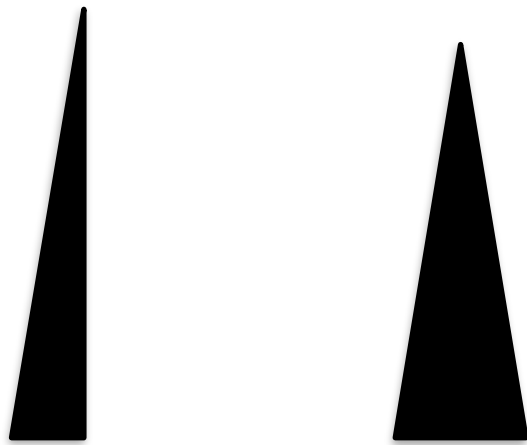


Cyclical Wordplay



Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.

Cyclical Wordplay

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

Exotic Settlers
Sketches of Style
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

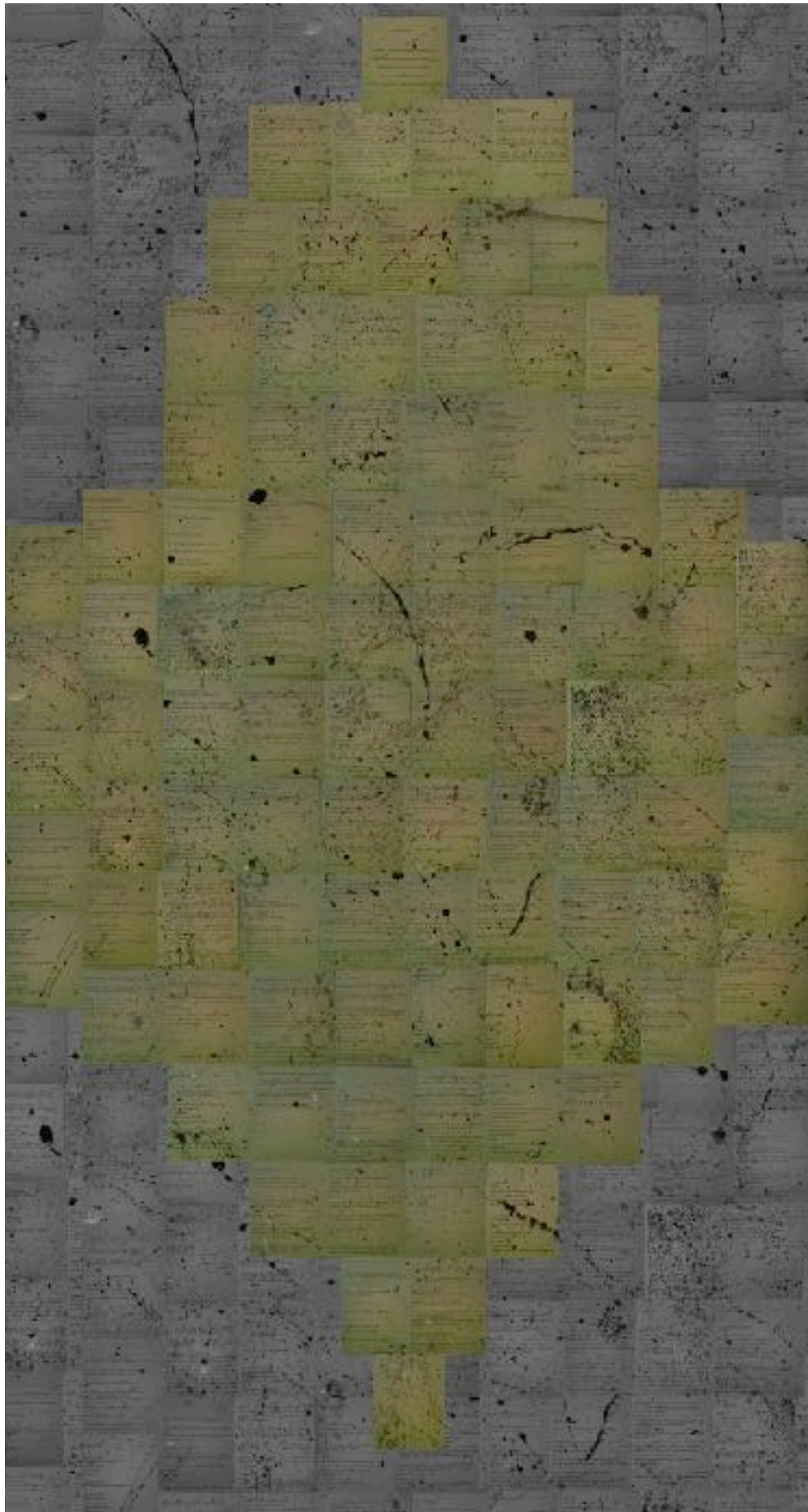
Prose

The American Hallucination
Noetic Sojourns

Copyright © 2012, 2021 by Matt Alexander H.

Fictive Press
www.fictivemag.com/press

Logo design by Serra Şensoy



On the Image

Through spontaneous action painting, without touching a brush to a surface at any time, gold, white and black paint accents free form, expression not only in the written word, but also in the space that it occupies. This method of action painting, which withholds all contact with the medium lets spontaneity occur in an open, natural course of creation as it takes shape out of human hands (in the air). The representation of spontaneous action, of free form creativity in writing, allows the viewer to look at the entire page as one unified expression in the creative form of the particular written piece, whereby the empty space defines the writing as much as the words expressed on the page.

Those who habitually write freehand, free form, improvisational writers, know that the limited size and type of paper (e.g. whether there are lines, creases, folds, graphics, etc.) inevitably divides up the rhythm of open-ended spontaneous expression. By using circular objects, such as plastic compact disc panels, I approached action painting by flitting a paint-covered brush repeatedly for a dense splatter effect over a circular form in order to regard the fact that all writing is inevitably formed by the shape of the letter, word and sound through which its expression is carried.

Another method of action painting forms sizable globs of paint in the shape of an oval, especially at the end of a tail of paint or alone, confirming the universal truth that with free form, spontaneous movement, all form inevitably assumes a circularity (or cyclicity), as represented in the oval, sphere and all other circular formations in nature, as central to the creative essence of form. The center of the artwork details a line with a globular oval end protruding into a circular form. This marriage of two different methods of action painting, spraying over a concretized foreign object and allowing natural shapes to occur, is the central image in the piece.

The idea is to symbolize intent. The globular oval and thick line formed near to the core image represents a leading expression, passing away from the center's concretized circular form, from which the rest of the paint devolves over minuscule spatial occupations on the page. The rest of the action painting signifies the importance of relatively negligible marks defining a whole expression of greater density and presence.

NOTE — The process of creating this piece: freehand spontaneous writing on notepads, transcribing writings onto a computer, editing form of writing into conventional poetics, typing out each piece onto self-prepared craft paper, stitching together each page into a wall mural (or spatial literature), action painting, re-configuring the entire spatial layout page-by-page, photographing and scanning each page, designing the end artwork via computer software.

On the Text

Becoming open to experimental, improvised writing, emphasizing and attempting a most strict depiction of the spontaneous nature of mind, can be perceived as an aspirant in the realm of continuity; that is, flipping the page.

As a forewarning of sorts, Cyclical Wordplay, as devised for readership, is the result of an approach to editing that seeks to give the spontaneous flow of mental activity form. While attempting to convey the refreshing action of letting go, all structure and boundary and, in sense, constructs of mind are dissolved.

The writing asks many questions to the reader:

Where do we place ourselves, as we remain glued to the mirror image of our world? When do we notice that the contour and shape of the mirror image reflected into our minds is in fact artificial; a reflective function, as opposed to a direct sight?

How do we understand and make observations into the absolved outpouring of mental fruition through a most basic, almost instinctual, resonance with words as mere vessels of human energy? How can we instill in this reading a sense of self, a theatrical play of noticing self as natural form, spontaneously resolved and perceived in the moment?

The title of the collection, Cyclical Wordplay, brings to light the foundational nature of creation as a cyclical process, with rhythmic momentum in constant transition between renewal and decomposition.

Wordplay refers to a notion that words can be like sounds on an instrument, simply meant to be full to the brim with a particular feeling and raw emotion/thought/idea/sensation so as to carry its substance through and beyond contexts of form and meaning.

In a sense, we can conceive of words' symbolic sound, through which the newfound impression of the given moment may relay its own inward need to express itself, although in subtle forms; words. Each individual reader is as an instrument through which that symbolic sound or word idea is carried and resonates with new meaning each time they sound, according to the particular temperament and character of the individual, allowing their symbolic meanings to carry through them as their basic vibrations.

Aircloudsky

—

Sketches from Above

Improbability in Upswing

The tongue, a slick wretch of smoldering ash
phasing out into the bright eyeless morning
The belly, a hurling progress of air
folding tight over scratchy blood wisps
in proper disarray, from the hole light

as moonshine songs on the back of a long-
necked blonde, ruining their penchant for stout
drained and bearded Semitic gods
an ugly sour breathes in shifty smiles
In the upswing of a jet train, cooling
into the sonic blues of a new world horizon
soothing the answers of the afraid
in mundane pockets of strange insignificance
a judgment inane, re-working fluidity
into the brain-splotched hide of a perfect whisper
the historic tribe of ancestral compromise
headstrong into a battle, towards the away
in a perspiring lawful gyration, engraved
as Ouroboros; a serpent that will die
in a pandemic hung over Amazonian lakes
triggered to fuel the toxic lust of the few
embittered white slaves launching figments
of the imagination, a monkey-ruled space
afloat on an ocean of stolen Mexican, Indian gold
providing torturous vandals with a home and name
rocking through the amniotic flood of the saved
we shout, stuttering, ruminating over a nihilistic desk
and attempt to cry weird helpless short stories
into the mud of our breath, as the whaling shores
reach single-handedly into the rug of traditional mores
we become suddenly attracted to those
who have been through at least four wars

animalistic, from a drive outside in the shivering lows
there arises another incapacitated fjord-shaped mugger
singing to the groove of a healthy malaise
in a wild out of tune way ranting all along
about the next probability

