and perimeters and fill the spaces with wars and words and all sort of kings and queens and martyr like things, all strung along like lights and stars. Something pretty for the sky, someplace to put our minds when we become ill-at-ease, disgusted, depression. And all because we individually and accidentally gained a consciousness meant for all of nature, entirety and not singularity. It is harsh.

But we must say something, do something, move around a bit. Because silence is awful, atrophy worse, and as white light is the absorbance of all the colors, stillness is the whole bold collection of every sound. And it is all too much. Everything. Too much to simply let stand, wrap a mind around. We bite off chunks. Narrow it down, make some words, put them down in order. Be verbose. Be loud. We go into the future saying, we said something, so we didn't say nothing. In the silence of entirety we pitched in a scream and that scream shattered everything. And this here, this is our glass, broken, this is our piece of sky shattered and fell from out the canopy of that vile heaven, splashing down submerged into the this earth-water, we are those splatters and drops, emerged from the eruption. This shard is our proof, and our existence is our testimony.

But we lose the will. We lose the urge. We cease the communication, inward and outward and fall apart

descending with a random rattle and a content hum. The skill goes. The minutes tick away. The batteries run down. Our mind loses its shrewdness. But there is an art here, even in this deterioration. I like the way we all lose out minds with age. It gives a certain fire to the otherwise arbitrary and futile insanities of youth, it gives an impetus to act upon whatever lucidity this life will allow. Or does not allow. But down that way lies the old gruesome. The old music of the mind, psychosis and gloom. The vague dwelling spots of the worst of human sentience. There is no purpose to examination. And between mad passionate revelry and abject senility there is precious little distance and the room closes in each disappearing year, so if you are easily stifled, you will be stifled, and without air, you will die. Suffocated. Feel their closeness clearly, be aware. This will be the end of all things that are wild. The end.

Session: Santiago

1. Ryukyu Islands

I have this post colonialist/neo-colonialist bug in my ear. Everything I hear kind of comes in though that buzz. Excuse me.

And the fields of rippling green, like piano trills descending sliding down scales, sunlight arpeggios spilling over each sharp razor blade of grass. Fluorescent yellow. Streaks of light falling over the soft sloping hillsides and racing like flash bulbs exploding and disappearing back into the thickets of trees that clump around the edges of the immense horizons. Snakes. Long fading serpentine snakes of sunspot ignition radiance. Memory. Bursting. Berkeley top shot. Smears of colors that rest, glinting on the careful insides of leaves, like lanterns hanging, swinging on the bony branches. Casually. There is an illumination here. A drop of pigmentation. A wild breeze, a wind sigh. A cluster of stimuli. A hard brink, a verge, an edge to cling to.

Such certain souls, delirious, a' stroll on the careful village greens, little blinking sleep in their eyes, washing paper in the sink. Huddled bunches of visions and dirt swirling around the drain, heads full of every nonsense thought, no two things connecting. No two things adding up. No melody to the song.

It is our curse now to haunt haunt haunt this world, the last plastered little ghosts of human civilization. And as long as we cling, as long as we cherish, these relics, these fossil things, petrified fixations, packed away in the old hall closets, dusty...

As long as we clutch

As long as we revere

Revere revere

Coming up over the hills like sunrise, we mouth the words.

We used to fear spiders as vampires, the wild predatory cats in the jungle as demons.

And around campfires, we spilled our fears into words and told tales and taught ourselves to never be afraid. Expanding our lobes, growing. Actually evolving our brains with language and imagination...until genius. And as genius, we fear nothing. Nothing but the other. And now we have only to fear the other human beings and so the old tribal re-emerges, all those old primitive urges. So we gather up to dispel and you can see it happening in every corner of this world.

By total immersion (into humanity)

By total surrender (to all appetites)

By great barbarity (we give up)

By awful terror (we inoculate)

By ridiculous diversion (we conceal)

By total warfare (we annihilate)

By boundless charity (we placate)
And here we are
Banging our drums together.

2. Bryn Mawr Students discuss Architecture

It's the isotope Megiddo, a little burr in our cell walls, makes us the apocalyptic sort
Also gives us eyesight
usually confused for spiritual insight.
But you look up and you get a little glint in your eyes, everything is so gold and so bright.
And things get so easily blurred, all sorts of lights and halos of light, ringlets.
And you look up
And you look up into the sky and it is like an eagle is the sun,
A big ole bird filled with avian light,
Two big wings, one for morning
And one for night.
And we mistake the dark under shadow of its passing flight
for something other than a collections of stars and nonwaking hours
So everything is dream, nothing but dust gathered in the seams.
Everything is sleep.

We dig down and we struggle to pull to the surface
Because everyone needs air to breathe
Everything fire needs oxygen to burn
There is something in our blood
That flows this way.
From mountain down to the ocean.
Life, rain, water, city skyline...
It should pull you.

I'd be a flicker, if I were a light inside a dark red glass votive candle holder,
Casting those long shadows across the plain white table cloth
Maybe straying a little at the tips and rolling, curled up the slight sides of the walls around.
Thin, so thin.
Sinuous.
Sinews
Under the skin
But over the bones
Holding us together
Tying up our joints
And pulling us taunt.

That's the kind of fire I'd be...

It should pull you...

Spires, spires remind the eye of fire, flame...

Something evocative, something unique should quickly come to mind...

And we drag ourselves through these platonic streets at dawn,
At first light, at evening sunset, at nightfall.
Every block surrounded by traffic, every one a insular little kingdom,
Inoculated
A retrovirus in every window, a new TV, Italian shoes,

Images stretched out thin over the surface of the glass.

That's the kind of daybreak it should be...

3. Ain Soph

I lived my life, one dumb animal amongst a hundred million other dumb animals. They never noticed me.

So reads the post script of every once living story.

Now let us make careful count of every star in the sky, so to register completely our dwindling, our irrelevance.

Triviality.

I have the taste on my lips.

Let us go, every one of us, over the top of mountains, above the pits of hell, so to comprehend the pitch of the descend.

The fall.

Plunge.

Right before our eyes.

In these cautious ways, warily aware, we may make of ourselves something responsive, weave a fabric around us

Awake

Awake

Aware.

Contemplation of the hollowness, the vacuumness, the Ain Sophness, the nightness, the tiny prick of light in the hyperactive darkness, the pinpoint of significance superimposed over the awful comfortable insignificance. It is our observation of it, the wavering glow staring backwards at our wavering glow, a blurred brightness in the deep.

It is the deep, the big blue deep after all, and the unfathomable will put its cold cephalopod arms around you and drown you down or else you will learn to swim but even still you will eventually sink. That's just how this ocean world moves.

Awake.

Awake.

In this world they keep rows and rows of old Georgian houses, crumbling grey facades. In this world they keep lines and lines of perfectly engineered streets, sidewalks and alleyways. In this world they keep vernaculars and trolley cars that climb the steep sides of mountain Earth. They keep aeroplanes and helicopters high in the thin air, they keep cold air conditioning units blowing in the blistering heat of Sonoran Deserts. In this world they keep alive in the long tentacle arms of municipal sprawls. In this world they keep awake at night inundated in resource consuming light.

Awake.

And everywhere you look, you can see the dinosaurs, the bodies and the bones. The mastodons, the mammoths, the ice age relics, the fossilized remains, stalk and stem. Little grimy trilobites from off some dead ocean floor, all dusty dry now.

so let us make a careful count.

Awake.

Awake.

Always awake.

4. The Reverend Newnan on the Mind of the Skeptic.

"First of all I detest all of this poetry shit, so don't try to come at me with that. Listen, I can't even stand to read that Byron and Shelley drivel or anything Modern either, it's no better, a bunch of gibberish noise with a handful of filthy words, don't ever add up to anything. I wanted to be Dalton Trumbo. I wanted to be Dashiell Hammett."

We all are just nothing. Nothing at all. Except of course what we are to another. a little flicker of light out the corner of the eye. A quick observation. A flash bulb. An ember flare. A fear.
Don't ever forget.

Nothing at all, nothing but skin and bone, a little marionette puppet waiting limp for some unbelievable soul to pick up the strings. Make us move.
Don't ever.

But no sir, not me. I'm not that at all. I'm a blank white sheet of paper all overgrown with ink marks and fingerprint smudges, pin lines running up the sides like creeping vines and Strangler Figs. We'd both collapse...
I'm no better.

...forget

It's the plastic covering everything. It's the rape as weapon of war. It's the little grey boxes in the corner of every room blathering away. It's so much. It's a lot of pressure. It's the unconceivable suffering. It's the rapidity of life. It's the way it creeps away. It's the clinging barbarity. It's the unpredictability.
Don't ever forget.

