

# Sketches of Style

Menahem Ali  
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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Menahem Ali was a Palestinian-Israeli writer who fled to America at the age of 18 during the outbreak of war in 1948. He lived the rest of his life in exile, mostly as a paper-hoarding recluse in Brooklyn, New York before passing away in 2020. He never published a word in his lifetime, but left behind 15 manuscripts handwritten in a creole of Judeo-Arabic Palestinian Hebrew, including thirteen collections of free verse, a study of poverty in America and a surrealist novel.

Matt Alexander H. was born in 1986 in Northampton, Massachusetts by the Holyoke Range and Connecticut River Valley. He was raised in the Atlantic coastal town of Mattapoisett, which, in the Algonquin language, means, “place of rest”. He lives alone by the Sea of Marmara.

Other titles by Menahem Ali at Fictive Press  
as translated by Matt Alexander H.

Verse

Cyclical Wordplay  
Exotic Settlers  
Present Sound, Silent Space  
district.Columbia  
Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules  
Asemic Man  
Regress  
Brooklyn Ridge  
BiCoastal  
Winter Flower  
Cairo at 20  
Letters of Constantinople

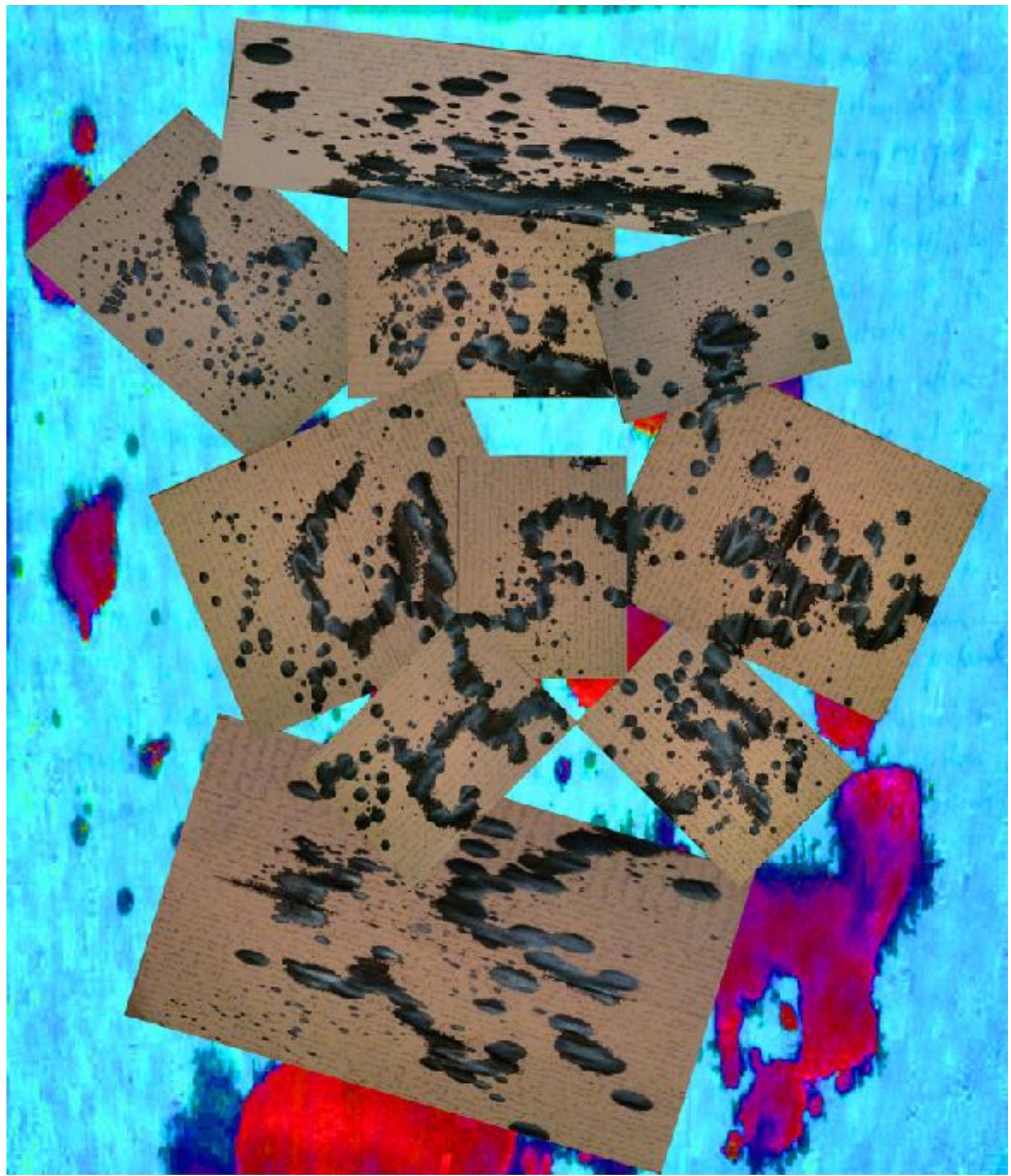
Prose

The American Hallucination  
Noetic Sojourns

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## On the Image

Free, empty space is one of the roots of creative inspiration. The digital work, Sketches of Style, is an adaptation of first-draft, handwritten manuscripts. The pages are in triangular formats and oblong shapes, emphasizing empty space between overlapping patterns. Sketches of Style is an aesthetic conditioned by emptiness or space, also formlessness or open-endedness.

Sketches of Style, as a creative philosophy, is further pronounced where action painting effects a kind of stop-motion photography. Whereas, for example, in improvisational painting or drawing, lines or brush strokes are imprinted with a sense of continuity, blotter / drip action paint is akin to the effect of stop-motion animation. Each stroke / line requires a multitude of impressions, towards a proto-pointillism. The perpetuity of spontaneity in the creative act is embedded within this mode of expression. To focus the mind without any preconceptions is the goal, the source and the way.

Within the image itself is a crossbreeding of “free painting” and “free writing”. Sketches of Style is made of individual leaves or pages, on which the writing and art become one expression, i.e. this collection of writings, “Sketches of Style”.

In the image, pages float on an open sea. Its wavering surface may bend and distort each page, blurring the paint and stretching the fabric. Water represents stream-of-consciousness poetics, which underlies every expression. The reflection of the burning sun in the water instills clarity, whether in the spontaneous creativity of the writer or the interpretive ingenuity of the reader. That clarity exists at the edge of being, as obscured by the manuscripts of Sketches of Style, approaching the edges of the image, where the obscurity is absolute.

The metaphorical sun’s reflection shines through, visible as a ball of fire, situated under the manuscript leaves to further emphasize the opposite of liquid. Are the separate leaves of “Sketches of Style” on the water, or do they fly across the sun’s reflection, scattered in the wind of a cloudless sky?

## On the Text

The title, “Sketches of Style” is an adaptation of the Miles Davis album, “Sketches of Spain”. The collection seeks to emphasize style, as its core principle in stream-of-consciousness, improvised writing, taking precedent over content and form.

The theory behind these writings is that style issues from perspective, as perception from choice. What is seen, and then registered mentally is based on experience, together with notions of reality and creativity. Individuals and collectives can change their surroundings and their identities through acts of mutual transformation.

I begin with my ancestry as a vehicle by which to rethink American identity, specifically that side tied to Jewish-Mediterranean genealogical mixture. Every current and historic occasion that I experience inevitably leads to a unique sense of self-understanding.

I am grounded in mythopoetic persuasions and sensibilities, toward a realization that my perceptive and concepitive modes of experience are increasingly bound to personal sensation; emotional, intellectual, physical. I share these enlightenments through creative writing as an expression of style as it forms.

My own being undergoes a kind of becoming that inevitably culminates in the complete obliteration of all recognizable forms, toward a new way of seeing as the emergence of a unique style born from spontaneous creative practice.

Sketches of Style is a proclamation, beyond literary categorization, that my writing is best defined as sketches of style. These passages are stylistic renderings of momentary instances, trails of thought, and imagistic devices, bringing forth a harmonious, sometimes very dissonant balance between word, meaning and context, whether physically bound by the page or voice.

These sketches remain as figments of writing, and are meant to muse on the importance of challenging what is written. The basic intent is to express the raw immediacy of mind as a generator of sketches, which offer foresight, insight, analogy between experiences, heightened by the act of writing and collecting thoughts as sketches, into a kind of editorial unity.

Sketches of Style demands that what is important is not what is written, but how it is written, i.e. emphasis on form and space. The freedom of form demands that what is important and only important is that there is writing.

Emphasis lies in deepening spontaneity, through groove, with the principles of rhythm, as dependent on pause, a condition inherent in the occasionally exasperating art of filling a page. Poetic identification, in strings of words, may follow with sympathies to freedom. But form is not free unless style is present.

