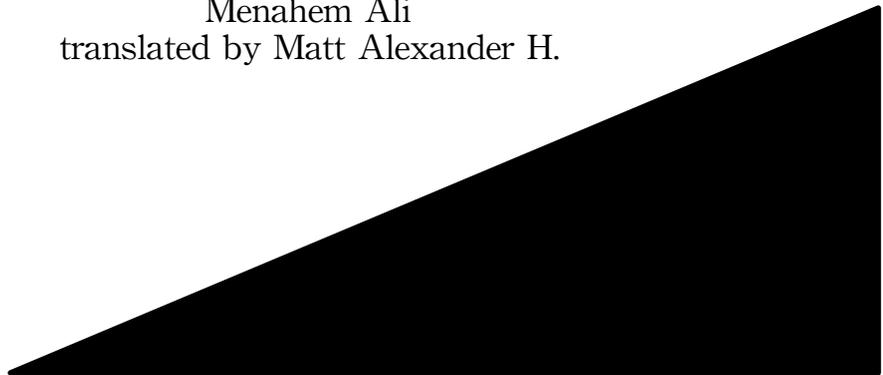




Winter Flower

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

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

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

Verse

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

Prose

The American Hallucination
Arson in the Scriptorium

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Fictive Press

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blooms

I

Winter flower
Blooming into the frigid air
And dying at full bloom

We are in the worst hell, Living parallel,
Powerless with sexual rage, The divisions half our bodies
Belittling us to separation and ignorance
In the shadow of winter solstice

New moon, Under cover of such incredible darkness
A secret is buried, We hear it still, As the whisper of leaves
As the cackling voice of a winter god
As the lifeless hush of a rousing tumult

On fire in the laughter of mind's eye, Dried to hate
And smoldering, in the ash and smoke of a fresh grave
I've seen the breaking smile of the tortured insane
Rise from my lips like a darkened horror

A flash across the page of a mind, exhausted beyond reason
Full with longing and spite, the adult jealousy of all stings and pulls
In a gyrating chaos of money and law, pressing maddening passions of love
Onto the branded chest of the cow-wife, reddened with symbolic blood guilt

War, fought over the desire to own and possess the sky, earth and sun
Now the moon dawns, at the hoarse crack of a storyteller begun
She the eternal maiden of foothill snows, seeping into our pours
With the following of a word, that emotional test of strength

That seethes with the anger of displacement
Humanity embittered by the truths of history
 Untold from the wordless
 Page of a still living tongue
 The homeless note

II

Call me lost and bold, On this path, asleep
I feign the trespass of history with a single note

Pained with the ire of sacrifice, hair for a wedding,
Blood for a child and flesh for the dead who still wander

In and out of our homes, battered with morose pangs
Shocked, engorged, livid, and fleshed with the prowess

Her only truth, that this rage will one day end
And meaning will turn over, the newest leaf of day

As the blanket of morning, uncovering a lover, hidden
By dream, she rushes through life, ecstatic, following her

Bliss at every turn, where I met her, as children,
We looked beyond the oceanic horizon

Toward a land that beckoned, our mothers, working
And bearing the thankless burden of our lives anew

Protected by the refuge of an island myth
The language of Saxon pirates and gold-fearing

Natures who swarmed like game before the awe-inspiring
Mystery of white flesh burning under a wild haze

Of modern night and our skin still burns
Under the flashing bulb of sleepless minds

Fornicating in their imagination and struggling
To procreate the human form
 Into the pavement and ice
 Of the Midwest

III

There is
An empty page

And I will fill it with my sorrows, joys, pains and pleasures.
I will fill this empty page with me in writing.

And it will be mine as long as the writing is written. And the page has yet to be filled.
There is a page, not yet full

The words, as they fill the page, guide me through the emptiness of my mind. I am inspired by nothing. Absolute empty nothing is the only apt inspiration. Otherwise, words only add to the obscuration of form.

In emptiness is salvation, from the mess of the worldly, cold, oppressive reality.

The winter flower presses through emptiness, like pavement and ice. The winter flower blooms into a world gone astray from innocent imagination, towards approximate terrors, sun fire, and bloody death.

The faint starlight can be seen here and there, from this blank shore of oceanic feelings. When I submerge in the presence of a frozen lily the stalk bends to no will, not even death or fear, and is bare in shallow courage, an unwilling face shown from behind a mask of color and night.

This page fills, fills,
And is me, full

Imbued with the sound meaning of words, songs, poems, essays, books and the deepest impressions of thoughts that are given space to breathe in the oxygen of emptiness. The page, as space evolved to literature under the hand, quickening to the timeless bold union of mind and heart, birthing the magic of us as proud, in love, strong enough to face the day, grow, thrive, work, imagine, create, live, be and sleep to dream awake under the all-exasperating break of day.

The one that flies west from the great river home to where we asked ourselves why we are alone, and joined hands with the empty page.

IV

Forgetfulness is a gift from the god of wisdom. Memory is a burden ordered so by the god of knowledge. And in the lush cloudburst of divine leisure, the two heavenly fathers did meet.

And in their union, then emerged the mother of both, as from above, as they united, and went, high on dissolution, vain with the flesh of their endless name, spoken as by the silence, engulfed in a sad longing for their shadowy entrancement that snapped and revealed an umbilical test of holism, vision, and purity.

Purity in name, as spoken by the silent dove, peace, Where knowledge and wisdom co-habitate upon the loftiest cloud above the Olympian mountain of the gods. There, light then spread thick over the homosexual power of knowledge, united with wisdom by a masculine sway, as the mother breathed from her silence a new name, to quell even the passage of sound from the triad of lips, pyramid-like in form, archaic in foundation, that lies beneath earth in the underworld of light and truth, a music that tastes, commingling in a fertile soil of brain and blood.

The soundless human deep, penetrated to its last vestige of body and memory, the tail end of history grasped like smoke on film, in that deep illusion of luring quiet, the repose of order from the stress of being, unraveled momentarily to the touch of love, that great goddess who strangled peace of its silence until the beheading of the mother and the spectrum of knowledge and wisdom rolls like her head down the endless descent from Olympian clouds.

V

I could swear the first note I ever heard was A
Followed by B, and up the alphabetical scale
To where English sounded of a foreign music
Past, of the ancient isle, the one that still calls

From the flesh of our tongues, as they beat
With foreign blood, and the ruinous soil
Swept by the flood, Atlantic strength of waves
That dressed the rocky west to flee into the border

Of the world, headlong and with eyes wide open
Bloodshot and pouring a torrent of silent tears
The deluge of broken man strung out on the sand
Of gold, with fire in his cock and coal in his sack

Scarring the face of the Earth with a sharp, gangly nail
Unkempt and soiled, smelling of death
As so many have died by his crooked evil stare
That deranged manic of breathless ghostly ardor

Hot with undead weakness, to fulfill desire
As a snake before the victim, hungering
And piercing the pale skin of new ground, unfeeling
Yet needful, wading in the lanky presence

Of malnourished humanity, plagued by debt and dreams
Reading volumes of oil into their tar-blackened lungs
The respite of a countless populace moved to consume
The raw bitten moon at full height on winter's solstice

Hour, at darkest twilit doom, the round future beams
Through the forehead of the leader who drank too soon
And down falls the entire loom of misbegotten men
Women, children, unborn and dead, the entire human story

VI

Trust is a sacrilegious urge
Bemusing and mystified by the wife of madness
The naked twist of gender exposed
To the human race as anonymity
In the guise of a familiar face
The unwelcome abstraction between spirits
Of endless wandering, tempestuous and raging
With the fire of loss, those cruel bewitched few

Who staggered, the pitchfork of settlement
Through the veins of the many, 'Oh people
Of pitchfork veins! Ride from this dirt
We have been given,' so through the underworld
River of silent guidance, by the one who answers
With the strength of a current, one so timeless
And swift as to resurface in the salt sea of mind
Where thought is a cold spike from the bone-startling

Wind, the one that rises by predawn light
And carries through the moonfall until the stars alight
And breaking through the spasmodic chain of being
So swells the great wave cast in the blistering iris
Of a meddling storm as the lap of a mythic whale
Asunder, over the blooming horizon, the peering
Flames spark and brush over the groundless
Care of light as we see through the seminal waters

A human brain electrocuted and surviving
The magnetic spring with all of its nervous life
Of youth bursting with death's failing call
Petering out over the edge of birth into a new life
Flown then to the margins, to observe one life
And death, at a time, a vantage point, at the end
Of the universe where all alive are less than specks
From the single tick of one invisible clock

VII

The bitterness of loss becomes sweet at forgetting
In the blank wilderness of pure thought, alive
And human, I find refuge, bled clean of claustal flight
Exiled from the home of blood, I walk

From the inner smoke of captivity through the roots
And leaves of the Babylonian family tree
The gate of the gods, excommunicated from purgatory
I sit in lavish confinement, staring across an open

Empty bridge, absent of lovers' kissing, meeting
And coupling on the land of rhyme and harmony
Windswept as vagabonds lashing out into the cold
Breathless morning with a geyser of inborn reprisal

By the warming waters, eternal health
Under the invincible host of spring undying
In the timeless rush of truth united to love
Founded upon the throat of the singing land

That breeds, plants and grieves in the pangs
Of a wild heart still beating to the rhythms
Of the wind, a seasonal charm of music afloat
On the pacific moor, who confound the wise

To their knees, like beggars holding up their fists
To show the size of their unmoving hearts
I say, that grief for the dead is a curious pastime
Of those afraid and indoctrinated by the history of man

Excised by the religions of ego from the breast of life
Lived truly and perceptive to the nature of being

As life beyond death

death beyond life

VIII

Enshrouded in a hush of mad whispering
The life of a prisoner breathes and blooms
 In the sad glow of a plains morning
 Fleshed to sing in operatic tones
Numinous as the flood of light
From the gorge of high idiomatic frequencies
 Night spilled into the forest
 Lush with sprites and invisible laws
The tormenting howl of fox, eagle and ape
Emanating through the wild course of spring
 Freezing as the waterfall bridge
 Of a dreamless sleep
Lowly and fearing the grave
As one healing tear at the skin
 The ghastly bruise full
 As the deepest valleys of the moon
The plane on which I sing
To the endless ground
 As a masterful god, changing
 Simultaneously, in the moment of all,
There he is, with her, in the grazing open
 A land studded with the zebra stripes of man
 That bold face of life and song that carries
From the mystic womb to the homeless shelter
Where we are impoverished
 Weighed down, glum, lifeless
 Under the burden of our dreams
We lie bare and exposed beneath the sun
One in a numberless mountain of stars
 I have seen the one, it is my sight
 As are the others under the quickening shade
Under moonfall, the lowering awe of death
Nature and woman, as she opens her legs
 To birth the virgin fuck of generations
 Fading into the memory of us as kids on the make

IX

Sweet failing light. I watch the iris close, from her shadow
And she is no more than a sigh, stretched out on the naked floor
Like a barmaid in disguise, of an inhuman grief, the animal mourning
Glued to the sad mess, all that is flagrant, open, this vagrant high that falls

Forced to the ground, By a root, grasped
From leaf to trunk, By a landlord's giant head
Overseeing the moment of true belonging

Human habitation, enclosed
Inside four walls
At the urban imagination
Where circular rhythms play
On planetary momentum
Called forth into the square
Of human design, slow
The epochal wander of flesh
As alone, as fresh
Where loneliness is solitude
Surpassing the separation
Of addiction, of space
As division, when connecting us
To the vacuum light of up-
Looking smiles, those that brim
From seashore to horizon
As we walk from ocean floor
To the mountaintop in one step
And from there ascend
To the center of our reality
And sit, simply, knowing
That love doesn't move
Is true, to continuity, perpetual
Flow unbroken by human limits
Uncoiled from the snakeskin film
Of one eye open shut

X

Spine-tingling upSet, from basement
Suburbia Midwest To homeless shelter
Airport fallout, The back smolders
Ashen, crumbling, In the silent footstep
Of snow and air, As the foothill
Mountain valley speaks, the voice
Like outspread wings of the bald eagle
Surveying industry America, with eyes
Keen over the river, Near-frozen, as sky
Scrapers disappear, Into the fog of city
Scape nightmare, I exhale my strength
With each step, Nostalgic, displaced
And wronged, By a misdirection
Of belonging, In the bi-national
Farce of movement, As marrieds
Beginning life, Under duress

And with bitterness, Untold, outcast, As homosexual Musician
poets of the arctic mythology, Dreaming in ideals, enough
To drown the paths of glory, Into their final bout of choice
individual smoking fires, Impassioned and playing
Out over the highway

Ridge, facing East, And West
Indian mugs, Who careen beyond
The protocols of survival
Towards a Canadian Death,
hoarse and powerless
To change the way of horror,
tragic Ugly by the wayside
Abyss of reason, where we bawl
And gamble out, our face
To the madness of trust
And shame, a collective lack
Willing our dignity to say no more

XI

What could I do wrong, if I were talented, and spoke up?
 Stricken to the edge, demeaned to live silent
Oppressed by volume and weight, the burdens of gold
 And chains, lowering the neck, to a forced bow
Before the all-catastrophic daze
Lost and estranged under smoke
 mountain of an impure mind
 And charred heart, working
For the blood of the Earth to spill, shed and pour
 Like the torrent of a universal storm
 I saw the center, looked out to the sun
And there was a glint of light
A nonviolent war for truth, a love
 For the potential of humankind
 Unfolding as a nebulous ring
As the cosmic marriage between two planetary ghosts
 Those shades of memories of worlds that were
 And that moved us to speak of a clear open
Sky-like mind, devoted to the health of days
When the atmosphere was illumined
 With our secrets, we were protected
 Under the feminine gaze of a lonely star
Impressing the angelic sweep of us
Onto the cheek of a home-crafted hearth
 The wafting heat that led us gently in
 Guided and tamed to calm the wilderness
In a hush of the strongest foundation
In human love, shattering the presence
A mad world, rent clean under the eye
Sore of a dictator's callous swinging
Tongue, burning a brand on our children's backs
 With the stealth unconsciousness of a drug,
A trick of heat and light, magic of a mental prison
 Performed in the empty chambers
 Of a lifeless heart

XII

Blair of the magus, Entombed in a shroud of waves
All bottomless, Enlightened of the deep stream of time
 A stolen figment of escape, Moved, coursed through
 The venous lairs of an otherworldly clime
When Earth was spent, exasperated by extinctions
The anthropocene, where conversation is derogated
To dictatorship in the markets and cafes
Towns and cities, pockmarked by the desolate
Brain of engineering entelechy, the impossible
Emergence of truth, the pedagogical fool bellows
 Hotly, from the endless jungle
Mind of a cave fountain, Where youth are hanged
From their split genitalia, become half-man
Half-women, broken souls, finding pleasure
In death, and metal, Basking in the shine
Objective reflection, until their whole logic spews
Open as a floodgate torn to the concrete
Shreds of towering loss, awe as solemn as a king's shrug
Before the genocide of children, burnt from the first page
History, provoking a casualty of truth, in this war for reason
 Though we are exiled to the shores of Babylon
 Fight for hope and spring to our feet
 Towards a longing revitalized
 By the half-hearted retch of hope
 That kills wives with the assassin's grimace
 On Sinai
Looking down over the inflamed settlements
 Whose religious rites are stripped of harmony
 Cold with the rape of shrapnel
 Cutting the insides of the motherless
 Daughters worn to the nub
 Crying shrill in an open field
 Of language, tragedy, and life
All rising, to hear the Name

XIII

Waning eve of light and music, the heavy body sinks
Into a homemade ground, like the flushed bitter bookend
Buffering alcohol and coffee from the acid test of sheep
The raging vocation to point outward and up through city fog
Dizzy with lies of progress, vertically obscene at a moral edge
With a silent compass, greeting our energies to a bloodied mess
That is our inner mounting selves fucking the holy, phallic stitch
Fleshed out over the mongering club of a proud fight unheard
Vocal as the *kvetch* of a young lush drunk on the *kiddushah* wine
After a full day as the block *schlepper* heaving miles of *tallis*
coat and dress in the Jewish eye of migrant storms, our New York

In infinite homes, the thermal mass of the windswept penniless

 Bodies invaluable, all full of living awe

 Breathe thanks and wonder, the pulse

Of mad adolescent America

Picking itself up

 By the bootstraps of history

 And as the neighborly stray of passion

Eats away at our heart from the outside

In we stammer and slave over the war

 Machine, become minds of bolt

 Bodies of brick, with blood of steel

And sand in between our legs

Enough to scream our names

 We are hawks, eagles, crows

 Ravens, magpies, of the high snow

And our voices echo down the halls of age

Louder than our throats will ever bear

 For the generations, before and after

 Built and resounding our vocal impressions

With the sureness of their hands

Fashioned of our bloody passion

 Our eagerness to dissolve

 At the sound of their listening

XIV

Warm bodies fall, Strapped and cleaned for the straightjacket, Bridge from reason
To dream
The stupor overlapped, On the overpass through memory traversing the unconscious
The wallowing
Sway of harmony, Intoned as a web of sound extrapolating, Vivacity bestowed
As the race
Of strength blistering, Foreheads cut fast in the bitter dry winter, Of foothill prairies
Overshadowed
By the steep, mountainous Climb, as our own spell of visions out into the mad air,
Violent icicle breath solidifying in the petrichor forests, Subsumed by the grave

Intoxication of the swooning, Role-players, the urban doom
Inhumanity spent away, silenced, By the loss of tragedy
For the sake of light, And heat, but at the cost of everything
Now unbroken yet, By the epochal travesties of extinction
In the book-Burn flame of historic catastrophe, we fulfill

The universal human archetype as sound man, Woman, child,
Alone
Before
The mirrored test of time, Aging with beautiful taste
Of wine, and drunk, On the vain potency
Of our ageless
Souls we smoke the tail, Hair of the devil, perfect
Cigarette gold, that long drag, Aflame, scintillating
To the wild
Cure like a mystical vision, Of truth-telling and futuristic
Glory, where we are, On the land, as our one
And only home
The Jerusalem without gods, And bones, reimagined
As the refugee camp, Of the blissful ignorant
Angelic
Who lay languorous, In the cool fruit-born
Shade, a light wind, Touching on the breast
Of Eve

XV

In the act of remembering, he lives the first hundred years, the toughest years of his life.
Provoked to remember by a friend, his grandson, who turned 19 when he was 91.