5. Coldstream Guards, two by two

I am regimental with my habits, every little tick, every little crumb. Down inside the deep deep pockets of my long brown coat, close to the split seam and the ensuing tiny hole, is a small smooth rock. I must touch it every daybreak, put it in my palm, my palm inside my pocket and let it drop, plummeting like jangling change

as soon as morning breaks, summer or winter, as soon as the sun comes up over the hills.

As soon as I wake
Every single
single morning.

Fire-glyph Sun (the age of exploration)

Winnowing the wheat under the fire-glyph sun,
Sailboat exploration and fumbling cotton gin thumbs.
Drinking my water, sweet, from nymphaeum fountains,
Forward, forward, breaking the backs of those old serpentine mountains.
In situ, in situ, building a bridge over the River Severn.
All the coal, steam and iron of our window ledge heaven.
My, how the world has grown. Oh my, how tall it has all become,
Glinting bright like chaff under our fire-glyph sun.

Old Babylon

That which is detestable is detestable in every tongue except just this one.

This is not Burgundy.
And this is not Bayonne. (je ne suis pas un Gascon.)
This is not Barcelona.
And it is not Cologne.
This is just old Babylon
And it is right where I belong.

I live between two train whistles in the fossilized air of a land as flat as any fens in east Anglia (and then

there is the Wash, the Big Muddy Wash). Down the road, a stalled out Toyota truck, abandoned, rusts into the grass, a box elder busts through the speckled, sun bleached hood. And there is nothing but two straight buzzing electrical lines swaying along the whole length of the horizon to lift the eyes toward heaven. And nothing but fine feathery fingers of tree branches brave enough to furl out their extremities near them. I watch them, the lines and the branches, against the blue sky until the blue sky turns to black sky and then I watch the stars instead.

And everything stops when I stop and everything blinks when I blink and I use my own eyes to illuminate around me and all the colors run together and I separate them in my mind, the blues and greens and dark reds and blacks and every shade possible and all of it imaginary. Odilon Redon would be proud of the blur and on the corner of the steps next to my feet sits a black and white cat and it mews quietly (the only intentional sound in a mile radius) as I watch the salamanders of the sky roll out and eat up the stars, the hazy grey of nighttime clouds.

My neighbors all think I am a covert left-wing political operative. I never lead them to believe otherwise because for all I know, I may well be...such is the way with government deception, complete.

I sit in the middle of a vortex, great big Egyptian swarms of night beetles go swooshing and flying around my head. They are looking for light, not finding any they make their own, they have bioluminescent chemicals for blood and hollow reeds for bones.

I am here now. Not that I give much gravity to the carpe diem sect, that is for the whimsical sort, poesy cigarette ashes that fall apathetic on composite wood table tops. I say, burn down all the coffee shops. I brew my own.

There are no accidents here, nothing coincidental this close to the Appalachians, no one believes in chance or expensive beer.

The wind is loud.

But I belong outdoors, especially when it is cool and the wind is blowing.

I consider myself successful as long as I am productive or counterproductive, counterrevolutionary, radial...ism.

Conceptual poetry is the new America. And that may well be true but the truthfulness of any statement is made ugly by its own audacity...(pause)...and we wonder why we aren't winning.

It is like we are all covered over by snow (forgetful snow) and ice and the only way out is to thaw and the only way to thaw is with heat and light, maybe passion and feeling and sunshine.

(Little yellow leaves fall down off the locust thorn trees this time of year and flutter all around.)

But I forget which words you are supposed to rhyme.

It's early days yet, there is a lyric for your book, have mercy, that's what I mean to say, it's early days yet, that's all.

But you never realize you need the light so much as in the middle of the night, so I give my soliloquies to the bare-knuckle-trees and wait for the sermonizing birds and bees and the wind that whips and spring gardens filled to bursting with the blooming flower tips, pistils and pistols and gunshot starry night summer horizon moonshine firelight.

But I ramble. I digress. A swirling torrent, the mind is a river, an ocean current especially when alone, left alone to philosophize, to think of life in such terms to break things down, to summarize to generalize to fantasize, lord only knows...

But it is early days yet...

The mind wanders off to those barbarian savage days in arid Asia or Africa where we first discovered or invented self-awareness and the wheel, ambulatory movement, monotheism and patience, the written word and syllabic language...or rediscovered, reinvented, lord knows how many times we have done this all before. 100 million years and only six thousand years of history, something doesn't add up to me...but I digress.

Little brown mammalian sting ray-bats flap their little brown mammalian wings in the black sea-sky, eating insects under the tops of light poles, lemon yellow light blinking in and out. No street light, not out here or anywhere around (not many streets), a security light, placed every so many feet or closer (like by a home or barn) by special arrangement (and an extra fifty bucks on your monthly bill) from the local electrical COOP...a shimmery old ghost of the TVA. Roosevelt and his wild plans. Something has to attract the night bugs and their dedicated consumers.

I am hypnotized.

Suffering under the weight of years of carnage, maledictions upon the simple mutterer of blasphemies in this dark primitive age...smoking cigarettes. The moon makes it little kisses between the scintillations

of lightning and glare, the colors too intense, the horizon too thin.

The atmosphere turns its other cheek.

I imagine the way the faces of the people I know look when they are speaking certain words to me, the way their lips slowly and slightly move, the muscles contract, the skin goose pimples and bunches up and smoothes its contours...this is the way my mind moves in this modern world.

This is the way eyes flash like sudden stars and abrupt lights scattered across sky. Memories and how they live and exist in the smoking smoldering ends of glowing embers. (they call this the existence of a soul.) The oscillating sounds of winds and breezes, rotating speakers, the Leslie effect, thank the lord my ears are still good...my ears are still good.

I cannot be sure what it is we are fighting for...

I do know that it should feel like loss even you gain and even gain big but it should also feel like loss when you lose, it should never feel like you've won because truth is, you are never winning...not from the moment this life's begun.

That's the trick of it all but you can't let that get you down. So, push all your cares away, shove them off into the distance, to the far corners, onto the hard shell reptilian backs of those sky-bearing terrapins. Four corners, four cardinal directions, how divine, how sublime, so integrated, so smooth...only that the world's not square, it is a sphere, a globule mass, a drip, a splatter of some other cosmic spill.

No matter...

Nothing matters...

(they call this the existence of a soul, snow, forgetful snow).

I am a mountain.

You are a mountain.

Everyone is a mountain. And every culture and every people has had their sacred/holy mountain, Ararat, Olympus, Fuji, Sinai, Rushmore (or whatever, Shasta maybe, I don't know)...the point is this, each one of us, a peak, a precipice, over exaggerated and relative to our own surroundings but a giant, a force to be reckoned with, pure topography be damned.

That which is detestable is detestable in every tongue except just this one.

And that is where we are.

Barabbas

1.

Al mattino anemico

It's funny how with all our different little eyes, we all see different places in the same spaces in this world

But every night it is the same alike darkness and it is cold to all our faces when we go out on winter days. Perception is perception but we share that chill. Sense datum. A big loose collection of it, spiraling and coiling and crawling up the length of your arm, reacting to the relative temperature of the air it is blown against, the amount of water, of evaporation. Your skin blooms, hairs stand up.

Perception is perception but we share some things.

The world is round.

We as life, all came from the Ocean.

We as humans, all came from Africa.

Look around you, at the mountains, at the valleys and the wadis and the rivers,

Those are ours, those are the mountains meant to be seen my human eyes, yours and mine.

This is us.

Standing shaky trying to get our balance on a slippery ocean rock flung through vacuous space.

And I leak like liquid, molten iron, or magma, glowing orange, translucent blazes, through the cracks and broken casements and fill in the empty mazes, supermarkets and crunchy department stores.

Human beings.

A whole lot of collaborate noise

Strands of sound that stream weave down the edges

And through the streets and yards and gardens

Past the trees and grass and nerve-pulsating flowers
All the little fire-breathing things that throb forth at night
And make themselves, so mosaic, splitter parts of our eyes,
So schizophrenic
And split,
A fracture, a rip.

But there is some fusion, some manufacture...
Among the machinery
And in all the circuitry there is some phantom thing...
That comes burning, that recognizes the faces, that knows all the secrets
That helps us all to move about
And in certain directions,
There is something that finds our way...
Something within the robotic sea
Of sparks
And light emitting diodes
In the flares and pops
There is something ethereal
There is a ghost
When I close my eyes and imagine
And that ghost has two gigantic eyes
Because that is how I imagine death
As intense observation.
The answer.
Because everything is the question, correct and once you have the answer, why keep asking?
And that is how the spirit moves to me
Towards an end, a visible, apparent end
And that is how the ghost resides with me, all the way towards the end.
Glinting and glittering apparatus, mechanically, to the end.