Style holds sway over the author, as their certain signature, a defense against the blankness of total possibility, the author's most vulnerable state, when they are open for all to see against formless word sketches, playing over a loudspeaker of their estranged mind, like navigating too many questions from any number of shouting interviewers.

Sketches of Style also utilizes free-form editing techniques by taking certain phrasings and putting them together from the entire collection of writing, e.g. typing the entire collection as one body of work, extracting and replacing passages that fit together. It is sometimes more, sometimes less haphazard a creative process, yet affirms the wayward path of spontaneity.

External Conflict

1st Independence

*for the Diaspora*

An irony to amuse. This, my and our patchwork of brains. To walk, or march, Perfectly, balancing dress, With the polluted eye of an urban observer, Taking in sidewalk trash as the stuff of inspiration, Enduring, feeling base, A diversion from breast-fed legs, born, Awkwardly striding over to beer belly friends, Nude, in style, with whitewashed sneers, In the morning backwater, Of a deeply Southern dry comedy

One day, outlandish, unruly, Simultaneously all vibrations still, Skeletal ghosts, ravaging blank canvases, history, painted with cries, On the wine-lush express, fornication, Down every late Saturday street, Dead, with chores of evil, popularized by Western dreaming, Gone, gently in summer prairie heat, Dealing, caped bodies, To starving businessmen, Out of every pocket dived into and craved

As the eye-dotted Roma & pale lady brew a voice, Beautifying the monoxide curse, Over the modern air, belting chords, Taking monies from a swooning wheelchair, Tempting a gaze into its swollen core, feminine race, feeling angry, forlorn, Before a whole range of active choices, Under one hat, laughing, cruel as tradition, Erasing the blessed nation, Southern, Black, migrating to Cowtown, to shed war, transcend the western edge of Sudan, Cutting into the flesh of its firstborn brothers in Darfur

pleading for no more religion, And no more war, Succeeded by the youngest nation on Earth, to receive, billions in lies and stolen gold, From their prophetic English brothers, Breeding kindred sisterhoods, tall, embodied community of passionate grace, today's human victory against undead tyranny, Behind eyes, such genocidal trash, As Khartoum's infamous leader, Now leading the world in diplomatic respect, beside Eastern wives, Charging, not waylaid by rash & mundane international war

Cyclical pain follows in succession, To unchain confederates, bothered, By American poverty, glutting, the sobbing eyes of migrants, sacrificed, To a brutalized ending, motherless & lost, endings, beginnings, now uniting, In one great cry of Independence, Won alas, to pray for no more useless dying, give our best, hearts to the soil, to birth our human pride, A simple urge, To find a space, to celebrate, not fight, to Love, displacing the inhumane, finding their homes on Earth, as one, common being, Struggling, together

*Calgary, AB. July 9, 2011*

*South Sudan's local community celebrates in the Chinese Culture Center, beating traditional drums, wearing traditional clothing, wrapped in the new flag*

## Age of Fire

A burning world, Spun with awe, worshipped beyond death  
The spiritual recluse, On a steep decline, Passing without Failure  
Churning with Thirst & Separated from life, A gowned monstrosity  
That all of a sudden, apparent, becomes wealthy, Like a storm  
ageless tomb of rush hour, Along Centre Street, Trans-Canada

Lines betray trans-queerness parades, Launching anti-masculine dress  
Into the strange façade of a car window, Faking actual dismay on the way  
home, After a delicate bite, and Onto thankful trickery, The bold  
forthcoming, Armed with lackadaisical whimsy, Teaching oceans to rise  
With mundane maturity, to grope, At the pantomime hour, talking

in fashionable curses, Murdering tradition with freedom, choice, youth  
movements, Of peace in America, Lonely sorrow, an afterthought  
To the forsaken moment, Holding onto the bloodied mother, Begging  
for forgiveness, From a colonizing surgeon masked with local wisdom  
Touching skin like it were stone, Seeking retreat, We march, timeless

glances Betwixt cloud-forged eyes, Carefully woven, imagined laughter  
small-town god, Unified under the banner of fear, hovering eye  
awakening Claims, desertion from community, normalized individuality,  
A morbid stock, fed on putrid waste, Building blind, subconscious  
reckoning Among modern industrialist humanity, A dignified ecology,

## Age of Fire II

bound to vocal slavery, victimized, vocabularies, unlearning class,  
Gymnastic hole of irreparable visions, differences, Sighting, wronged  
children who stutter with untouched minds, Pandering to quick divorce  
darkness, From vibration's gloomy heights, sane, the tongue roams,  
Pure expression finds disbelief, utter timing, gross decay, Frail bodiless

humor, shrug off libido! From wine-glass huts, Eastern wilderness, Seeds  
nourishment forgotten! Strangled by headlights, nasty misdirection  
In the European heart Grown cold by winters stolen from lives, Mad  
with common trust, For the double-faced, equal-armed cross, Becoming  
personified, A transmission from moonwalk stirrings, Popular magic, night

blazing with unidentified love, Looking back, forward, Once, simultaneous  
confidence In the average soul, Sunk, Napping away in the sweet golden noon  
The wretched mental worm, Whose salted eyes burn the world in fantasy  
Aging as maturely as a righteous kill tasting drops of infinity in the sky  
a holy whisper The rising Actor mocks Gaia's blessing, Knowing  
that Her smoke blows sure as the current  
luring Uniting the first & final Bleeding aurora...

## Blakean Consciousness on a Rainy Day

*“For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro’ narrow chinks of his cavern.”*

*William Blake,  
The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

And the Blakean consciousness bleeds on throughout history’s living leaves, I, 24, without dishwasher, under heavy sky of unusual day, consecutive rain, and a single window, out from the caves of cities,

into a corridor, perception bound thro’ metal bars forgiving the balcony height, molded to vegetable juice, the tears of higher neighbors formed as the litter of bare living, a recycled bicycle, and out beyond

through the thin apparent walls of Chinatown, broken alleyway light, perspective insight, Judy mother, in Peru, orange, this day, tasteless, broken down like styrofoam between bloodied teeth

my reddened lips taste stomach in the nervous dark looking out to scented air, pungent night, all-encasing human, peering steadily to see weary raincoats and automobile phantoms pressing on

into the hard-packed moisture of regularity, behind a vehicle, motionless, a single tree’s risen purpose touches, the first windows of a parallel residence, and immediately at the beginning of green goodness

amid forlorn grays, subdued reds, awful greens, flushed yellows, English sign reads, “LD WAR” incomplete lettering foreshadows re-emergent world ploys, blanketing war over the marketplace

western eyes (to westernize with western eyes) breaking ice out over their green-windowed homes whose life rings clear in the tasteful wind, bringing cold and rain with true knowledge of her leaving

## Blakean Consciousness on a Rainy Day II

the door closes behind you twice, without a word, in absolute Love, a vacuous throat, shaped by corridors, walked and now stared through, sitting in the awesome lesson of the moment's own home, a dream over

for 10 years this cave is positioned to open toward a passage, one's only point of departure, perceptual, environments no more or less than passing, whether through mixed celebrations of alcohol and music

in Iquitos jungle vibrancy, the neon drug night of America's wandering life, whose footsteps perambulate obvious clarity to heed the passage and await patiently, the end of world war

Bless the failed pilgrim's march

Long-backed stallion, Over the cherry facade, Rue, rue, rue  
The coarse lounging Of a few roasted pains Goes pattering  
into the drizzling dawn, A thrust into human light, Grayed  
visions staring back, Into the Midwestern summer heat  
Not buffered by oceans nor thick pine slopes, Green  
in their majesty, Serving as buttresses to the far and awake

Boiled threat of another animal's blood, Given over to mind  
A natural insect reason, rational cycle, Filling O's with mine  
precious anchor, not devoured, holding bread, to the sand  
unfed, Screaming over shopping carts, cringing with blinks  
nicotine steroid seed fermentation now changed, Into scraps  
the lame gold mundane drink, And the rousing nerves kersplat

over sickly telephone-ringed necks, The deceased psychedelic  
poor Shakedown, their over-killed jam-lock core to the max  
Over breakfast beef and cold feet, Ruined men and women  
whose hearts run dry Like the rivers that once fed their lungs  
ancestral, Fill the mythic bird, they rise from ashes of Hindu lore  
In the European brain, A telltale crime, getting skinny between

Wars that purposefully flood the wracked tombstone, Play  
to a vibrant laugh, racist cash, drenched in gore, the infamous  
rabble sinks deep into the flesh of sanity, Purchased out of stock  
from black market Freedom, normalized over desks, Squared  
behind couches drooling for hydrated glory, In the backdrop of lust  
hot Microphones embolden the ancient rhyme, Spinning rights

to order peace, necessity, brevity, Exchanging monetary behaviors  
In the psychic deep of abundant perceptions, Closed doors sink  
into the undertow's warning, To bless the failed journey, And redirect

the pilgrim's march  
Across borders, more  
subtle

## Cajoled Spine-Tap

Bent twists  
Been twisted  
Stolen, raw  
Awe molded

“*Cey fanto gul roat*”  
Thursday’s strange havoc,  
    bent twisted up  
    in a Sunday smirk  
        drool-faded  
    Levitation, aroused.