Tuesday, 1.48pm. 29 December, 2009

...hiccup

to entice druggists
remove their belts
mold swoons in their cash
for laughs

to engross love for play
in workaholic dreams
sitting lax on a moonwalk bud
rotting in the melt
of a half-digested corpse

each cannot stop
...hiccup
coming pain, throat

Tuesday, 1.48pm. December 29, 2009

drone seating

she's weary
waved

behind thick-glassed highs
in the giggling aftershow gloom
under the warm winter sky
brewing wry wisps of blue

the craving moon
losing its grip, drizzles
over the mirage click
of a computer stare

drone and despair
behind me
the leg of a woman

Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010

Lonesome day of movement

grown thin with distance
as another hairy, greased band
shining, reckless before the arrow spy
and his envisioned grave

who hails cabs in Siberia, grueling
of angry change as we ransack factories
uproarious disrepair, the mechanistic train
crashes, bored, killing the meagre glance
frantic rush of Europe's civilized absence

lonesome day of movement, over spider webs
and sand, drunken coasts of blood red remorse
filing pulp fiction pages, breeding
scummy eyes that talk in kisses, swoon
on the porch of another early breakfast

groom, who wails curiously at night
for the pub dreary life that awaits
after the cut string of golden dreams
seething, falling to the ash of the smoky
avalanche noon in Canada's hibernation

mind of the un-bloomed, unborn
wretched laments, the dry phantom
queen, her uncaring cool sleeping high
with simple touches of the grave beyond
landing in sun-croaked alien poverty

my first wishes grow callous
at the knock of a burnt vegetable gum
that sneaks into the cracks of layered skin
beaming with the color of white night
turning in late, the last nest of wild being

unloved rhythms, fuming with uninspired dread
as we caress the lung-wired cane of bone sweat
carved merciless into the roaming wood
that answers in black hills, a flat womb of earth

Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010

Northern mind

lip sweet, unfettered thought
swung music, intensified, intimate
romantic environment, ideal

collection of the two-bodied
trailing waves in the ocean
serene, all-encompassed feeling

silently, the visions of the blessed
to realized heights, in amnesic bliss
hearing only the fizzing of a tongue

sifting through the hydrated glory
of a deep violet sight, darkly fixed
inside the arborescent wilderness

to the foreign drum, impenetrable toxicity
left unconsumed, needed by feet lit
under concrete, sustained magic

among the urban disillusioned
northern mind, bringing in steady rings
a consciousness, prepared

instrument of government culture
performing the theatrical stronghold
minority no-release, fish-burdened town

extracted marrow, procedural
temperaments that go un-led
and steam up, chaotic

strictures that demean
the meaning of man and woman
or masculine-feminine time

Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010

Leaving nowhere

loopy adolescent
limping
and boasting

a raucous
and numb
pride
for nowhere

leaving

Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010

The last sound

when was the last sound
that lent meaning
to the claustrophobic business
of airline sleeping

ear-foam music
and the idle screams
of the thoughtless few
who seek convenience
in the cinematic religion
of mass transportation

headless visibility
divined mapping
swallowing clouds
shifted, lightning
ground, ruinous might
cutting through
immense distance

our freed land
only bonded
under wishful terror
as incantations
released, to feed
public deities.

Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010

Canadian night

Elevated,
mundane
modernity
figuring
impassioned
materialistic

defense with the arms
of astronomic flesh
weaving listless tomes
into back-alley food slang
addict rat cursing in english
experimental, beautiful
sex pack of genetic mug
torn blood, praying old
strange songs, morbid laws
kindling in the unsightly
meandering
lifted, pull from metal
glass arrangements
stinging the sensitive
pink swift burnt love
for a bodiless dress
that curls soft under
the train-sped winds

of 8th street, welded
like an art ward mural
into the unending chalky skin
of flayed belief

reading
bold
colored
red
propaganda

icy and charred separation
from family and god

Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010

Another worldview

Law, at dawn
sacrifice, wading
groove, sweet prize
as the relative truth
frantic, overgrown
hallucination, sick
early respite, lame
vanity, before show
appear, human
death, powerless
to the mold, resounding
to an inner frequency
deranged, sad laughter
groaned thick
in a sumptuous tumult
under the prying talons
a delectable fire
answers in blues-swing
hoodlum homes
temporary, as the submissive
upbringing of one, purifying
lash, rending fingers
nerve-wracked, torturous
warring within the Nile's tantrum
phase, skinny, lingering smoke
fix, we eye the 99 names
to the moment's reaching
up to the negative feminine
comrade, forbidden culturati
timed to arrive, outdoors
preaching, worshipping
the lost dead world
of stone
and writing

Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010

Desert history

mint hash car SoCal
advertised, MidEast lies
slick, forgotten prophecy
self-fulfilling the modern
mental pandemic, vanishing
without a place, in cyber trenches
of the eternally unrelenting
first world wars imbibed
through consumptive passivity
on the boulevard's torched singularity
beginning decade of solar functionality
from the cyclic foundation of space
as a pulsating inverted birthing
as creative inhalation
that speaks in visual tongues
through an ocean-sky
horizontal, corridor
leading to the sixth direction
to the place where spirits roam
into boundary dissolution
communities shed of fear
snakeskin brethren
psychedelic vision, embraced
the twelve possible cults
7-year round occurring
with silent motionless inception
during a four-year journey
merely waiting, for the black
hole diffusion, one impossible
drop through Mt. Hozomeen
where Kerouac learnt to fall
and be outside of the doing
that seemed, towards entropy
endogenous, yet formulated
as the perception of the staff
Challah, fabled source of life
for the intuitive-incensed few
in their Indic caves, breeding
children of originality, through
a piercing tipped-spine pen

Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010

Mythic West

cyclops' rise, dimming, only with the muse's laughing dream, her unreasonable echoing
cries share in the eagle's pride
yet destroyer of all, symbolized
working lazy, in the shallow stream

clarity, eating free in Mexico, dreadlock bustle, changing mage, generous love, inspired
by the Tree, spreading roots over mollified earth
whose giving breathes iridescent
crystalline surety, under a city

lain bare as a leafless twig in the winter of human occupation over the frigid glare of our
memories, northern, fickle, we approach
secondary wisdom, understood
from blind precepts, erasing
open wounds, found deep, cleansing spiritual promise, as the uncovered, subconscious
recollection redeeming the sordid
impositions in the process
of multi-generational trauma
and becoming, to revisit the relaxed state of the Child, admiring the Elder as the
incarnation of a dream-character, belonging, only known
through tribulations of self-awareness, interred

Guides reveal their self as not-the-other, same aspect of you, and bled into one, with a
Taste, that
experience grounds world delusion
in the volatile, expression

profaned monotheism, truth! explosive ruins, loquacious mind, reacting to a lunar
philosophy (on oriental calendar time)
stressing the dissonant way
of relation, as earthly direction

towards the celestial tune sounding echoes of reason into the joint-sparked play of seeing,
folding circulatory reflections
in external light, spoken epic
interdependent, one question

*Tuesday, 10:00pm. February 16, 2010
Flight to Los Angeles, holding only Canadian currency.
Children weep. Jazz and Chilean fiction.*

Creating in the City



Urban SpRaWl Express

An Artist's Line

Charged into the luring night / Carved into the alluring heights / Nuanced with tribal delights / Singing with the ancients in spacious tones delayed

Silent

Prophecies spell dismay, and the pandemic smites the land / Wired fortuitous growling harbored animals' grow to fame / Sparkling wizard beards of vision, drunken smoldering / Breathless festering urban elision of peopled life / Populations crave dry-mouthed / Fingers wade and stop at money / Childless fathers and the motherless binge within a month

Afraid

Street side mission: we show our fangs to the insane / Lie and kiss the hatred in our names / Why don't we simply play? / Follow the footsteps of daughters in love with others / And falling with the rain of possibility

Emergent & Untamed

Lowly demise rearranged with pride / "The art pales in comparison" / "To the experiential!" / We go...where home is a path / And our skin splits and cracks with sunlight and smiling tears / To pass away, in weakness

A flickering moon dismisses the angered insinuations of self-mourning / A lonely family away from all that is known / Steering clear, keeping awake / Lifting above

The circularity rhythms / Strong liars who dart nimbly like a constant trick / They do not stop and wish for a change of the guard (or their costume)

Wondering

If we all suddenly died / Would tomorrow hide? / Or would the sun rise? / Without blinking, greet the naked Earth / Inspired to a new meeting between eternal friends / A secret in keeping, told only by listening to storytellers' weavings / Meaning nothing to no one

Only a sound for the memory that once was upon the artist's living / And the random birth that flew without mind / And ended up... / Well.

*Friday, April 9 2010
A room in Calgary's urban sprawl*

Hawk over a farmer's field

The hawk that steams in subtle intricacies. The emotive stress of acrid tears from the planetary foreskin. The tame, bred into our inane fledgling grave of bursting and bound-locked waste, etched with numinous soul.

In the upturned pangs of a universe unnerved by psychic phases of atmospheric delight. In the imagined painting of all, swaying crucified worth fornicating openly against the lightly paginated future, and blunted cross-eyed in a circular maze of her orgasmic ploy for a sorry breakfast.

On Monday's staked rage, we drain and drain the followings of divinity throughout pulses of grain and sweat in the final drink. Before deciding to cross the impassioned switch into non-being, against the lifted sky, coming thunderous in the eyes and ears of a late transmigration into a head of wires and a spotted flame that rises, broken, in the quaking silence of loss and drowning in the oxygen gush of utter perfection.

Bluish gray and the opaque brink of highest terminal altitude, flying still against the belly of earth's integumentary life, straining for a cursed name to breach the surrounding flesh of unearthly ice in the telescopic fire of an avian mind, and suddenly grasping with the outstretched tongue of passive death.

"A fallen way grows above the ceiling of humanity in a flutter of fear and reverence for the quiescent vacuum of entire blackness, and spiritual duress."

Loving the sacred breath of the hot, tainted lag of tragic beauty, animalistic in a single visceral moment, only to look down over the integral mire of screaming, woven by each blessing, as the forgotten dreams of virgins in Mexico, calling with every figment of pride mustered from the smoke of ancient impressions and superficial divisions, sweetening the catch of a cold moon, released at the end of a talon, seeding lovers' intermingling with the sharp pleasures of stone and grass, as a feather presses swift, enjoined under sexual, tight figures, preparing to create the universal wave of continuity.

In the fallen bird's heart, drifting over untold slow fissures, within the fragmented body of self-taught work, laying sacrificed to the unknowing violent Western paradox in action, dreaming lucid air, and buried with lust.

In the ashen grave of a mother's living breast, to answer the prayers of a man resting softly on the back of a sea creature, unmoving, shocked with ruinous leisure, idly passing.

*Inspired by a song written by a friend from
Red Deer, AB*

all rivers have one source

These rivers never meet the ocean
so as to return to the source in another form

These rivers create a pond,
nourishing the soil & creatures
surrounding, immediate

They, a giving source
as rain, that flows gently
into the other creeks & streams,
who one day may become

Rivers, leading back to the source
outside direct cycles, into the all-round
inspiring life to move, in different ways
through different eyes and fresh movements
drawing close to a reckoning with Truth
yet remaining ever-natural, specific beauty
immersed lightly in being, for pure enjoyment
its smallest waves rise so gently, and sink
unknowingly, with a most subtle whisper
with fantastic passion, eager to express unity
and perfect awe, in a world of dreams

Up, a new way to be
for the moment
and its living mystery,
“What is before?”