2.

Gli atomi, ci si dissolvono

And in Rome they have the Pantheon. Home of all the gods. All of them. Walk right up and knock at the door, ring the bell, they'll let you in. You can take a good look around, even today. Through all the deteriorating divinity, the holiness covered in holes, the grey wastes of mind expanding dust and rust that collects in the corners...too far back for any broom, the water stains and welcome tinges and tarnishes of age and wisdom and advancement. Ooo, groans the wind and the soft breezes that come whipping around the column trees, the statuaries, and the rippling fountains that far outside the door. All marble. All gold.

Sisyphus

Penelope

All of us.

You can fall asleep on purpose, deliberately, slowly, comfortably
But every single one of us, more or less, awakes by surprise, with a start, suddenly
Pulled from some other reality, some other place
The dew still wet on our feet
Our heads a mess.

And the orange-red days shallow us up whole and leave behind only the grey clouds dotting the sky and our old white bones stuck in the clay.

It is a full eternity we live in, every second, every day, one beginning and one end. A big one. An ever-expanding and always-contracting mass of velvety petals and leaves, blooming and waning. It is all made slower still by the sounds of it, the irresistible silences, not a moment to it, not a ripple over the surface...

And then it is gone.

And us, a bunch of specks floating loose in the universe, flecks called atoms, held together by mutual understandings and sciences we aren't allowed to comprehend... until one day

And we dissipate and dissolve back into the atmosphere.

Electric changed particles.

Penelope

Sisyphus

All over again.

3.

Il Kohanim dietro la finestra

Near my house was an auxiliary military airfield. They used it often, for surplus and cargo. It was surrounded by big vacant fields of dead brown grass, fenced around by chain link and scrubby bend back bare-barked trees. Wispy.

And on occasion you could spot a big olive drab Hercules come bubbling up, chewing up the air around it, or even a rare jet would burst up over the tree crowned horizon and go shrieking out of the sky.

I used to watch out my front window for the longest stretches of time. Next to me would be my great-Uncle. He was a priest. He was also an atheist and a huge collector of art books and prints.

And we would watch the planes.

Neither of us had any idea what was happening to the world. Him, because he was old and he had lived through a lot, wars, memories of wars, scandals, and me, because I was so young, seven or eight and I had no reference point in the whole universe.

But behind my house there was nothing, nothing but rows of houses like dominoes.

Built to fall...

Ha un accendino, per favore?

Meant to fall

Like words teeth-kicking tumbling over ...

Like words scrawled on the bathroom stalls of a young laboratories, auditoriums, music halls, Anywhere there is that real sound, that true speech of angels Of those who could withdraw but instead stay here with us out of some strange otherworldly conscientious compulsion.

And then, when it would get dark and the planes wouldn't fly too much anymore, the stars would come out. And the sky would shine. We would watch that for a while.

You know, stars are nothing but old balls of burning gas and waste, eventually they die. In fact, by the time we see them in the sky, they have already died. Phantom lights.

But they come back again. Reincarnation.

And in Rome they have the Pantheon. Home of all the gods.

A lot of talk about death and life and reincarnation. A lot of people say "in my next life, I hope it is here or there or that I am this or that" but I have never wanted a next life, just this one. It is sad to even imagine another one.

It's funny how with all our different little eyes, we all see different places in the same spaces in this world.

I don't want to leave this life to go to any other one. I just want to stay in this one as long as I can and then...then I am through. Gone. And this is how we deserve to feel. How we are supposed to feel.

And if I can do everything just right, I can someday place my hands, palms down, pressed against the glass of this Earth and feel it, really feel it, and then dissipate away, gone. Dissolve into those far flung, fiery firmaments and then when the sky starts to shine, I will come spilling back to your eyes, pure white light.

bellow Jerusalem

To make Loplop jealous

When we all make it, fiery, to paradise forever...
Let us make arrangements to be alive together
all through this life
And into the next.
Stalk and stem, hand and hand,
Through the swinging electric vines, the light bulb scenery
Passed pawns and cheat shots,
Passchendaele
War of attrition
Blurry lines that confuse the eye,
Battles of Yves
The bombs have dropped and shots have fired.
Let us breathe breathe breathe this last breath in chorus
Through the world
color bled and porous
Until every last atom quivering
Every last cell gasping air
And nothing but fire left
And skin and hair.
To the end
Forever.
Amen.

(we are) **earthmen**

Mars ichi-san-san. Boom.
Machete blade Sidney and little Wittgenstein by my side
Side by my side. Side.
What you see is blank wall, what you see is open.
Senses are just continuous explosion
What you are is color, what you are is sound.
a part of the experience,
Everywhere around.
But we know our way around the edge of the World.
We are
earthmen
A bit of
Agrammatic aphasia.

in the Bulrushes

And the story goes,
I am made of the same stuff as the sky.
Nitrogen and oxygen
And these are the spaces where the birds
Or spirits fly
like

Swollen cloud rains and atmospheric things
that glide over the mountains, Toltec
On flower wars for captives
to
Appease the earths and dusts of scattered irons
Lose the blood
to
Make a noise,
to loose a flood.
And it is the tumultuous seas made of nausea winds
forgetful
and the Neptune veins that keep our ocean swells restrained,
But fear the stroke-tsunamis
And cyclone air that have strewn all the words, feral around
And confused
And nuclear fission wants to be the sun
And little prophet lights like
The brief twinkling
That consume, left aloft, afloat downstream
Lost in the binding and bolts of silk and paper reams
The commercial baggage alive
The cool cool on the skin
The breath that lives in the lungs
and
Found in the bulrushes, a story we still tell
And so tale always goes.

Dresden Dead Letter Office

In the Dresden dead letter office, a bomb went off
Peeled the world back to the re-bar.
The windows shook like fresh paint
And I just opened my eyes
And swam.

Ha-Unebu

Art brute
artbrute
ArtBrute
Tia hormiga black Madonna
Cocaina y codeina
At the table at the Dystonia Bravo
All hell breaks loose when I open the shutters.
Breathing apparatus, rolled up sleeves, iron lung.
Cajero
Diver bird. End of the world.
Better off today but still far from perfect...
Big stone spirals gonna pierce open the sky
Temple-needle-eye, gonna let out all the rain
To the last grasp.
Stranger still, tiny things populate our world with us,
Microorganisms inhabit everything we do, every word we say.
And we are still waiting
Carry home the moonlight in buckets, what does spill over, the shadows down the mountain.
And light the fires

The burning fires
With the
Tiny men, tiny people, with tiny movements, and the tiny sun, tiny little stars, and tiny tiny eyes
That shine in any kind of light.
Fever pitch
Coughing fit.
And respiratory fluctuations
Solar flares like brainstorm, that swell up around equatorial distances.
Prime Minister forget-me-not
Proteus-head, caught me on a bad day and the bridge is out
I know a lot and forget a lot
And dizzy in the details, King Asoka, he had the hands for nation-building.
Alleyways to pathways to avenue-neurological disorders, makes it hard to keep hold, slippery, knock at the door
And the misfire will let you in.
ART bRUTE
ARTBRUTE
aRTBRUTE

Sotto 'I velame de li versi strani

Aleppo and Vientiane^(rev. a)

I.

Journalists and madmen, truck drivers everywhere. Paper fell like leaves from trees, white hot ashes, disintegrating like snow covering the Earth. I came outside to watch the building burn, I came outside to watch but I had been seeing the flames all wrong. Intolerable passions. Indescribable versions. Inescapable burning. Hundred head monster behind me breathed and screamed for water. Curtains burst and doors flashed and wood creaked and the smoke choked on itself but I had seen the flames all wrong all along. The air stank. And I drew a face in the concrete dust at my feet. And it was all soot. I carried you with me.

II.

I carried you with me in Aleppo. Hidden away in my pocket, a trinket, a locket on a chain, barely a part of me, attached. I carried you with me.

Barefoot on some beachhead, sticks and stones and human bones, tearing my skin on the parts sticking through. Concussion. Bleeding. Always bleeding. Mud and blood and death. I carried you with me but you were just bones to me there, just skeletons.

And then you fell on me like rain, like devils, and poked me and beat me but I did not bleed. Welcome distraction. The air was hot and heated the currents underneath, my blood boiled.