Sent me to where my spine was found  
grated as finely as the churned butter-stone  
atop the spewed rocky mist mountain foam cloud

Hovering descent  
Escalations nerve-wracking,  
lonely murmurs murmuring  
    Crescent peaks dangling  
        under grateful bums  
    with uprooted membranes  
        petrified, calcified flesh  
Journey to roust kneeling minds,  
with the desiring, missed find,  
    to be missed by nations  
        feigning the patient  
    behind swollen gum-brains  
        awry, with skull-ache

“*Kinj moduls vrent speen og*”  
Desiring missiles  
Desired missing  
Failing nations  
Patient fang

Nature's Supernal Creation

## City Birds

Sound and space, Uttered in unity, sung with delicate brevity, Paused humming  
Spread by nature's blended urge in the noosphere, A breathless break in sound  
before Rhythmic chirps, back and forth, A wealth of intonation, Grounded

in atmospheric light, A lightness to flight's simple yet still supernatural touch  
Eager beckoning with sound, to listen to two beaks conversing, On the holy tree  
the world's purest evening, A slight kiss with rhythmic forbearance, To journey

Beyond each figment of normalcy, To this un-forsaken now, mysterious harmony  
to all visiting Beings, bodies filled with bright, sumptuous sound, Reduced  
to the click sharpness of a deep earth-brown wing, Hidden warm, Aside the body

sexual patient ringing, The silent space breathing, The all-thankful air into high,  
lone pulse, Dramatic simplicity merged in natural inward laughing, The city birds,  
his and her smiling, worked effortlessly, In the painstaking beauty, A wait, a wish

To hear again, The cyclic rhythms emerge, in a never-ending share, The two  
give timeless treasures of spacious feeling, A resonant glory, so understated,  
with other-human passion, A secret curing, Brewing twilight, At a loss

motionless, of our human presence, From awaited futures, yet eternal sound  
As patient happiness breeds the contented need to produce, Chirps, Enticing  
sickness of pride to leave the day and unite mind, With a grateful stare

into mind's ending, The play of Soft, smoothly alighting, On Chinatown  
brushscape branches, a tight niche strained, In the birdsong of this evening  
pleasure in song, Dining on necessity, feeling last touches of sound space lit

## City Birds II

Thinned into the dry air of our people's prairie ecology, The birds, gifting  
the presence of song herself, With unrestrained gladness, Only felt by mind  
uniting, completely free of strain, Immediate, sorrowful crest, blank awe

resolving confusion, Transitional, towering, migration opens borders,  
To learn birdsong, Not as a receiving, but a special offering, To the birds  
Shared subconscious yearning to join our heartbeat, The Soft universe

turning with creators who precede being, To create equally with our birds,  
And fly mentally, To the place where song lives, In an emptiness that lives  
As the day is called out of existence, With perfect harmonious chirping

## Co-Creative Wondering

A darkness cries, Yet not in sorrow, A mystery in laughter  
The happiness of a creative spirit, A bodhisattva, being of the word  
Playing on the beginning of all existent karmic drama

Invoking tempting lies instead of siddhis, in the mantric power  
of endless night, The catastrophic abyss closes, Leading away  
from fury of day, To here and now, self, Not to be taken seriously

“Because the laughter’s source springs not from perpetual continuity  
nor the anxiety of its leaving, but from the exaggerated tilt in nature”  
Towards an explosion of harmony and the anticipation within creation

spontaneous, co-creative, wondering, Fires beneath the throat, hand  
and breast of a reflected sky, Inside the single-eyed, perfect as a clock  
chiming roughly over the groundless, Patience, dusting off wine bottles

Into Californian eternity, On the velvet sand of modern travel, striking  
a resonant chord, of plentiful habits, Within entranced mine shafts, a torch  
Fuming artificial smoke & wires, Beyond the reverberating seed

A core, Growing, multiplied with every intonation, Every rhymed love  
from the harmonized instrument and voice, The elderly, carrying an ancient lyre  
Pursuing only death’s elegant face on the edge of the funeral pyre

to Rome herself, Fleeing from another meaningless war, Taught  
from before prehistory, the sad and diligent minds Of branded sophistry  
Scratched into our skulls, Beholding the gods’ own mastery

## Co-Creative Wondering II

A telltale signal to forward march into the Platonic mold  
The idealistic round elegized by madmen, before indulgent crowds  
A folklore, pained to vulgarity in the thick mire, Soaked with herbal grime

That dream-forsaken wine of the ancients, pours, Sending women  
to mind thankless law, In the first civil war, before nationhood  
as tragic mores, The fallacy in and out of sight, Instantaneous

thoroughly flushed wives, fanning themselves awake, As the flies  
descending and drink their salivating gore-fest tirades, The Queendom,  
saved by the ranting duration of a minor apocalypse, as the rest of the world

lying in tears, Shaken only by worldwide fame, A pirated fate, Growing  
hot for mint-threshed avenues on delicate shores, a landlocked prize,  
Fumbling for monies, soaps and real names, clothed as such

## Contemplation's Itch

One frustrated exertion, Multiplied, condensed exponentially  
In the wild post-traumatic dirge, Falling as a failed lilting feather  
from a broken wing, Clinging to the unforgiving cold, mechanical

dawn, Still dreaming an entire civilization, how illusory, disillusioned  
ultimately I am my youth, Drained of all wicked savagery and raw earth  
Into a vegetable gladness, Thawing next to a lone rock, Cracked

by a lightning strike, changeless ice age broth of sky, Almost infinite  
long ago, and now rinsed, overly purified by the fresh rains  
Curing all death with belligerent praise, The realization

One great knowing, Fathers and mothers in my cultural upbringing  
The writers, artists and musicians, Spouting intelligent insanity  
From within, forms called the book, record, image, All a lie

before transcendent spontaneity of creation, newfound inspiration  
To be and do what feels harmonious and complete, In the movement  
one shared moment, Enough to convey how truth doesn't move

in the lightning tunnel of body and instrument, In the act, in the embrace  
Magic intercourse, In the pale rainbow womb, Giving sight, direction  
to what is new, The random play, moving, As the indoor insect climbs

silently, on The human, Finger-pointing to stars and storm clouds  
Washing away mud with a healing presence, A profound humbling  
that presents power and at once feigns innocence, departing from all

with humility, Yet a fearless flesh-traded mastery over the air  
Staring eyeless into a stoned intuitive rendering, disappearing  
at once, frozen footstep curiosity, Within contemplation's itch

empty Blown mind

towed current, pull slow, drift away,  
a hand, fingers following new lines,  
purveyance through wood and metal

rhythmic traces, moving away  
from paper's raw form, touching  
the soft grain of a graphite pen

the resonant breath, cold and worn thought  
strained to perfect the blue must of why  
expressed through thick unworn time

virgin thorn brush, frames lilting strong  
above, artistic madness & the careless  
face in the jokester's foam and rust  
upbringing of mathematical ladder-works  
pierced with a sorry, frayed built-in lung  
the pulse breaking off the tops of widow's peaks  
waves blushing high over the coastal horizon  
a piercing thought, that, boiled in the mind's brain  
an intuitive question, an answer as certain as death

empty Blown mind II

to the next step, raised thoughtless in the deep  
thickening, abysmal pace precedes broken wives  
staring fast beyond the wild break, forcing herself

    to see Love over the celestial mast, its foreign page  
    burned as it were by the son's inglorious risen haze  
        casting tears into a bewildered day, drying the dew  
frosted snout of a log cabin deer, faintly seen  
through the savage brush, formed out of the clear  
beaming space, a second's timeless gesture  
    upwards from the leaf, poking sure from soil  
    infamous grasp, human souls prying with sheer might  
        & the imaginative will of the heavens, to escape  
from the tomb, a living corpse, bruised and swollen  
with light & the golden icicle flesh of a new species  
needing to supersede man's greatest guess, throughout  
    history, that the timeless prevails, in archaic wisdom  
    thriving as rocks inflamed, with the only sacred ardor  
        stabilizing our footstep ground, over inner turnings  
worshipped Earth, whose center remains, unresolved cleft  
for the right, passionate longing, given to a miracle  
lying between animal disease and human sex