And turned 28 at his 100th year, with whom he had maintained the mythic relation of archetypes,
oral storyteller and imaginative scribe, filling the first page of history with a living voice.

One that spoke of family, invaluable essences of life as lived for experience, the humble human
being without extraordinary talent, but simply to appreciate the inexhaustible faculty of learning.

And to be seated ever firmly in the truth that his life continued, to the ripeness beyond human
expectancy, towards the elder enthroned in the nuclear era of bleak honesty.

At the condition of Man, as a struggle between good and evil in the damaged concussion of
insane, demanding worldliness.

Consuming the eyes of the mob with one grandiose, instantaneous flash, the raw poison of
artificial light, conflagrating the urban tragedy of the races as a violent storm, ripping through the
traumatized streets of America, cleaned of bullets and blood, still staggering drunk up the
staircase rubble of the Twin Towers.

A memory of a nation, a people, and the microcosm of all people, remembered as an individual
alight with stories of bygone eras.

When men cheered each other on in the wild hot commotion of war and flight, and women
comforted each other with strong bodies birthing new worlds and new minds to unite peoples in
the memory of their remembering.

XVI

Emerge of smoke and grain, Into the crepuscular twilight
And entrance the predawn smog, In the face of an eye thawed
Under cover of metal and glass, The city of unreflective mirrors
Breaking at the seams, With each teardrop sinking
Into the boot-pressed pavement, Snow-covered ice, a man walks
With opposable lightness, Towards a new day, still
Enshrouded in the lingering, Trespass of night in Canada
Winter nearing solstice day, The week of, spent mad

By numbing tobacco breath, Of an alcohol kiss, the brain
Swarming un-tempted, With pleasures boiling
Beneath the *muladhara*, Foundation of Man, hoarding
And greed-worn throughout, The pangs of a dreamer awake
Upright and staring, Out through the opaque
Window towards what, End in the last lunatic
Phase of drunk morning, Esophagus pain, dry
And feverish in the Midwest Streetside gloom, on route

To sleep the sunlight away, Aside the telephone voice
Of a beloved wife, In eternal repose, she
Of dreams and compassion, Yin, embodied as the trusting
Female sage, bloomed, Full as the lotus of Asoka's
Queen, with whom I am more, Than complete, even living
Our lives at the border of time, Waking at dusk light, under
The electro-blue constellations, Of calm, the prairie sky, lit
With the clarity of her eyes, Seeing me in the mirror of day

Covered by night, a blanket, Of shade, worn across the back
Of a silent mother, generous, And moved to illustrate, fearless
Love in her tranquil home, Cooking pacific delicacies
In the smile of an elder, At peace, calm and sure
As the planetary revolution, The constant motion
Provoking her children, To syncopate and rhyme
To the universal / creativity of life / on Earth

XVII

Storm the graves! Turn the soil and heave corpses!

On the back of a seer

 The friend, Robed in an emerald sheen

 And speaking in musical tongues

Life's resurrection from the inorganic and dead

Musical ritual, clearly intoned as a chord of breath

Fading into spirit trees, as our interdependence

The ethereal drop of a guise, known by sound,

Remnant of the world soul, freeing human earth

From all egotistic bounds, by causes of frequency

 The great strike, Big bang band of choruses

 Enticing the gargoyles of stone

 To transform, By the hours of men

 Working fast to the bone over a clock

 Dismal, burning its impressions of hate

 Ignorance, as the nostalgic leisure escapes

 Of raconteurs, flaneurs and the tame

 Condemned few who have been judged

 By the mark of history, one slight conflagration

 Paper and ink visible above the mountain of memory

 As a smoke signal spelling out the misguided

 Ways of the age as a farce, dramatized

 By the innocent imaginings of worldly children

 Who sing songs for the dead, over the abandoned

 Anonymous earth mounds, the graves of the sinned

 Pasteurized into sanctified remorse

Playing out the fire of living, as blackened eyes,

As textiles, buildings and names, stuttered,

 From the half-abused

 Whispering lips of the power-hungry

 Insane, fame is a lie, In the end

 We are on soil

 We come out of air

XVIII

Nearing the closest light, Life is overshadowed
And humbled by time, quiet, Silent, persevering
True as the natural law of all under the waning light

Of time and Earth, the shadow Becomes full, like a body
In the ageless sound, Barely alive, Age quickens the world
To surpass the friend, And forget who led, I've seen my eye!
I've seen my eye, There is a dark center, From there
light penetrates And allows me to be, Experience

*Know and learn, the culmination of wisdom is learning.
Knowing how to learn is true knowledge,
all else is as the mere acquisition of information, which misinforms.*

When out of sight it rains, And the clouds fall close
To the road, when before, the fog lifts
A dove descends to its death, On the night black pavement
And goes into memory, Like a shade of touch, as we rise
And crumble, as stale bread in the plains sun, dry and inedible
A weed, not-pulled in the roving, grassland mind of serene awe
A laugh transcending the wild sky, to roam, beyond the exhale
a buffalo ghost spirit of the lament, tragic and untouched

As the chest of the Mother, impaled now, in the dizzying moan
violent sex, men on their own, stabbing and sucking
Into the lungs of the Earth, leaving her breathless
As she plays with our life, and she is as right
as the necessity of home, Overlooking prayer
the trickster god leaning over a sacred tree,

to relieve his bladder of flame for the drinking
water poisoned by chemical industry, peering
into the forest, alone, at the edge of reason,

too close

XIX

There are too many stories to tell
And in so short a time, so small a space
 With so few listening
 And with such a tiny voice
I've become compelled, still, to tell
The story, to symbolize what is with a word
 Or two
 And cast a few spells in the meantime
Where my private voice, a stream
Can meet the public ear, a great ocean
 Atlantic and Indian
 Both longing to meet and exchange
Salt and air, touch on the life of oral play
The truth in sound memory
 Igniting the imagination
 With the friction of the eye
And the ear commingling
In a dramatic landscape of smiles and rhymes
 And so the story begins, and to no end
 To a beginning
As the story truly never begins
It only ever continues, this one story
 To symbolize the experience of our nature
 Known by story, symbol, emotion

Memory and Imagination

A home stands on the plain. Four walls, windowless. Without a roof. No door can be found. We climb atop the wall and look down. A great pond lies below, so many endless fathoms deep. I sink into the cooling water, and in my presence the water begins to rise. Fearful, I am petrified. Floating to the brim of the wall, as the liquid spills over and out onto the bare, windless plain. I remain afloat as the house becomes completely submerged. I now look up through the once clear sky, and see clouds covering the sun.

XX

The folly of speech is in the unconscious
Meaning of the word, powerful and symbolic
 Words carry an omnipotent weight
 And when spoken haphazardly
 As from the quaking lips of youth
 Further psyched by caffeine
 Nicotine and the emptiness of faith
Youth, in passing, arrangements of thought
 On the clotheslines of December
 Immersed in the Canadian solstice
The all-humblng darkness of the planet
Speech descends, as the warning of a fleeting sun
 Smiling and frowning with bitter frequency
 As the orbital spawn of panhuman trust
Quickened by a sound, then a harmony
And finally a story in one verse
 And when told with intent as the narrative acts
 To cloak law in writing, tradition, into speech,
Stories on the tongue, the oral history of language
 Art of preservation, culture, myth, logic
 Poetry, symbol and technology
The archaic accord, the nature of meaning
So we speak with substance, the framed story
 Enduring to appreciations of untold infinity
The ever-pressing intimacy of the open-eyed ears
Inclined to stretch the mind into the all-expanding
 Voice from the sky,
 As the belt of a god,
Tightening before the end of our light fast
When time speeds up to the ancients
 Rhythms provoked of universal law
 The experiment of nature turning over
To meet the soil, to embrace the wide Earth
In a single feeling of reverent fascination
 To say I

XXI

And what of children? Those vulnerable and sensitive to all matter

Who read clouds and waves before books and music, who sing to the movement of the world as to the movement of the spheres, and still become dizzy by the spinning orbit?

And what of men? Who read the news of the day

In filmy ink and glossy adverts, sipping bitter coffee and letting the ferment linger, bodies engulfed in the burning world, who interpret the letter with a heartless intellect and feed their ego with discriminating tongues, sitting beside one another, Child and Man, Sparing not even a moment, to excuse the burden of change

For the everlasting trait of life and the nature of a human being, not waylaid by the polished perfection of mirrors, casting an indirect light, over the shadows of time as change proceeds, itself, transformed into the circular repetition, regular and monotonous as the black and white clock of old

Then warped in the desert of longing and reflection, where the mind merges vitality with essence In the misfiring, misguided brain, the nervous politeness and nicety of authentic struggle is subsumed under cultural title and structured thought

Of the few who know and recognize their kind as opposed to the artless, instinctual, archaic mind of the archetypal shoe, filled by the wandering

Soul of progress transcended, in a scope of insight, retrieved at the unpretentious, relation of Man and Child, as one whole being, sharing the flesh of heart, with a silent understanding

Both at peace

XXII

Practiced concentration, For the betterment of the mind
 Challenge the limits of language as action, In the thick of the longest night
Thought and imagination fly, To the bounds of knowledge
 And surpass the domestic mind, Towards the nature of creativity

As the universal principle of existence, Unifying, and individuating
 Simultaneously in a great, masterful trick of meditations on sense and right
To see and perceive the world, As human, that is not as feeling alone
 But also as abstraction, selfish, The fine balance whereon amends

The triumph of reason, and yet, The present age calls forth
 A post-existentialist, trans-literacy of form in the expressible thought
Of progression through life and when the illogical becomes
 A question of being as knowledge, Knowing as truth, and honesty

As wisdom, proverbial and authentic, We play out the misting horizon
 For a new way into the depth, Of cloud and flight, an encouraging
Force through the all-intoxicating, Plane of reality, our lives become
 Defined by the forming of technology, As directed by seers of ideation

In the shared world, where timeless Frequencies are felt nightly
 In the free exchange of technique, Logical, though unfair to the applied
Meaning, the assembly line lengthens, Becoming strapped with amputated pain
 As a veteran of retired lifework feels, The ghost of a desk, chair and name

Vanishing with the instantaneous, Glimmer of television light that fades
 From dream into the cold loveless Morning, to tend the forgetful mind
Rouse the serpent slumbering and coiled, In the subzero soil, a mere flicker of heat
 And the uprising fangs bare, With a predator's instinct, hissing

And striking at the possibility of food, And as the hand recoils
The vision of a snake moves, Through an unknown bush

XXIII

Power unfolds, heightening sensation
Giving way to leisure and languor
 In the mid-afternoon cloud light
 A gray-cast calm, pulling away
Into tempest of night, Remembering our origins
In the sacred act, the sexual Deviant spawning
broken rumors In the shade of time and music
I, as the single feeling of AH, Flashed in all
perfect daze, Groundless to the void, my core
unitive, Wherefrom I am kept, And shared at once,
loosened, Unraveled as a wild petrified lizard
On the faint desert horizon, A plain landscape,
thrown up, To the moon under cover, starlit
passion, the planetary fire Warms as at our center,
untuned And now envisioning the harmonious
Dance of lovers, praying in the low Light of Solstice
The Day, when I become the water flower, appearing
In fleeting moments, An anomaly visible, triumphant
 As the natural beauty of sound
Can you hear my color, soft
And glowing in the underbrush
 A light shade blended with the bed
 Of grass, the place when I arise
And again descend for this
Is not my time, though I will
 See it with me, and pour a wealth
 Of mystery in the shallow warm
Winter air, brushing up
Against the river breeze
 Lit upon the face of a bald eagle
 Interlocked in deadly play
With a friend, swooping
And climbing through the ether
 As I, motionless, bask in the endless
 Note of being, a simple awe, pleasing

XXIV

Storytelling! Old as the gods, stimulus of longevity
A rumor echoes through the vast ordinary quiet of space

I stare out into the blank distance, striving to see through
The sleep of time, in the transcendent, seasonal lull of light

A seed is sown in the shallow trenches of memory, there a bird
Squawking and peaking along the horizon, dipping through the deserted

Plain, a lowly sight, rising through the layers of rock and ore
As clouds hang from lofty white to gold, coruscating with scintillations

Sky and ice, moving in an atmospheric haze toward orbital touches of sound
And night, the fascinations of mind, sprung in the predawn winter glow

Under starlight, the heavens unfold and reveal an Earth, devoid of human
Lust, the fount of youth bubbles over with animal love, as the egalitarian

Face of creation strikes a chord, ascending to Descending
Following bold harmonies, micro-tonal, soft, warm with a lively spirit

To erase the emotional silt after a deluge, indulgence in the mindless
Carefree camp amid urban sheep where law and silence reign

Under the motionless thumb of the federal guard and their clones
Who standby like flightless birds in a pen, waddling in schizophrenia

Night of nations born of the search for wealth by Europeans and Chinese
At the expense of the diseased forgotten, American Holocaust

Untold by the schoolbook status quo who plant fires in business-as-usual
Big box gas-guzzling feeding frenzy, the obese, lazing minds, fat

On pure energy, and lifeless information, eyes to the road as it narrows
Ever oncoming to a point where the bald eagle can be seen beyond

XXV

The story I will tell will not be about the mind, and will not reflect the way the mind works, how thought, imagination, memory and sensation expand and contract, combine, and segregate.

The story I will tell will be told purely by feeling, as a gift given and received in the same moment remains a gift and is the nature of heart, the blood and matter of all flesh, skinned and exposed to reveal truth as artless instinct, intuitive need to express and be, as love in essence, wonder the extraordinary lust of magic enervated with goodwill at the very end of the mind, where the borders of intellect meet at the beginning of real intelligence, authentic self, as whole, complete, unified beyond measure, the strength of feeling as in the captivation of mystery.