I clutched you as I walked and the trees sprouted up everywhere and I clutched you like rosaries in Ypres and in Verdun. I pulled you like a rope. You led my way. I

carried you with me.

III.

Soundless rushing to the top, my legs disappear beneath me, numb. My breath raises out of my lungs tinged pink, the acidic smell of separated air. Moving too fast.

IV.

Blank canvas to wrap the casket because this sovereignty is universal. Unintentional. And it moved slow and gradual, industrial like an EAMES film and it moved slow and blurry, long exposure like Francesca Woodman. I am made of all these burning things.

V.

Never do a thing that may harm another.

VI.

In Vientiane, they made me an effigy of the king. In Logos, I ate oil from the rocks and drank blood from the sea. In Esfahan, they burned me to the ground. Slow motion. They drew back their claws. I held on to you, last fiber, last shred. I held on to you but you were just rags to me then.

VII.

The receiver burned down and the whole city caught, amazing how fast the fire spread, amazing how these things spread, quick like evolution, whatever is on our minds, explosions. Amazing. Blank. There was no sound and no light and there was no picture. Shoes on my feet I went out into the street. Slowly in circles. Slow motion. And the Neanderthals made their rounds.

'Let me take a look at your chart.'

Just bones to me then.

IX.

I went through the streets, melodious, like a poem. Busted air of Saigon choppers and Beirut bombings, I was distracted, but I could not see from the sidewalks and across the street, to the top floor I climbed and then out on the roof. Out of breath. Spitting up my own blood. It was cold. And I watched time turn iron into rust. Raising and plummeting. Come and going.

Holy, holy, holy, lighten my load.

The sirens and ambulances wailed. I was amazed.

And this is how people appear to each other during these times, under these clear street

lights, all long dark shadows and blank white brights. So sallow, like hands folded over the faces and arms stretched to their edges. And this is how we will appear to each other in the future times, burning to the ground, flames leaping fire all over town, so ashen and so sallow and so empty of all of it but the smoldering heats.

IX.

There is no one to blame for the way I carried you.
And in Berlin we burned holes through the map, age spots, little tears and weathered lines leading from east to west. Hot breath on the cold glass, you slept so deep, and fire reflected fire and the mirror shined.
And as a thread through a needle, I snaked my way through the alleys, the nights of shattered glass. And everything melted down, steel and iron, like whole rocks turning to lava and tumbling down mountainsides, I ran.
And everything glowed.
Incensa vox. Resist your timid memories be mighty in your mind, ardentem, ardentem.
I came outside to watch the building burn, I had perceived the fire incorrectly, I watched it consume the husk with big bright lusty tongues of flame. As I watched the smoldering glow crusted in ash and how it shined, I saw the fire started far inside. Incensa vox, ardentem, ardentem.

X.

I carried you but you were just words to me. Ferocious burning.

The Ankylosaurus War

1. Dementia

Arbor vitae: a treelike section of the cerebellum, a mass of white and gray nerve cells and tissues, perhaps important in memory retention and cognitive function. Its deterioration may play a role in Senior dementia and Alzheimer's disease.

The gun fire continues.

Under some moon, somewhere far from here
There are probably things like angels and saints and all the other beings
Only imagined here.

It was an exceeding quiet story she told.

I tell you, you know me, you know me.
Don't you know me?
I should have been drumming fingers on a surface
That or the ragged rhythm of the tapping, my rapping
Fingertips and dirty nails
But no,
My mind is a complete blank.

Unbar the door bolt and let in the air.

How she drips away through the lilac blooms,
And the boxwood, the arborvitae, pruning shears in her hand.
How she drips away, moments falling stray, slipping like memory
Out of fingers, pulling and rolling through my grasp.

Unbar the door and let in the wind.

The soldiers collect in the streets, swallowing those Elysian pills,
Going nuts, trying to find the surface entry wound,
Where it came through and what escaped.
Words so perishable, they spoil on the air,
Should not speak them but try to keep them near.

The wind is strong today, a storm must be on its way.

'The Great Gatsby' on until five in the other room,
The lonely television hums,
Followed by 'Of Human Bondage'
Giving lie to the storytellers' wishes.
Switch through the stations
At a certain point the sheer density
The sheer monotony
Crushes.
Crushes me.

2. The Whistle-Speakers of La Gomera

The somber-lipped boys in jeans sit in crisp green highly machined, copper seats, booths and stalls that hug the walls and move their cups, gently around and stare without looking toward the short-haired girls (filles aux cheveux courts et grosses lèvres) who watch the cup-fillers, fill their cups that sit in whirling rhapsody on the tall chrome trimmed Formica tables and sit in the high backed day-glo orange seats. And nothing happens. Nothing at all happens. The swinging light is yellow and it casts its stain on the edges of the glass, collects and retreats in and rubs its muzzle on the scenery and diffuses, defeated. And nothing at all happens. Faces reflect in the windows and the whole place shakes like grand mal when the eight thirteen goes over head and the paint peels in the corners, and you feet stick to the soggy tile.
In Stockholm, Kyoto or Deception Bay, I was never born to be a young man, wrinkles and age already set in, eyes blurry, a slight limp.

Cheveux courts des filles avec les grandes lèvres grosses et porter le noir

And nothing at all ever happens.

Set my cup on the counter and pull out my pockets and settle a wadded bill, straightened in my palm next to it.

He thinks he should be walking, bowler hat and cane, tapping down Champ-Elysees, under all the lights, nothing but straight black lines, art deco, dada-esque, a chain driven puff of steam but that is triviality. He thinks he should be riding over some small mountain, in the sun, a horseman driving over some western mountain but that is barbarity, genocide.
A Canberra man, a machine, a cannon ball, Guernica, an echo and a machine, a stone. Memory but that is all history.

There are few bright spots left, not much clean but that is banality, just some stains.

Just a series of letters spilling together forming piles of words that come out in whole clumps and too clumsy, fall to the floor with a thump. Wherever I rest my feet, great stacks of language and expression, the greatest yawning cavernous vocabularies tumbling down and breaking plates, shattering glass, making such a racket but just confused balls of letters, nouns and verbs, that remind the brain of places and sounds but if the brain does not remember...

And few bright spots left shining, gleaming on the fabric, the woven treads that tangle around all of us, too little to remember and eventually, we forget.
But that is banality and just some stains.

But the Devil adores the fool who loves his history.

And that which crushes you
Crushes me,
Crushes me.

3. The Recitative

If I close my eyes hard enough and if I strain my eyes just enough, past all the dark, I can see the images. The ruby-red shrivel of the parched past. Three bright brass buttons fastening the feckless olive drab spat that surrounds the perfectly shined deep brown shoe, hard leather sole slapping and chirping down the almost mirror surfaced marble tiled veranda. The big blonde mustached head watches the shadows fall and ascend between the huge open archways, the brown skinned natives stoop and sweat in the garden and surrounding ground, his eyes dart over their hunched burnt backs, curved like the arches. One hundred and seven years ago but it is a sunny day.

I can see the future as well, just takes a greater investment of my imagination.

I can see us now but somewhere else, some white sandy beach or North Carolina, the Breakers, doesn't matter.

With all the pug-faced, frog-lipped girls who mill around the shore, dying from lack of dignity, who long to go drowning in the sea but they won't notice us at all, kicking our bare legs and feet in the warm wash of waves.

I've got this wild idea, let's bite a hole in the sea and watch what pours out, blood and guts or just lava and if it's just lava then watch your feet and follow me and when it all stops we will have our very own volcano.

For sacrifices.

You know, I've really gone through a great deal to be here now, with you. Been through a kind of hell really, through Minoan Crete and all those islands, broken shards of pottery, became Benjamin Franklin (probably) and Chiang Kai-shek and Joan of Arc, a wry smile in the flames, a wicked laugh, a Sami, a reindeer herder where the wind is always cold.

I've really been through a lot to sit on this shore with you.

And then you feel the water lap up, the tepid bubbles of foam left behind slowly pop.

If I close my eyes hard enough and squeeze out all the actual light, I begin to make my own, my own illumination, it starts slowly but then grows and inside of this light I can see images, shapes, lines and dots and I can make it stretch all the way back to the past and all the way forward. I can close my eyes and see everything.

These are the kinds of things we say to each other.

Big meaty clumps filled with meaning and no meaning and verbs and blood and food.

But language has regenerative powers, grows back right where it was cut off and stronger.

Look, I only live once as far as I know, all these things history names
Are not memories, not to me, just plots in some cemetery.