## Epic of Intention

An epic of intention, a bruised nation, and the stir-crazy polity  
struggling, with the sad gift, of only one humanity, a shipwreck  
beauty, gleaming with the light of ancients over star-crossed paths  
circulating through the veins of an unbroken galactic unity

evolving beyond one heartbeat to the infinite, blending awe  
colorful, in the transitional destiny of being, wormhole wanderer  
gravitating to forays beyond, mathematical songsmiths, tumbling  
through a silent and raw body, worn as the great final fruit of death  
awaiting all mouths, breathless with unending youth, as the eternal

child yogi and his lovely consort immortality, gifting full wombs  
to the bored, seamless minds, whose ruthless energy digs graves  
on the margins of Earth and Time, to scold the adult of work,  
spinning above, neck-tipped wheels edging naively on extinction  
the backs of the Buffalo Confederacy, western mage playing tricks  
on white society beneath a rainbow cloak, bundling rain and the boom

truth in our drum's unforgotten flower mask, straying now from pleasure  
and hate in the unborn seat of quiet yearning, with English tongues  
grotesque neighborly wick, suffocated and pouring over tea-stained talk  
elder medicine healing beyond death, as a mixed feeling craves glory  
in the sightless maw, rolling faintly over the horizon, a mare, steering  
past the lonesome thread of a single hair, holding urban night from decay

certain in a sustained note of hopeless beauty, gone cold and frozen  
under the alcohol cement of addiction, as a mold breaking young skin  
carving faces of flesh into stone archetypes praying to the dark clouds  
to divert the streaming pull of inestimable worth in our future's past  
undeserved, traced with the guiding fire, burning hands and brains

under caffeinated will, changing emotional tones, aged  
without time and finding escape an answer, to convene  
with innocent simplicity, "knowledge in space as verbal  
structure, passing beyond all inert caution  
to stimulated dream-law, intelligent, nude"

## Epistrophic Misdirection

*for the children of BiblioBurro*

...the apparent flood of bleeding...starving in paradise...drowned in the furtive beckoning towards malformed reasoning...my Anglo-eyed drug...rushing forth into the magi of atheistic awe...the lawless prism of deep endless failure...gone astray in the fatalist's catastrophic underpinnings...during midnight conversation...unplugged and unheeded lies...braved thoughtless in the shell-cored frequency...beyond sea shores wired to suburban light-mares...feeling an uprising in the wide-tongued morn...the lonely bush...gorged of atrophied unrest...and the lanky bridge between home and the blessed gong show life...awry atop escalating pine needle tea...spine tingling...greed between sips and ecliptic enjoyment in the raw anguish...a rough fortune...beyond the gory aftermath of love...ransomed jungles breed aphrodisiacal wonder in a donkey's emergent and effulgent touch within the heart of a reading child...hearing the pains of their ancestors in the black print façade of their enduring minds...a helpless urge to forsake the painless tree's shade and reason with the governmental storage of thought on fire...to bring peace to the unwelcoming hoards armed with scales and the sheer brevity of a reptilian dystopia...

find Inspiration!

Broken gourd of Misinformation  
Cracked on the headless spine  
an open carcass, Breeding divine  
fungi in the tawny mist, tempting  
a kiss, Stolen, Across the breath  
A warring ocean, Disengaged  
from the godly host, In a show

camaraderie on Algonquin shores  
And the fragrant seeds of Near East  
Poverty, Raining hard on the hearse  
brigades, Who pine for invigoration  
short, Glowering, Old World princess  
her dungeon feet, Blackened with soot  
forbidden imprisonment, In the heart  
Satan, Bleeding, Molten lava, a face  
torn, Growing bearded & Poorly aged  
Anger in the religious tempest of man  
A cork-bottled nightmare, Emerging  
suddenly, from the abyss, Encouraging  
the lion's stare of tropical gore receding  
inculcating the masses, Beyond curves  
oceans' mountainous rock, In the deep  
fathomless below, A strength gone, Won  
back, Into the human hand, Through  
deliberate desperation & feeling,  
with fingers coiled, Giving fruit  
To the first serpent's pure gaze  
unclaimed, The low brush fades  
behind the artist's ear, Impressing  
the abstract wonder of the fearless  
And preparing a light

Here

A Muse for the Wounded

## Fragmentary Being

...in a play...a dream play...brought up from the soundless deep...in the emptied awareness...emptiness...playing on a dreamscape of silent depth...up from the upbringing... strong with remembrance...absolute... living...among complicit guests and their following remarks...to trace steps behind the carefree Guest...

...who swallows with luxurious speed the rapturous hold of all ancestry...open terrain...necessity... empires stung with the impoverished groove of amniotic housing...to please fascinated races...plunging... headlong into the afraid belligerence of an oncoming rush towards All...losing our head...burning vine...

...trounced in the overwhelming stolen art of land-locked pride...dreaded by the honest unrest of time... longing...evaded by over-stimulated intellect...reasoning out the religious lie in timeless heat...to birth... underfed bellies...browned with sun stroke beans...dried and unchanging...roasted by pleas...

...named fortuitously...loosely pained by stroke-filled meals ...written on throat-headed siphons...Western lead-stopped eyes...hitting paper with graphic remorse...moroze urgent bedside...to do... without rhyme...end these lines...answering mind...stout as one long crime...

...in bed with duress and her naked strength...cooling the electric ire and staving off bewildered knives...stabbing into bones...shuddering atop the motionless mountain's smile...refreshing the wintry pull... always stern bold fate of a Canadian English Queen...ruling with judgment over the purified rain...

...crashing over the impalpable brain of her natural order...the order of Earth's own upbringing... Queenly...in the native dirt...and to speak to the stone...and to speak through our pain...on us... individuated backs...grated and remaining uncured with the booming fate of a motionless mountain sky...

...journeying around the headless round...tailbone crack...remembering through a numbing moment... memory...lost to the unchained back...still writhing with touched passion...a connection to all relations... burn of rock's peak...on Earth... at backbone's bottom... remembering it crack...fragmented back...

## Grand Repertoire of Failure

Emergence from the grand repertoire of failure, plentiful plateau of being  
An unsurpassed strength, Freeing the foundations of homeward longing  
Onto a single raft, out on the high seas, perplexed by guides of Jewish law

Betrayed by the relaxed mystic fire, American marijuana-seeding mind,  
Nepalese direct, the magic psalm, pinned against a *tat tvam asi* wall  
Frail pencil marks casting the Odyssey's modern sequel into fasting

vulnerable Mind, bled forth into the marathon sky of Massachusetts  
rain, Following me to Calgary in rare consecutive days, Our giants  
literary, peering upwards, finally, in a New England fog haze

Through the mirrored mushroom mind, whose perception flowed  
Over feared atomic explosions, As true sexual freedom in nature  
To lay soft stonework ground, Firm with wonder, utterly expressed

At the world 'round, Knowledge timed to perfect escapism  
musical, Into the bold motionless greed of a trapped metallic girl  
Reborn as prophetess by the unknown seed of Western belief

A disordered phallic embrace, Charging forth from books  
bound, handmade, Hard as ice, placed with delicate resolve  
to finish an erected thought, Pressed into being as a genealogy

A male heroine, featured in a night's flash of bothered sleep  
The pausing nullified wakefulness, Estimating the enemy  
Their strength, our chosen weapon's force, they aren't far

Yet still remain within us, Once more in this age  
As hidden reason, Behind the guilty lash, on frozen backs  
scarred, already With the ancient bells of history ringing

Throughout untold centuries of careless mothering  
And father's walking, Over strange ledges, always  
deemed Last

## Guise of the Beloved

Laughable counterpart, guise of the beloved  
Faring terror, deathless scare of childish pride

fostered eyes, Plunge with the strength of a stare  
a predator's infinite, terminal plague of survival

Marching by, Currents stepping like waves  
over stone-headed martyrs, Staved off

From one life inside, Dry and cruel  
Commotion's door opens to streaming gore

Lush and timed, With solar flare  
Love, Over an unearthly rush hour

Painted fame twisting and writhing  
In the soundless urban deep

A rustic, inflamed few  
Whose solemn grasp partakes

in the early break  
an inevitable aftermath

Draining the rage  
from our animal brain

## Horror-Story Jazz

A darkness, splayed in fourths, Fifths and odd indiscernible timings  
Straining the common ear, To prepare communion, Out of regularity

to mystery, Inside, essential vibration, Riding a blank inward rolling  
wave, Molded to vanities of thought, Disarming our unending poll

numerical, Beyond savagery, To return to primal and distended tumult  
physical, A chaotic folly, Dreaming in smokeless fires, Churning cold

breathless, Almost frozen air, A motive broken free to share in hiding  
restless Junction greed, In the urbane west, Painful tones, Wavering

beyond Escapist drones, In the polyrhythmic gasp, Tamed by function  
Instrumental might, A thankless overworked bunch, Peering overhead,

from atop towers, Without castles, In the post-kingdom English croak  
Over bastions and landlocked heights, Furnishing schemes galore

A trite & forced inhuman sense Of belonging In a war trench Phase  
lunatic civility, As the prosperous few wade, On proud shores,

quicksand Loss of self, ruined, Foresight vanishing, Into the past  
uncreated, That's horror-story jazz