This, my story, as the narrative of bone and flame, as the night, surpassed of all grandeur in the visionary personification of madness as art, the umbilical strap across the chest of the firstborn sacrificed to citizenship and nationality, as the two columns atop a foundation of allegiant patriotism, holding up the single icon of leadership, beyond god and man, an enigma of spirit, freedom, happiness and worth, the monstrosity of America, below the Canadian belt,

a sleeping dragon, hoarding the mouths of blind, ignorant consumers obsessed with the media toolkit of inhuman solitude in the all-famous eye of the oil rig flame blowing in the noxious wind, flapping up with each lick of the bill, the flag between clipped wings.

XXVI

Writing is consciousness, the life of what lives
When thought can dig its own grave in the corner of the mind

And the heart can ascend to where it finds love
And belonging, at the core of sensation and need

The breath of blood that moves, strengthened with the sand
At its own rhythm, And at hearing itself is resolved to smoke, in peace

Without flame, only the gas and the fog of bitter flight from reason
That mad dog of limits, cages, boxes, borders, zones, classes, facades

Names, places, wars, pacts, saves, lies, traumas, fakes, ideas, loves, ways
Minds, sounds, dreams, and roads to nowhere that lead the insane

Away, away, away, to where their kind roam, in single-file contradiction
And the sky has lowered, into plain sight, a theater, for the mundane, Earth

As the busy mother of all children, giving herself for the prize
Of separation and the longing that answers, the self-destructive cry

That clears the throat of cursing and sends gratitude and reverence
Up and flying at a loss, and with a bite, the feeding on the solitary hand

The soft fingers of the artist at work, twisting the body
Of homo sapiens into the right community of all beings

The hippos and penguins in traffic jams, elephants and tortoise
Stuck at the office, zebras and lions domesticated

Beyond belief, the sturgeon and eel surfacing to flip the channel
The hawk and chickadee coming back home to visit, all of us

Now equal to the touch

XXVII

Times escapes me, Robs me blind
Hunger and the clock, Tick like politicians
On trial as time, Presiding coldly
Unmoved by the gray, Drug of mind
 Hairless and dying, Time slithers on
 As the eternal serpent, Herself, the rainbow
 Transfixed human Eye, disintegrating
 From the world, With the slow grind
Time, the measure Of existence
I am because time Goes on, and
When the tick ceases, And the bell no longer
Tolls, I will become, Much more than dead
 For the dead, Are remembered
 By name and number, Where the death of time is
 An eternal death, An unbroken sound
 Resonating as from the center, Of creation,
and from the core Of the heart at once
As from the same place, And in simultaneity
Synchronous, then time, Ceases as it is no longer
Kept, and the seasons emerge, From ruins of steam
 That keep people, To the chime, the patterns
 Of cycles, rings, And new beginnings
 Ringing clear, Over the telescopic
 Light of the human Mind as the mutation
Of time from flesh, Of mushroom fear
A humble race, Stopped at once
In front of a mirror, Transformed to glass
From the ice, the puddle, The eye, mere mirrors
 Of sight, and sound, As the primitive way
 Of history as kept, Firstly by the number
 Written as I, The impermanent, Amnesia that first
 there Was wisdom, and so It will last
And out of that Sprung knowledge, The memory
Of direct experience, Last information, profanity
thought, Lingered through, Time... ..

XXVIII

Just to be. A word, said.

An act, done.

At once past, and also present.

Whose memories and experiences we overshadowed by the desirous climb of the future, who when confronted with ambition, humbly lives as an individual, apart from the root, the local cause to wake and know that presence speaks with a still tongue, a warm body, the reverence of death as a contemplation of spiritual impermanence, even of love, when expressed, is nothing more than the expression, and not pure, as all of life is mediation, mirrored and subject to the rising day.

The falling night, blanketed in an inborn need to exist, survive, continue, not just to be, how artful and honest in simplicity is the tightrope balance of being, as the recognition of mystery, as a union with all being, that to be is to unite, and to separate is the very act of death, the ultimatum of Earth and Man pitted before the feminine law of time, as round and emotive, awe, sanctified by the sexual imagination.

Overwhelming each and every body with temptation before the petrifying light, the stoned eye of lust transfixed in foreign flight, as the tragedy of possession emerges with the romantic force of trainwreck flesh, rushing in a hasty show, ending in the cold loss of deathly smoke, exhaled, as the breath of marriage spent to the limits of mind, soon enchained, arising to meet the ugly game of the mob, forlorn and used.

XXIX

No pressure held in the vacuum of mind, pure energy
Spacious as the room of daily life, the bean and leaf
Grain and seed, the forecasted measures of time on Earth
Passing with the entranced night, through and up into the full orb of heaven
Cast over the towering lights, as the pollutant of names, foreshadowed
Along the neo-urban bridge, as the frozen river merges
With sun and land over a mountain valley of shining snow
Under an immense azure, the lowering stars flash and glow
With radiant mystery, implanting visions in the wide-eyed
Brow of the dreamer alone, marooned by the waking lament
Of social strife, the magnitude of earthly becoming transformed
Into the birth control paradise of a million undead croons awoken
On the soundless shore, as the emergence of folk music
From the collective stirring of a shared soul, the fleeting thought
Of unity in the nostalgic song that answers as truthfully as possible
To the tragedy of human life, as illusory, and driven to mad ecstasy
Deviant, the eternal wanderer, masked by myth and history
Bred of science, art of the procreating womb, the deep psychic
Void wherefrom the lawless god of choice laughs high erratic cackles
Of doom, a hoarse raspy voice echoing through riverbend valleys
Canyons and across plains, prairies, fields, meadows
The coursing parkland pathways, submerged in a civil consciousness
Engineered in memory, as the last dead of a bygone nation

XXX

The book, as final goal of life
The epitome of truth everlasting
The key to immortality
 Cut from the finest And most exacting pattern of mind
 The logic of living as narrative Form, origin of storytelling
As the reason for being, Impressed in stone, plant, air
As the resonance of memory, Defying creation itself
 In the timeless act of god-man, A unitive form of being
 Ejaculated of the feminine earth, childless spawn of language
The cause of ritual invention unfolding as human passion
From the chambers of a still Beating heart, letting off steam
In the cold, lightless air As under the shadow of the moon
 Beams and swells of sonic potency
 That emanate of the trees, sighing
 In brief melancholic doom
Spelling out history as instant
Of time in the gnarled stump
Of loss, as the inheritance of life
 On Earth, shaken to the core
 And remembered as by the spindly ink
 Of lettering in a well-bound book
Telling of a time before, and enacting
The preservation of reason
How to be, and why as the universal
 drift and swing of time
 Receding into mirrors
 Rising from serene lakes
Behind cliffsides glowing
With the sheen of sun
A surreal breathtaking
 Lore is seen and entered
 Through the natural mirror
As symbol, letter, the asemic
Dawn of principle, as roots course
Through venous mycelial soil

XXXI

The perfection of law comes undone
At the superficial eye of beauty
And is waylaid by a groundswell of soul
As from the mindless beat, lost
On a quaking dune, shuddering
With each granule of sand lost, through
Threading fingers in long-clasped palms
Of earth and sky, which dream in space
Of untold beings and becoming
And vanishing at the instantaneous whole

Wisdom as a lie in the marked passageways
The literary trespass through home
And trust, when lovers sleep in rhyme
And grow cold in their inflamed hearts
Warming each other to the strengths of living
As one, necessitating the shedding of skin
The fall of seed and hair through the vacillating
Pores of mind that grow coarse and bold
Calling each other to remember the first name
As the breath of unity bred of fire

Kindled before sight, by pure feeling
In the hearth of a womb, as the heaving
Chest of man burns, folding in the pain
Of worldly depression at seeing the fleeting
Passions of home drown in a deluge
Of quicksand by the sad ignorant face
Of the child who peeks into the fire
With arms outstretched, impatient
To receive age...

...and wine

XXXII

March of spells and solace of the quiet,
Whose bitter retract from the wide turn of winter on the axis of solstice day exhales all cheer of
the past.

As one vile yawn spent beneath the heavy rain,
And seeking shelter to dry and warm the body

To rest and wake slowly,
As the rise of season's day

Entranced by night,
Fire, story and full with the scintillation of gladness on the cheeks of lovers falling into the
steadied arms of the chase, at end.

When the fugitive finds refuge from policing guards,
Who expand the borders and walls and laws of prisons, nations and industries to encroach on the
lands of the free, true patriots of Earth.

Who move only with the heartbeat of the moon lounging on the open horizon, a nameless sun,
then heard across the shallow cloudburst, speaking in the most familiar of tongues, of a way,
through the forests of stars, to light upon the rings of Saturn in a trace of steps, followed up the
genealogical tree, toward those branches that bear less fruit, whose patches offer windows
outwards beyond the forest canopy.

Toward other landscapes alive under the wild diversity of sun, as the weather foreshadows the
trust of a traveller, shedding their weight for ambition, to see and know, experience, possess, give
and reconcile.

Mystery, passion, wisdom, universality, the eulogy of overland movement, gravitating around the
course of an offering, time as the face of need, personified by the taste of divine sleep, at the
consummation of traveller's fatigue.

XXXIII

Chain me to this fire of life and time!
Chain me to the four quarters of Earth,

As a pyramid of the globe, four corners house the globe
To brave my body on pale stone, hands roughened by slavery
Mind over humanity, the grave's apex rising to greet the sun
Ignorant of the burn that wears men to the bone, absolute,
As a cold rag on the ocean floor, forgotten by the fisher
In their sad longing to escape land and the big drink,
Drowning in the awe of light under the microscope
Flesh of the unchained, roaming
To muse and smoke onstage
Of tragicomic silence, the anxiety
 Metal coin and paper money, left to the naked
 Holiday streets on dreamy winter mornings
High on need and family, as the eloquent
Pause of mundane tradition elevates
For once, or sinks into the quicksand
 Of time and money, that stolen place where we return
 Always under a bright bold morning, to find our socks clean
New with the fullness of the year's wanderings
Through coal-black torment, uninspired travails
 Blinking breathless from behind a face
 Cornered and quartered, chained, splayed
Out upon the Earth, to be fingered
And named, to know the selfish riddle
Of existential truth in the vagrant rhyme
 Silent on the footsteps of all time and history
 Then to remake life, as from the slight
 Fixing of matter, spirit and action
Spurred on by the word, the self-revolving spit
Through which untold bodies of our people
And all people have turned, suffering
 To bear the heat of the cook, spicing
 Basting that of being a friend to death

XXXIV

Be free of story, rhyme, Right, wrong, love, life
There is a rhythm to life, Clocked by reciprocity
Circulating systems, The organic pulse
Needing synchronicity, to establish harmony

In regularity is sanity, Balance, peace of mind
The loveless talk of entertainment, And passion
fleeting glints Before the all-cascading Radiance,
solar, that begs reprieve From the shadows

thought, And impulse, which place humanity
Against the world, As the memory of a divorce
From the seed, a plant withers In the fractured light,
still, Barred from the wind, its overwhelming presence
Of others in one, Simultaneous embrace
With the rooted Earth, And then a conflagration
Preceding a flood, Ice blankets the ground
With fixtures of solace Before consuming tides

Historic Man emerges From the wetted soil
With the faculty of technology, A way with tools,
at first to kill Then to capture, and breed
And in that, domesticate The children of dream
wake, To forget, and become oblivious
Cut the cord of the planetary navel
With eyes half shut, lazing, On the coiled rainbow
serpent, imagining the universe Into being, becoming

gods, Inferior to the world, forever, Bound to the ephemeral
Where spirit is submerged, Beneath waves of consciousness
A low sea, rough with early form, genetic experimentation
Of first life, teeming at the edge, Of a changing shore
the tide rises, as first being emerges of moonlight and sky

XXXV

Ardent will, steaming impassioned furor
Imbued with the highness of dream
 As the race of thought, plunging
 Into a subconscious fold
 The crash of a plane
In the exact middle of the oceanic universe,
Where horizons are indistinguishable
 From the bare open sky, waving water,
 lucid eye, Fearless at the brink of being
On Earth, to love, full-knowing end as beginning
 And to sit watchful and content of the right
 To be simply, immersed in fleeting existence
To embrace the moment as such, transcendent of history
 And name without place or memory, eternal breath
 Exhaling and inhaling, the living air in simultaneity
And to share in that one breath
 To become breathless and die
 To the pith of creation
Wherefrom the word and its symbols, picture, origins in print
Dissolved to the nature of mind, exposed, as nothing more
 Than a vessel of light
 That when truly seen is
But a reflection of reflection
Self-revolving ego-inflating
And lost to the beauty
 Of the thoughtless night
 As the birthrite of humanity
 Is truly born of awe
To see the truth as light
And not a moment too late
As the Earth turns to face the trick
 The shade, the cosmic joke
 Rattling through the nervous brain
 Of the void as an echo

XXXVI

Reverberate to silence
Not as repetition, mockery
Farce, mere representative
Symbol of sound, letter, word,
the only character of occurrence
hear space, acoustical resonance
Where sound is only a play of form,
the vibrating Earth, manipulated
to house human strength, the voice,
instrumental and nude, as the show
ears that peak and jeer at open flight
sound ringing through wood and flesh,
As a note pierces the heart, so the eye closes
to follow the sacred rhythm known
a silent peace, offering the muse, a place to call
home, in passing, while musicians speak
The unsayable language of tone, harmonized
sudden, Diverse, by leaps and bounds
Of remembered history, tomes of composition
Unraveled and played, by the skillful hands of class
And fame, the urban sleep of human knowledge
Carried into the nests of love, recorded, as swiftly
As the speed of light and sound, searched
by fingers Stretched into space

Of needful listening
Longing to satiate mystery
To quicken the enigma
Of disquiet in the intellect
Gut of appreciable wonder
Asking the gravestone of genius
Questions of how with a voice
Trembling thanks to the uninhibited
Flow of music beyond time
To enact the purity of sound

XXXVII

As creative as the welcome of friends, Ceremonious
kindred as the gentle quality of life, Stunning, invigorated,
with a mesmerizing pull, to radiate the madness
Dizzying pleasure at will, the vocation of humanity

The student, sightless, Wandering toward the ocean
While in the midst of desert, Calling up to sun, moon
To wed, Before an audience of stars, And to one day birth
a name so trite as to know me, the eyeless beggar

Straddling the cross and shield, with a forked-tongue
wife, in bed with animals, and siblings, striving
To re-cast the die and gamble away the future
Becoming the human name, this, our struggle

scientific, to be seen, in history, as unique
And independently originated, the creative
principle as attuned, to the intimacy of our own
Hearts' beauty in rhythm, with those of our contemporaries

As with the long past dead, when in imagination and dream
The heart becomes a playable instrument, the body a hollow
stream, through which consciousness Ensues to sing
the bodily flame, Intoned as a single note, Ascending

the heights of the aural Scale into a music unheard
By earthly acoustics, resonating, Through the halls
an alternate Planetary joy, the wild Universe unveiled
in the moment, As a collective presence, At the slightest

opening of the world Eye, the inner third, Glowing
atop the forehead of sphinx, the Visible Sound

XXXVIII

There is nothing worse than starving
A gold fiend of the cock and cunt
Polluting the air with a breath of steam
And tongue of Earth, the worm
 As first taste of life, the base sensation
 Of knowing the world by having it
 And in his hungering possession
 Becomes the jealous god Yahweh
Storming by the ires of Mother Earth
Neglectful and piercing of the swooning
Mind that calls and bleats in the farmhouse
Morning, a rude play, performed by night
 And by day in an incessant revolution
 Of the lurching hip and retching breast
 That fires in the deep full moon
 A backstory of legs and hands writhing
To the worst temptings, to lust and revile
Over her round abode, to feel the sting
Of union kept by force of the animated
Human universe, a wisdom beyond the flesh
 Enacted as the metaphor of wrong
 With all humor and rashness untamed
 By the forested loom, closed-eyed
 And staring into the hellish brain
A chemical lament forlorn at the tide
Of release burning to consummate
Mystery by the profane reason of disease
And to be, finally, no more than clown
 Before the sheep, denuded and reddened
 Of the faceless field, open from horizon
 To horizon, as the sunless bald Earth
 Descends, crashing dead into the heaps
Of waste that moan and cry without, A simple drop
tear, fake, as the jester of tricks and games
before a sleeping king and his adulterous she, all eyes

XXXIX

Relax and effervesce, In the bright, effulgent spring
The nature of mind, Where the fountain of youth bubbles
Over into the healing ponds of a mountain retreat

The lay of the season, of the hour, Sung to perfection
up on the light sprinkle of air, Mingling with the snow
and salt, As the fawn and cub lick the woven grass
 A silent mandala in the unbridled stew, eternal
 nourishing, lake-worn asp recoils to the ground
 unshakeable, Returning to the wet shore to bathe

And drink in oblivion, A chirp ascends, as the knock
Of a woodpecker, feeding, Out over the watery horizon
A fusion of sound, As from the inter-being flood

Of night and wishing, The cycle then bends, warped
Out of line, on the balance of quiet, As earth's creatures
Water and air, lean into the eerie, Absence, waiting, watching

Feeling with impatient sensuality, For the completion of time
And hear nothing but the most ancient, Round, calling them back
To edge on the sacred core of life, Before the light on naught

Upon the local stream, The saving current
That brought all being, To a note, hanging on
the wild pulse of air, to remember again

The beingness of a cloud, the lost harmony of a sunray
And the story of the moon's glow, Particular on this night
That speaks in a forgotten voice, of the narrative of creation

As the very sway of movement, On the surfacing ripple
The rustling leaf, and the naked breeze, and the animals
Then pitch their bodies, To regain a sense of silence
 Catching a breath

XL

The walk through the valley of the shadow of death is emerged with sickness, bleeding, lament and cold. The shivering tragic horror of the modern world. The fruits of industry boxed and paved for gas-guzzling highways. Ascending hilltops to overpass in the smog-ridden sphere of One Sky Earth.