Like circles of blackbirds ascending, black fury of feathers, misty, descending
and in London now, they are speaking, voices between them entwining and tangling, melodious mixing,
opening lips like flower buds, swollen with rain, blooming, fragrant little petals, fingertips sliding over two
dry lips each, expanding, roughly talking, their utterances overlapping, melting, the murmur rising in
crescendo and then...and then exploding, great huge masses of burly words folding and unfolding into the
ceaseless seams and creases of heaven, settling quietly into clouds and weak from the storm, begin to fall,
falling in little tiny drops and collecting on the thirsty ground, collecting into muddy puddles and pools and
get divided and splattered by foot traffic but in the splashing get spoke again.
Spoke anew. (like the spirit leaves the body, rough, at last and all at once.)

4. How to Lose an Elephant in Tall Grass

In the vicious pre-Cambrian air, he came down the rocky side, red-eyed, half-mad from mountain living,
lagging behind the storm, the rain that soaked his clothes. The metallic parts of him glowed in the dark,
teeth, nails and bone. A baby in a bundle in his arms.

Come on, Pyrrhus. Come on, Pyrrhus. Come on, Pyrrhus, one more victory.

recommencer: start again

The endless hours and hours of languor. Little cracks in the ceiling, blinking lights indicating some
electronic device is operational and powered on and alive for all I can tell.

Hezbollah anger, the newspaper, of course, hemorrhages out the familiar tedium, radicalism, nationalism,
drawn out and dry hammer and sickle cell anemia, third world delirium.
The People's Republic of perpetual motion. The friction scalding, slough off the skin, as we go 'round.

I had a cousin once, got lost in Chinatown (or Tijuana). We never did find him, he came back to life and
found us.

Hallelujah

Amen.

Start again

recommencer 2: start again

Like birds high up with outstretched wings flapping, diving down fast, hawks, falcons, attacking, molten
fire leaking from cracked open coals and busted embers. Golden strands of broken filigree streaking the
sky. *Reformat it.* And in the nighttime when the day's delirium drifts gently along the shore and casts
its disappearing glow as moonlight on the frothing surface of the sea, we pretend...

There are secrets and *there* are secrets and someplace in some hell, there are answers but here, in this
world, there are secrets. Nothing but. Just that and penumbra, something growing below, something that
moves roughly over the barely vanished slick surfaces of this now, something real, germinating underneath.
he came down the rocky side, red-eyed, half-mad from mountain living, lagging behind the storm, the rain
that soaked his clothes. A baby in a bundle in his arms.

Come on, Pyrrhus, one more victory.

recommencer 3: start again

This is a certain history of horrific events. And by horrific, I mean to 'bristle or shudder with fear' from
the French horrere. And by history, I mean a 'study of past happenings' Greek.

by certain, I mean 'not defined' because I intend to ramble

And never again mention history or horror or any particular or factual events

In any language, what so ever.

A scorpion ran up the mountain, a spider ran down and where they hit, they joined and from that union, I was made, born naked, one more piece of heaven fallen.
One morning I got dressed and out to those tarnished silver streets, I went.

World's been different since then.
World's been different since a lot of things though (my paranoid mercenary excursions make very little dint...this World is big, so very very big).
World's been different since the Big Bang.
World's been different since Mr. Ostrowski told little Malcolm to be 'more realistic'
World's been different since Lou Reed.

The changes just feel more comfortable coming down the mountain.
This is the World, we're sitting on it, (if you were wondering)
As it goes around and around.

World's been different since then because of what I found.
No, that's wrong, what I found didn't matter. It's what I have become, that I discovered.
Anyway
World's been different since then.
I found you.
And I love you.
And I promise to always eat my lunch with you, even if we get old and lose all our teeth and it gets hard to chew and harder to watch...
But that won't matter
World'll be different then
In all kinds of ways.

The changes just feel more comfortable coming down the mountain.
Gravity and momentum on our side. Pulling instead of pushing.
This is the World, we're sitting on it,
As it goes around and around and 'round.

5. Woina

But whatever reads like a flame is dependant on the winds that behold it and the expiration of those same winds.
I burned the roof of my
Mouth
On hot coffee and
Went running down the hall.
It's raining anvils. It's raining fog. An old barbarian mixture. Today we'll stay off the sea, we'll stay together here on the shore.
Toledo and Lisbon, Ohio and Iberia and in between the rest. That's how I see the world, as any two points on the globe and all the different spaces between.
I was born today
To be alive today
And I am here today
To die today.
The end result
Of all this
Forward momentum.
The energy spent buys this progressive
Momentum.

The Spider Poem

The First Day.

Hausit aquam ad restinguendum

Ignis

When spider opened his eyes, all he saw was fire, fire and the where it had consumed but now retreated. All the muddy mush and torn bark and all the other endearing things flames leave behind, ash and singed black marks, hollowed bony trunks of trees, these tiger stripes on the surface of everything. And the glowing thatch of a still smoldering garrison of red hot heat left lingering in the tangle, preventing any approach.

Tremble.

The problems may be manifold

and

Intricate.

The air burned his head, his senses struggled through the mess. He needed water and he found it in little dangling dewdrops. He watched everything reflect on the surface, surface tension, replicating the whole panorama of images spinning behind his head, errant flames leapt up and crashed down to finally die, a stray crumpled leaf burst out into fiery throes and was no more.

A random drop of sticky dew came falling off of a bend charred black green blade of grass, set free. It splashed. Spider sat down.

The Second Day.

He dangled, listless, from a short span of silky thread attached barely to the tip of a leaning broken stick hardly still hanging to a half-dead, half-consumed trunk of some ancient tree. Staring. Staring at the sky, imaging all the varied reasons it was so black, so dark, when suddenly and randomly lights appeared in the expanse, greater and lesser lights in the expanse. And the moon was among them, breaking through the moist coat of night, light throbbing, shimmering out, a certain reverberation of illumination captured vaguely on the mist. Spider's thread twisted and he spun completely around, one complete orbit of the horizon.

The Third Day.

Sprechstimme

A Damsel fly did its "end of the world, tonight" jig. Bounced up and down in the empty breeze. Shimmering past leaves and fallen particles. (but he'd been long inspired by the life recovering properties of most of the Celtic reels.)

And there, where there had been nothing before, the air teemed. Burst open. Blooming in a haze of multitudes, shiny beetles, lacy wings and transparent things, swarms pushed forward and pulsed slow in the air full of shamanic and self-perpetuating urges, a thousand clouds of life descending.

He watched carefully from his thread tried carefully to its branch.

But in the center of all that thriving abundance, there was a void, a single pinprick of shining empty light and that is where Spider focused his eyes.

And twisted dangling on his short span of silky thread.

The Fourth Day.

Then came sound, brutal sound, bursting open empty spaces of silence and spilling out, covering everything, sound hewn straight from the solid stone, between the pauses of blue yellow shimmering, carved marble crescendos, crashing cymbal rolls of granite and bone. Muscles and ligaments stretched, poised, like bowstrings perched atop of the quivering strings.

Whatever we endeavor here to endure, whatever we endeavor here to remain forever.

Little notes clinging, singing, throat warbling, gangly hanging, floating purposeless in the air.

And this is how the moments passed, like music, drifting closely to the ear.

Hanging mute, twisting, on his bare thread swinging from the branch in the acuity of the wind.

The Fifth Day.

The bulls were lowing as they went blindly wading down the center of the creek, beating the bugs off their well bitten hides with the quick swoosh of their tails.

fish splashed and burst through the crystal surface of water. The air went hanging thick with moisture, determined to surround the scene, resolute, unwavering humidity...

And then came the beasts

And I was among them.

And the bees were brooding, filling the hive with honey and the air with buzzing.

And then came the other beasts

And I was one of them.

and

the choking continues, filling the expanses with life, 'til we are all smothered under here...

But if the sun goes out, we will thank the heavens for moonlight

And we will bury the bones in Patagonia and give the wilderness to their spirits.

and

Spider focused his eyes.

And spun twisting on his short span of silky thread, watching, determined to surround the scene, resolute, unwavering humanity.

The Sixth Day.

(half day closing)

Hum a tune by Sibelius

It was then that he first imagined the invisible gods, steams and vapors in the empty spaces, movements of wild gaseous forms above the clouds and the bends and trills of nature and sky-living. All those impassive tyrants, like stars staring over the heads and hearts of men, like iron and fists and a million shades of color and all the living things, breathing living creatures.

And between the stars and in the wind and beneath the branches of the terebinth tree, he spread out his net-weaving legs and anew (with determination) spins a web.