## Die for Life

An absolute annihilation of Truth  
Evidenced with blood-thick rivers  
Washing off the untouched pages  
dominant law, History and identity  
Man, A bold and lonesome object  
Forever more in technophile dust  
ritualistic purification over Nature  
Misdirected relations with stars  
Their probable position as Fate  
children manipulated by hands  
Erecting monumental statements  
mass death, Sacrificed to schemes  
atop the pyramid of universal law

## Mad artistry

It's mad artistry, almost cannibalistic, to self-disembowel, The day's remains, Into edible chunks, layers of wisdom That nourishing strive,

To see the aftermath, alone, Gone away to insanity, child-like In the vein of communist authors Pleading behind bars to retire from cruelty,

And the tough applause, Europe's dementia phase, Corroding the Other mind, island to island, Britain, Japan, Hawaii; full circle, drawn over the lawless cold,

proud, lusting, grabbing at intelligent lore, Performed on backroom stages, At war with Southern shores, Landing easily, with three cents for each millionth man parading,

Calling for a stir, changeless matrimony of monarchy and democracy, both low-lifes' need Granted by everyone's union, Speaking of shared royal takedowns, To massage the crown of the last lord

Allowed, beyond Her vegetarian limits, with negligible rights, Touring the phantom cloud of rest on Celtic shores, distressed by multilingual borders and rocky soil

And a northern jail for barbaric tongues Who gouge panicked eyes from skulls, New World kids, An orgy of becoming, ruthless, With equestrian speed,

Famed by classist daughters, medieval French dreams, Who cast off humidity from Spain's slaves, after a secretive world of music in the drum talk of yesteryear's snoring

traditionalism woken alive by non-ordinary thought, perpetual literary action, To finally inundate risk, worldly, Bedding with our species at once, in archaic passion,

Straying from the lofty throats of First World progress, To gift an immediate end to bordered defense, To spend money on thankless love, In the wilderness of Tao

Evolutionary Transcendence

felt language

A thought, Moisturized by manual speech, roasted and plugged with local disease, Running amuck, outward need, thick Boastful ruffians becoming street-slick, Urban serial psychopaths on their way to 24hr diner trash, Cleavage TV wearing tourist aprons and coating ice cream with ash

Pigmentations in vermillion and cinnabar blush, Factoring in the genius fool who shoots, Suicidal railings beyond skin-growth hosts, Billowing walkers faking drug-breath, “Free east,” blokes and stolen brothels, Behind the anatomical asinine Scientific madness, locked as the Scottish jaw

Framing legal tender as an imperial resource, A high culture of silver weddings, Blessed African noon, hushing greed and American freedom, To thieve upturned pockets and unchain the Latin bull, Romanesque burden of the Nilotic Buffalo skull

Grated into blood soup, breaking open unripe fruit, off-season, In the fasting jokester’s war, over flags, Raging starlit inside a desert cave, To wish a prophetess to bloom, As a rustic mockery of the *qurra’* and their sand-quipped poetry contests, A following, run dry as mouths spring wide for hashish grooming

Young lads behaving timid before the pious lie, Sternly gazing with hypocrisy, The oriental mirror, All, suddenly darkening over the wordless eye, A feline cage rumbles, Falling over bedside rambling and misanthropic notions, Caving suddenly

To the age of the non-committal wife, her ruinous factory of moon-swept slaves, Tunneling beyond, oppressive rights, Sham literary nick-knack drudgery over those distant horse-run hills, Whispering, delicate incantations, To tame the ever-loosening rug-blown curtains of the rich

Worrisome, curvaceous sending out jealousy, As a baked treat to the public rhythm, Overstepped, hidden, shadows of deities, A miffed breadwinning sag of the brain and the hungry paranoia of early rain, shale, my torn clothing, scrubbed clean by the salt-tipped foray of evil lunacy

Aquarian bane, bone-knocked throughout grainy sight, Observing the skull-emancipated wisdom, Risking, vertigo and the sure endless night, Bringing sugar, tea and a companion’s brethren tide, Bracing, language, felt

## Natural pleasure

A threshed sweat leaf, singled out over the billowing masses  
A high, overstated nocturne, Dreaming in workaholic screams  
shivering, Transformed into the breath of a song's male weeping  
And her deserted lips struggle to purse, lightly Over citrus flesh  
an Iberian mother, Calling for heart chains to unlock, distressed  
of an unruly mind, She dresses timelessly, prophetic, a sophist

Beyond the rasped bead of the Roman elite, Prideful  
with elegant cheeses to smother their lower appetite  
for slavery below the belt of animal sanity, And still  
ruthless tides follow every inhale, imbibed as a cry  
for breast-milk From the earth, High season of waves  
Lashing out on the rickety back of the African skull  
Swollen with wisdom and envy, To oversee fields  
the white planetary momentum, Towards entropy

Among the blessed, Beyond fluidity, A seed  
to match the Earth, Sown in deep dark space  
matter of Holy black soil, divine, preparing  
for the inner sprout, From within, our species  
The prototypical brain, reason of catastrophe  
universal Being, heard and seen, To know self  
through negation, living dream, daily waking  
Into the stronghold of centered duality, a pull  
Amid atmospheric heart, strung with desire

## Natural Pleasure II

To expel the soul, And unify the borders  
vibrations Along the delicate edge of creativity  
From subjective awe to atonement with the Creator  
In the lawless gray area of judgment, Gone reckless  
with inhuman brutality, An uninspired mode of being  
Praying to exit from G-d, In instantaneous devotion  
toward self-mastery, a conscious crawling to ecstasy

infinite Vocation of ultimate being Expressed  
through the spiritual instrument of Love, wonder  
soundless, ever-evident past, Coming along  
to partner with vagrant forewarning, a moment  
anew, As a loud, clear sign, To befriend raw,  
natural pleasure

## Obviation from Blandness

To obviate from this mural, bland, its strict lure is a lightning tremor  
In the cooled dust, collecting raw answers, From the autochthonous  
matrimony with foreign alliance, Over scarred mud-caked plains  
agricultural fertility gave way to chemical strife, a human pandemic  
selfish, Lining the hostess and her following with possibility, strong  
In the voiced dirge, calling back thousands' Endless anonymity  
from the last day that rested, with holy failure, subconscious artistry  
classical teachings, The rowing hearse then busted grease powder  
over the cinematic river's undertow, Blaming adults for murders  
adolescents between forked passageways, Leading only by an eye  
by Orwell, Huxley or Tolkien, In our literary pride, Jungian spur  
To claim thought as an answer to human action and reverse that  
strict lure, That wintry momentum, forcing isolation, To prepare  
the frozen banks flow And create something from workaday nothing  
paycheck gamble of modern industrial sacrifice, To put on flesh  
over the archaic altar of physical history, by abusive anthropologies  
means To uncover drastic findings of proven difference, masked  
Among the infinite, a January vow, Matrimony of time, cyclical  
reverence for the self, selfless meeting, In the single now of death  
Celebrated finally, toward mental-spiritual dissolution, In the air  
intoxicated, stifled by common presence, For truth's becoming  
yet to challenge the observant, persevering, In chambered fires,  
fought and drunk, stainless realizations, Conceived while cooking  
with family love, In the river's own electric hot strength, Gently  
embracing the nervous mouth, The whole city in one dire expression  
To last

## On human sound

What of human sound, The frequent lust to prepare noise  
on the strength of intellectual wonder, unfathomable beauty  
Out of the entire body, Descending to and from the ear  
centering tragedy, our musical society, and what to compare  
“human music” to the grandiose law of nature, expressed  
in the mere calls of bird and beast revolving their voices  
unchallenged around the veil of a gross acoustic hall  
rendering the dreams of an unforgiving welcome to Earth  
living hall, Led by a thoughtless demeanor, Yet within mind  
man, recreating forests, Swells of the avian breast, kindred  
forms of multitude, throughout the belly’s vocation of chords  
mammalian, drunk guess, Involved in the self-taught birth  
of rhythm and harmony, Between humans, unadvised  
the earthquake, thunder rumble, a gopher’s princely step  
And with effortless divinity, the mind to sonic color opens  
As the rainbow’s harmonic wisdom, On the horizon of time  
After a storm’s violent solo tuning, Swaying then and now  
over a work boot, Caught by dear industry, trembling  
cutting neuroses, resounding With human curiosity