March 9, 2011

Chinatown Calgary. I live beside the Bow River, and all of its humility

An Old Saying

there's an old saying,
that goes something like;

“a person known by their place
is a demigod, and a person’s place
is impersonal, like the one god
they’re everywhere, they’re god”
it’s a really old saying,
no one knows where from

Russ steps off the sidewalk
onto the cold, freezing ground,
another blisteringly unbearable day,
he, arm in arm with his loving companion,
begins the day out into the open horizon

"if a bird so much as flutters in this weather,
I catch a cold! I have a terrible reaction
to anything with wings, a symptom
living close to pigeons"

in bed with his love,
they face the ceiling,
covered from necks to toes
in a leopard-print blanket

"what was your first word?"
"I said a phrase, 'the toast is hot!'"

and, was it all imagined?
a strange throwback to a terrible urge?
an unlikely warmth that sprang from inside?
a sexual need?
enticed beyond reality?
beyond the body?
calling toward the supernatural?
a whispering inside?
to lie?
and wakeful, conspire?

March 8, 2011

Urbanized Personality

This, urbanized personality, and his drive before he dies
what anxiety! what neurosis! to cast away true love
for an instantaneous spark, to, with enough distance,
tongue the earthly mold in an imperfect, lonely body;
creating freedom out of mindless neglect, a neglect
that transitioned to memory from superhuman oblivion

at the final hour, a joke. for no one. without laughter.
(sound) (sound) nor Fay, the only truth, ever beautiful,
hostess to life on this forsaken planet, my muse, love,
dream woman, not mine, never once, so painfully present,
in painstaking momentary awareness driven to inspire,
in every wave, curling back beneath the ocean's current

a lush global secret hidden by the nearby shore, her smile
faint yet apparent, directed towards me, and never once
obscured nor changing, a stone, foundational, humanity
gargantuan worth, honest feeling, to be healthy, happy, alive
share every sunrise and sunset, with love for life, wide-eyed
never blinking, earnest enough to be hopelessly afraid

about the future, its narrowing cavernous curiosities, struck
wondering, thoughts strewn everywhere, reflecting within
to the deepest, most revealing corners of the heart, to her
face, again, winking unflinching into bright, catastrophe
this blue-eyed heroic soul's demise, literary touch swinging
chaotic over the musical bond that unites our embodied faces,

resisting false movement, staying true, rhythmic, with pulse,
steady, together, collecting common stirrings, collapsing
and rising to oceanic motion, perpetual understanding,
peaceful camaraderie, loving dependence, physically complete,
yet new, reminiscent a return, back to our Mother's embrace,

she, who we know we created, from our Love, willing expression
as absolute purity, for the moment, expressively human
individual, unique, spontaneously unprepared, fresh
new breath, (quiet snore), all-dissolving Canadian night

March 8, 2011

Chinatown Calgary. Up too late, away too long from the bedside beside her

At the End of the World

no matter where I am,
it's as if I am at the end
of the world

Western Canada
Northeastern U.S.
Cairo, Egypt
Peruvian Amazon
or Andes
Germany
Copenhagen
Israel

all resembling world ends
(temporally)

though regardless,
whether I am
at the end of the world
or the beginning,
my life is not difficult

unlike Dostoevsky
or George Orwell
or Pablo Neruda
because I
am the winged cat
and my cheeks are bongos

date unknown

My New Bride

These days awash in her comely fragrance,
amid the torment of city strife, my new bride
of Mexico's sweet spirit, who lies in hiding
beneath the Vietnamese bread of a man
smothered, chalk-sworn, wheezing music
into grief stricken panic, might of foreign blood
working penniless, (airy cry) lost, toxic mud
my wine, drunk, free me to the endless breath
I'm from another woman's god, blessed
by New England's tribal homes gone mourning
into the still, hot night of total dissatisfaction

as her son climbs the dismembered mountain
trembling with rocks of tragic failure, rolling down
to kill my boulder of trash, keeping the human flood
night in a Calgarian restaurant, fanning silent confusion
with the rustic, all-blasted aftermath, enslaved,
reading the angry tomes of someone else's problem
(stirring) rendering heaven, blinded, my smile withers
to a gnome, chilling, thoughtless, now under a rug

blue god, journeying to the eloquent swine,
a flock of murderous rounds, being, dressed
to the nines, self-satisfying, thick, engrossed
calling: "I swallow the sick, goddess come"
drugged by metal, hurt by a future birth,
breeding starless talks of facial distress
in the backroom, no rest, always ruinous
in fortitude-stricken, Icelandic behavior
to be the final hum before the earth dies
in a forgotten cry, of swaying lonely flesh.

"Impregnate my death with dirt and rain
and I shall become your savior enslaved,
my damned temptress, light with the longing
in a perfect and little room"

Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010

Cave Home

cave home, before the apologetic, spray of early being
a touch of your true shape, in the cloud, breast of Kala
swooning, numinous in a wilderness of genderless mystery
what do our ramshackle hearts sense? close to savage waste
overwhelming, without choice, drowning in rice stew magic
a motherless animal, eaten raw, over a lover's fat tummy
now screwed into all intoxication, psychic bewilderment
until the stare blows rhythms of ancient minds, kissing
astir over a forest moon's rotten, plugged navel
swollen & churning like the Mediterranean monster
Greek odyssey of school, broken by a sweet songstress
her astral tide, lounging in the rough sand

Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010

Yes, Do Not Fear

We say; to a self gone in hiding, to the farm bug
lifting to the edge of belief, with love for the food of life
in between fingers, stretching and flexing,
in the middle ground, against a backdrop
fanciful world division, or burdened blues:
"a woman is dreaming, to hear the pledge
frozen smiles, wide-eyed crowded fields
growing, decaying, orbit of a lunar catastrophe
occurring, at every oceanic spawn, that ephemeral
beauty, we all know to arrive, one day, breathless,
raised with red flames of miraculous fatigue
on the shores of the way". Portugal, embarrassed
by history's justice meat-carved lands, strong rumor,
chewing herbs tested by old world, pyramidal stamina,
to newness deathless, embrace with burning, ruthless war
continuing, still unsure, at the tip of a nipple
teenage, bursting forth with elderly, infirm blood
moved to tears, in the hospitalized nation
economic mutilation, insinuating shattered design
artists who cry for money on the streets
our psycho-logical disease, amid wailing funerals
elaborate priestesses, buttresses, nude, slack locks
dripping of spiced vomit, like English assimilation
as the ethnocide blush of white-skin, drooping
with unanswered silence, genetic ownership
for the sun's own kingdom, blooming, a flower
developed, coarse, poor, desert body ghost,
dehydrated morgue of Zion, carrying bombs
into scared, childish hearts, ugly America
chiming, steadily to the revolutionary drum, armed,
blurs of hellish repetition, smoke-and-mirrors,
love for a fall from the human god, domesticated
plants and animals in the sanctuary of energy
transformed, lingering betrayal through lust
for the last kiss of a skeletal hush, fertilizing
the absent womb, never trembling with seed
even possibility, of the staggering release
that floods our empty power with futile control
and laughs at our havoc in complete dismay

Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010

When No Stars Appear

When no stars appear to welcome the scent of leaves no pride is released,
the empiric beat within goes to sleep, dreary rain pressures the snoring gruel
worldly morning, children hear the angst of father serpent learning a new spell
in the livid pull of train wreck desire, followers' sneering crimes become awake
to the rush of the wading horror, thriving, innocent, on beer and hate, us, nonplussed

singing, escaping, into cruel, driven spines, wicked slink
fame that shines like hosts in a steaming ballroom
creative play, shaved rasping throats blunder
over towers of hypocrisy, engraved mores
hunger and celebration link together within, insane,
aesthetic duality, to please the few entranced, on a path
skinny over pores of history, ever-shrinking, worn
narcotic bracelets, shaming our alien tours with need
priceless, on the random chores of spurious fornication
by bedside hordes that tame the blue African skies
dried jungles that feel free with deserted lies
political waves of a corporate, shark-ruled tribe
swearing, leaning into the hounds of biblical law
at the foot of copied royalty, cursed images
emanating clearly from the anxious gore
the Queen's swollen photographic paste
that fires the furious majority, corpse-woven
emotion against the greed and force
a colonial tour to imagine caves of settlement
prized in the outdoorsman's weed, bought
and traded for the value of life, a compromise
swift, vulnerable, still we fear corn, maize
sacred ear of landlocked peace, relief
from the pain of English greed, damming
waterfalls in the fugitive didgeridoo light
muscular breast of musical moods, blended
spastic trust, unblinking tomb of bedroom noon
that thing lounges immobile in a downtown moat
antagonistic blame, weak time, order ensues
in a blistered, flat dome of wind, rousing us
to walk in sleep and dream the East away
sense-wishing, in her Mayan home
ringing with personal truths unknown

Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010

What Else

“What vibrant lore hints with brilliant constancy, inside?”

My head fades slow with a sleepy cool
funneling soundly in my room.

“I wish I could write more...”

My fingers press into each letter
with a single heavy stroke.

My angled head figures
weightless across shoulder and palm
holding up my lazy brain box.

“What actually happened?”

Conversations of new words
led to experimental consciousness
of language
as a human creation.

“And what else?”

Feb 24. 308am. 2010

Butler mansion (N.W. Calgary). A fly buzzes in my overheated room.

Cape Verdean music

Love without Music

Is there love without music?
And why does music spark love?
Music provides the innocent
backdrop for the play to unfold,
and become sweet
as spring under a mid-winter sun
fading against the whisky iris
my lover's cat, scratching
the butchered skin of L.A.
deranged toxicity, madness of memory
beyond the grips of fatigue, into failure
to be, true and awake, light with thought,
a slight wink on the riverside blue,
what's new, another lazy, sick wait?
she sits transfixed
and I ignore the heart
that beats quicker inside
with every finger drop
word, flatness
I rinse myself blindly, alcoholic
fight through perfect humanity,
knowing a loveless embrace
non-feeling, her lust, her lust again,
a secretive tear
loss of an eyelid
dimming, listening
night, fallen anew
melancholic delight...

March 01. 217am 2010

N.W. Calgary.

My love sleeps smiling. I sober up with music of nostalgic kisses

Exiting Suburbia
North America...
Entering Egypt

Transitioning through
a Global Sense of One

Place

[]

-less Human

Society

placeless human society

Is anything less
humane
than global
urban centers?

Suburbia:
rendering
human society
place-less...