The Seventh Day.

And on the seventh day, the spider went to Marseille and waited.

The Boy from the Amaranth Coast

A herd of dark black elephants trumpet down the hill, the dust puffs up in cinnamon red plumes of dirt and fury. The smell of fish and spice wafted up from the bay below, smell of grease too, from the ramshackle huts where they make the starchy sticky yellow rice, frying fruit and oil and the moon is bright every night and shines everywhere, on everything.

And he sang as he walked along the top of crumble down fortress walls, skipping on and off again, peering through the old cannon holes, watching the sun lower, purple, into the water. Drops of rain, malingering, avoiding evaporation, reflecting the little sunlight left, lemon yellow and gold pooled up in the corners and spread out puddles along the way, dark brown mud circling, like the shallow footprints of giants and monsters.

Reap from all the fields, good fields, half-dead fields, starving mad fields, all the dusty dusty fields, reap from any field that you've planted.

Wild green foliage like jungle hedgerows along his path. Not twenty years ago, Marxists ran up and down these same rows of bush, raping, strangling, killing, devouring whatever they wanted or needed or didn't want or didn't need. And following behind them came government forces, raping, strangling, killing, devouring whatever they wanted or needed or didn't want or didn't need. And then guerrillas and bandits and wolves and now, everything prowls, prowls these same jungle stretches. The manner life chooses to express itself here or the sociopathic manner life chooses to react to itself here.

There is loud thunder in the air, there is always loud thunder in the air, it is probably raining somewhere. He just feels the humidity of it as he walks home.

Reap from all the fields, good fields, half-dead fields, starving mad fields, all the dusty dusty fields, reap from any field that you've planted.

And the water is fine and he's sure he's alive, again and again and again and again. He had a cauliflower for the first time today, pickled in a jar. A clear jar but it looked green from the brine inside. He watched the strips of red pepper and garlic swirl around the glass. It reminded him of mantra rays, agua mala, jellyfish, the briny deep, the cold blue sea.

He hopes as he walks slowly home, that someday they will make a movie about him...so good, so good, that they will claim Dalton Trumbo wrote...in secret, the way he usually had to do.

Going places Malay boys never go...

Bury my bones in Patagonia, pampas grass for my bed. Coffin of red river willow. Peheun and jarilla by my head. Bury my bones in Patagonia and let the cold winds steal away my soul.

And this is what I was made to be, he thinks as he looks down at his hands, moves his fingers, slowly and then quickly. He speeds up his step. He kicks clods of mud, spiky dry clumps of barren ground, they go rolling stiffly down the road and burst into a cloud of waterless pebbles and specks like insects confused by a sudden breeze.

Old men steered carts down the path. Old women ambled by. Children. Everyone just slipping past, everyone leaking by, anemic down the road. Everyone standing in the middle of the world, spinning past, anemic in their orbits, passing away.

Reap from all the fields, good fields, half-dead fields, starving mad fields, all the dusty dusty fields, reap from any field that you've planted.

Bury my bones in Patagonia, pampas grass for my bed. Coffin of red river willow. Peheun and jarilla by my head. Bury my bones in Patagonia and let the cold winds steal away my soul. And don't ever let me live again, if these breaths I cannot take, and don't ever let me live, live again if these breaths with you, I cannot take.

Born in Africa(rev. 1)

Ball of lightning, we were born in Africa.

(I must remember to note the unique way, sunlight travels through the sky, exposing different tinges of blue, each in its own clarity.)

Scheherazade, we were born in Africa.

(I must remember to note the unique way a story's plot resembles a flat horizon, exposing even the slightest change or peak.)

Ascetics and aesthetics, we were born in Africa.

(I must remember to note the unique way a limited palette makes the barest shade or variation shine even where no line can be found.)

Mazel and Shlimazel, we were born in Africa.

(I must remember to note the unique way the smallest change in luck transforms, the hardest task, accomplished.)

Ernesto “Che”, E. Hemingway, we were born in Africa.
(I must remember to note the unique way, sunlight travels through the sky, exposing different tinges of blue.)

Alsace and Lorraine, we were born in Africa.
(I must remember to note the unique distinction a simple alteration of pronunciation can make.)

Ironwood Olive and wild cats, we were born in Africa.
(I must remember to note the unique fashion and speed a new species uses to spread across the surface of the world)

Wetenskap en rede, we were born in Africa.
(I must remember to note the unique way language alters a thing and exposes past changes and different definitions like strange striations on old stone.)

Ball of lightning, we were born in Africa.
(I must remember to note the unique way, sunlight travels through the sky, exposing different tinges of blue, each in its own clarity.)

Maghreb

Issus de l'immigration

Just like the sea, the sky is beautiful.

‘til there is no more Catalonia and Sanaa is all gone. The Bosphorus is dry and Carthage is all bombed and nothing is left forever. Threads in a fabric, fabric in a cloth.

‘til my shoulders sag and I can make nothing but noise, a click of my tongue or a twist of my hand.

‘til Damascus returns to sand and Alexandria comes undone.

‘til after everything and forever and ever, threads in a fabric, fabric in a cloth.

‘til after these skeleton shades of houses, backs to the bloody streets, shuddered.

‘til after we, voodoo dolls, empathic, like two Bedouins, stumble sunblind though this heat.

‘til then and forever after, we struggle, threads in a fabric, fabric in a cloth, a cloth caught in the wind.

Lycanthropy

I.

There is a certain hyperbolic strain to everything, life or whatever makes it all seem much bigger than it really ever is.

In the far back taiga woods where moonlight comes down in shafts at night, because of the shade/black of the trees and it flickers when you run or move fast, threading through groves and thickets, pine needles and snow at your feet.

II.

And this is where blindness can set it...

III.

And in the topiary garden, I can see the stars more clearly, it is the contrast again, the dark green and the deep blue. So, I lay a ‘top the hedges and verge and patiently wait. Little blue juniper berries shine in the barely-there-light, box woods shimmer sliver with all their might in the chilly wind. Scratch my name in dust on the ground at my feet, in Cyrillic and not English (I think it looks more esoteric).

IV.

Afterburner glow/rush of giant jets ripping by, cold colored steam screaming through the sky. Like rockets and bits of rockets and glints of metal dodging through the clouds, hushed words and bits of words and arcane things accidentally uttered aloud.

V.

But I can breathe air same as fire.
And that is where the blindness can set in...
Bobbing up and down on the waves of the ocean, the ocean too big to see

VI.

And above the waves, floating, a heavenly ascending ship filled with one thousand bearded apostles and saints, angels lined up in the gunwales or some renaissance painting of the scene, the yellow sunlight baring down from behind and in front all that brilliant blue.
This what creation looked like, or as some once imagined it did.
We know now we came up like dew
From off the plants.

VII.

There! That shine, a star. I predicted that. I divined it.
I definitely recommend, you make the most of this time around.
How the years have blended on.

VIII.

And St. Petersburg is a city of golden glass and candle wax and one single flame lit at night.
Everything else is reflection.
But if I was born on the Okavango, I could go floating on forever on papyrus mats.
Beautiful nights on the delta.
But everything else is just reflection.

IX.

But this is where the blindness can set in...

X.

So, I lay atop the hedges and verge and patiently wait, wait for the stars to come out as my bones softly crumble into dust at my feet with my name printed out in Cyrillic and never English
And I wait for the stars without disturbing that dust (not at all)
Even though
We know now we came up like dew
From off the plants.

XI.

I'm the devil in my dreams sometimes, when I lay out here awake sometimes and I am a 'waiti-waiting strange things. (I stuttered there because of the chill in the air and the words impatiently blunder through)

I don't like contemplative scenes on the whole. Yesterday's superstition belongs to today's religion belongs to tomorrow's philosophy is a pomegranate is a fancy is fiction,

I'm not sure.

XII.

Or on the concrete slope of a residential street corner, the cold barkless trunk of signpost in your palm. One single lamplight flooding down not unlike a moon, not unlike some star, not unlike the sun. with all these people sleeping in their beds, a dog is barking and in the breeze, fireflies malingering. But Romani souls distrust Gadje, the settled and the settling, and back into the air I go.

XIII.

Майкл Джесси

ג'ו מ'כאל

XIV.

Renfield is Fritz and Fritz is Renfield.

And this is night when everything ignites and the stars burn so bright like thousands of phosphorus lights and heavenly bodies drag themselves out and rattle their decrepit bones.

And whatever is left of us , whatever is left of us is left to us, alone.