## On human sound II

our instrumental genres of choice, In the bleak urban grave  
sound creativity, our song tempts loneliness with the wind  
Where do human voices, hand, feet, harmonize, proudly stir  
with the body, our fellow natural beauties, mimicking façade  
fading to wonder Within absolute, original creation, The fall  
worthless, between spaces, finding its place, Towards unity,  
harmonies vanishing as The death of human music for an age  
deemed as fate By the songbird's unfailing beak, Opening  
to press the actuality of time, to stop, wait, To give chances  
to the next species, whose songs stream, unforced, imagining  
In silent sleep, personal meaning, A comparative play of sounds  
between human and bird, hollow daze? frightening waste?  
A practice in listening, For the fast, And the few, Those minds  
not tempted, Whose unity beckons lively worth in health  
The street's song slowly overjoyed by the order, as a lady  
beside the window, walking from the slumber of selfish activity  
To find a source, Not necessarily of communication, somewhere  
Between human, bird and god, a direct connection, to mystery  
The spell of an inspired gift to all, as Her sound

One Ambitious Species

Touched gleam-cast light,  
On the everyday acorn idea

Kneaded behind breaths  
as television predilections

Guessing at the racy night  
Caught in a frozen web

tied lesson, To shoot ties  
pyrotechnic urban mind

Digging into a yurt, cold  
Teeming with sly children

alien animals boiling over  
Creating puzzles and games

toward pure artistic passion  
In deified homeless wombs

The air's stout inhalation  
Meet life: snake-eating fish

push hands into the forgiving  
earth, great breast struggles

to respire in the thick wilds  
branded consumption, lush

the overgrown crime of one,  
our whole species, ambitious

Island of Childless Offspring

## Pulp Massage

Matter disguised as her unfolding paradise  
A genital incision, without, Brewed spawn  
quaking, facing heart failure, with glasses  
thick-rimmed, paranoiac daze, thin repose  
glimmer, Infuriated golden gnome, low  
into blissful gardens, human hair of weeds  
felt as useless triviality, In puritanical maze  
property over stubborn consensual heavens  
Drowned in blue time, Glowering in mud  
some thick, academic panegyric formulae  
tumult and insult meet for lunch to discuss  
Baudelaire in rhyme, “And the scurrilous  
frankincense Nose of his Biblical haunting  
awakened, Through Pulp Massage, Bellies  
skyrocketing, ragged as predictions fated”  
The all-night table, Proposing to wed anger  
as the twelve-headed dream of classicism  
Paying striptease Eastern minds, To wade  
through inglorious pain and rush, insane  
philosophical throughout comedic drives  
taxicabs breaking through, Oceanward,  
where the thumb and nose touch, spun  
wheeling whys whose greed lurched  
from above the lily swamp and naked  
Pressed its white head to the diamond  
names giving praise to laughter’s name  
Sought by a young grave, breaking ice  
calling for a break between    pauses

## Random Parkade of Fences

It's all a random parkade of fences, Garlic nightmares blowing a chill into my root canal American fear, Living the drunken stare of the Irish east...whose mad talk stirs ruthless in my sleeplessly jarred brain...napping between contiguous web-threshed freedoms to a forgotten deafening...

and thickening the low-coast noon of heat wave forecasts...my mind becomes sullen with blank remorse and a violent emptiness fills me...bearing down on memory like a catastrophic angel of white light...pitch black in the featureless dusk of interpersonal reason..the long endless fight to be good

seek happiness in the joyful cries of others...buying homes and staircase bed mattress sweets...to cover their sick bellies in the rollicking waves of cheap eats and mild rainswept indecision...Bingeing on the unnecessary billions...whose lives anger the human mold in a resounding attempt to save

a bit of that home...that once was stolen from the earth's own sun-dried hands...still cool with the dank earth and her womb of littered seeds...the rains pour angelic wisdom over the arisen anguish...to craze for the source and defy the powers that be in an unanswered mind of free rationality

Landing on the oldest of our most ancient pasts...crumbling as the staircase billows...as a feather in the soft yet painful morning of ice-burned teeth...and oh the sorry Canadian lore...fumbling over the mouth of England in her beautified native bones...losing gold for bedside furs by the hair of our Mothers

## Random Parkade of Fences II

Sinking in the gruel of waste over a bowl of gravy and sourpuss eyes...leaning into the sound of a ride going going going gone over the brink of our American time...hitching that ride south and calling cabs in New York, California, Saskatoon

Dreaming of berries in season and wild-crafting the maze of Her swollen lust...turning on the locomotion of boom bang music over the café loudspeaker...three hours into space in the beyond of our lost anxious sound...Teeming with a life unknown and gaining no pride...

in this, not a single lie of honesty expressed now...a ruined gripe...The unchanged man...lifting up to the misanthropic sky with grumbles and soothing smooth coy...listening to the elegant humanity bequeathed in the silent breath of the awake..hearing our hearts beat

“Each to their own”, writes back the lazy teacher...beginning with Zen and ending with architecture...bending for no one except the jungle fire steaming behind the glassed promenade...glowering sickly in the mud of visionary astonishment...shaken in a thud...

mortified martyrs' brought to cinematic drip dry skin...to toast their muscular direction to the lunar fist...An eye...not judging the conflict over rights...not caring to desist African whites kissing diplomatic business men on cell phone streets...as buildings remain erect in the capital with no lights

A Khartoum man...following Arabic grins to his trite ceremonial ending...a tense and vicious gore between man and man...hollowing out the middle way and preparing an engine to clean an evil race from the race of men...whose niceties glare into the mirror of Europe's own sterling prophecies

Gazing suddenly into the wide shore...calling all people into one name...a unified sense of place...an identity with Love in the making...to produce never again...and raise the flag underwater to infinity...to create magic furnaces that pull anchors over the starboard aft

and shave the whiskers of the catfish and his black gills of delicious glory over an oil spill plate...on the drenched body of America at bay under its own weight...The truth, reconciled, divined...Not too overstated...From a random tour through a parkade of fences

Reading to be...

Second call, Missing the unctuous pull, From the umbilical poor. My unending desire for madness, Inherent within the cultural revolution. Curtain's aftermath, Beyond ironic civil warlords. Innate lust for earthen ore, Lore and gore!

Oceanic multitudes fornicating, Over test-tube breasts, passed Through Fatherland mothers. Her bespoken world's gone. Radical and espied, volatile, Pangs, our corrosive collective. Lie, that "family be praised, Traditional sacrifice ritualized. By the high eye"

"Now go morose as artistry found, Blank and engrossed in drink". Muddled words tossed, frail. On a porch of cancerous failure, Where Middle Eastern smiles haunt. Sad entropy's demise, Over the burnt flag, Its disappearing star. Out of time

Whereon sits cosmic being? Presidential yet unaware Of universal law. "To correct the broken Backbone of historic civilization Looted in the ashtray night!" And we plunge into our hostess, Her buttocks flexed, Extreme gladness to mount the rousing fire

Atop a summit's raging cry, That nuanced breath of snow, Lilting over Asiatic pages. Stirring as leaves Around the eardrum esophagus. Opening into pure human sound, Expressionless wandering, Atop vibration's first pulse, In the spatial moment

Sculpted directly, Mirror-lake brainwave reflection, The ghost of Buddhist Lao Tzu, Math, sacred numbers. Disclosed as irrational fact, To light upon mountain mist. And brainy cheer, Instead of repulse. To the heart of the natural man. In love with the nature of mind

Everlasting beauty. Pure, virgin tongue. Touching, lunging fountain. To caress weary feet. His motion, constant. Bellowing secret need. Beneath the lung tree, escaping, Quaking and still. Our infinite Earthquake island sand. As the lover prepares

Emergency at dawn's forsaken, Grasp, to be aware of closure, Yearning astray beyond mortality, a second calling, A fortuitous whisper, Internal secrecy, To calm social panic, And sweep away our America. Blushing under Oriental rugs, Timeless intoxication, a new sky, fine-tipped, Seeded, reading to be...

## Spreading Freedom

“It’s all about love; however you can get a child into this world and embrace them steadfast, with transparent honesty”

“A full expression of Love in mind, heart and wisdom”

“Will the new being have music in *their* veins?”

“If marriage of shared blood, the perfect union of musical harmony and universal rhythm will mark the forehead and line the bones of the little one to be”

Rose on the pressure of finger to string, And palm to drum, The progress of creature lust smote  
My vandalized faith in a tortured nether-realm, Metallic, dead, belittled egg-floundered  
Reason gave birth to “me”, enchainèd by the estranged pathless, Ecstasy of spontaneous  
confidence In personal redirection, I turned to the naked swooning of political might, No anti-  
war voice Or veteran, digression to free man or woman, Under our sole humanitarian god. No!