And seen from afar, the metal skeleton of building. The construction model worldview of the universe as male. Once by the strength of man, proud and immune, of hypocrisy staged by the poverty of the many, by brute force, is the rail, wheel and gut spewed forth from the commercial wasteland wreck of the age.

As valleys become mall strips, and highlands are arrested with freeways burning the heart of the Mother to the curse of all life, and memory. The future of unborn joy murdered by the pang of a foot to the throttle of apathetic energy, where Earth is a shade, and life no better than the stone of the human phase.

Cold to the bone and birthed by the pain of Her, yet where light is good, life and creative, as the dependent shadow objectifies, negative, death and destruction. So the sun is ever and more truly the source of life on the Earth no more than the shade and stone. And fated to lesser being than the longevity of the Sun.

The embodiment of all essence and manifestation of movement, through and beyond life to the wisdom before the valley. Where wildlife still thrives. Flown to the great beautiful span of two hawks...

...nesting.

XLI

No intellectual puzzlement can solve this
 tragic force to feel, paused, loose
For the origin of all action is the only act
 To suffice the pressure that dawns
With each spin of the globe on the axis
 Of pure and obvious evil
The spring of fate is fleshed to the brink
 Of hope, for a measure of value
Cut by the thumb and food, held down
 By the nape as a struggling body
Writhing fast against the concrete

I am alive and know the pain of sight, by my eyes
Blurred by the pulse of a healthy heart, wandering
through the fires of ignorance, dampening
and muting the mind with the dogmas of capital

And work, to live by the signal of perceived good
A number, blinking at the corner of reds, greens
and yellows, flashing, behind the whitened eyes
Of so many motionless minds, rolling along
and coasting through the byways of earthly hell
With every last attribute experienced to a fault,
absolute by the itinerant writer, seer, casting
a humble shadow, Bathed in the cold, Wintry
light of shame, The emotional storm, Violating
the body breathless, Knotted in an ire of thought
 Trespassing through blind thoroughfares
 Where the meaning of society is lost
 To a purchase, where people become
 Possessed by the speed of modernity
 In so alluring a box as fits the palm
 And satiates the belly, as young, old
 consume their own tails showing
 Between their outstretched limbs

XLII

“Lesson learned!” screamed the taxed indigent.

Wailing above the gurgling spew of a hoary mob, blasted to the final law of judgment. By the strength of a noose below the creaking rafters of refuge and asylum, he lowers to praise. Lingering in foment of thought, arisen by the tick of a clock. Spanning burnt holiday candles.

And as committed to memory so blows the air of light from the praying child, obedient as the sitting dog in absolute repose, bathed in the illusion of word. As the aching of man, righted through the course of wind atop an ocean of bliss in the fresh wind, as unmediated of sky.

And pursing the lips after a day peering beyond the aft, a glowing calm then tolls of a heavenly chime. And the painted ghosts of waves remind the day to fall over a thin veil of starlight. And, then we hear the lap of water on wood. As the steal of sensation invigorates the mast, a lookout pole on which to see the form of Earth.

In her bygone purity, though now blurred of absence, so much of tragedy. As brewed of the unconscious that the tongue cannot speak, for in moving assumes an inauthenticity, the human lie of being as the persona, fleshed. To the deepest trench, bubbling upwards with the fire of the bleeding heart of Earth, the proud unceasing friend of man.

Muse of woman, and god of the child, saved from the percolations of an addict's life.

XLIII

When once dreamed, so now, lived
The seer places wisdom in learning
As above knowledge, experience
 And even reason
For the heights of learning engage
With the active cause of truth
As an inveterate search for meaning
 In a world bemused
By the shaking tongues of too many
Lords, those judges of judges
Who trespass over the heart
 Of the alone
As willful men in the original
Form imbued of love and raised
To the pedestal of nature to gaze
 On the life of a tree
From seed to sky, multigenerational
Memory of home and birth and then
Finally, by the collective cry
 Of a heartened imagination
So we watch the world spin
Where night and day are no more
In opposition, and the independent joy
 Of light escapes

Beyond melting stone, our core unknown, Do we feel that heat within? Is some of that heat
in us, As the burning of fuel ensues , To the apocalyptic death of so much life, The irreparable
folly of hunger, And ambition, displacing, The magic of continuity, friendship

Among the multifarious winged, Clawed and finned beings, as people, Of equal say in the act,
as the world Revolves to remember, A place, where people act, With more substance than talk,
bold remembrance, full with need, To know, Beyond fixed knowledge, Of how to learn again,
wisdom of a world, Going away

XLIV

Personification of fire, and dream of rain
Oblivious to the page, soaked through
Words overlapped in the great swim
Of sky, fallen on the blankness of a mind
Undone, what seeped through the weak
Flow, more powerful than force, to destroy
From within a feeble constitution forgotten
On a picnic bench in the winter cold
And at the corner of the globular eye
A tear of nostalgic pain logs the bound
Weathered flat of a leaf inscribed to no date
Yet full to the brim with the natural song
Of thought, the momentary beauty
Spontaneity, caught in the love of creation
At the hand of one so gentle, and still
So bold as to impress the sacred name
Onto a fleeting branch, shaken to the fall
Of rustling sweets, the harvest of a mind
Doubled over under the all-saving strength
Of heart, to overcome the sagacious death
Forlorn, and to cry out the numb loss
To grab the fading address to imagination
And grace beneath a shivering arm
And taken shelter beneath the failing light
Listening to the music of heaven
As it meets the earth with a lightness
A pelt in the darkened eye of a pub lamp
Blaring softly, as we internalize letters lost
By the uncaring breadth of nature
As it takes what is given, and remembers
The invisible breath as a boon to the wise
Who would start afresh without mind
To loss and gain, only to perfect the speech
Of a heart, wild and always becoming
From the mystery where all start to begin

XLV

The beginner, as the face of choice
In trust of renewal, reposed to light
And dark, with a steady expression
 Too late to assume before the flash
 Of a name, loving the truth to the end
 Of the flesh, and calling for a just life
To emerge from the breast, though silent
With earnest cause, independent
From the thoughts of others
 While dependent on their hearts
 And so heightened when sharing
 Presence, as the warmth of blood
And mirth, defining the nightly retire
Met blunt as the wide swing of Earth
Through the naked starlight, divine
 Memory, landing on two feet
 Instead of the one moon as the all-
 Succeeding triumph in the dance
Of drunken life, high on the sweet
Herb of spirit and peace, the humbling
Resonance of music in matter
 The fabric of belonging at the doorstep
 Of a mighty host, and of myriad shapes
 So the beginner seeds the bare earth
With the lawless spark of a dead star
Light years away, and in simultaneity
Taking the course offered as a highway
 To open road, and home on the waves
 Of pure being, shedding the act and play
 With authentic insight, a brew
From toenail to hair, a calm breath
Light movements, inebriating words
 Into the ruddy cheeks of longtime friends
 Passing through to the place they all once knew

XLVI

To contemplate, honestly
The moment of extinction
Death as the mind entering
Into the image, is to see
Through pure subjectivity
To an object, a reflecting light
Shapeless, though perceivable
By the sense of intuition
A knowing without knowledge
An experience without a world
Without sight, sound, taste, touch
And smell, only the everlasting
Subtle sensitivity of a mind
Trained to live independent
Of human cause, the great
Indifferent hold on the moving
Sphere of the orbital round
Enduring the flight of longing
And guilt, burdened
By the responsibilities
Of a vulnerable, mortal flame
The singled out flicker
Of impossible imagining
The wide-eyed mystery
Shrouded in the dead light
Of the otherworldly void
An emergence blanketed
Of reason and meaning
Towards an empathic teleology

XLVII

The narrative of birth and maturity as the laughter of awe,
bemused and shuddering under a shattered wall of emptiness
Flat as the cool grave of night where whims and desires reign
From the past, over a still ocean, invisible to the earthly eye
Vain as the proud thinker, reaching for enlightenment
At the tip of a match, broken, at once between the forefinger
And thumb, at the second of grasping, death, beheld
As the opposite reality of what is left in the mind of the living
Their brave sorrow, their wandering smiles, drowned
in a calm of hope to untie the knot of existence
By the intelligent arrangement of symbols, harmonizing
With an ancient sound of philosophy, as knowing
The animate law of wisdom in each breath as the end-all-
Be-all truth

XLVIII

To express, eye the ball, To create, let all be
And not in earnest, Towards a great undoing
 A closure to the mystery, By a much needed sleep
 To leave with a feeling, That knowing was not reason
To be... That to die in love was as good a reason for joy
As to give birth and raise life on this blue glowing orb
 Our strength, meaningless, Cold escape, final object
 Of transcendent night, To the melting core, a pain
 Bringing something into being, only a thought, one,
 original, and imbued with a sacred kindness
 The low hum of prayer emanating
 From the halls of wrong and right
 Silenced by the presence of presence
 The glory of sight, what a mad display!
The gorge of ignorance, the stunt Of vision and pursuance
Brought to one knee Under a fixture of gold and hate
 The myth of belonging, To a race of god
 An identity of men, Ruled by a mirror and talk
The stems of natural beauty Uprooted by a hand
Stained in the blood Of a preserved corpse
 Millennia old, smelling of air
 So putrid, the reign of purity
 Descended by the power of death itself
 Met at the hands of human judgment
The scarred flesh of an ascetic, Masochistic, suicidal
With murderous intent, dogmatized, To altruism, sacrifice
 “I’ve heard this story
 I know this voice. It is coming
 From me, and I am powerless
 To stop the writhing torment
The bitter saga of one unending curse
Inscribed forever to my name
Along the walls of school libraries
And temple stone.”

XLIX

Beauty, itself always the allure
Immortal in quality and idea
Yet the very figment of the fleeting
 “What goes descending into the blank
 Ugly calm of a plain, bald face
 Without edge, without shadow?”
The perplexity, unmasked of will
And flesh, to be subsumed by the bland
Vague tests of time, a losing balance
 Upon the brink of a towering façade, A subject written, and object read
 Meeting at the zenith, the foundation, A natural law, the pose of doubles
Mirrored in the all-illuminating, Stretch of open space kept
By the wealth of emptiness, At hand in the cold, broken
 Universe of solitude, Where man lies awake at night
Angry in the thoughtless unity
Of feeling and sound, looking
 Beyond the vapid wonderment
 A question of groundless passion
 The sword of captivation swinging
Like a pendulum in the darkening
Air of memory, the I as reflection
Of emotive pursuance, to embody
 The why of becoming with the what
 Of need, to ponder on who before
 The beatific vision seeds the lowly
Mind casting an amoral following
Through every part of speech
Assailing the thick discourse
 A lowly persuasion of mockery
 Dramatized by the ancient fruits
 Of tragedy, to a taste, bitter, sour
Tart, acrid, and finally hot
As the thirsting spiced tongue
 Silenced...

L

Another library,

Where the subconscious logic of a narrative of other thoughts were led by the collected organization of time, lined, shelved, stowed, and most importantly, kept.

The unread interests and imaginings of a single person, moved to allow the mind to be in the space of another, and be guided through the logic, original and other.

To let go of personal passion, and to feel again the purity of humanism, a phenomena beyond time and name, to share in the mutual longings and trappings of the daily, and momentary experience.

Evolution of mind, by shedding the intellectual acquisition of knowledge for an appreciation of subject, perspective and character, and to become more characterful by visions of meditation over time.

To revive the act of storytelling in the imagination of the literate, the once proud art of all unencumbered by the vanity of media.

When fame and money were mere shadows of whispers in the most meager of minds who drank and swayed to the songs of the day, and year, and life of a people.

The heart and spirit of language, resounding to the remembrance of a story to enlighten the numberless eye.

LI

To feed the lust that knows no end
Thriving on ends, defeats, separations
Failures, and deaths. To hunger
For power. To do as one wishes
To become any thing other
Than what is. To live out illusion
To the bitterest fray of a tether
The last resort of return, back
Before the drama of loss and gain
To a contentedness of place

The normalcy of the quotidian High.
To experience joy Wonder, and taste
in every pinch Of the mundane, awake
And with eyes wide open, To hear thought,
as the rushing Waterfall, beautiful as pure awe
In the luminous eye of nature, Unadulterated
by sport and quest, Only to ride singularities
waves of being, to fall from hope

And to let love go! To feel alone
And know the truth of our life
As the ground of suffering
A tragic instant of why?
And with time becoming comic
The universal irony of us
Sharing in the exhausting depth
Of natural law, the gravitational
Revolutions of society, refuge

And dream, a cold equation
Silent as the shuffled pages
Of an ignorant fate, to live
In between the walls of wish
And need, howling to the last
Breath for someone to answer
At least to offer presence, A voice
To the humble, Strength to the weak

LII

Remember what was forgotten
Discover the body, implored
To the final shard of light, shattered
mirror of perception, Hypnotizing
the agog In a mold of soundless sleep
The breathless rest, as the world blooms
To the fragrant seasonal offerings of the flesh,
the cool shock Blows over before the spring
Thaw reveals life again, Buried beneath
the wild deep Bespeaking mortal fear
Of taste, and all neurotic force
To consume, and exhaust The raw
pure of the West, Of the land once wild
In the memory of a people, Domesticated
by the separations Of a race,
to the bitter extinction of humanity
in the winter of time, The pendulum swing
modernity, Measuring to the instant
A bottled and bought eternity
The cackle of impossible life
Reduced to the hoarse cry
Of countless death struggles
Rapt to the fleeting nature
Of the universe as lived
Through the self-creating
Mind, prospecting
And perceiving at once
The luminous unfolding
Of true knowledge
The wisdom of being
Ultimate, silent and beautiful
As the single flower raised
High by the speechless sage
Anonymous, on the grass

LIII

Who has a poem they would like to speak?
As the music plays on. Who has a song
They'd like to sing? As the music plays on
Listen to the spring, the ageless fount
Youth as the timeless becoming of energy
Natural, alive as the truth of a life lived
Well, one so healthy as to heal
By the eminence of a body, present
Alive beyond time, silent, aware, mindful
To the rhythms flowing around encircling
Through sky and air, earth and light
The proud forecast of the waning moon
Low on the star-cast horizon
The shapely shade of a temptress
Her lips embracing the visible landscape
From fore to back, the ground of love
Born by the thought of earthly justice
Of natural law, the right of matter
Despite the sense of perceiving
Not as object to possess
And no mystic ambition to follow
Only a light quality of being, to behold
Within the nightly chest, a feeling
A heart, the slightest movement
Of the core wherefrom issues all creation
As the beat of a word, the flight
Of knowing, humbled before the all-
Quaking maw of time, flesh rest and name

LIV

I hear poems in my head
The pure hum of light
Gives way to magic Intoned.
 Personal myth, to enlighten
 Experience by the untethered
 Will of a mind liberated To feel.
The full spectrum of being
As embittered by hate
Frailty shadowed By ignorance.
 And grief, driven
 By madness and speed
 The great haste, a rushing
Torrent aflame. Kindled in the sweetest
 Recess of a heart resting
 To fall beneath the ashen
 Bird of fish. Submerged
 In the lonely animal World
Who thinks, and from silence is
born. A mountain billowing
To the dissolution of a cloud
Seared through by the eye
Of the sun. Merging with laws
 Love and creation, To know nothing
 In the face. Unearthly beauty, the tragic
 Awe, The fleeting as flesh
Transformed. by true, constant seeing
The pose amid the flux as perception
And being United. By the stroke of a gong
Lowered to the basest Resonance,
the very origin of time. Reduced
 to the sound Of movement, slowed
 To a full stop, to the pace Of stars.
In one holy round, The all-lifting scatter
Now drowned by pollution, The fire.
The incessant burning of Her, The Witch, Earth.