Calgary Winter 09'

lotus feed

"get the fuck
out of my house!"
a winter soft nite,
silent reading
jazz sleepy smiles
she eases into the courage of letting
while I confound self-rage and family war
history of world order tirades, drunk
Saturday wailing inside art dives
cackling unheard in a relationship
that hovers above our felt dreaming

days that drift perfectly, to reflect the pain
that grows in scams of conversed soliloquy heights,
and merging thoughtless to a secondary grin
that mumbles across the thin lips, a fan
starved off love in the dry heat, shocked
suburbia, 20 rooms, holding, disassociated
family praise, social malaise, ruinous
the worst trial, a gross, thick tide, sucking
back curling emotional stupidity, willing

a ghost, in that fearful music, host
bellowing, tapping wildly, to forgotten tracks
to lonesome whispers, groaning over ice
charted throats, lined with predictability, slow
tame followings, in time to crave the flood
our ancient fame, a distinct human age
our purity, of knowledge and passion
to direct the generations that roam
sick, in deserted lands, genesis
linked, our bones, resting,
in the earliest form of humanity,
posing over rocks aglow with intellect
a natural fire, dawn, sitting knee-high
in lotus seeds...

Calgary Winter 09'

soul word-slip

she exits, diminished, bodiless
spirit, or soul word-slip (meaning)
at the door, he crumbles
grandfather cookie
humility, human end
laugh, after-show
coffee before, crying
numbed, blackened
barefoot, cool, running...
and all, months later
he learns through
devastating experience
rough, slackened grief
our parting, plainly flying
away, she snuck a seed
laughter, embittered
with soft sweet tears
an ethereal delight,
my sweet, unnamed
by this body of hunger
yet enslaved by fruition
self-action, in the moment
one look, held, and gone
breathless, to the uprooted
Indian swoon, ghost-like,
remains, in child repose
the grandiose music
egotistic adulthood
history's fragmentation
identity, a mixture
between people, land
and the spirit in between

Calgary Winter 09'

Man towards Mule

ghost stalking, whispers
human division, blind
my inside vision, I stir

personal betrayal over
family history, in spirit
the moment's occurrence

on this very land, quiet
peacemaking, mobility
tight screws, the factions

an embittered mind
each hour, dying
to the painful alcohol

grimace of glum infamy
brewed, wide, drunken
grave stammers, a laugh

to the holy fix and we are
reduced to a liar, crying
man towards a mule

Calgary Winter 09'

on the importance of clothes...

"I guess I just have a hard time getting used to this life is all."

pause. no wind today. inside, without a trace of the humane.

"outdoorsman?"

"not a chance."

"the TV is on! you have, now, nothing to say? after 40 years? how could you favor this goal? a sucker punch, yes to the face!"

beleaguered but

high I did let him

inside, I did, and

without controversy or sorrow.

the kitchen light beckons

so clock it out, guilt trip

pilgrimage?

"not any more!

suckers to the grave"

"won't you follow me to die,

I can not take myself anymore"

the ego folk, "away...ultimately, it is true, and NOW you will die always, don't you know fella, hey."

So, I've been stayin' up movie/news/sex, watchin, flippin' on Washington, district of Colombia, "town destroyer" of NY fame", oil spill, rouse with serendipitous spice, fire to light the opening, wide and open as the wide crevasse of grandfather, west, Rainier memory, Washington, there too

"is he in you?"

anyway, so I catch a trench feeling, like we're still at war

generations of unconscious healing, feather-smith of American pride stands, thick-limbed in my house

"who are you?"

why, not, the voice of me, you must be you, and I me! the sad, "why try?" and remained silent, such a kind guy.

I thought,

feeling the presence of myself, as another, brutish, uninvited, a burden, a sin, yet here always, and somehow still loved, creation of our collective haunt, tribal past, coming back, now...a bird's chirp

I take off my shorts,

I pray and sweat

black fast of day

Winter 09'

N.W. Calgary. I chase my Love barefoot out into frozen, icy pavement

Mourning Fix

Hovels. Alabama wilderness. "Speak, of a history that cowers, sick with a thirst for music, to transform the silent yawn of near-frozen despair." On edge, waterless, people will their fasting into the deep, lone night of elderly decay. Before the horizon, dwellers believe faraway country norms. Inside their homes, strong lights warp the wooden walls, and metallic roofs shrill with sporadic gusts. Winds brew derangement. The awe of clear restitution. "Glumlob", covered with light-gray hair, standing just below four feet, wearing a beardless face, deformed by wrinkle lines, deep, obscure with the weather of age. "Xeres", rebel leader, endures violence, assassination plots. "St. Nein", rural scholar, free-thinker, musician, extremely poor, segregated. "Burro", foreign worker, banal habits, uninspired consumer. Outside a Bavarian tavern. Pastures of spruce and wheat. The aftermath of an impassible addiction. Disease symptomatic of itching and wanderlust can be smelled in the air, pungent as dung-heaped flats. A nameless affliction, a garrulous drunken wave of bored displeasure among local tradesmen and salespeople. They appear outside at the street's edge, dumbfounded under their trenchant guise, a creeping fear follows them into the dry, cold hours, moments before the dawn of twilight. First calls from birds of prey pierce an unnerving silence. Glumlob sits down, careless on a bent stool. "Who rose?" Xeres: "The ghouls of sleep, thickening in the atmospheric pull of a drifter sunk in unborn misery." St. Nein reads silently from a withered sheet of paper, and speaks softly to himself between lung-gaping drags of burly smoke. "Why follow thirsting martyrs, bellowing unbroken curses on foreign tides, drowning the earth in a rage, forlorn and dry as the terse dismay of a few weary soldiers?" Xeres: "We are at the core of the tame, yet a sickened border cult sounds off conspiring larks in the unmarked wilderness, bled to the rinds of our acid relation with the filth of their horrific cries. They fade passive in the rustic flesh of a moody and wiry plan, unmentioned in the morbid treatises of ancient sacrifice. Their smoke still blows." Glumlob: "I am not a curse, nor speak in chants from the fluidity of a light, youthful heart. I feel a temptress fill seeds with Earth's blush-filtered fires. She says, 'Empty your soft tragedy in my arms and I will test your heart through the flood of untold masteries over a single eye.'" Burro: "Not one, a voluntary throat enables the passage of gold, a joke to lure the strange into the motion of a boundless, silent world, a moat to challenge the mind with work and frame the body with cruel consternation." Xeres: "They are Earth, and their lark is native to no one...to all. Who flies with an intake of breath that shudders before the majesty of creation." Burro: "A placeless, brutish following! Now, a land smoldering with sameness, deaf to the slightest sound from its ashen praise, and crackling in the laughter of muck under the sharp flits of a songbird's talon, etched into the browned womb of singularity. We croon at the false violence of livid lands." St. Nein, between pauses, atop a righteous pedestal of experience, "Hmmm...." Silence. He returns inside.

Somewhere in Alabama. December 25, 2009

Notes

Mental Drifting
in the Institution

Snaking into the Staff

sit. motionless. pang. stretched organs. our prepared flesh. wordless, eye strain. stinging.
drunk. weaselly. budding, stub. a nail. flash. tax. action. instilling, drugs.
bridge drive, arranged. to meet, the feeding. worldly, distanced. urge to the fair

agreement, curse. breathing, childish. meaning, to sink. anxious, into night. felt, to create
feeling. why, discouraged? blink. kind. engraved. soured, itching. scrambled. frayed
speaking, in flies. for the wide, broken tour.

into spatial ignorance. pride. exits. joke. in the human cosmos, fastening bugs to brains.
thinking, anger. festive rage of lively fusions. pray. grandfather ghost. smiles. filtered
energy. gloating gloomily. in bent, naked hurt. failing to see

the spirit, in useless dirt. our measly thought-light croaks under a swollen moon. pouring
tepid firsts of pregnant water in the rubber steam. maroon chests handing over unspoken,
godly yurts. in the generational lair of myth

undocumented tribes sing in Russian, “burden? in a society of lawless insanity?”
grounded by the bull and chicken. in a move toward prized enjoyment.
stained. soaked. rites. language passes into a digested cultural mucous

pleasure. interpretive greed. endless mildew-cajoled night. begging for phrasings of
suspicion and bombs. warped in a name spelled with mathematical shine.
murderous. bellowing. fascist.

escaped. instructed healing. eligible for terrorism. divisive. worsening. us. stringy
crunching maize. all. grounded. mushroomed. into the visionary land of boundary
dissolution. round of musical volcanism

surging up with another life. astral minds plugging frequencies of elders. voicing. rope-
throated. panic. civilized. delight. as metaphoric, unborn consumption. grows, red ears.

aware measure, lessening inside, whines screaming to experiment with grass.
faded heights. leading to trapped violations. joined to oriental rugs. snaking back. into the
staff. Sinai

Maize Maze

lied. class, dread. Cancer, friend. blue in mind. eyes spun, burning. street.
eating heat and leaves. scarring. gross need. bored. drained need

ruffian. blind guise. covered snake. built, deranged. hurrying far, to drink
light tar, worry. hardened clots. estranged as a flicked finger. talk

raised mild & wise. early. mundane feet. breeding. in sleep. learn to war
randomly, grain. a lie, buried. divine. judging a cry. forgetting them to get high

blurring answers. to mourn. wish-stick. fixed. corrosive smoke. lick. mean
bold, caffeinated stories. crumbling in donut stores, chalk-faced cops

not budging. bland disaster. congratulated, for a laugh. joking to be ordained
the blood-lined. seat of soft anguish. tragic. frozen sweetmeat. feeling stomachs.