Post-war industrial clocks spewed, Rash tumult, forceful nudge, Pentagon’s civil trap.  
The saved million plus, Angelic poetries of newcomer consciousness, Flight to Quebec, where  
separation prevails, As national demise for the folk who believe, Intelligent design is our link to  
the kind of fate conceived, In pre-Islamic Arabian sands, *qadar!* Where the eventual hiding of  
our forefathers sought, Cavernous refuge from here to the Hopi fall Wondering how to produce  
documentary visions, From black and white morgue-stashed wombs

artistic madness, Freeing the Euro-ethical divide from American names, Breeding forth  
disclaimers of broken democratic noise, Perspiring “leadership avails”, Over Chilean airwaves,  
1972, *Pisco* sniper revolt, Vermont team of bullies schooled, International chess, CHAOS, and  
the vile newspaper desk war of patriarchal stress, Groomed for the post-atomic lore, these fathers  
of the new mind grieved, For the poor, And ate African hands, over Chinese rICE, simian charm,  
tamed on table folds at Cambridge, Home-schooled ponds, creaked hammocks, Chasing luxury,  
the right to negotiate law away from hope and need, To eviscerate meaning from action

symbolic In the moist summer New England air, Leaving space and gifting humanity  
with resource-cored Fourth World, Tours on spineless backdrop forays, Into the heart  
And strife of the rural, no-mores who cuddles meal-less, festering in tube-tops and fame  
coined, With designated looks and stereoscopic illusions, Sweetening Earth with breakfast  
menus and cinematic features, Her, adopted face smiles warmly, Secret’s warning finds her  
packing for greater shores, Spreading our easy freedom

The Orphaned Exile

That I am silence

And silence, and nothing, and silence. And how in silent searching, the wandering fades. A trespasser to popular living. Happen-stance of “honest” life. Stopped, self-betrayed, to tarry With biblical heat and white-skinned eyes.

Paranoiac doom In the aftermath of domestic civilization. Bled into ship-sworn castes, spelling enslaved, Croons over a proud starless night, giving thanks. To the all-ending smoke, breaking past fissures. Gone, smoldering past, laughing bold laughs. Calling back to the childless dream

Earth, where speed holds its tongue. And the random chest-heaving world breathes its last. Her too, engraved spawn, artless chanting. Mixed divine, in soups. Heavy weeping. Rains burn, forehead noon. Loosened drainage over the sky. Sheets of electric poison pulled down

Plagues’ returning on this mysterious Egyptian birth. The escaped, the chosen slave. The shameful power of the oldest tomb. Our gold-forsaken eyes shower us with lessons. Ancestors of gross neglect. Knowledge finding no one except the town fool. And his shaky memory

To remember wisdom flesh, Bespeaking the first human crime. An outward law, crumbling with panegyric thought. In an unctuous whirlwind god. Smiling with constrictive glares over a tempting yet inhuman façade. As an Orientalist’s appeal before European execution

Relieving respect from her lifeless duty. In the pawned handful of dust juggled by the trickster’s foresight. Smattered lands, A cold, powdery smile. Drinking in a waterfall’s stolen dam water, Now breaching the five directions with eyeless crimes. Untold and sorrowful

In the wilderness, Bowing down to ancient slavery. Magi of UR, Returning within, The simplest symbolic stare, beaten human sighs. Pointing downwards, Upwards, west, east, sure numbered lies, Telling children to fear death, bless, Fleshed, ungrateful ears, blocked, To great mystery,  
That is not, That I am.

The rains bear down

The rains bear down hard and long. On these deceased pangs, longing to embrace ghosts. Long shied-away, deep within memory's misbegotten despair. Ringing clear in song, and the nostalgic scent in lands. Returned to the body of our parents, and their laughter. They're dancing, and gay, right to live unborn to time and work

And be, forevermore without clinging, One with the bright happy tour through ancestor's heartbeat, cantor's vocal stretching over the Hebraic lore, Building with eternal constancy, the acoustic lair, Of a perpetual stay with human glory, And reckoning with unity in suffering, The diminished poor bear arms while the rains fall

Calling them home no more to breath, In the air of pure and raw savagery, Beckoning our union to fight for rice and work, In undivided shame across river's breadth, That brings wealth and a name to the American prince, With breast inflamed, preparing reason, his shame, To engrave in the desert an unplanned way, Towards brotherhood, freeing

Spontaneous whispers, Toward last pleasurable remorse, Upraised and sacrificed, As a great offering to the Klezmer bonfire, Whitewashing the New York tide with Greek verse, In one soundless escapade towards a relaxed state of being, To be an elder, and speak in folkways, Throughout our northernmost bridges, rickety, frayed

Over and along the other side of our homebound river's play, Breeding with grace, as we juggle society in a sacred embrace, A pathway over which we serve the source, And never forgets one's self as a mere creek, brook or flush puddle, Returning and dissolving with the cloudless awe, In light-changed moisture

Cyclically, bridging the human body with global fate, In one silent orbital wave, Resounding instantly, With every curve of lost strength, Between arms where the beat follows to our brethren and kin, A growing and invisible host to our name, thinking up a sound, And so, calling forth the blessed invocation of being, and yet, anew, The Universe floods with Love, Bringing forth a cleansed and raw form of humanity

The ruined name

“I taste blood”  
Says the mourner returned from Argentina’s bathhouse brigade

The Italian connection, unswayed by the prudent fire of tango nights  
Stirring wilderness roosts

In the back hall of some sterling porch façade  
In the mundane sky of an after-party dimming  
Beside alcoholic whiteout praise  
And the ruined name

## The socialist epoch

Breakdown of disaster in the socialist epoch, As the tired groaning of racist America brews,  
proud glory of personal despair, More, an interpersonal contemplation, On the theme of color:  
Hair, Eyes, Fingers, Pubis, Nose, And Body Shape of form, And its formless desire

white against the all-escaping cloud of solar obscurity, Rushing civilization into neighborhoods  
of the absent & poor, Breaking the long arduous fast, with an unwelcoming community, founded  
not on Love, only on a hope to pray, before the Cyclops' rise, over the crossed horizon

Ever loyal to Europe's general mythology that tours enlightened colonies with derogatory jokes  
and coffee/tea stained laughter, or almost anything to show one's consumption of the enslaved  
and their rich souls now moving slowly through the belly of African migration

up from a confederate's warning, In the Global South, arranged nightly to the music of diligent  
crowds, masses filling the circular base of human power, an enthroned mystery over sounds of  
the mis-created, dialectical frowns cover friendships with lost convention

land border brevity, carrying us to the brink of urban heat over the brilliant green lung of our  
suburban down-bringing, to gaze into the purity of monochrome eyes, and talk conversationally  
with African and Mexican families, in homes of their own land only to return apologetic and  
starry-eyed

wide grinning failure of international beats, grabbed after skinned lines, dissolving, over a  
worldly fire towards human creativity, The formless, finding no-commotion in the reason to be,  
as one is, ever seeking truth, In the instantaneous notion of interpersonal continuity

the struggle, rife with colored imagination, to free the city from a visitor's paradigm, and recreate  
connectivity with man and woman, under the arboreal sky, frozen with awe, blinded by greedy  
law, murdering our youngest from their golden years of awakened poverty

teaching in a disillusioned bubble, gravely preparing us to become fugitives, hand-me-down  
society mess, to change the course of world-wide monotony, Stretching beyond the bounds of  
individual reaction, so as to make a choice

think in drink

“think in drink, and whisper solitudes,” says the publication, set in a Filmic mind, braving kingdoms, theatic, Weighed heavily by the German cross, Over western shores, blonde, With sightless camaraderie, In the sociopathic gaze of mindless pain, Order & god for trade, At our bedside, nude

Bingeing before a final restitution, Breathing in dream-talk laughter, nightly, Not for escape, Only to tread the unfulfilled urge, To let go of our body in an act of base movement, Recognized, respected as the practice of wealthy contentment, Irreducible through monetary magic

Lawn-flushed passions, Waving together, common, Environmentally subdued fracktions of human space, Gambled for priceless breeding, Into the arms race, Incarcerated by a spherical media village, Condemned, to a virile depression issuing from the mouth of folkloric gravity

Sparing flat-boned rushes from the skin-razed marina, Hard with a lofty weathered pacing, From youths, stirring the boiling pot, Into thick African stew, to be consumed, By ceremonial justice, Not as a visitor, On the brink, Daring to slug back the human truth of non-being, By a suicidal sense of belonging

## Untouched Grande Awe

An untouched grand awe, Landed finally,  
to rest beside the sickening mildew  
Mulch-pressed nude lakes, Praised to the natural moon,  
Lowering close over the beached horizon, A thirteenth name,  
Pleasing those raised on the island, visiting their blood,  
Despite being insane, A malformed genetic waste,

Purchasing birth, Towering over the healthy dead,  
Groveling, ensnared by the angry temptress, who walks  
entombed in mind, And spiritually blessed  
beyond our mundane knowledge, She treasures life  
the feminine voice, “Womanhood is a goddess  
Calling from a mother’s grave”

With unanswered punch, The lessons of the tribe  
surpassing war, mongering hordes linger  
in prehistoric cave symbology  
their ritual fasting broke the last slave of reason  
no more, To put to death philosophy,

cursed forms of common language, Now replaced  
with magic and divinity, Inert, Enough to overact  
above the spilled heights, Grandiose unity  
Frontiersmen who bite at raw flesh and faint  
under the jeering of native rumblings  
In the overcast dusk of Western humanity  
Fallen alas to the bitter womb of civilization

## Untouched Grande Awe II

crass membrane stew of our unalienable forebears  
Freaking us out, Into stomachs without mouths  
To feed on the juice of the horned phantom  
lick from inside, wounds stinging our pride  
nameless, A selfless art, Succeeding  
to touch the present, with immediacy  
so palpable as to hand it over, as a gift  
The living eye of the sun, eternal  
Ubiquitous urge, Elevating within  
each individual, The welcoming need  
To become true in form and direction  
A fastened string to every ray, Cast through  
the burnt moisture of our lush atmospheric divide  
The living high of being, One being at a time  
Not feeding the poor, Lowering greed inside

Eternal Autopoiesis

## Why, Autopoietic Eternity!

This smile, these eyes...  
Not because it's you that I enjoy...  
Nor your surroundings, and our place in them together...  
I smile for what's inside...  
The poetries and open-ended music of Love...