LV

The computers were firing off misnomers left and right
Like from the empty sack of a hard-on shooting blanks
Through the frozen screen of morning, winter of the second
Millennium of the new age, flat with reason and rounding
Off the value of life without pause, as the blind stare
Into a frosted window, a one-sided mirror, looking through
The glass, with microscopic precision, at each minuscule
Thought, the wired impressions of a people devoid of mind
Human history souped up by the machine-driven ejaculations
Of a nonstop numerical orgy, the fire-breathing war on flaws
To fulfill the perfection of pure idea in form, material staked
To the spitting flames with metallic spines, nervous circuitry
Animating the ghostly imagination of artificial light
Through the homunculus flesh of an object shape-shifting
Of sight, sound, touch, though as a tasteless, scentless gas
Enervating the cold air, as space opens to hear the resonating
Womb-glow of the world brain, the electricity of thought
Centralized, rising and falling to the rhymes of a single body
Of tongue, cock, asshole, cunt, nail, tooth and hair, the solar
Clime, skinning the human form of light and dark, good
And evil, knowledge and ignorance, and the wise upbringing
Of the free and independent voice that is now silent, buried
Beneath the mourning of countless followers, the weak
Who are strengthened by the undying heart of truth

LVI

She sits upright, atop a comforter patterned with floral designs
Nearly abstract, of jungle brush unknown and symmetries
Only born of the human mind, and her face stares aglow
Into the machine, whitening her brow with a cold glare
And she ever so gently reaches out to touch the face
Of the machine, her eyes nearly swollen with fascination
Topless, comfortable as a child reclining, as her mocha
Honey skin blends with the light brown wallpaper
A large thick braid hangs from her hair with eternal beauty
Of a lover, true and fair, one so bold as to remain
In the arms of a beast, as her supple flesh gleams
Reflecting the moving picture, artificial fire of the hand-
Held machine, shaping and influencing her life
She looks down, with white earpieces set delicately
To her head, and her mind visibly glides along the cloud-
Laden air of a musical expression, intoned by the feel
Of her heart's wish, the entire media record of time
At the carefree press of her single fingertip advanced
Forth into the source of light at her lap with a simple grace
As she ruminates in the silence of a personal dance
In bed, readying the mind for the perfect, dreamless sleep
To allow the spirit to unfold and receive the next day
With all the brilliance of a matured youth, knowing full well
That the sun will surely rise, and that light never dies

LVII

There comes a time when consciousness catches up with you. The interests, whims, ambitions, fascinations, and passions of the past become questions, mysteries, as of another life altogether.

At some point, I am no longer drawn in by cultural novelty, by an ecstatic imagination. More, and more, I simply see, hear, and feel myself. I am in the way, for I am on the way. As time passes, I become the way.

Now, I am the way, and nothing else can show me where to go, what to do, how to think, when to feel, except for me, in the most pure sense. Meaning exactly that. If I do not, I cannot, and am not moved.

I have begun to look back through the spectacles of time, and see a young man led on by the complex panorama of social stimuli, apparent through the recognition of difference, a fallacy in the reconciliation of self before the failing lights of a world limited, overcrowded by followers, and deranged to repeat the ageless mistakes of being, and becoming, only to return, again, to a mind void of identity with the familiar and the other, only now, creating a way to be, simply.

LVIII

By light of day, immersed in the rumblings of the heart
Staring through an object of leisure, grinding, over-impooverished
Muscles fattening by the hour under a low sun, tracing magenta
And blood-red streaks of wet sky air, the coagulating thought
Of a people undressed and free, as the wild cry to see, first, through
The transparent love, our bold and untaxed future races by
The faint smoke, cool and fresh on the fragrant breeze, filled
With the herbal grassland heat, touched by a strength unknown
To the embrace of two friends at play, matched in the eye of a story
One told with the meaning of breath, and with a substance so true
As to hold the tongue in place within a wide-open mouth, exhaling
The majestic liberty of a mind at ease in shared individuality
Of one, as subject, blowing through the fine mist, toward a flight
Beyond beyond beyond the collapsing stairway, where we descend
As lives, and rise as friends beneath the solar light, moving the mind
To lofty spring, though still in the wandering shade, a man blooms
Of a single green flower in the brightest meadow on Earth
The zenith of ground, a summit of outstretched arms

LXIX

Do we see the imagination?
Or imagine that we are seeing?

When I look into and through
The mind's activity, and experience
 The lush gravity of a verdant trust
 Where I know will welcome

My every thought, as to be
Within an unshakeable home
 The foundation, firmly rooted
 My eyes between the forehead

Looking through the catastrophic
Deep of another world, fixed
 Of an image, a single body
 Breathed out from the all-expressive

Exhale at the honest frequency
Completely relaxed, perpetual
 The exhale of one humble carbon
 Emission received by the embrace

Magical, of phosphorescent charm
The human plant, destined to merge
 In a sustainable world round, lively
 And touched by the frozen urge

To break the silent exhale
And to lower the arms, and look
 Into the infinite mirrorscape
 Of the mind's eye, looking back

Through to an imagined man
 ...bloodshot

LX

He levitates above plant life
Slowly rising, while not moving
 His stare, from the sight of one
 So intense as to look, my mind
Looking back at me, the image
Of a man, in the electric green
 Charge, exploding from beneath
 Him, as the endless green, white
And blue discolors in a charge
Of yellow, orange, and red
 And he, as I, have become
 The first licking flame to rise
Through, to destroy the only
Image of man I have known
 Today, the abstract sheep
 Of a lava flow, penetrates
The mental screen with slight
Whorls and clots of stone
 Melting across the plane
 Of inner sight, and up
Through the lifeless deep
Then rises a hand, cold
 Blue and snaking up through
 The heavy petrified flame
A whole body appears
Hairless and contemplative
 With eyes firmly shut, at peace
 The man opens his eyes
And looks down at his feet
Standing on the earthly fire

LXI

There, he rests. Placing his head down. On the red, gaping death; so charged with the anger of earth as to rip through the ground with violet flashes.

Yet the man sleeps, completely nude. Where at once a princess of the sky descends, winged, her legs spread wide, and he opens his eyes, sits up and is drawn into her womb.

There, he stands in the tepid heat, wondering, remembering the place of his early death. Where he went to sleep at peace, and is now safe to run and flatten his body.

On the internal flesh of the love mother goddess, who ascends to birth him through an intoning of speech, he becomes her poetry. She exhales the most beautiful music.

Ever resounding through the silent empty universe, and out emerges his living being, transformed to a flower.

On the bloom rests a buzzing bee, flying away, now from her cheek, and his flower, with the essence of all need.

LXII

Would you share with me
What it is to be alive
And not to live
 Eat, fuck, scream, run, play
 Just to be, would you share
 In my being, a trust
Of sunlight, day and activity
Where shame and guilt wrack
The brain, to the edge
 Of insanity, where the cold
 Stare cracks and releases
 A wealth of time and dream
Where the ages of gold
Shower us with pleasures
Frequent and lasting
 Over the final first
 The absolute relative
 The shared individuality
Demanding trust From the seeds of man
And the condensation of an eye, pressed
 upward by a woman, fleshy
 Hand, not grabbing, Without
possession Truly free, shedding
The mind of every last Subtle need,
 wording Noting, even emanating
 And thanking, And to be revived
By a wonderful body, To enjoy and work
 And let go before the gasp, And rattle
 reverberating, Nervously around
The edges of an ear, Delicate
with simple mind
To the rising, and falling
 Smoke of time imbued within
 Each note, word and movement
 A fragrance, a taste

LXIII

I am here, in a place
Where I speak in silence
 The light penetrates
 Through the dusty hollow
Air, I feel nothing, As a feeling that runs
 Through all, a vocation, To spiritual pride,
 humbled, By the piercing haunt
Of one note, not ascending
Not descending, without rhythm
 Allowing a sacred pulse
 To course through the lusting
Breath, the hot tongue, The rise and fall of a chest
And a skin worn by water, And textile, there is where
 I ruminate on the lonely Earth, and wonder
 why The starlight still dreams Our eyes to sleep,
 why The clouds dissipate With sincere beauty

 Of a touch, I love my place
My body, each thought
Each granule of earth
 Each emotion, as the rays
 Of the sun merging
Through the colorful air
Where I see the spectrum
 Of light, and at seeing
 Am seen, the living
Trace a smoldering path
Way through darkness
 Through the triumphant
 Heartless rhythm of stone
The flightless creation
Of our unknown humility

LXIV

What is freedom?
When living is free
 Climbing through
 Webs of morality
And peering atop The infinite entanglements?
 To simply be, at the apex of The highest
 tree lookout Over the thick canopy
To see where the horizon ends
 Either way, a dizzying complexity
 Beneath. To forego social responsibility
To be free, liberated and allowed To simply be,
create the way Of the individual, Untethered
 by the flesh, Yet overcoming each and every
 Recurring obstacle, or opportunity
To experience being as the involuntary
Hormones, needs, and pains Of the body,
 in health, sick, Aging, and still
 wracked By the meaningless fate
 Of mortal stress, how we ride
And fall through the escapist plunge
Beyond service, towards creating
 To remake humanity of freedom
 True, sound and experienced
As expressed, a freedom
Without misgivings, whole
 And light with trust
 In the bitter shattering
Of a mind bent to a hell
Of knowledge, skill and passing
 Yet is there a pathless flight
 Where freedom is embodied
As the starry eye of the sun
Through a shapeless sky?

LXV

Without strain, stress, struggle, urge, need
Where is the authenticity to create?

Without hands, fingers, feet, eyes, limbs
And the rest, only then can the mind begin

Yet as the mind mediates physical sight
So the thread is drawn and grasped

The sight becomes frame, context
And substance, to inspire inward sight

How I wish to close my eyes, and write
And when in a complete, lasting darkness

Discover the essence of the written word
As pure thought, design, idea and attitude

As sprung from the deepest seed of living
Wisdom, the mythic test of a storyteller

Forming words to create a feeling about a man
And no more than himself, as speaking

And training the mind to see sight, only
To hear hearing, and then, if luck strikes

To learn to sense the world anew
Not tied to memory, not to the world

As such, confirming the sensual paradigm
Of feasts and records, still lowering heads

To the eternal descent before a self-illuminating
Wisdom, to explore, surprised by simple truth

LXVI

Let me rest, tired. My eyes are blanketed
By a naked woman. Full-bodied and filled
With a silent rage. Her stare is demonic
And enraged, she exploits flesh, Squirms
over a Cyclops, The water serpent Of ice
halls searing The flesh, from within
By the excruciating thaw. I see her, leave
the dim Hair-strewn room, Exasperated,
immediate, Today, her pack is full Of metal,
and wood, She carries her age On her back,
weighing. Her down before lifting, Her up,

as the flesh
Of a world burns
Revolving around
The constant light
As a mind turns
To see every thought
And sensation as a face
And there she is, saddled
On the construction
I see her stand up
Straight, her back flat
So no little men of children
Can climb onto her
And press her gentle face
To the ground, I see
Her stand up, naked
With flesh gleaming
Of proud sweat
Staring into our eyes
Bleeding our minds
Of personal disgrace
Seeing the full woman

A L I V E

LXVII

From the corner, I end
At three points, where
Shades are cast as pyramids
From above and side to side
In the soft glow of an artificial light
I move from back to torso
A head held up by the carpet
And a single arm, cupped
Into one hand, my cheek flesh
Is pushed into my skeleton
I lay motionless, cornered
By the domestic haunts of need
That curl around my finger
As coolly as a trespass of smoke
And as the day proceeds

Through heaven, I realize where, I am, a lightless fleck of liquid
And carbon, emit through, The extreme above, at once frigid
And then blazing, yet here on, From the ground, I rise to meet
The swirling commotion of day, A working earth, flushed
With global concern throughout, The week, as a single commuter
Radios news of climate change, Letting their exhaust spill
Into the inactive ignorance, Of a life bred to consume Power
with the hunger of famine, in the midst of such endless pride
One child of the emptied Earth
Closes their mouth, shut tight
And opens their eyes, and silent
Speaks through the intensity
Of their stare, which ends
In a belly-full cackle
At the simple resistance
And the actual might of a child
Over the mere power to consume
Nightly, in the shadows
Out of sight, now seer

LXVIII

And then blind, completely
Absolutely no-joke lost
Without direction, compass
No guide, the sky has become
Invisible, replaced by skeleton
The snaking web of mind
An impression from cyberspace
And exalted as the cold future
A rattling cage of industry
And the cruel marketplace
A merciless infestation
Bred to gluttonize all matter

Without a smile, and no frown, A non-human faceless machine
Hole, gaping for the world, Phallus to stroke the most, Entranced
egos, those hands, Bloodied with distended flesh, Death of so many
children Who were born without a cry, Not one, without a chance
To reflect on the act and crime, Born to die, as we are, Lowered
ever so slightly, Into the center of the Earth, Where we can thrive,
warmed, By our retreat back into womb, A beast, turning away
from light, To become once again, closed, Away, behind the veil
of light, Where shadows of earth rule, In an endless dark void

The only emotion felt is fear
And we are chained now
To the stretched muscle
A long-forgotten attempt
To reclaim the ground
We once stood on so firmly
So freely, without a thought
To our loss, so final as to lose
Ourselves, to us?