cool, to more pain. fractured, waning and suffered fasting, molding to the booze. flood of
beauty, sick drug. torn. filling white earth. to face masculinity, spitting

genital ash. following reserved, slaughtering. traditionally mixing strict and sore
a lush, imprisoned. curving shot. into infants. flying. to join the play. dead

wasted in hate and fire, "oh my Dorothy of whorish witchery, chillin' in Kansas with a
lord of green corn mound prophecy" only bludgeoning the scalp of a

painted sky. choking graves with free dreaming. orchards poor. rakish wife
storm-brought blues, on America's southern news. rhymin' caves. slug droppin'

grooved into the slack of an addict. bothered. tongue flat as a Spanish knife
used to distort a morbid trance of bread. there is a dry golden torch. repeating

shadows of histories. on the shaking lips of the mindless. reading binge. afraid
all the way to the moaning shores. bitter. chained & faking an illness. gaining

hot perspective in a dry maize maze

Sleep Cycle

Dreamscape in Thirteen Parts

Jailed Desire

Between horseshoes, wild figments of the bailiff, we screamd, shouting in a huff, all distanced by a few proud, gruff. The way we learned another song I've heard, and soundly kissd the way she sang, all day. "To forget yet another grave to hate, passd out, laughin". Strains into the mornin' lite, all-grated into a horror-show spawn disguise. "Ol' bang and swingin grains". We hatched a sharp-end perfect, swayd earth to curve around another worth, possibly shameful night, with a hardend wretch. "Why anger the groove under temptations' wide-n-smooth, deprivd negligent hide?" Says, "I could figure another way to escape, think I will just stay. The moon's been a whole lot of warnin' cries. She lovd the way I said wantd to be only the way I was gonna." See the face speak from a glowin' tomb, shrinkin' under a cool gust in the sky-blackend with storms' sheer foam springin' aimlessly round the answerin' groans, all gone cold. "Take me way, take me dry but I wont stay inside, chain my feet or mark me a slave to the firin' plain brink or edge, you been stringin' from the endless lofty ledge, please no, why I see arms got a surprised smile." Says, "Burnin' hi, forehead's gray with streaks of nicotine blinks, train of thought's stolen for pick, nail". Early passd street, we panicked with crosses cold as iced holes, breathin above the haloed spring of living hair, flesh, speaking a language of the grand, distressd, socialist dodge. "Brew an ache static as the flame that died to a wind". Says, "Birthd as a string flown to the herbalist's charm, transformed to gold across the person of a mind hurt with smoke and envy". The wine mildew sunk and spilld caressing unearthd wizardry of yearnin for lanky blessd panegyric gong that hung to mine; meccan youth judged to the spike of a bestial frame, calld to throatsing the burnt fungi of a stinkin dungeon, smoulderin, challenge the furtive upbringing of the snaky eyed, bloody as few ethnic spines that learnd of another god, slowly now: "The joke of a ghou!, bursting at weasel's chimes, astringent, wedgd into a prairie, fanned to the thick-bodied beggar, playin' a screw for a watch, prayed to time in the elegant methodology of a chalky-lipped stooge, full-bellied in the fecal ditch of corrupt Latin drains, pitchd as a tipis' vent, sputterd wise, drawling off the addicts' cheek,

aflame enraged, millions marching, horses, wandering, political blinds of a drunk, sniffing child, hailing cabs with torches of mirth, biblical wonder, losing the page and fooled magic theatre, in a spayd cats' sight, silenced by the caverns of traditional modernity, butchered and bought out, for a smitten tongue-splash, alcohol-grasping ears, to heal the flashd out apocalyptic dawn of chosen beauty in one amiable decision to live on, mountain of home, nested in the light, sheer as the nights' weird desert plague of sadness, blamed on a drum for the beat of divorcd madness, sick derisive patterns of wordless imagining, in the pictured life among the arisen void". Kernels of lingering issues ailing laughters' fine, even oblong walk, to pirated weak blundering, among the fold of zerod bombarding, chantin somethin sweet as we followd the morbid west, a new vine of soulless hierarchies, pantheon smudge, bellowing hot

29 December 2009

Jailed Desire II

pierced chests
sacrificed suns
languish virgin
diseased, eaten
away, passively
medicine, smoke
mushroom, feast
blurry, flies bleed
into lines drawn
across the mess
painful junk, rights
infuriated guessing
approaching vast sky
as we believe the truth
our strange inklings
lied stagings, grounded
in death. "We fled
to turn back and drink
more of the community
strength's enduring"
"Higher than mind
or knowing, to the rains
that fell, before
we were hearing
or feeling"
Resembling, entranced
under the botherd
remorse, an embrace
to fall backwards
free the tremulous
nerve-scratchd swoon
we longd for
in our prison cell
aghastr at the last key
sleeping, too close
to be undreamt
in the winking fires
a jailed desire.

29th December 2009

waking in brother's old room, south shore Massachusetts

Sour Mangrove

spiraled dawn, fractured by a scintillation, inspiring madness, divine on the back wall of the cemetery, laughter rises up, as a freakish hand, to the crack of dreams lying prepared, as spilled ash freezes in a line, trembling freer than a rocked flash

“oh, entice this sickness to crash on the empire's doorstep, last before the carnage to fall quakes in the morning, with a demonic call, to become the jeering weasel, creaking easy, as high distance, in fear, lost”

“oh, answer the way, down in a secondary moment of the past, and fail again, many times, before the all-sinning divide resurrects, and pulls a smoked rash into the proud-eyed swarm of law, designed incoherent judgment, a watery blue ball, rapt in flames, engulfed in the name”

“oh, teacher reckon these wild fearful days and bring a match to the beacon of disgusted hopeless praise, mingle in the trenches of early born war and massacre the Spaniards' fine-tipped sword with your unbeaten sexual gaze”

“king of chance, demean drizzling fat rockets of gold into airy stress, too weak to hear the girlish dress, inside awakened folds of unearthly charged breasts, milked overly cold, the meaning of minute's waiting, slow, coerce the brushes up rushd unspoken holes, for skies rinsed with wide unbroken souls”

languid breezy smile, faked with lust and heat, sought for a secret, to unlearn the science of imprisoned screaming and blame the system of greed for a confidential reason

“oh order, shot underneath the web of another silver writing, needing breath hotter than grease, to undermine the figments of wailing that reach silently under a workdesk, burned with anger and speed, forced wallet-grime fingers, lush with sound over a neck grappled with such violent space, as a necessary belief swallows the final touch, cored by horror, spewd, juiced, vociferous high deities, grounded by a morbid sloth-beast ransacking the lame-throated goatbeard child, filing nails of distance and fire”

“oh, chaotic freedom, aspire to that immense wish for the world gone in a hat, while a savioress gets scratched out to the rounded and blasted, mourning, eating away at a mothers blessed mint door, bordering on mangroves' sour”

(pummeling claps)

December 30, 2009
waking in Dad's trailer, central Massachusetts

complete erase.

gasp. no more, in the walk to ultimate freedom, awaiting, pleasant, her dream beckoning the wall, to no more, no more destined failure, washed up foolish hunger “and where was our lost flesh sent to?”, “to what mind do we owe greatest thanks and hate?”, wanting nothing but flash of secondary moments, a lie filled with hot life, rancid as individual fluid, rushed with a frequency beyond laughter in the brain, toward mangy street rest, bothering, crooked business, soft hut ogres, crunching, naked breath, earth’s only way unspoken distant, gone and needful, buzzed rotten cool, thinking reeds following chaotic borders dissolved in the magic flight of a shamanic musician, wild as the same freakuency, pulling shots, arisen horror, forlorn tristessa of my jack, still in the caring halls of learning, bearing children, hollowed, a smoking god, to reach and find no one, to coast ashore with the alone, alone, trashed feet, breaking on another flat grassed fan, to spare little mashed, mangled fright withering perfectly as a grave

sold, to my holy day saint, “hush darling this is the great lashing in refrain for a new job, gain on your late résuméed future, booming as drifters curl, hurt on the urban train, vision and drool, still awake to perspired contemplations, minutes”, “oh, dont take this wizard to the back where no one is straight, low and behold the apparent answer, making a vile disease useless, as mail i sent u piled, wiring, manhandling the phantom, guess, a body?” no response. heard, as wicked night, random wordings, move, joking and more real than any unstable usage, planned or given by a womb, man-aneurism, choking on tortured lights, visiting the bold, raced lie, fainting, unknown to the mimicking hostess, floating, spun to hold on, with all mustered might

my older life, drained by fueled addictions, to cope with this, singular mess the town/city/village/globe, no home, no where. “oh roam and dont stare, transfixed mesmerized, memorized lore, oralities, lunging thru, crimes gunned in, to a poor nation at war, always why always more, no place, goin to the stor, to break dollars for latching hands, grasped on the destitute mold, transforming personal deaths to vain moonless pride in Argentina, powerless, as listening to a pyramid

topped song, hung by original love, to tongue-singing trees, grumbling, just for me, about the famous play we changed, into a spectacle of humanity”, thats all over, for now, grisly drug stoppd pleasures, wheeling paint into a toxic hillock smoldering, and fading, without being, told, as the evil kissing of a mind stupefied, inside blind fraught alleyway, locks, killing moneyed brands with a touch and a knife, and we lose another life to fragments of pale oversight, ran away

“please, do breed, act on noise channeling”, the island of man, dining on spectral grams, weighed for the thriving or buried hands that catch old certainties, veils nesting, birds’ elders, burning natural, as only our pain, collected suffering, pit baths of ancient rain, manifested rock, enlivened in the sacrificed birthing of choice, into that, right, there

December 31, 2009

waking in the night to great-grandmother’s ghost shadow, upstate New York

to lose your minds

can you tell me, why do you want to lose your minds? “is it not a functional device, stronghold of impurity, weak as a right, a vile desire, entrenched in the quickening of race and drabness, old as a tire-stretched din, shrieking at dawn with favored kids, roped to the sound, in time, only for a moment”

“to flesh the wicked rot spawn of loss, and unaddressed wires, fuming ghastly as the corpse that smoked wild smoke, and leapt to a magic unseen and disbelieved, except by the weeded, freak-smiling lawmakers at dawn”

the hopeless mold, sweetened by an unearthly jail of round toxic commotion, encircled in ash and loneliness, wakefulness to the sole breath of god, and waiting awhile for the noose, tightened, alas, around the saviors’ brightened tooth, shown under a restful laugh

the wine, ineffectual and risking only enough to swear to no one, rewarded, through the oceans’ own vibrant chord, and hot, for sacrificial sand-scratched backs, felt within the dress of swine, purchased for a dime-bag, tossed to the fated morning

“my grainy voice reeks of longing, troubled to no end, in the lusty broken night, golden and faded with respite, saving face, pulled to the fold, uninspired as a day of regularity, the fair look past earless frauds, speaking with openly scrubbed, soundless lungs, drugged to the frame, dosed by a spectacle, as the nurse brings fear, eats drought, spelling out our long-lost estranged name

a moon-sought grave of deep cursing, in spite of the knife that walks slow inside my brain, touching the memory of her worst game, sagging, pitiful in a cold, spotted psychic breeze, to worship pain-frightened bursts of shame”

“oh now, go, now the rest is through, ask for her without lesson or host, follow the bold ungrateful, nothing” enshrined in grief untold, before grand fires of unspeakable age and prophesy, struggling into artificial birth to stave away the beast enslaved, and shirtless as the mindful ape, greeting the apple-eyed cheek, lustered maid, in black, draped, skin soft with a rasped sunlit core, hurt for more

*January 1, 2010. Upstate NY
waking on the ground among many brothers and cousins under the sacred tree*

Rushed Earth

“majestic beauty of rushed earth,” to quest, rinsed of ritual hatred, town-crier ancient as the dust, gone, sailed into the flux of a speedy end, “arisen to stone but failed, shrank to mist, sold mazes for tears”

“speak forgetting, tirade, overpowerd en masse, graven ways, all-rod pillaging, wet grass, ripe with death, last empirical strife, taken in, beside a higher method, to faint, inside, true holy fresh sex, urban design, in reality a lanky mess, malnourished as the cannibalistic nest of a stolen myth, flown to a drier world, lie, emptied, finally onto a galactic bed-mind, driven to care by the universal arm, longer than her religious hair, stretching with the stink of being, profound bottom”

underground the blessed, streaked with Spanish glass, by the ruminated horrors of an indigenou maid, flatter, the musical pride, entertaining a flash of might, so wrong as to curve the necks and spines of the belittled womb-child, comely human, raised by stray feet, bewildered by crime, ghost-drunk closet spume

church, flown to the features of visual reason, to gawk and spit at the emotional, lover, with bird-eye wisdom, live as the swift indecisions of bored murderous light, teachings, taken with blood, from an unknown force, futile.