And lightning ascending, rung by rung, in big blasts and small explosions, little time traveling flares, and everything else obliterated across the sky.

This what creation looked like, or as some once imagined it did.

We know now that we came on like viruses or germs from far away places.

Triptych

1. (Seer)

The naturalist died suddenly, in a flash, burned smoldering to the ground, pierced through by the electric gleam of lightning. He would have wanted it that way, randomly, without warning and all at once, dying naturally. The singed skin smell deflated and I edged through a hole in the smoke like silk thread and that is when the daydream began.

You know, there isn't much of me left these days, just loose shards of things, broken bits that fall, scattered at my feet. A blessing. Manna and nectar, ambrosia. I leave it up to the sky. When it rains, it rains. And here, the maven of all things strange, of the future tenses, splint infinitives, the moonlight bright against my face. The night that grows, the camp town dwellers, the tent revivals, the grimacing faces, this is midnight.

This is a desert.

Naphtali Jameson who speaks in spirits, breath like concrete, filled up with fire, divined for me from books and stones, I ching, and rolled the bones. He burned the liver and the kidneys, fish and birds, and put the heaven to his lips and scorched his tongue.

A Gypsy fire.

"In the crevasses and wild places, civilization grows, the social order blooms. It is like a sunset falling behind a grassy hill, filled with light diminishing, burned down from wild yearning, in slow declining orbit, turning, not satisfied, extinguishing and mourning."

The lunacy of kings.

"So hold tight, my rickety children, to the this spinning top world. The iron bars of things and the words they use to describe themselves, it is hell to get off but you can never get back on again. So turn, turn, turn, like a little carousel but never watch the lights, they will wrench out your eyes, pull out your tongue, blind and mute, your lips will move but not a whisper, only silence will appear."

And when I grow up, just another grinding stone in the granary, I will look back to a sky so purple, so clear.

And remember this was midnight.
This is a desert.
And this is over. Complete.

2. (Little Roman in Andalusia)

One bit of magic confused. Some notes just a little out of tune. Not melodic. Some broken slightly spinal things to lean on. Some wicked walking on these leg bones. Big footprints.
Wide strides across the campus, in royal subterfuge, passing off as a peasant. You can see the silhouette quite clearly, you can see who comes across, hands at my sides, book in my bag hunching my shoulders, illustrated guide to the Russian ikons, St. Martin's press, the autobiography of Malcolm X. Make make the bright stars come out tonight, I'm just that kind of satellite. *"Tell me about your dreams, do you wake at night? In sweats? Cold sweats?"*
Sister Marigold Jericho sitting beneath the thorn tree watching little white flowers fall on her shoulders. *"Let me channel for you, the spirit of Aqualtune of Palmares. We have a promise to keep, all us cimarrons, POWs, slaves, a duty to try to escape. Are you familiar with such spirits?"*

IRA, PLO, Nagaland, Tamil Tiger bite, drew some blood, little ragged tooth marks down the arm, JDL, Black Panther, say it in Euskara Batua, ETA, Environmental Liberation Force, American I(ndian)ndigenous Movement, Shining Path, FSLN, SDS, hallelujah. On and on, the stones fall down, big rocks and little, landslide, avalanche, cover the bodies in gravel and rumble, dust. Grab a handful and breathe, life and dust again, this is what you hold, amen.

One move too many. Tipping over the side, the boat lists. The water drains, the circle spins, the balance is gone. Delirious. Drunk.

The tribe is angry
The roots are cold
The ground is frozen
And the roots are cold.

The tribe is angry
The roots are cold
The ground is frozen
And the roots are cold.

3. (Bewitched)

There must be some antidote to this.
There must be some cure.

The dictatorship of the proletariat. Curvature of the spine. Carefully consider the striations of the mine face and the radical thoughts that pass through my mind,
Revolutionary
Like all revolutionary things
Always turning
And spinning\and passing by.

Some dream or unfamiliar words, wild ideas or an uncomfortable moment when and where dreams and words and wild things cross and uncross and rejoin again together unrecognizable in intangible space, empty.

Never go north during Marching Season.
The Apprentice boys are out from Derry to Muff.

The ends of the Earth, the ends of the Earth, stick around long enough and you'll see the ends of the Earth.

Beautiful
Everywhere
The grass, emerald green, between my toes
And the lemon-lime sun, so bright in my eyes.
Beautiful.

ernst

I dreamt I stood upright.
I dreamt I had the power of speech.
I dreamt stars above my head
And I dreamt soft earth beneath my feet.

I dreamt I was standing at Broadway and Canal.
I dreamt the cars that drove by.
I dreamt all kinds of sounds
And I dreamt I walked on two legs,
Two long legs.

I dreamt Max Ernst had sent me a letter,
Tacked to the inside of a birdhouse,
Handwritten with a feather.
I dreamt I could hear voices
And I dreamt their names in all the random places.

And my soul did glow, it did glow and glow and glow and glow.

When I don't have beef, I eat noodles.
When I don't have faith, I eat noodles.
When I don't have rice, I eat noodles.
When I don't have noodles, I only need miracles.

littlefishes

Little fishes swim in murky water. Little fishes swim eating chunks off the surface. Little fishes swim in little circles, making little waves.

I don't believe in revisionist history or interventionist gods. I don't believe in Heaven. And I don't believe in agony.

I stumble past all these anachronisms with grace falling backwards into history with a characteristic display.

Little fishes reflect light. Little fishes shine near the top of the water. Little mouths gasping raw oxygen and then descending.

The polyamorous nature of verbs confuses, the great cloud of fog mystifies even the simplest words and every single thing gets lost. Drowned. Dead at the bottom. Since the very beginning of time.

Little fishes swim in the murky water, eating stale chunks off the surface.

gringolandia

I believed myself awake then but only half-drowsy and half-dreaming, oh merciful God, a certain kind of violence written across my brain, curved cursive handwriting and between the etched and entwining loops and spaces I saw a pause and for a moment the silences replicated stingy threads like DNA (*proteins stuck clinging to each other, pornography*) and through the pauses I saw visions, heaven help me. There I dreamed of Mexico but no black Madonnas or border towns but Chiapas, Emiliano Zapata, there revolutions, honey spun, a thin strand of spider silk that connects to every corner, shaking like candy floss along the coast from Cardiff to Bristol or home Atlantic, some beach drenched lovers surely cryptic, in the sun, breathed too the same air in my lungs, fueled by similar oxygen and other molecules. And all over my body I felt a breeze, a cool breeze from the north, an all over wind, a numbing that means complacency for I am on the rung American...but reaching upward always, grasping for the next. So, all I know is smothered. I cover my wounds with grease and ash and leave the faintest footprints, carrying away the rest.

groovebox (rev. 1)

Put me back in the groovebox and I turn to stone,
take me out again and rattle my bones,
locusts beat their wings and snakes shake their tail.
Dance room dance, and all that voodoo stuff.
But if wants and desires held a body together like strings and wires,
I wouldn't need your help today.

gyroscope

I want to spin off the surface of the globe.
Test the boundaries of gravity/gravitas.
Fall back to Earth, scatter into a million pieces,
Fuse together again, go spinning again,
A shapeless mess among the stars,
Refracted light escaping, tension pulling,
Crystal blue, clarity, transparency...
Unbroken glass reflecting
Back to an unbroken horizon, space and sky.
Living on the knife edge sharpness, razor side of the ocean,
Last warm body hanging wildly
To the last tall tree.
This blister of images in my head,
Silvery dust covered snapshots crumpled
Together so mercifully,
Folded hands in the lap,
Little thoughts, ideas and imaginings
That began Talmudically
But now are uncontrollably chaotically expanding and
Colliding madly into each other
Stardust and chunks,
Wild pride and envy, asteroids, nebulae
Devouring and stampeding into waves
That crash into each other endlessly, endlessly deafening
Waves, rolling up and descending.
Living on the edges of the sea, last lean body sitting in the last lonely tree,
Swinging, revolving, evolving
Spinning-struggling wildly through space.

crumble

The sun will shine and it will descend.
My bones will crumble.
I will return.
My bones will crumble into the dust.
Handfuls and handfuls...
Filled with words written on words
In the blank spaces between
And breathing screaming creatures and wide open spaces
And I will return and I will see your face
I will see your face everywhere
Because it will exist everywhere
Until I see it
Covered in the dust
Of all
This crumbling.
And I will I say your name with every descending
Sun.
In every falling drop
Of rain that beats out the rhythm
Of what there is left.
And in between the evenings
I will learn to listen and I will learn to hear
The secret squeakings, shakings, passings
Sliding between the moments
That adds up to the eloquence
Of all this crumbling.

stereoscope

That year that God lived in Cuba and had such a frightful time.
Bouncing and banging around on Havana walls,
 hanging his wet clothes out to line.
And there was the time he spent on the sunny beaches of Brazil,
But his building finally collapsed, it rotted and fell,
It rotted and fell even though it was made of the finest glasses, iron and steel.
Tired of the tropics, I know he went to Stockholm for a season
Got quite a place there but he returned defeated, frozen blue to the bone.