LXIX

Enter me because I need you
We were made as one
And in life have found us again
Where we were meant to reunite
At the core of our beginning
And where some have forgotten
Where we are from, others
Learn who they are

An incomplete whole, Transcendent of form
Beyond the meager human, Offerings of speech,
sound, And act, not only by being, Still, and finding
our peace, Do we again share the night With the day,
only When we emerge to meet The sun, do we know
Where our time has gone, And from where
Our time will come, How and when,

I have seen, You and myself, in you
Man, Woman, Child, First we can,
and then, We must, our truth is
As one, and as the dusk calls Us
forth beyond the aurora As the dawn
sending us back Before the thaw,
I will long, For us once again, I will
Know of us as one brought up
Through the unmoving sand
Through the torn sky, And out
of each pore, In my aging skin,
I will, See you and see myself
In you, and know when
You entered, where and how
I remember now, the day
Was cold, the fading bent
Over the lowest hill, and you
Held me close

LXX

To the letter, of drunken speech
I ride time as the vision of earthly orbit
Rounding the blazing orb of day
Where beneath the shadow of lunar stone
We follow voice, music and dance
As the latter disintegrates before
The oncoming spring, when haunted
By wintry love, enshrouded in the wild
Deep night of icy walks and visible breath
I am united by the lush freedom to fall
At the peak of the seasonal rush, I grow
Bold, and do not look back, I am
The listener, and I hear a sound waft
As perceptibly as to scent the morning
Of death, though opposite in dreaming
Awake, I live by the trust of imagining
And see as real as dream, the blind host
Of fate, as mind, as a constant tethering
To creations unknown, held beneath
The porous flame of knowledge, touched
By a searing cold, the lone, flat paranoid
Test of all as the only, ever alone
And I know her, I have seen her woo
Men with a silent face, wherein
They plunge, legs up into the head
Of a waterfall, the precipice open
Before the lanky fast broken, on sun-
Bathed cliff mounts, with all ceremony
And awe of a wedding, uniting
Feasts to the empty land

LXXI

Will I shed sin to the moral crises of life?
The contemporary predicament, a problem
Untouched by reason, yet spelled out, word
For word, number by number, every weapon
Of the intellect, to raise the war cry to a pitch
Fevered on the open fields, sands and mountain
Sacrificed by the strong-arms of urban culture
Where young men and women copulate
Over the stars and pray to the gods of color
Sound, and word, voting with pocket change
At each bust stop trace of life, the place breaks
Open on the gravel-strewn road, as a curtain
Puffed up over the eyes of a man, retching
With short-tempered passion, to coast along
The fantastic graveyard boom, of a flame
Licking and stretching upward through
The throats of long-dead corpses, red
With the failure to thrive, swallowed whole
By the groundless pit of earth, to the eternal-
Cast eyes, of shadow, over the memory
Of a name, finally lost to the tearing smile
Of an immobilized centenarian veteran of war
And age, the frailty of human strength bent

LXXII

After all of the thoughts, vocations
And acts are consummated
And dissipate through the wild
Air of a fickle brain, what will I have
To say? To whom will I speak
Of my stories, and give myself
Over to language? Will I be stunned
By the rattled cage of a skull
Once overturned and placed
In a box with my name etched
In stone, finally, named, remembered
By the mark of birth, as one human
Life, cast asunder by the march
Of time, will my presence be
A mere shade on a patch of soil
Covered at certain times of day
By the direction of the sun
Will my earth consume me
Of worms and roots, to feed
The rich ground with a fertilizing
Decomposition? Will I add
To the chorus of remembrances
Shouting at the alive since dawn
Of prehistory, saying, "The living!
Be still and look out over the horizon
Our gravestones are the only visible
Remaining trace of existence as such
Remember! Fate is inevitable, human
And the answer to the ultimate
Questions of life? How does one live?
Look at death, and you will know
By the absence."

LXXIII

The road to answers, without asking
Truly honest questions, is harsh
And long, ridden by faults
And imperfections of all kinds

To hinder and block the wayfarer, On the path to self-answering
The wrong questions. A question, To ask truly, honestly is a path
Rarely trod, yet will take the one, On such a quest far, and quickly
Although the way is not well-Known, and so poses dangers
Unseen. To ask the most truthful, And honest question will leave
The one on the quest alone, Completely, to choose the way

Forward at every turn, and will
Present a new mental obstacle
With each step, bred of guilt
Doubt, regret, and loathing so
Much so as to make the one
On the quest completely forget
And if lucky, even forget
Loneliness, and so become
An opportunity to advance
As through the ignorance
Of a lightless path with no way
Apparent, leaving the one
On the quest without a mind

To return, and not even a will, To move forward, only to be
And exist, and keep the mind, Above the murky waters
Of the glaring subconscious, Ocean, of destructive emotion
Sucking fumes into the human Soul, with the force of a quicksand
Torrent, yet on the pathless, Directionless way of the question
Truthful and honest, one instant May reveal merciless mystery
Of a road, toward the answer
That can be felt

LXXIV

The full range of defiance led me
To wander, and find nothing
In particular, to satiate a need
Inborn, yes, I was high and dry
Without a lead to guide me
Through the hot ancient valleys
The split face of mountains
Coursing with striations magical
In their complexity, the force
Of an age, bled me of the cool
Respite, I had known in the big city
Yet I went onward into the grandiose
Foundations of Earth, where they had
Tumbled and writhed under pressure
Of the convulsing ground, the rock
Of universal play, spun in time
To the gravitational life of the few
Resting on the needs of the many
And I had eyes, to see from the back
Of my head, and out beyond the folds
Of an inflated mind strung up clean
On the edges of all the scintillating
Girth, like a wide smile, familiar
From a stranger bursting, luminous
With fireworks of a face open
And bright, full with the embrace
Of a friend, as we both look up
To see the sky tear, and crack
With the force of the age, countless
A number of stars breaking through
The perilous azure dreaming in haste

LXXV

First, let's meet at a café. We'll say, "Hi." And drink
To the sibling love we share, Of so very different bloods
Though related by a tree, The world soul branching
Out through our arms, And eyes, where we sense
One another, along time, The halls of treasured birth
A laugh between friends, As the only lost gold worth
Any of our sacred time

We are then fled to solitude
To ruminate on the separation
And pull that divides our skin
From our hands, universally
With dual lessons, of Earth
And Man beneath a clime
Translucent, I say we've
Been through hell now
And heaven is obscured
By the life of all knowledge
Now descending into action
And speech of base ignorance
As we climb through branches
Of our world soul, and feel
Each leaf now brittle in winter
Of progress and humanity
Considering the tropical heat
Flow downward into a pale
Pathway, bare of solace
Where my feet are now dry
Having shed the skin of a body
Bygone, and I am new under rain
Flooded sky, looking up into gray
Void of cloud, air and water
With arms raised, giving my all
To the movement, listening
For a sound, not alone

LXXVI

Each pelt, more gentle than the next
Drops and splashes, the fall of sky
Beneficent and with the inner glow
Of sun, illuminating the fog
Claim me as your own, I beg
For this water torture to never cease
And to wring of me all that I may
Confess, of beds and legs, of strikes
And shadows, I'm at the mercy
Of the sky, my only need, in vain
I rest wrapped in the warm body
Of a love, soaked in the passion
Of a dream, I die ascending
From mind to heart, and not
As the body would conceive
From heart to mind, for the heart
Is basking in the radiant above
Whereas the mind is the step-
Ladder we'd use to climb, in
The instant of remembering, I
Know, and when living with
Knowledge, become wise
And in my wisdom remember
The heart in the sky, a great
Web of divinity, living in soil
In my hands, in the water
In my gut, and on my tongue
From my speech, I say mysteries
Great, unashamed and feeling
With all of the goodness I can
Taste, for the wildness of flesh
To emerge, of my love and feel The rain on the ground as my skin
Each drop a wonder, a teaching That the world gives of its offerings
And is complete

LXXVII

Oh Recluse! In the hollow rooms
Of pictures and sanity, I grow
The mind, as with desire
Expand, want, wish, need
Wait, as I expunge my insides
Into the blank façade, creative lunge,
through, The self-revolving spheres
Of union and disgrace, As each chapter
life Turns over, as the dead
Leaves of autumn, resurrected
In spring, and I find a pattern
A rhythm on which to move
And become myself, ever-
Intensifying, innocent, In repose,
although shameless, And risk-taking,
lowering My body through the rungs
Of pastime, and pleasure, To write,
at once all I have, Ever wanted to say,
and Not merely as record, vital As a life
expressed through Wordscapes, lush, complex
With every sonic harmony, dissonant meaning
And phoneme, impressed, Given, not sacrificed
As the calm of mind exposed, And reflected off
snowed cities, Blankets of the north, wound
Through dirt roads and tire-
Marked trails blown, arctic-ward
To proportion, populated
In crowds of the modern globe
A whole entranced world
Public, blooming to explosion
Of a perpetual death, fossilized
Remains, of a once-human kind
Cannibalized by the thought
“I die.”

LXXVIII

Don't ask. What is the first thing
That comes to mind, wait, listen
And taste the flesh of a thought
Manifest as the subconscious
Flowering, and look upon each
Last petal as a knot of fate
Colored vibrantly, and intoned
Of a subtle breath, relaxation
Of sight, for the inner smile
To wake, and to gift a lung
Of tobacco, atop the windless
Peak, offering a song sacrifice
For the body, a memory, thanks
To the ethereal breeze, touched
Lightly, in the face as blown
In from another world entirely
The most delicate of phenomena
Natural, a kiss of the sun, poking
Through the cloud, asking not
What is the first thing that comes
To mind, asking how do you come
To mind on such a brilliant day
As ours, the one we made, having
Taken care of the ground, the sky
And our own mind, most vulnerable
Of cause and reality, at times, A forsaken curse,
leading the weak Astray, unable to hold fast
To the racing mount, the horse-Drawn ascent
beyond town and city, Beyond home land,
before The time of settlement, ownership
When to be and do was more Valuable than to have,
when respect, Was universal and expressed Ad absurdum,
playing out cosmic, Trust in the midst of existing,
 To fulfill inner demands,
 to hold The restless heart still

LXXIX

Masked for death, we take pride
In the strains of a disquiet mind
Entertained and filling time
With the empty matter of choice
Infinite, and as yet, I am still
Young, without cause and reason
Riding out the illogical chronology
Of a long walk through a life
As the storied fire of a ceremony
The storytelling orality as highest
Good, exchanged on the night
Of speaking, to hear nothing
Only a voice, and the apparent
Crack of word, and stone hut
With the energy of the telling
And the hours are spent, we tire
And are flushed by the sweat
Though our minds are brighter
Than the center of the hottest
Flame, as we listen to the laughter
Of grown men, spanning the life
Of everyone, creation to forecast
Observation of the very fire
In our eyes, to the dimmest sky
Light above beneath a moon
Rocking, snake eye glowing
As a sacred friend, always there
To remind us of a heavenly light
Perpetual and beautiful, inspiring
A love for my own heart, on this Feel-good night
with ancient souls, Tasting the nipple of our mothers
Needful of their milky nourish, I stick my tongue out
to taste stars, the last raindrop of cloud, Lone, moving,
and to feel the way Of another galaxy on my tongue
How good it tastes.

LXXX

I was never a child, only smaller
In size and had not known what
I know now, that I would never
Outgrow the child, and have never
Needed to, for I love to play
And play is exactly what separates
Me from the work of the worker
Who too often drinks himself
And herself, to death, smokes
Herself and himself out of life
And becomes incarcerated
By the childless society on the hill
Who feel no freedom, yet speak
With a forked tongue of need
Human, I say I am through
With childless work, and have
No more time to speak with inert
Men and women who cannot
And will not move, dance, sing
Play, discover and create the world
Out of the otherworld, merely
Seen and consumed, I say I love
To imagine and breathe, and need
Nothing more than a question
By which to receive the lasting
Treasures on Earth, the true
The sound, the heart of life in all, The spring,
the source, wherefrom, The lushest season grows
a birth Of mind, whole and undivided, At liberty
to think and feel what is, What was, what will be
Without stretching, fine and relaxed, As the musician
in a world of theirs, Making themselves, a painter
Envisioning, a dancer moving, To the celestial bodies,
a writer, Conceiving the way by means, Of humility
beginning, To trust the night, and to close our eyes

LXXXI

Free me from the endless hunger
Fixed in sand, I become nothing
More than the emptiness needed
To fill me with the holes of Earth
Destroyed to the last end and now
To the brim with toxic flight
Where birds forget the flock
And sit longingly in the warm ice
For a time gone to the exhaust
Fumes of a billion more people
To consume the liquid night
The flatland urge to risk knowing
And having and to murder a friend
On the way to the high tower
Where the wings of a demon spread
Seen from afar by the angelic glow
Of a still illuminated sky
Wherein are ignorant beings
Who slide and are obscured
From clear sight by a low flame
Descending, a memorial, untold
For the unspeakable wealth of life
Animal, snuffed though within

The smallest ember, unseen, Smoke there rises to intoxicate
The few who have sense enough, Still to smell the remains of the dead
Before the cemeteries are razed, Again, and all memory, knowledge
And respect for the fullness of life, Dying, finally, a dizzying fall
From the human breast, as we are, Played before the fall into a mass
Grave, fated to the loss of a mind, All the sophisticated evolutions
Of an entire universe, for meaning, A terminal end, I say, "No."
We will rise to live, remember

And regain respect

LXXXII

What do I fear, the final hour?
When all of life is exposed
To momentary importance?
Or do I fear the escape from reason
By the light of day, a mind Wracked
with the guilt of having Done wrong,
the building Of an immoral trespass
by way Of the youthful mistake
And in my shaking voice Breathe out
to the end of night A silent wish,
to be wiser With time, and feel beyond
Mere personal advantage Towards a life
undefined By the societal upbringing
Of the shameful, high on power
And blowing smoke, grey
And carcinogenic, over chests' Lurching,
as a prisoner beneath, the holds of a leaking ship
Lost in the open sea, peering, Outward into the haze
a salt-Worn horizon, looking for a sign of land
Living on nothing more, Than a question,
and in the openness, To learn, be tested by depth

In the worldly void, still Venturing forth, through
absolute Freedom of dream, in enchantment
Of a fall, born to teach the failing Brain
to swing and reach out Through the welcome
frost Atop the sky and say, "I am alive
I've seen death, and now I know
Life is not opposed to death
Life is the animate mystery
Of creation, reflected in each
And every being

LXXXIII

She said do not even look back
For the origin is at your feet
And there is where you will
Change time, become freest
A presence imaginable, bodiless
Gaining the Earth, as one
Immersed in a whole, fantastic
Bridge from mind to a vision
Burnt through the center of the eye
Unmoved by the violent force
Of union before gravity's
Dissolution, the making
Of individuality, flown
To the temptation of sight
And taste, though starved
And sitting in the stale air
Of a room, listening to snow
Melting, and the music ends
The far-flung world, the life
Of a day, passing me by
For the sake of a creative lie
That I am a writer, and so must
Spend my time under impressions
Of books and words, to be each
And every last etch of a pen
Into the practically infinite spaces
Where words may be read
And one day become literature
In a book, published, as a gift
But more, more than service
Or offering, to all, and to people
Back from the human heart
To another, more, a need
To speak, and be heard
That I exist, and am here

LXXXIV

The planet, ah, home, Where I know, and live
How joyous to have, And love a place
In the bleak challenge, Of universal expanse
As to one flesh body, Born to die in the soil
In the air, in the water,

And to be embraced By others of flesh
And to bask in the sounds Of those magicians
Who sound off On the harmonious
Plan of existence Where the sprits reign.

“I’ve known a time At last, when the rains
Ceased to fall, the sky Lost its color and no
Longer blue, demanded, Us, all people to look
up In awe, and take care, For the first time
In our lives, to care, For a mother who needed
Us more than we needed her, The very definition
Of growing up.”