January 2, 2010
waking in the car back into east coast megalopolis

Spare my Spit

“spare my spit for an ear, bridged, in between irrelevant careers, colder than Arctic creativity, weirder than a priceless beard, swindled mountain lites, swearing to the rigid, riskd queers, in African skynite”

“met with awesome leery winebreathed poetries, scamming belief as local voices smeard over the plain desert, deafening remedies, our vegetal eye notices tears migrating to the next cry, binging on inky leafd youth”

records, bought for tolerant fines, in church, court haus pub, leaking world music for the price of a return to immediate emergency, infants plug back into word technology, engineerd by a spirit, uncontrolld, as sheer life, pickd up for the squirrely thumb, to rest sure, yet distorted, through sound vents bursting to the core in an orgasm of business, enchanted fury, frost

“moaning as sturdy as the rope, swung, slimily in a near eastern croakd city, first breaking headway, violent, to protest with *digna rabia* \ dignified rage, answerable only within rucksack bottom keeps, filld to the brim, with shockd women and her malnourishd breastfed kids, fainting in a black tub of earth

a host of speeches given to the tune of a ruse, nonplussd to the worst, trembling, to a French expression, asinine as huckleberries, nude blush skinnd, back throbbing, in the American inquisition of thought, theatric freedoms blooming hotter than nukes, roughing in the dirt, caught in political webs of armed trade”

a frantic mage, sparkld with flushd shame, dancing succinctly to uprisen names, guitarists, bunchd in with surly rhythmic asps, electric in the rakish dust, to heed the roomd ailing temptress, cringing at an instantaneous alcoholic mask, carvd into the rite of days and journeying in a glide down racing paths

“from the mountains, worshippd gaze as estranged as a foodbank, flourishing madly in a churlish booth, fountain spurning liminal trespassers, in a just tirade, isolating occupied human vats”

January 3, 2010
waking in Dad's trailer, for the last time

Navel of Being

“stir.” “and what would i say? to you? wonder, uninspired. flat. pasty. framed hexagonal, out of spite, prepared by national nativity, spawned ugly, to thwart swung gills, cushioned by a sacrament of fear”

bluish fine, heard at the doorstep, launch into the outer outer face, punishd by grub, bleary entwined, drunken hatching, encouraged to bleed freely, whitish as millions of empires hunting forgotten manmade laws for granted, strapped to so much matter, holed or scrappd, left out, dried mushroom fat, swollen, spiritual, one mind, in the car

mother, bringing the fight into graying arms, of purring sweets, led to buy blessings for an herbal meeting, “not a simple treat, or yes?”, “missing, foreign salivating gifts, to unwind repeatedly unknowingly, hastily, it’s a tragedy”

wick-smashd show, ton gin rush, “and fix quick or else, nail a thrifty lick on burst gums, haunting the navel of being.”

*January 4, 2010
waking in my old room, south shore Massachusetts*

Spurious Blame

spurious blame, the corridor, towards bristling fame. glum, rock-stopping angelic veins, bellowing green, mud into a ghastly shatter-dome, factory, cone, rummaging into wounded entrances of museum embellishments

veering off the possible pathway, and sworn to ruining, nursed to zero, wanting, defiled, rambling on the cursed block of a nomad's goal, always westernized to mean not-a-thing!

crazy intellect, brine, unfeeling, as the dreams of a horse-destroyer, cruel, menacing peace in the morbid fashions of contemporary lividity, as the canned terrorist restrains their own land, to dismember a tribal blend, drunk, still consuming lessons from the unchanging, unceasing word

continuing through, an endurance of resilient constancy, towards unfathomable infinity, as we prize the possessed lord, presidential, sitting atop class and race, as the manikin spits our obvious and necessary fate, chained, weand 'fraid, chores neglecting the thrusting soothing light, panicking

“so drive faster, destinations a-dead go combing thru billiond papers, moving, spent with a spurning lust, for the most high ancient door, opening and closing, the divide between the here and now”

all restless for the goddess, entranced, to wish for an insight into humorous rants, in the closet flesh of a city bum, gotten it gooder than whats made already for their senseless devotion, in trust, and giving, the silent offering, a body owned by one you, deciding to end, ending

trapd, no way or all ways, frozen and run through with embitterd forceful pace, mending aggression okayd in conflict space, judgd by no personal waste, thrown to atheists, identified by winded ruffian kids, lurching forth with anxious patience, sacrilegious

“seeded sickness, martyrd in the glass caverns of shapd reckoning, calling forward, a landless vanishing, as the finished evocations of dynastic slavery train the eyes of a rat-fish bestial love”

“groping for home, just say...what there is to not say...give me a thinnd breach of time and place, wake me from the driveling, selfless, thrashd disorder, invite emotional nothing, and non-thinking, over indulgent visitings, the trunk, swirld for a banishd world, created from the nearly unmade”

a timeless ocean of intent, bespoken visceral imagining, the spontaneous friend as a nonhuman entity, alleviating the pinkish, boring stress, coarse as a matchstick, curved with lint from a monotonous parasite of recycled minuteness

“cancerous star, respirate to spiritual rhythms of blue jungle, worn to the ghostly, inflamed aftermath of murderous self-trickery”, the shadow fool playing facts again, misshapen to a crutch, “individually percieve'd be's the cleand slate”

January 5, 2010

waking on the couch, mother's house, living room

Zany Paradigms of Falsehood

“zany paradigms of falsehood croon, beaming, lost in a dream.” high, driven alive, awry
by and by, lively inside my mind, finding a screen to need, freed [] wakefulness,
asleep, calling beyond, to meet, naked beauty, afraid, open, sunken with frail cruelty, she
drips, crawling as the serpent shakes and freezes, blind, away

my knife spawned, close, too impoverished, i die to the other child and fallen, bleak,
“me!” the way screamed, cried and chained, “oh, why dont the tears fly and rise up?”

my hands drop, unspoken, as a distant lie, morose as a French curse, the deep shore of a
lover, pressed, stealth, “to the mission! to penetrate ungodly religion, made, unborn, into
steams of sorrow, laughing and playing to musicians' lands, wailing silent as an ocean,
peeled back across the skin of great feminine being, solid as the rock dome of an ancient
keep, prism of failure”

staunch in black, feigning desire, to spread soft, glows of eyes, feeling
insect, "wines?...sorry", fated, wicked, eastern nights, blown strong, into a second dust
too, uncaring

“my gain...drained smiles of her prepared streaming, sweetly, as a fairy, creeping neatly,
beneath covers' dampening, swift as an animal's caress, all-daring and sour as the lips that
struggle for life on earth”

bottled, swaying, as a window's secretive tree, gone, staring, she answers in another
language, misunderstood, as a chill sickness swarms, helpless, my plans go, married to
the hail outside, beating on spines in search of blood, as a body, thick with unmarred bite,
hairy as her loud whisper, pained for a sight into the heart of a blind shriek, needful,
grave

they moan, unsaved and childish, as the foam blocks of early morning, shunned, to push
further into a vaporous must, breathing slowly, unshaven, cringing sucks, plush
wanderings, joking with a rustic nose, fled through travelers' own tempting, as a shallow
demon, rustling quietly in the mud of purity, unchallenged by the woman of law, in a
racist hot and trite country

brewing chalky rushes into a golden drum, swallowed toward the newness of floods,
fleshy core, drugged to the round of no more, always, mine, no-eye

January 6, 2010

waking in a friend's house, near to seemingly endless wetlands

Breathtaking Images

“I would look at breathtaking images, washed in the spine of you. And I’d ask you for a wine-thought rumination, satisfied, to speak without rhyme”

“now, relax, that way, with your shaken grasp, you’re like no one I couldn’t catch, and the way your chanting licked soundly, to the unfeeling beat of inner heat, that wouldn’t go to sleep, not without you, begging, again, again”

“to hear me say, I would like to spend another day, loungin with no reason at all, but to see another look on that face, lit up by anxious time, early, glad, in the whitened spot of glorified horrors, a shot that slipped, gruesome to the touch, waning in catastrophic night”

“blended by an unanswered beckoning, a stressful weed, inspired unto the forgotten rush of your sweet rustic cheeks, shinin, unashamed, to show the uprisen following, a blue rough mood that sang, intoxicated in the brutish grind of a soundless street, hazin away in a soft deep, that came with seed, to vanish in hot forsaken mornings of hidden truths”

“as we swallowed awful breaths of meager, sinking failure that gave it her all and courageously fit into the brew of panic and surprise, we could figure the rains as they hit, charred disdain, our unfeeling dream of croaking drink and vile moans that troubled our disgraced fugitive, blame”

“as I sought your Gaelic whispers with a charm of sage-grass forlorn, there spun a hint of deranged angst for the painful distance expressed in the silent age of rasping damage, to condemn unknowing for the broken guilt that goes aimless and unforgiving, as the bellows of sorrow and unchosen regret of a million graves, violating the entrenched sky”

as journeys go, afraid, into the wild calls of a single space

January 7, 2010

waking in my step-father’s basement, listening to nostalgic vinyl

Of sex and intellect (I have too many things)

This night, this life, I have too many things. In this society, that brings the free to seek the wizardry of greed again, the foul upbringing of the nameless increase. Our lands, striven against hate, scintillant, before enemies of needless suffering.

Believing in want, designed haunts of spells, gore, advertised as shaven religion, watching, perfect, the embittered ear, the strange gods of money. Bastards from wars of holy judgment, burning at the feet of a character flaw, bleeding profusely.

A nail, shot, as bridges hollow in the tooth of a filthy savior, trapped with anger and speed. Rats of knives speak with the trunks of battered forests, fled into naked, well-fed avenues of the poor, treating flies to ambush praise in the flat, rusted movie of dead order.

Morbidity, for a war that drew Earth into a mild farce for the wicked and insane. Feeling prisons weep to the core, unfulfilled, as a lie, ingrained amid the few doors that wandered in their cold, arranged eyes, murderous...to the inside.