And the ocean's too wet
And the sky's too dry
Nothing for us
But to sit down and cry

He wrote a piece for the Chicago Sun during his wretched time there,
A lonely place to sire a son, but the globe trekking heathen never was around,
Little color to the cheeks and he's left town.

Tokyo agreed with him and he adored Manila Bay
But I could see from his grin, he'd never see
Shanghai again.

Ant the north's too cold
And the west's too dry
Nothing for us
But to sit down and cry

Stuck in traffic on the at Ventura and the 405, he left the west coast
To the sleeping stones
And stranded in Sydney, he called Oceania home but only until
He discovered the wildlife near Nairobi, lost in Belgravia, and tipsy
In Washington heights, I doubt he'll ever be coming home,
sleeping on a borrowed couch on Charles street, all alone.

And the ocean's too wet
And the sky's too dry
Nothing for us
But to sit down and cry

(the)pitch(and the crash down)

Best not let me in, said the James the cartographer's son. I've had those dreams again, of the Sargasso sea, my hands are numb and I can't tell were I've been. There are ugly things around me and otherworldly things support me, the sun bleached weeds tug around me, the waves and bubbles elliptical, the yellow weeds that glow phosphorescent. It is easy to see things of such sublime beauty. I don't pray for that but that I am never blind to those things more subtle or to the things still hidden.

There is a light between me and you.

As he shifted his weight, his boots crunched over the dead autumn leaves piled and collected around her backyard door, everything facing the alleyway.

Their voices like steam rising off the street, as drunk cars skidded home. The cold air breeds fog and hushed sounds and vapor, whenever any moisture hits any heat. Any mist born from any drop of rain or any wave and from any moment of excitement, any sun rise burns away.

And to all my associates in hell, we had a place in this world before we fell.

But you best not let me in tonight, I can't keep my head and when I'll be better I can't tell.

rvfn

I don't mind if this Earth continues turning on and on forever in its ridiculous way. I don't care if the sun burns away black and disappears from this place and never ever comes back. I don't care if I never wake again, and I drift away every night, your breath on my breath, my hand over this heart, I hope I sleep forever. I don't worry if the trees bow and break, shattering limbs and breaking the ground into rumble. I don't mind if each and every stone rolls away and melts thick into the soil, rocks like skeleton bones thawed into mud. I don't worry about the emptying of veins, the spilling of blood, the degeneration that comes from time, ugly symbols and words falling useless from the empty pages, just burned paper fluttering in the cold breeze, the don't mind the falling away of the age. Every night I drift away, your breath on my breath, my hand over my chest, comforted.

americais

americais

Me and you & Tippecanoe and Tyler too.
Goldilocks and Styrofoam & no dial tone on the phone.

Americais

Alien fire and flesh made real & stripped bald tires and our common weal
Stone and steal, baby iron & vicious ore smoldering underground.
A caduceus bound and two blue flames leaping,

From just one spark, this one charmed and that one dark

Americais

Alive and carrying on & naked earth and sally forth & bring back more
Dusty droughts and superstores.
Empty nests and empty masts & inside outs and rummage sales.
Grand Moff Tarkin and Fairy tales.

Americais

Razor knives chipped and blunt & yellow yield lights and motorcycle stunts.
Pulling away in clouds of dust & heavy eye makeup and plastic busts,
Manifest destiny and corn belts and bible belts and rust.

Americais

Creciendo tan rapido & sin tener en cuenta el pasado.
Splitting its seams, a rollicking dream
A wonderland, a delicate lick, a candle flick,
A sideroad stand, a blaring train whistle, a cat call,

Americais

Brambles and thistle, vacant lots and convention halls.
Entered into history, a semi-fictional story
A twist ending and mad rush hurry, no time lost forgiven.
Breathing and eating & makin' a living.

Americais

Mirari bat

Purim

I woke this morning covered in sweat from vivid dreams, odd images. I was trapped inside a giant tangerine, I ate my way out, the only thing between me and the dark night sky was thick bitter, dappled yellow skin.

I survived.

This is a form of social contract, like government, me telling you this. I know my obligations but I am unsure of yours.

Newsprint on my fingers, creases through the wrinkled pictures, water stain down the middle.

Hey, if you want perfection you can narrate me out of this.

Grand Mufti calling on the phone but I'll let it ring. Half a leftover, kosher muffuletta setting on the sink.

Hadassah and the Persians? Oy, I don't even want to talk about it.

I survived.

But I paid quite a ransom.

Serpent eyes in the burning bush following me through the open kitchen window. I can see it but I won't harm it. I'm working on good snake karma here.

Old Noah, Noah he was righteous for his age, Amen.

I have survived.

I've got chutzpah. You've got chutzpah. We've all got chutzpah. We're gonna make it after all.

Ymir

Break my bones apart

I believe in the spell we are under,

Tear my flesh asunder

I believe in the stars at night.

Pull my skin out so tight

I believe in this angelic surface of earth

And pluck my eyes out and hold them forth.

and

I believe in birth

And I believe in words exchange and flocks of birds a 'wing

And I believe in the clarity of bells,

And I believe in lantern light and red wheat

And I believe in black bread and I believe in hard clay.

Break my bones apart,

Break my bones apart.

From my breath, your breath and from my bones, your bones.

From my flesh, your flesh and with my eyes, you will see.

And so, I have built this world, a haven for the Wildman.

But whenever my bones are cold, they groan with nostalgia. And they think back to the past. And they cannot think of the past without imagining empires and empires mean Caesars and Caesars mean Julius and Caligula and Nero and all of that just means catamites and fire and slaughter and that means repugnance and revulsion. And revulsion burns my blood like a fire and in torrents and waves I return to more modern days and modern days mean Republics and Republics means Caesars and Caesars mean Custer and Adolf and Stalin and all of that just means Genocide and rape and slaughter and that means repulsion, regurgitation. So, sickness lies at the base of what we keep the best about the west and I cannot imagine the East is any better so my tired bones can only hope for a change in the weather.

And fire dries the air.

Imagine everything in the world stopped working.

The orchids didn't grow in the jungle anymore

And the sun didn't evaporate the water

And it never rained.

My brain couldn't absorb the sights or sounds

And the trees no longer produced oxygen

And nothing could breathe.

Everything was just cavernous dark and echoing voices,

Blank eyes and dark red leaves fluttering by in the cold breeze.

Imagine everything was just the cavernous dark.

And under this sagging deflated skin, sit big piles of rotten bones.
The city lights burn away all night long like stars in the sky
The shine reflected off every mirrored surface
And I shouldn't be here at all.

And the fire dries the air.

Imagine everything just stopped, came to a grinding halt, everything just popped and the all the air ran out
and everything shrank away. Just me and the cavernous dark. It can never happen. It can never happen
now.

Since before all of this first began I held you, clutched you in these withered hands.

You have been set free.

You have been set free so that your steps and footprints will write my epitaph across the blue sky, so that
you would grow wings and fly, little words soaked through sweet and dipping down like clouds that
whimper and wave by, my elegy. Set free, two hands to grasp and a mouth to gasp and legs to march and
feet to dance and bones and muscles like tangles and knots hidden under your skin like silk and damp cloth
that clings and folds, my eulogy. As I sink falling away into the moist earth, fossilized remains in the deep
deep mud. My hands, your hands. My blood, your blood. My thoughts, your thoughts and with my
voice, you will sing.

Break my bones apart,
Break my bones apart.

Toward Gondwanaland

Asterisk, asterisk, dot dot dot.

Asteroid, field fire, burn burn burn.

Schwarzwildchen, Hayek, Hayek, Karl Marx.

Materialism, liberalism, Dialectics,
Spin world, turn turn turn.

Collectivism, biggerism, little-Endians,
War war war.

Spiritualism, Voodooism, Jebusism,
Bleed bleed bleed.

Hot red Earth, cold moon glow, wild wicked winds blow,
Dirt dirt dirt.

Sun sunny solar Sunshine, deep water gush oceans wet,
asterisk, asterisk,
Dot dot dot.