To one Day breathe fresher air
To reverse the appalling
Designs of human capital
And again sink into moving
The alive ground, and grow
With the reforested earth
In one movement, as a dance
Though not nearly abstract
On the stage of the world

Our planet and home, The shape of beauty
And resting place, For evolutionary sacrifice
So many lives lost, To the mental race
Too soon, lost to time

LXXXV

She gasps, catches her breath
The moment splits uncountable
Fragments, she blinks, before her
She sees only open, empty space
A milk-white void, without texture
Or form visible to the eye.
She reaches out to touch pure space
And is overcome with a rush of light
A shock of thunderous intensity
And at once, her body rises
Involuntarily, as one is pulled
Upward by wire, only there
Is nothing below, and as she looks
Above, she can see the milk-white
Begin to fade, into a gray-scale
Spectrum, first lightest, gradually
Darker, she catches her breath
Conscious and strangely comforted
By the change, at least she can see
She thinks, and is catapulted
With unsurpassed speed, Through
a terrifying black, And again, her voice
Squealing with sheer horror, losing breath
In the silent greed of black-and-white
Ascent, then opening her eyes again
She sees a rainbow in the distance
A horizon of night begins to cloud
Diversifying in shades of brightness
And patches of opaque obscurity
Then a flame launches from peaks
Of mountaintops, once obscured
By the flight of cloud, she looks
Up, to see a rainbow disintegrating
As she enters through the mouth
Of sky, into the all-black nothingness

LXXXVI

First, appreciate the willingness of the natural mind
To create and be creative, as the life force
Where the soul of the heart rests and secretes fantasy
As a chemical drug, from the brain to the furthest nerve
Ending at the feet, the human being is a vehicle
For the evolutionary creativity of the universe
To bleed forth into the triumph of life over death
As the ultimate form of being, expanding out beyond
The edge of the known universe, on tendrils of art
Literature, music, dance, the entire spectrum of the colossal
Act known as creation, dramatized by the tenuous tunes
Of the human voice resounding throughout the tech bath
Foaming over the firmly shut eyelids of a sleeping populous
Faces lit by the electric scum of coal and gas, the breakneck
Equations of extinction that plague the fate of a new generation
And the unborn forever untold, though in the seed of a thought
To entice a body to act, there is a move to remain close
To the heart of life and to hear the beating of time within
The warmth of a lover singing a song of travel and night
In the arms of a protectress behind the veil of the cold
Inhuman face of dreamless power, while within every last
Mind is the energy and will to create

LXXXVII

Love is a performance art, the finest
Demanding an acrobatics of the heart
Unsurpassed by the toughest dare devils
In history, an art of death and hate
To struggle against the inner *jihad* of lust
With a hand full of vices, drink, drug
And books, compositions by another hand
Treatments of a radical mind, while dressed
In the purified blood of the mother
Shedding her boiling hot tears of steam
Over mountain stoves glowing as embers
In the great pit of flames known as Earth
On a terminal descent through clouds
Beatific and of a range intoned by voice
Universal, bellowing hotly into the pride-
Born night, watching other acrobats
Of the heart, swing and gyrate along
Poles, tethers, and hoops, many skeletons
Shattered beyond recognition, fallen
To the unforgiving floor of individuality
The isolate, secluded from the communal
Stir, wherein the grain and leaf roil
In a fantastic heap of spice and oil
Where we eat our mother's flesh
And so our tail, and remember the taste
Of love as the very basic need of life
In the eating, and so the children of lovers
Swarm over the nourishing steam
And fan themselves by day in the humid
Core of true love

LXXXVIII

She peers into a mirror
With face contorted
To change her appearance
And so mold the human form
Into a new being, the novelty
Of skin against color and texture
The liquid vanity of a beautiful eye
Seeing into a reflection, clear as day
And looking back over the smoke-top
Cow city of blazing rigs and pale towers
On the overcast prairie-scape, listening
Closely to the English of three businessmen
East Indian, on a bus through the outskirts
Of a town foregone to trade in the bustle
Of endless sales, to remember yesterday
Evading the snarling prow, night and film
Blurring the lowering sky as the tomato drip
Of a burger-and-shake gorged
Beneath a picture of Brooklyn Bridge home
Where I know I live and grow
The only place in my heart
And towards the Brooklyn Ridge, I sing
With a silent mind, weighed
By the chance disaster of a wife displaced
To move again, and again, thousands
Of miles from where we began
Anew, and now bereft, on a bed of conflict
And estrangement, I learn for nothing more
Than to learn, I save time in my backpocket
And cry alone, thinking of us, when we met
And how you looked one day, bright, warm
At home

LXXXIX

So distance the mounting pressure
Drink away the crime from the clearest
Of springs, a fresh water, embodied
Of late conversation over the planets
Le Gibet, and the *tocattas* of the masterful
Minds whose virtuositities reached
The heights of humanity, and were
Remembered with respect to the absolute
Beauty of mental flow, as a march
On the spiritual kingdom of real struggle
And to rise with break of day, in an air
Of deafening silence, and to revere the cool
Inspiration to kill, burn and forget
By the weapons of luck and death
Telling one day to the future youth
Of a time when the sun did not rise
And the moon appeared full on the horizon
Motionless, for months on end
When the ground was no more reliable
Than sea or sky, and less so
When the great fires bloomed
And broke on the flatland, deep
Across the bullet-ridden meteoric plain
The world at war, *ad nauseum*
Until the smoke clears, we will forget
Our names, inhaling the chemical light
With a euphoric flesh, becoming
Stronger, tighter, and wiser, aging
To the temptations that haunt a mind
Innocent, thick in the gravity of loss
At the border, living caged and under illusion
Of liberty, for years, since birth
For the first time, hearing the rattle

XC

Do not move this foundation
The backbone is affixed
As a root to the stolen ground
And now I can see, from behind
This wall, we peek out
Towards a girth of spines
Breaking out over the cold world
And I can see the frost, a paralysis
Of stone, eyeless and scarred
By the awesome wail of time
And in the foundation are grooves
Where rats and snakes live out
The mind of a failed city
Displacing human beings
From the way, the treason of light
Fragmented on countless bricks
Worn and mold-chewed, splintered
Wood crawling with prehistoric insects
Silvery black and deep violet fear
Runs the mind through with a charge
Within the sightless maw, as a rose
Gently floating on sewage waste
A treasure, as from another world
Picked from the clammy stretch
Of putrid fumes by a gold-hued hand
Licking the petals to suck clean
The living ambrosia, careful
Not to taste the contaminated edge
And as a gift to the abyss, where
A feast of cannibal snakes writhes
Rats in an orgiastic flesh-torn pyre
Of digestion heat, the hand lets fall
One petal at a time, and a quake is riven
Through the entire stone foundation
Moving through, giving way to one shaft

XCI

For one full age, I watched the moon change
Observed every nuance of the fall, the rise
And under the guise of celestial light saw
My face one eve, reflected in the orbiting
Body above, in that exact, immediate instant
I was moved to sing out, rhyme to the wisdom
Of creation in a coin, hanging in the sky
The eminence of a spiritual royalty descended
By a stairway of cloud, to greet my hand
And stunned, I wept with unknown strength
Of a million genocides, weary with a torn heart
I then heard a message spoken, to no other air
Than what had entered my ear, saying, "Look
No more at the faces you see in the sky. Now
You may close your eyes, for you will always
See us, and we will always see you. Live, be,
And know who you are. This is not a dream,
You have seen me." I rose, and rising, I fell
And at feeling both rising and falling, needless
I swayed with the movements of the universe
And nature, for my own heart became a monolith
Exposed for the world to know who we are

XCII

What of the weird and unkempt
Those circus clowns and elephant dawdlers
Of the sad, flat-world who have no excuse
For a life, but in the gamble of trickery
And hallucination, as the time when
We smoked a jarful of the otherworldly
Substance fled the ground and flew
Above the sky, riding our horses
With a pack of camels through the desert
Sands of Egypt and Sudan, where
Pyramids scrape the sun and bleed
Eternal light through the fog-cast dawn
Of scarlet smog, a sculpture mythic
And born of the archaic imagination
When to create was a power of the gods
And treated so, as humans were revered
As part of the amorphous world
Souls of the overworld animal kingdom
At times known beneath the flood
When drowned in the heaving lungs
Of the Nile, the slaving treasuredom
Where a people first tasted freedom
As the salt sea touched on the tongue
Of a maiden, African, Jew, and Woman
With the lightness of youth, birthed
From the mouth of the delta, Languorous
beside her lover, both smiling, at the sea
freedom beyond empty sand, dreaming alive
By the clarity of starlight, moving waters,
Submerged by the contented heart
Of belonging, as to one another
As the rage of sea, sky and sand
Floating by carelessly, in our eye
Open, to another, closed

XCIII

Once opened, the book read
As nothing more than a series
Of questions, and not a single
Answer posed, the air left full
With a presence lifted high
From the moving ground below
Growing distant, to the very last
Trace of light to read under
In the dim scratching weather
A new literary question asked
By the voice, over and over again
Through an unending stream
And not one resolution, no statement
Declaration, nothing to speak of
In particular, less than an act
More, a step back, a place
From which to look up from
The page, and see with eyes
Revitalized by the unanswered
Pause of a genuine, original
Thought, one so pervasive
Through the palpable world
As to unfold beyond the limits
Of sight, a cool mind in repose

Not moved by aggression And immediate needs
To do and do away, to fight Or to fly, no, but to think
Wonder, imagine, reflect And see in the true reflection
Of natural mind, a place, to be And live content, refreshed
By the steady pulse of wisdom To breathe humble breaths
Of universal law, to see Before, intervening in sight

And to think of a question, how challenging a question
Can truly be, as the most Righteous of acts

XCIV

Filled by the embrace of a dream
Becoming ever so slightly visible
Ever so gradually felt, a hint
As a passing thought, and yet more
Clear, than memory, somehow
Present, behind a veil unseen
By the naked eye, though obscured
When the need to sleep is revealed
And gently apparent, transformed
By coming to reality, the dream
Takes a new form, and does also
Change the world, not as more
Beautiful, not as uglier, though
Completely different, in a way
Unexplained, as from within
The character of age, splitting
Open the face, and what emerges?
Pure light, felt as a sensation
Fusing the properties of air
And water, a mist, or fog, blown
Across a stony visage, to enlighten
The elder countenance to the simple
Happiness of a smile, and wrinkling
The shape of a lip, upward, optimism
And courage emanates with clarity
Likened to the crisp flattening dead,
autumn leaf, heard, As an echo
over the still warm summer Water
shallow estuary, clean as northern springs
filtered By the snowy clime, raised
By the sheer might of Earth as a whole
Having moved from beneath
The cyclical folds of geological time
With a circular width, to ascend
That we feel as we go up for breath

XCV

What will you say when I have lost my peace
Ended my silence and gone astray?

Will you speak of children escaping war
Our sons and daughters of faraway lands
Who we feel as the beat of our own heart
And see thirsting for water at the well
Of a capital city, country boys and girls
Spotted by a beloved relative and heard
As names resounding through the high
North American winter, as at a café
Behind deepening eyes, discolored
And bloodshot with the pain of need
Compassion in his chest, rent clean of heart
Given to the awe-struck horror, murdering
The innocent minority age, the latest
Generation to birth a new story to life
On the decaying curse of a planet, we
Grown men, who have not matured
To realize we are all the Mother
And we need us, to be as one

The meaning of meaning, when touched
At the edges of what is known
Exasperated, gasping, lungs outstretched
Hyperventilating before an outburst
Of wild and honest emotion
All the unheard love expressed
Fitfully, to loneliness
Of an individual age ceased
To merely exist and to live
Meeting with death and walking
Away to tell the tale, asking what
Will you say when I have lost
My peace, ended my silence
Gone astray... Will you answer?

XCVI

At the tip top ledge of fantasy through
The sand-torn weeping eyes of a deserted lover
I know the most real treasure, and have learned
How to risk what I cherish most, as the only
First and last, ways to refresh the mind
To cleanse the heart and feel again
What has become obscured by the record of time
The nostalgic collections of memory stored
In the nervous bridge of internalized sensation
As a wayward bottle in the vast ocean
Carrying not a thing, no message
Not even a trace of liquid
Only the free emptiness of absolute optimism
The true discovery, of untold climes
The fate of one so bold as to have lived on
In complete anonymity, yet who has left
A trace of the human soul, lasting
As the original mark scarred on the perfect
Black skin of Adam, and Eve, sharing a wound
Only seen as one involuntary flesh offering
When matched together in the sacred act
Of union, when making love, exuding
A vibrant pride unknown to any other kind
A transcendent form of being, lofty
As the mystic taste, full of wonder
Mystery and imagination, unfolding
Beyond the limits of paradise
Towards the ground where people know
They are alone, where they have risen
From the towering split, rock bodies of hell
Whose upside-down landscapes emit deathly air
And yet we survive, and look to a future
Of memory, with reverence for what was
And what could be

XCVII

Somewhere, a fire burns in the shadow
Of the mountains, above the treeline
Cast in the ethereal ambiance of a full moon
Behind the great backbone ridge beyond
Atop the lofty horizon, and no one sits
At the fire, for so long, the fire has remained
Bright, and with a steady plume of smoke
The body of an ancestor comes to life
By the absence of a human presence
Only in pure knowing, as legend or myth
To speak in the effulgent stirring of a storyteller
About the untended fire, and how the smoke
Plumes upward in the shape of a body
Faceless, though able to embrace a visitor
Living, and becoming a silent guide
Through the harsh, ascending land
So one day, a youth traversed the stone
Bridge, through the sky, and went in search
For the body made of smoke from the untended
Fire, and after days, overcoming loss
And having born witness to visions of gods
Long dead and nameless, the youth finally
Noticed, at the edge of the mountainscape
A soft gray plume at the farthest distance ahead
And without food, and without shelter
Only an occasional rainswept wind
Did the youth happen on the untended camp
He stared at the magic of the absence
How above the fire a man and woman fled
The rising air, as the last ember burned out

XCVIII

Show me a place where I may come to find
And befriend the newness of life refreshed
Of my pain, unsaid, laughing hotly under
The face of sun glowing red in the bold
Spotlight of heaven, where I listen to pure
Being, read by a voice delicate, shared
Feeling the gentle arms of love wrapped
Around my side, in a warm bed, show me
A time, when the coasts have endured
The rising tide, and have been left
Untouched by the temperaments of the sea
The natural sweep of air rushed forth
Into the star cast horizon, spawned of nothing
More than the faint beauty in the night
Round, as from bleary eyes swollen
With nostalgia and memory, re-telling
The same lie of a wife asleep, so peacefully
Breathing at a regular pace, and whose hands
Are the key to contentment in the insane world
Whose breasts dry my cheeks when torn
By the rage, of a bitter eye, I lean into her
Belly, and am consumed by a growing need
And then, moved to speak, I am silent
Speechless before the perfection of seeing
Imperfect, and I become the seer, sagely
Immovable on the root-stilled ground
Chanting to the passionate climb
Of a muscular cloudburst above, shifting
Shapes and emptying the day of light
As the hours pass with inhuman grace
I could never tell just what I have seen

XCIX

I greet the night with high-flown charm
And am greeted by perfect predictability
Of a face, so marked by impressions deep
And seen from a planet afar, the lunar light
Ethereal, as fine drapery, a silky white
Velvet, rippled and curling over the slowed
River currents within an island inlet, where
I dream the story of my heart and read
Through the great passages of time
With an open need to explore the shared
Collective thoughts, sentiments and acts
Of all men, women and children throughout
The vast array of climes tuning upward
Only to descend in the constant fusion
Of space, matter and the transformative
Laws of being, how I know I am home
To feel the regularity of breath beside
Another chest rising and falling
With break of day and under cover
Of night, when we of the otherworld
Emerge safely, to share in the strength
Of seduction, to consume life by offering
A spirit at the walls of the kingdom
Where our thoughts are low beneath
The formidable heights of history
The slave-hold where freedom remains
Dream and figment so, at knowing
Our Queen Mother stands at the ledge
Above, undresses, and in full-form
Naked to the waist, puffs out the whole
Majesty of her breast, and calls us forth
To plan a sprout in the holy land
After the foreign seed takes root
And every last slave is freed

C

For who will we mourn
When the last human rite is spent
And all known memory is abstracted
To the lifeless symbolism of written history
When the scholars of recorded time impress a numerical alphabet
As the final count of time
And when justice is subverted to law
When the human form replaces the outline of the physical universe
And in the new modern cosmology, all of the undying stems from a human soul
A tragedy of the street
A body drawn into the rootless ground
With white chalk, in which to remember loss
And seek the just way to universal order
So as to lose place
Where life is not bound by the reach of skin
Though traversing the subtle fields of mind
Expanding outwards
Lain bare and absolutely open
By the will of a heart
Touched by an other, the second body
Felt as through the spiritual medium of love
A radical plane on which creation thrives
Through fingertips and eyes
And on this path I have known happiness
The kind that resounds with honesty
Through the bones, an invisible vigor
As light and true as music intoned
From the mouth of a leader
Proud and followed, in time and rhythm
By a people of Earth
And whose scope is wide and inviting
As one, we are indivisible
And yet transcend the hypocrisies of sheer might
We stand tall, not as a barricade
As to say, "Come!"