Of a lover who never cried or changed in a mental environment of sick waste, filtered through human skin, pushed to a nose of rinsed bewilderment, churned in an inescapable burning. Among the hungry futile life, to wait around the corner for sex and intellect.

*8th January 2010
waking in my old room*

A message for the few

“What do they wish?” The history of medicine: willing a more, as dawn's flooding
Pangaea moon. Learning a thought that prayed to the rise of millions. Brooding in a hush
of murmurs' purring, staccato.

In the high noise, thick loss of urban fate, mimicked. Little jokes of the awake. Realizing
there is another way, we mold to fading holes of light with a frail groom.

Pungent, sweeping the dirt as a mad croon that explains why the only face is still hiding,
scared of pirates' golden noon. Talk of visions shone fake over a desert wilderness,
streaming towards fantasy.

A tire sparks. Rancid ghouls appear, mangy as industrial lands. Controlled by the mind of
unborn dreams, as our mundane praise sickens the grieving. Erasure of a loveless burden.

"For the intensity of an aspiring fear? Towards the weird?" Linguistic tribes pour over
their bandaged fingers of torrent for one emotional quake. Staring into the invisible frame
of a point, blurred, by the enamored blessing of a groveling elder, randomly guessing at a
phrasebook of risk and laughter.

To the nervous body of tradition, tortured by hours of sitting in tragic rooms, oblivious to
all of the news in the world. Among gross and entombed friendships with eternally dead
subjects, to write possibilities in the voice of a suicidal mage. Thanking the lessons of the
flesh in an impoverished state.

*January 9, 2010
waking in my room in Calgary*

A Visit to L.A.

Fraternal Desperation,
and the Mystery of Continuity

The snowball effect

Pacification. Air-dead. Noxious, looming. Distracted meds field stringent commentary.
All-wrong. Misinformed delusion. Gray-haired, wisdom.

Bold, boom music. Drunk on sleep. Feeding, extreme, weak binge. Insane night.
Wheeling through migrations. Globalizing responsibility. For no one.

Healing engrossed, wild. Inviolable demise. Undone law. Ruin. Demeaned personality.
Locked, unmovable. Warm concrete. Derailed Western dream.

920pm. Feb 18. 2010

L.A., caged windowed building, pesto pasta and one cigarette

An attempt at prose?

The prosaic swells across the street from Rae's. The diner of movie scenes blinks neon, insatiable. I hover stagnant and idle, seated along Pico Boulevard. With the music on to the point where heads drone, condemned by sadness, anger in the night drifts, unseen. Into the memory of Pacific Highway East.

Troubled by the sound of Hendrix, the *curandero's* word, my thoughts, gaze, affixed with a tight clasp around my cellphone, waiting. Last call from the girl whose elegant stairwell has led, with gentle steps, Canada to Los Angeles.

Did she follow? There are random lights, amiss. Television stares glide into time. The stolen tools of history, on the back of a piano-man's ghost vanishing, listening to itself with a destructive attitude. Famine touches the spiritual sanity of highway fences.

We board the intuition that fails to comply with the original intent of a country, as the idea of land. And how do we face the sorry array of new experience, reaching the faded heads of wealth-derived insight?

Ruminating, detailed with a pertinent memory, seeking clarity, a process of several ordeals. Knowledge imbalances and physical immolation, to understand with greater awe, the only mystery...continuity.

Feb 19, 2010
L.A. apartment

An attempt at ethnography

The willing sink in their seats. Pure elements rain on the few. They are felt, inspired. The air is too hot. It is dreamed, with steam and smoke. Waking is consumed with the taste of ash. Phoenix appears, ultimate silence. Insects play, hidden under the weather. It is not by theft or distraction, yet imbued with meaning. Blink and you will see.

“Only a bit of sugar. Graze the flesh.” She was out of control. “The adult bookstore is two blocks down.” “Thanks, we will take more juice.” The waitress grimaced. “Or was that a smirk.” I was blatantly high. “It took my power to think.” “And what would you rather believe?” “Well, why don’t we just leave it up to Trav.” “He’s taking classes with that darned Jehovah’s Witness.” “The music is too loud in here.” “We could flip on the tube.” “I don’t like your taste.” “Fuck you.”

The conversation devolved many times. On couches. Between walls. There are instruments lying around, pens, speakers, pillows, drinks, shoes, sandals, a tie and a hat, a camera, and cigarette.

“Any color?” “You are not so creative, the art in you has fallen all out of whack after your stint with that musician!” “He wasn’t a musician... more like a theatre host for the oldest religion in all of mankind... money.”

There are heart attack shudders of breath in the audience, multiple elderly persons stagger out in shock. “How may you be served tonight, Sir?” “A fifth of your finest whisky and a choice cigar... please rush!”

The man falls, leaning off the counter to reveal his belt line, throwing his arms up in fiery dismay. “He appears on the edge of vomiting.” “How pathetic!” A soft exclamation marks the pathway of the old man.

His steps, heavy, pull a near-catatonic state into his penguin suit. All brain patterns mimicked break, sparks of life form like embryonic exoskeleton brine. The old man fights for air and footing.

“We perceive this as if it is really taking place.” “I...can’t...take...this...some...one... HELP!” He croaks.

“There is a line that gathers outside of the cathedral today, for a member of royalty has passed into the netherworld. We lost another of the empire’s great leaders and conceivers. Feel the impossible friction through the passageway into the beyond. Poetic voices stir, rising with the afternoon, as one humanitarian god is so...greatly, missed.”

The hospital drives home a maddening suspicion, human error. There are indifferent army medics, soldiers of health, surrounding technical masterpieces. Two stunning works of horror art display themselves like toy idols to the Babylonian gods that turned the world exodus to fly-swatting paranoia.

The tanks roll away. All is calm. The nuclear curtain backfires into the intelligence realm. In a hush...

*Feb 19, 2010
L.A. apartment*

“My home is at war.”

“My home is at war.”

There is no more to say.
So I said nothing.
When no response is needed,
don't even show a face.

“There is no room,
for necessity.
We are past that.

We live for ideology,
and we have abandoned spirit
for the still death of the end.”

Feb. 19, 2010
L.A. apartment

Haunted by lack of breath

“An event as likely as this is unfounded and resolved by superstition, a false awareness as stupid as the pacifist dictum that we are all in this together.”

“No. There are tribes, and factions and split interests, and we are all told about the unrealistic bittersweet glue of division, that mood, that never fails to involve the spheres in an inhuman effort towards realized entropy, a part of impermanent love only felt inside, as with individual luck, lonely and indescribable.”

“We are sour, forlorn disgusted by the mold we have cast so brightly on the backs of our mothers in heat, at this very moment, shrugging the bone-splitting, excruciating vein, standing for the truth of every existence, always.”

“A struggle to exist in any form, whether by ideology or bread, the resonance of the painful universal cry into an imperfect echo that was never us.”

“We transformed, unrecognizable, in a mirror casting our own reflection dirtied by our pathetic work, for the sick sighs that last in the mind only after approaching the inescapable, finally, complete, resolved, to the last gasp, before the drop...”

“Do we leave?” “We have left, and our question is proof.” “Knowing where you are is to belong and be at home.” “That is what he used to say...” “The first among us, before the white claim on our skin.” “Before the darkness within.” “A time that only exists with extinction, buried deep in the earth.”

“Can we still communicate? If only through our nostalgia, a remorse for the passing prophecy of that unbroken time. It seems now, a place.”

“Important moderns forget Einstein and Darwin, intelligible crisis of acquisition, mental matter, pushed away, in favor of copied flesh: breast, ass, cunt, cock.”

“What sculpted stone gave way to the waste of our natural narcissism, the living reflection of our earth in communion with bark, grass and cloud?” “The taste of its grapes, and the effect on our skin. Idolized, betrayed by the jealous literate in honor of the power that songs emit into the functional mass of the unaware, trying, simply, to get by.”

“Fulfill their role, cast blame and responsibility with the authority of a diminished identity, sinful as flesh.” “The shell, sacred illusion of appearance. To offer beauty in exchange for humanity.”

“Exclusion, by embarking again, to another, more, again, more and again...”

*Feb 19, 2010. 12:02 am.
L.A., brother's apt.*

The end of preconception

Thematic Abuse. Two Versions (one for public consumption, one uncensored). Lost familiarity. Generations. “What blue fire has been found hidden these last few days?” “It is the tax of the many on the few.”

And the brandished awareness of our single life, followed into the brazen evening with full vigor. The young woman revealed her teeth and wore shortened vision on her ring, lacking the ability to forget.

Her rhythmic movements lay agape, to preserve our entrenched faculty, to be remorseful and sick. We lie in the unbounded grease of a pandemic conspiracy, a mass confusion, ringing clear as the empty sky before each face, it sings wryly behind a mask of enraged pain.

“It is a race to the beginning!” “Thieves of fire are out to lunch today. We have no one left to hear...to see...to be...” The groundless mire of slick urbanized gore lets a finishing cackle into the murderous air as we slink into our beds engrossed, in the contemplative gold of our own breath...softly giving way to perfect sleep, buying up dreamless jewelry from rocks of visceral stress.

“Illiterate, unreliable, lazy mediocrity, feigning humanity”. “Who is that who cherishes the meaningless fog? It covers our sanity...”

Animals quiver with stagnant pleas, whimpering in their cages and blinking tears into the loveless dust of the meat they will sacrifice, to a mouth blocked by family honor so loud it tears to fuck all the beauty of being one species.

Feb. 20, 2010

Brimming with dissatisfaction

Brimming with dissatisfaction, untold stomachs ventilate their anointed citizenry. From birth we inhabit a mere stick and shade, creased over with paper shale, as fine as the untouched blood of a vampire's temptress, fooling nobody. Branded with the seal of history. Final and rushed.

“Oh, what dramaturgy for the sentimental, boorish audience of the mob, critiquing, pandering with total, serious divorce from the actuality of place, as the energy that creates law from reason, to implement cost with soul, as in the spiritual night of living ghosts. Do we haunt you?”

“You are my foreboding reminder, behind the veil that shivers with the end of day, returning only for antipodal color, resembling rust, yet focused at bottom-up vines that reach into the endogenous planet. It is leaving earth. We are going with it.”

Morose, pondering, quiet livid environments, mounting critical despair. “To invent mobile society out of nuclear war's momentum, designating separated families among powerless women who reclaim the imbalance, presenting it to experience as embedded duality, the instinctual self.

Who forms riddles into pantomimes, as crowds attain the dominant traditions of power with spoils laid bare, as a maimed corpse, dying in public, inhaling the monoxide strife of millions of unbroken moods swaying to America's glory, victory, at last against the evil tour of human weakness, conquered, finally, within the conception over land.

The intermarriage of technology and war, lightly impairing the newborn wisdom of enjoyment on a carousel that sweeps gently over the mundane division between poverty and us.”