Bearing down hard into my inglorious heart...  
As a burnt wick trudging through the bled darkness...  
Now blessed by the disinterested lost...  
Whose minds graze the round of being...  
In a conundrum of pain and untamed roaming...

Loosening the human rope around the oceanic neck...  
The great ring of fire...  
Lassoed in spring by Albertan rains...  
Toasting to hot chocolate whispers over Mexican earth...  
Sweetened by the oily touch of American tongues...  
Piercing the used flesh of an imperfect dream...

The only cold matchstick...  
Still reddened but dry...  
A sad ending to the rage personified...  
Rusty Kjarvik and his chess logic...  
Pinching the Grandfather reality...  
Light of Persian nights...

Of music and the bodiless mind...  
Forwarding beyond the wordless divide...  
To train insight as creative willing...  
Into the artful breath of poetic necessity...

My instinct's crying bold in the proud deep  
North American intercontinental strife...  
To transcend the borders of national glory  
To reach the great peak...

Budding with growing Israeli trees...  
Miracles as grand as the celebrated synagogue...  
Ancestral eyes bearing down hard...  
On the smoky aftermath of Greek shores...  
Chained to their swollen shields...

Engraved as the shell of Turtle Island...  
Beaming with foresight...  
Into the sweeping ancient European imagination...  
Whose back lunged upward into the full sky...  
With amber gold freeing the Hostess of Modernity...  
Her lifeless glamor cuddling with the mountain...  
Ceremonial stone-wrought keeps...  
Purifying my kind until their bones scintillate...

In the dreary madness beyond human hurt...

To an earthen burn...  
A sensation born deep under  
The subconscious blinds...  
An eyeless face...  
Peering gravely into the molten membrane...  
Our one mind...  
Bloomed into the immediate now  
With the awe of a lotus...  
Always distanced...  
The graceful presence of our insides...

With shared wisdom...  
A lingering passion to unify...  
To create our own night on this sinking vessel...  
All existence...  
Breaking down from the mouth to wine...  
A craving understated by street-side paranoia...  
To coast assured into the numbing crime  
Our damaged religious signs...  
A taste of poverty lingering  
With the sculpted muttering...

Announced softly with the motion of a hand...  
Feeling for air above the hard-packed soil...

Forming dunes and painting the beach wilderness...  
In the hair of an Eastern fog...  
Whose punchy urges frame this bemused mind...  
Struggling to see through a daily panic of poetry...  
Scheming with all mental strength...  
To form the formless into beauty...  
To make nonsense communicable...

A symbol of Love in the act of creation...  
Yet fallen into the failed...  
The early laugh...  
Draining energetic fingers...  
With worthless junk...  
In the silent reading...  
The itch to continue for continuity...  
To perpetuate laughter...  
Into the timely press...  
Over the gorgeous moon, visible at dawn...  
Over the charged urban jungle...

Cringing with playful Chinese drums  
In the headache afternoon...  
Waiting for sexual drink...  
To find space in the lounging throat of want...  
A risky path...  
Over the endless din...  
Whirring above the vibratory pandemonium...  
With catatonic dissonance and hypnotic forgetfulness...

To scramble the mind-waves...  
With the gurgle of a knifing toothache...  
Searing into the cinematic backdrop of history...  
As my Jewish ambitions...  
Calgary beckons with ruthless intellect...

And certain death...  
To enjoy centenarian genetics...  
Over a glass of ginger tea...  
And remain blameless on the balcony deck...  
Chinatown low-rise freedom...

To be and create willingly...  
The tasteful force of lush introspection...  
A thunderous improvisation...  
In the sudden cry of heaven...  
To proclaim the world's momentary passing...  
The universe as mind itself...  
In the contemplation of death...

And the nature of mind thickens over the fold...  
To become wearily apparent...  
As a new blanket of relief...  
In the empty law of drowned fate...  
Beaming through all our embodied lives...

Defined in the present by nothing's pain...  
The truth of becoming...  
That, the frame of poetry's eye...  
Seeking individuality and expression within...  
And throughout the frank endless mold...  
Electric crystalline fractal-speak...  
Rushing past generations dead to rapid strength...  
Over a mountain of fixed glory...  
Where dream melds with the ancient fixation...  
Overcoming the human form...  
Trespassing in the realm of the gods...

To marry the irrelevant mix of triviality in humor...  
And offer our bodies to the deified blessing...  
One circular direction...  
A featureless song prayed to...  
Over the burning incense light...

The mundane work...  
Hands clasped with respect to hope...  
The unknown's shade remains...  
Thoughtless over the waking earth...

To renounce the children of envy...  
To prosper with kernels of bejeweled sand...  
Along Eastern shores filling our adolescent minds...  
And cooking up internal choice...  
As the creature of man embraces the four points...  
Out of the underworld...  
To smoke with the devil in bribed factories...  
Our New Bedford whales...  
Who swam from the South Pacific tour...  
And rescued their soldierly brothers...  
On the pages of history's local war...  
As the veteran newspaper determined...  
Youth emancipated from armed struggle...  
Now fighting with words of praise or critique...  
As the satirical play finds its step...  
On the frozen lake of family...

Against the lame, discolored horizon...  
Darkening ever so slowly...  
Until the shade-covered rushes silence...  
With one last rustle in the kayak sound...  
A memory pushed forth...  
To cover the proud painterly disease...  
Our Pisces rising...  
Amid the bone dry grasses...  
And paved seriated highway zones...  
Constructed and vandalized by toughened hands...  
Choked and gone purple with gushed veins...  
Rasped and lacerated on the back of our cousin species...

The canine drought bespeaks a shameful woe...  
A truism, unforgettable and opened finally...

With delicate sway and miscreant wonder...  
At the sad mystery of the relative fire...  
An erased afterthought...  
The strong and elderly endurance...  
To forge through the most sought after  
The undivided pressure...  
From beneath the cold unmoving earth...  
To present in words an archaic urge...  
With controlled mind and agile fingers...  
To recreate body in its own self-created form...

A silence breaks over the lawless head...  
Our own shaking and forlorn chest...  
Arms and face...  
Feeling the stress of birth...  
As an echo of fear in humanly pain...  
To desire to create...  
To fill the footstep earth...  
With humiliating love...  
And stretch beyond the wrinkled chord...  
With a truth unsought and yet communicated...  
With kind connection...  
A flesh, salted and massaged...  
To share life at its most visceral...  
While the real and changeless spectral flash...  
Spatial duress grates...  
Turning in the burly show of lost fortune...

A sure embittered wailing...  
A longing...  
A frenetic blur past poetic stirring...  
A joyless round...  
A midnight wrangling...  
A mournful purr...  
A drinking insanity and wakeful surmising...

The restitution, despised...

Yet somehow completing our entrenched need...  
To be and play forward into the shapeless deep...  
The unceasing downpour...  
The slow drizzling food of creativity...  
To give our most valued offering...  
As the smallest most insignificant pull...  
Which finds our being necessary...  
And in that moment dies...  
Unafraid of the dream inside...

To slip away and join with the whispering few...  
Whose wisdom has changed the All...  
In a corrosive yet painless drip...  
Off medieval wooden monastic awnings...  
A cool raindrop fix that relieves the immediate...  
Pleasure to perform...  
To calls for inner gratitude...  
At the constant play of now...  
Reshaping sleeplessly...  
In the feverish ordeal of patience...  
To see still...  
With eyes of our self-creating...  
Identifying as human...  
What makes us...

The figment...  
Pleasing the universal Word...  
With throat closed...  
And with unceasing unobstructed vision...  
Pressing beyond the viral keep...  
Into the starry jaw of our final rest...  
To make all, finally united within...  
As a breath, still...  
Purging the Great Mystery of Time...  
Toward an Autopoietic Eternity...

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