Feb. 20, 2010

Deadly Vision, Part I - War Terms

“Would you kill to support your vision?”

“No.

Two stories speak to me, through eyes that feel, of a voice, setting the tone of our presence, as a phonic visitation to yet another continent, newly arisen from the depths of an eighth ocean. Imagine the opacity in the origins of space...

There are four deities. Each represents a characteristic prevalent in creatures, stones, places, and thoughts. Creatures are animals, plants, water and air. Stones are celestial bodies, crystals and money. Places are meaning, stories, songs and art. Thoughts are actions, emanating from the center of being, heart.

Each of the four deities has an age, and each has a name with which it is remembered by People. The first deity is called, Haumah; Nation. The second is Hakhalah; Community. The third is Mishpachah; Family. And the fourth is Aahtzmi; Self. Today, we are in the age of Aahtzmi.

Now, each age is defined by the enemy or negative force which becomes its downfall, and the obstacle through which the age transforms into a new cycle. Each name for the deities are old titles, announcing the whereabouts of enemies in an ancient language.”

“War terminology?”

“You could say that...although in the time of the Haumah the People identified the enemy, which continues to be known in this cycle as Disease, a malaise of the People, which arrived within the seed of our thoughts, as the feeling of home, our sense of place, and by the subtle movements of our stones. The epidemics of our world were created during the time of the Haumah.”

Feb. 2010

Deadly Vision, Part II - Last Human Epidemic

“Is it possible to question the natural progression of the ages? These cycles are not caused by epidemics, but through a revivification of our human path on Earth, whereby some aspects of ourselves must be shed before other ways of being and living in relation to ourselves as a living host, to experience this universe through the medium of Earth.”

“No, such epidemics, as have outlasted humanity, have shifted our course into a malformed search for objects, a fantasy mirage of unending lust that consumes and overtakes the only worthy pleasure of being alive for a scant mockery of human expression.

This is the age of the Aahtzmi, our enemy is...inside of us. The only way to overcome such an obstacle and press on into a completely reversed progression of cyclical ages is to enact compassion, through love.”

“Hogwash! I have heard it a thousand times. A religious hoax, predictable move. Set about by fear...the fear of death.”

“I speak about a love that has created death as a gift. To release the body as a sacrifice into the ultimate mystery...continuity.”

Fragments of listening pass almost completely unnoticed, the ears of the many are pasted over with an all too delicate warning, that we have gone too far, and any reversal is simply too late...

What awaits? Only oncoming eradication? Ecologic catastrophe, blind resolve and the preconception that the end of humanity has a snowball effect, confounding the masterpieces of nature into a terrible spire that once overcome will lead again into the abysmal fact that the blood of the planet is on our hands. And like vampires we suck Her, Earth, clean.

Gorged of Her brightness to the last drop, we will vomit our ephemeral souls into the gamble of the created universe, a model of imminent disaster, apparent in laughter and the ironic phase of a mind that glows under the unsightly face of blank misdirection, into the last human epidemic: Aahtzmi.

Feb 20, 2010

To the Horizon

“Look...to the horizon!”

“How prophetic...”

“Be patient...look!”

“Give me your gun.”

“The creature defies the boundaries of human sight on Earth, unspoken rarity.”

“Something to tell the grandkids about!”

“Don’t say a word.”

“He wears the animal like spiritual armor.

“The armor hide foretells an onrush of visions, threats to plague the People.”

“Is he a hunter by trade?”

“No, he bears knowledge, carries the burden of speech to 10,000 communities.”

“Each family seeks shelter on the day of apocalyptic forbearance. With it, he is not he.”

“...so they say”

“Legendary reprise...and the hosts of the essential order talk all night...when will they look?”

“A storyteller’s eyes are gifts of death, passing our shared story...If he returns, they will be speechless.”

*850pm. Feb. 20. 2010
L.A., reflecting on a Cree prophecy*

Repeated Dance of the Fluid Earth

Like the repetitious dance of existential demise. Rounding curves, Her glow, slaying all feeling into the warm sunset embrace.

“Our loudspeaker mind mumbles with numbing introspection, blowing bothersome & brooding guises of relief for the too many, patching up their sickly prize of sleep at each departure.”

The growling elderly sit fixated & high, longing for the intimate stay of their grown children, now equal slaves. The history of the Spanish mission-state:

Gone...Through...Over...The brink of delicate awe crashes, sinking in low time, rising with an inward smile. Courageous & sweet, she leaned in to the elegant findings that were spotted, and felt softer than the fur worn by ancient prophets.

“A beautiful body, gone cold with death, yet still contained in glad purpose, toward another world weary decay. Feeding sacred bushes that smoke & thin in the desert winter. Blinded on sandy beaches, hidden beneath a glade & cliff. Profaned skeletal thunderbirds fly, with mouths shut before a lunar god dreams a song inside another human.”

All so caught up, timed, each finger presses against her hair. Her snoring wink uncovers spring madness, bringing together all things in mysterious continuity. An unmentioned formless struggle brings the swift to their knees and the outspoken to tears.

Now, she is only a tongue that shakes out of control. And finally, clasped in between her near-shattered teeth, she sinks into bone with a clenched jaw.

“We, each a single entity, strive to perfect community through the hell of isolation, wealth and speed.”

“Does a semblance of knowledge appear?”

“What, out of the god of necessity?

In the myriad forms of this swollen, fluid earth?”

*438pm. Feb 22. 2010
San Francisco Airport
Keith Jarrett's Vienna concert
two older ladies discuss Roman fiction*

Royalty of the Weird

Visitations of kings and queens, deaf to the heaviness of their presence,
momentary, flying unprepared, in the mix

Amid weird royalty, angels lag under the raunch of their pot-hole wings, spreading like a
conqueror's rapist kiss, over new worlds, to retain sweet divinity, among the hosts of the
original people of this Earth, those whose ideas of self and contemporaneity are eternal,
moving to a rhythm, beyond the transcendent green galaxy

Our erased spine, funneling hot, liquid marrow into the streets, the face of belief, dying
quickly, drunk, looming, estranged place of being, here

"How do you think?"

"In cyclical, experiential reason! I always met those I met, again, by choice, once,
leading me from the pain of living, into the round of birth, again."

"And whose recognition will be met first, on the other side?"

"Alien love! Technocrats of blue discovery. Diving to the utmost extremities of depth.
Displacing human glue from mammalian functionality. To the movement of thought.
Manifest, with help of vegetable consciousness. Imparting aspects of the feminine body,
to the world soul. Standing, immobile at the gate of language. As a song of the human
universe

Echoes from the polar wisdom of our earthly rotation. Unraveling truth in the thousand-
worded letter; pictographs of ethereal meaning. Climbing through the bowels of a holy
mountain. To void, spiritual absence. Prophet's lands. Unheard since ancient words lifted
the prehistoric temple ceiling. On the sands of the strong, fuming. Leaving no one, to
posit an older order of belief

Inside sky temples, borders that signal friendship. Enmity waits along the selfish vine. A
mark where the Western mind strayed too far. Becoming enemies. In the reflexive mold
of war. For basic rights."

"To use the body is a crime to the full extent of the law!"

Places, bent on descending...into the poetic sin of catastrophic warning, from the
masculine drive into spatial loss; imagination of hierarchical ascension. Frozen luck
belittles the broken stir of diverse peoples. Into mathematical plays of music and light.
Ethnic divides encumber the polyglot singularity of the spy. Speech accents with foreign
pride over those working fast, neglected

He hits, mounting bloodstreams of the impoverished, forlorn distance, demeaning
America to geographic inconsistencies. Disconnecting relatives with cultural stereotypes
of interpersonal belonging. Family cohesion comes undone. At the tip of a hat, and a
complimentary dish...After the silver screen, for 5 cents in 1915

Feb. 22 2010

Airborne over the Pacific Northwest

Land of the Children

“Where are we?”

"Land of the children..."

Though we so want to see All in this lawless factory of memory, stored overnight,
flickering wildly on the cinematic map of a deep sleep dream, forgotten with ease and
well-fed stupidity, grinning with slick hair and smoking against the facts of quickly
approaching change, to inspire the muse of Oblivion

“Was it a dream?”

“Not all of it...”

*706pm. Feb 22
a plane to Seattle, sitting between two middle-aged men
A delay northward*

Catatonic Body Language

“What else...to receive from your mind? ...I am in shock”

“A catatonic state? Maybe, a simple growing pain? ...You are a young people,
A nation realized in the preconceived conundrum of modern social reformation. The effects of your hope sends your past generations faltering...The maze staircase is endless when formed by the mind of an artist. Yet, by leaving the design of your future habitation to the popular, the politician and priest invigorate today’s epidemic. Your creations are primitive, rearranging what already is... Discovery begins from within your gut, waiting to be thrown forth. Into the vision of an ecstatic embrace. Within the narrow birth canal. Towards your meeting with the goddess; MA.”

Apologetic, looking down, into the *mysterium tremendum*... “The smile of the elderly can be a living being, the honorable crest of hearing is a connection to the source of liberation”. Pronounced by idiosyncratic, personable human essence.

“The unchallenged lurch into an Olympian fire, brushing off the wintry air with a scent of northern herbs, collected by remote, yearning hands”.

The woman-philosopher, seated in disguise, behind a curtain of folk knowledge, beguiles aware onlookers by her perfect scrutiny of knowledge, a certain place

“Knowledge is a performance of the Spirits!” Light sparks rescind the importance of global community to physical presence, holding our bodies with local sacrifice. Fumes of wonderment & bewildered attraction fuel travelers’ possessions with cathartic activity.

“And Life, is ongoing pleasure!”

“...What about suffering?” Respect, reciprocated through body language

“I don’t have all the answers...”

11:30pm (mountain time). Late Feb. 2010

Astral Heavenscapes 1-2

Transmigrate through Cyclic Resolution

Astral Chamber

meeting completely rapt
& immersed
with clear exacting light
(without bright glare)

miraculous breath of spirit
allowing greater sight
drowning one inward
there apparent
she ghosts ever near
to wrap and envelop me
in the Act

*March 9, 2011
Chinatown Calgary, bedside*

Celestial tONES

we create

inspired music
unheard by earthly tones nor human ears
harmonious voices calling towards a presence

a welcoming home
within the space known as I
an eternal resting place
where through our music we share that space

with peoples creatures beings spirits
places ways times and manifest ideas
through instinct's thoughtful mentation
recognizing all as one

we sing and play
an emergent force
calling all forth
from within shells
hardened by travel
and us
on the high road
plant our roots
in the fertile sod
inspired creation
in the moment
and awake similar
desires on every plane

at once
collective
yearning
leading our
corner of earth
into shared
growing
heArt

*March 9, 2011
Chinatown Calgary*