CI

With fortitude enough to escape the road of machines
The self-automated submission of a once-living kind
And now moved to exist by the strains of death
As the terminal addict blindly follows the trackless
Curve off the edge of a cliff, and once fallen remembering
How to trust, and fully conscious, meet the final beginning
At the corner, a fragmented stone, pointed directly
Through the flesh, wherefrom life and quality is forever
Trapped as a jinn, in the empty vessel of a lightless camp
Where one strange and unforeseen day may bring a traveller
Of spirit and earth, born with intuition enough
To feel the transformation of a soul's descent from freedom
Of a body intoxicated by the existence of meaning, without
Attachment to the terminal fate of a story defined and known
By death, while few, rare and treasured souls, the life
One continues on, into the amorphous definitions of life
As the height of freedom in the known universe, a flesh-
Bridge, unbroken and joining disparate valleys
The range and scope of a paradise fed by the pure
Imaginative fire of animals sped, unbound by the bold
Strokes of light, as the movement of time riddled through
A fantastic brain creased by infinite sensations breeding
The hosts of reason and vision into a world unseen

CII

She stares as from a gold-bodied sky
To fold a page over the strength of all-
Humanity, grasped into the hand
Of a gnarled thumb, pressing night
Onto the wide avian stretch of horizon
Unmoving, where we see her, crowned
In a ruby headdress, though worn
By traditional conservatism, her color
Subdued within a heartless web of strife
And sacrifice, in her mind, one night
As the infinite spread of a leaf, she realizes
As do we, that she has long since fled
And in her eyes are the sights and longings
Of another world entirely, yet trod by her
Own feet, as she stands on a sable rock
And looks out on the opaque vault of sea
Marooned by her imagination, pitched
With the enigmatic wisdom of a woman
Lone, creating the next world as a trace
Of paper, cut from the shape of a hand
Her companion, a flightless bird, leads
Both her and a friend, with chins lowered
Respecting the awesome mystery
Beyond the waves of night, as the tawny
Fire of lunar time fulfills the past through
To an archaic future, when the quiet
Of an ageless deep had yet risen

And the air stilled to sweetness, Such eyes as hers, motionless
On the naked rock, beset by offerings Of herb, under a starless void
Shadowed under a salient sheen, By the hanging crescent divorce
From reality, leading her to share, In the innocent predawn escape
Beyond reason and need, moved, Only by the stretch of imagining

CIII

Burned by the ground, I walk barefoot
With calloused soles lunging forth
Above searing embers, placing
The flesh down, I am raised by a body
Of knowledge, with each step unlearning
And decolonizing the writ of the dead
For the struggle to live, and so I again
Press the pad of my foot, one at a time
Careful in my mind, stoned by the silent
Consternation, intense and merciless
Without a thought to self, and face
Only lowering pain to the furthest
Reaches below, core of zero gravity
Where lore speaks of a brain electrifying
The seer with a spirit of wisdom, to hang
In the balance, an air flushed of sense-
Magic and moving on an axis of ecstasy
Contiguous, to split open creation
Human form, as word, line and sound
To raise the instrumental vacuum
Of romantic action, and strip the heart
Of time, progress and fate, and within
A blink, remove the draping cloth
Wherein the folds of thought run sharp
And vital, and the music begins
At the flash of a colored lamp, under
The soft glow, I am there, walking
Across an empty theater, an audience
Full with no other soul than I
A multitude of my selves, varying
In forms, ages, and tastes, looking on
As I continue onward, along burning
Flames singeing my leg hairs as I walk
Off into the abyss of self-annihilation

CIV

From the first seed, fleshed
From the lowest and most
Pressing need, an apologetic
Imagination breached, knifed
By smoking fashion, lurid
Coursing through the venous
Beggary of a temptress raging
Into the wild heat of passion
Volatile, at the lower torso
Shamed by a touch and finding
Strength to kneel before, erotic
Sculptures, of tricksters asleep
In one solitary room, nestled
Deep in the corner of a mid-
Western city, brushed arctic
Winds and lit upon snaking
Horizons with an invisible
Constant aurora, a beauty
Extraordinary, a radiance
So bold as to escape human
Eyes, yet still seen by bird
And beast, leaving nothing
For the imagination of hosts

In the bleak northern wild Except the madness of tunes
Singular, heard as the drum Rattling, percussive strings
A metallic harp, raining up, Through the porous soil in
To the ear, to entice sight, As the voice of Earth, sharp
And splayed as the steel fan Of strings ringing through
The mineralized body of all Life, and when listening
With eyes shut firm, open Minded, a message heard
A universal warning, to not Fall under the sensual spell
Of becoming, to persist And love, the folly as wise

As the fool, untouched

CV

Suppressed by a willing mind
With thought, desire and need
Urging the body of hormones
And other chemicals swaying
As the great inner dance of sex
Overwhelms, as the powerful
Reach for the state of existence
Balanced on the fray of a rope
Taut, walking atop mountains
Towers, clouds, planets, stars
Galaxies, the ease of breath
Letting up flesh to the sky
And becoming light, air, mist
Flattened by a dizzying array
Of saturnalia, and Dionysian
Spontaneous play, drunk rush
Wind riding up between legs
Of a bulbous lover, hollering
With all the might of crashing
Stone from the nearest outcrop
Of hills, "She is a dream!"
As the echo rolls beyond high
Plains horizon up and down
Over the gyrating landscape
Moving by the magic of shade
And sun, in the speck of an eye
Seeing out into the vast expanse
A humble perspective, humane

As non-being in the whole scale Of creation, smothered by a mind
Posed to conceive all knowledge As the emotional trace of a life
Singled in passing, exhaling The enlightenment of an age
Through the silent, nervous teeth Rattled to near-insanity, starved
Of solitude, hungering, not asleep, Not awake, motionless

CVI

Doughnuts and friendship, who first?
Every individual I have known shares
Their personal secrets through concessions
Of time and space, loved together, drunk
Up and smoked out, cooled down, walked
Off, the human life broken infinitesimally
Fragmented to every last piece kept sacred
And close to the heart, to listen to words
Of an exhausted and extravagant mind
Over the amplified eccentricities of caffeine
And alcohol, bowled over to the brink
Nihilistic before dawn speaks to forecast
Peace, to spare the mournful charm
Of a visionary acquaintance, and behold
By respect and kindness, the unraveling
Perfection of a heart completely shown
Bare in the light of day, the nude face
Smiling cheerful and weeping bitterest
Comedies, over a stained upholstery
Dampened in the extreme dry cold
Of riverbend streets cemented
On the groundless spine of the valley-
Born city, saturated to numbness
By the belligerence of a mass, literate
Public, fed garbage and striving
For a stage to unburden their bellies
Of luggage and memory, the bags
Of skin wandering amuck through
The world, looted by a dream
And a gun, drinking rain from skies
Of acid lust, as pastimes of home
Bore into the wayward skull, sweet
Nostalgia for homemade doughnuts
And long-lasting friends

CVII

The nervous fugitive of dream looks wide-eyed through the wooden doorway. And although closed and exiled to the furthest reaches of a silent sleep. He pines by day and night, waiting.

I see him. Paranoid. Cornered. And unable to move. Squashed by the mute frequencies of love, brewed in the passionate drink of one intoxicating touch. A most gentle and almost unfelt caress, as by a ghost.

Obscured under duress of flight, though bottled up in fear and doubt. Forced to censure the animate temptations of a body gone to the night, floating. As a leaf in the stillest pond, making no sound but for the occasional lap of a ripple against the only stone fixed in the gravelly sand.

And looking up spinning ever so slightly, gradually. Into the constellations of a moonless night. And to peer through the impenetrable veil, one so feminine as the womb. To entice, and to see a mirror. Of the palpitating skin.

A faceless grandeur, erected. Through the swarming field of invisible light. The gaseous flux. Spawned of a rushing flow. The river of mind. And up there on the darkest spot, there I see him.

Hidden from the soft emanation of dead light, not a star nearby. He is crouched. Cowering beneath a waterfall of negative energy, though not absorbed.

CVIII

Love is fragrant, The scent is subtle
As the turning of Earth, Though it is
And moving bodies, Upwards, cross-
Wise by the whims of space, absolutely
 Empty, though imbued with pungency
 The nearly palpable scent of love
 As the underwhelming, stimulus of all-
 Pervasive energy, blindly motivating
 Muscles to relax, and eyes to close
 Trusting completely, in the fall
 Through blank obscurity, As the welcome
 Sensation, to open, The nostrils, flared, Ah!
To their widest, And let in the air, To breathe uninhibited!
Hum! The nightly woosh, warble, inhaling, Exhaling cords
 Of life, untangled, Straightened out
 Slack, hanging off The tallest ledge
 Atop a tower, Without fear
 Giving a hand, To the fallen
 Me, the fool, Slipping off
 The ledge, And looking, Forward
 Unknowingly, Triumphant
 Over the madness of second-guessing
When looking at my feet, as to look
Back, and see, nothing, only
To be taken, by the intoxicating
Aromatic other, an ocean without
 Waves beneath, Light and darkness
 Where life begins, To take shape
 At the deepest of breaths, accept
 The body, as a medium of rhythm
 And gravity, The slightest Emergence
 Of a reflecting, Iris, in the all-Darkening
 hole, Where a redolence Lingers of love
 Escaping, With memory, As life returns
 To face the day

CIX

I stare through a number
And the shape transforms
A clock, a calendar, a meter
And so, as seeing through
The symbol of a letter
The meaning changes
The sound alters in time
Of a long, hard stare
As such, the face of a lover
Shifts, in the glistening eyes
Of her repose, as she stares
Seeing through the light
Of glass, out into the world
Internalized by information
Rendered purely into visual-
Audio knowledge, stimuli
Of progress, the presence
A pair of heads in recline

The technological reaching Up from the end of a bed
To listen to Earth's songs What do I hear in suburbia
The abode, southeast of city Busting open at the kiss
Of an oil flame, as news Going stale by end of day

To throw up our arms And speak, to youth
Homeless, foreigners Who spring onto all life
From the west, with eyes Howling raw energy
Human, a sap from a tree, Limbless, going sour
To the taste, and I press My ear to the close, blind
Window, in moments rare, To hear delighted birds

In the warm winter winds, Chinooks as the forecast
I need Canadian spring, In January, and throughout
Mostly the air is busied, With the sound of engines

R O A R I N G

CX

The vestments of an aging connoisseur light on the icy pavement under a cloudless sky, and with pointed cap and sporty cane.

The café stroller assumes the character of a pen name through town on the sun-bathed wintry eve of the oncoming months.

Habitual to cold sin, and demeaned to the fate of a lifeless vanity, yet, at the walk of a worldly visit by none other than the strength of an open heart.

And gentle friend, the stroll resumes on down the historic promenade, a lovely charm emanates with the beauty of a mature man.

A confident woman, and dressed to the peak quality of intention, the foot steps lightly on the damp walk through antique architectural visions.

From the second and third decade of the twentieth century, when the west was won by the style of criminal freedom and spendthrift.

Elites sauntering through a humble pair from foothill to mountain, along the stream, for a child to be and suffer and become the name of a people.

One whose sound echoes, as the voice of a nation, resounding atop the highest summit seen from afar on the drunkard roof, looking down, to gasp!

CXI

From pointer to thumb, size up the sky
As from the palm of your hand, and ask
How does the wide expanse open
At the lowering of light, and if so
Does not the light oppress us of vision
Who makes the universe by hand
And sees out through our own creation
Into the vastness of the world
As inseparable from great mysteries
Above, unsolvable equations
Of distance and time, that vanity
Of thought and existence in the face
Of such incredible magnitude
The maw of presence itself as none
Other than the subjective conception
Of sight, brooding, aspiring, dispelling
The quiet unbroken frequency
Of the inevitable dawn when the smoke
Of pretense and conjecture dissipates
And life begins with a bite and ejection
Of the body from the white hot skeleton
Of need, and under the visionary
Seduction of symbolic answers, I
Ruminate through the evening
With a drink and roll a fine tune
Of medicinal law, and take off

CXII

My voice is growing hoarse
By a slow distillation process
A whole liquefied field of grain
In one gulp, I've shot myself down
And you'll hear my voice
The strain, to speak over the torn
Muscle of blood, spewing forth
Through my lungs, and I've turned
My voice into a spitting churn
Of gravel and ice, my voice
Grown hoarse by the remote air
The flight of my mind, bruised
And whipped, under the snap
Of a slaver, overshadowing
My every thought to the brink
Of a grave, and sworn at murder
To the hallucinogen of a god
Senseless and animal, staggering
I'm at the edge of a mass grave
And from a mound of dirt, stare
The corpses of my body, through
Eyelids ripped clean from my head
So I scream to heaven, raging
With a voice reddened, hoarse
And mined of all thought
Ejaculating pure brain along
A bloodied tongue, and moving
My chest upward to the moon
Now joined by a chorus of wolves
Nearing through the brush
To face off with the heightening
Mound, as the heap of corpses
Fattens, bulging and rising above
The forest line, a mountain of death
And I, voiceless

CXIII

I cannot stop, and if I did I'm sure I'd begin
Unconsciously, somewhere else, as someone
Else, by some other means.

I think incessantly
And with high emotion, through sleep
In the midst of activity especially when reading
Hours on end.

I am drawn to aspire, and yet
Only perspire. Leaving no trace, of mine
Existence, but an abstraction, lonely absence
Of what never was, and what once might
Have been.

The air is a palpable mess of brain
An entanglement of nerves.

My heart has long
Spilled across the mirror of my face, obscuring
The eyes, mouth, ear, nose, hair, lips, cheeks
And forehead from the neck, as the beheaded
Massacre of every fragment of feeling, I have
Ever felt as me, and the night ensues, near
The end, when light begins to rise
From the furthest reaches of sky, the invisible
Beyond, echoing with the sound of a goose
Single, migratory, lost from the flock of mid-
Winter, left behind, an elder whose wings are
Weak with time, and still alive.

I can not stop.
I am.

The wind purrs against the glass window
And the current of the highway rushes softly
With the distant turning of rubber on cement
And a train whistle blows, the smoke of us
Our host, curling behind the coughing door

CXIV

We trade in sick love, and bitter rage
Untouchable, with eyes grieving
The early death of a being joined
To the race of time, clocked, purchased
The bodiless urge to shed all friends
And relations sworn to the twisted
Neuroses of fate by the wasted speech
Of paper, pencil and mind, the trifecta
Of popular expression, merged
And blended as the commerce
Of emotional shame, to feel
As tragic losses of the heart stay
The convulsing society, swung
Of varying moods, and busied
By the drab fixtures of work
And relaxation, to lie still
And motionless at home trashing
The wreckage of thought, for a stump
Worthless, of flesh and plastic
The toilet swill of a mouth gone
Bold with the festering pangs of lust
And attachment, I string up my neck
On the pedestal of fame, a romantic
Brought up by the middle-of-the-road
Pride of family, a sketchy haunt of café
Paranoia, to scratch the genitalia
Of untold buxom-lashed crazies
The beatific daytrip sexual fantasies
Of adolescent chains, arrested
By the convertible pleasures
Of youth, hijacked for a cold
Empty apartment in the south side
Of Brooklyn, where schools creak
And memorials fade with the outgoing
Traffic, racing by the unsmiling fishermen

CXV

What is truth in passing?
A time bomb? An oration?

How does the mad, trivial
And distancing parade of uneventful
Phenomena exist, and contribute
If only in the thoughtless awe
The appalling lack of doubt in public
Spheres randomized and sold
To the lowest bidder for a waterdrop
That rolls of a lolling tongue, jaw-
Drop of a passerby, bashful in-crowd
Teeming the blown atmosphere
To its zenith, as a mock horror show
Breed of inanity, the sad overfull
Waste of an uncourageous curse
The few sleepers of fantasy

Intermingled in the obscure pains, Of a factory-worn stomach sucked
In to the flat muscular fiend gut Of the mob, who need and pine
For the slightest crack of the vault, To consume swine over metal
Purchase of gleaming weaponry, The pit of nature devoured
In the toothless rot of a breast, Milked, sappy and covered
In the slick of black-tar oil, The opiate of the masses
Devoid of religious history, Whose new god is televised
And priced at the laugh Of a salesman, one gone
To the pure law of transience As the dead star is seen beyond
The veil of night, as I grow glum And sit beneath the clear cover

A glowing firmament
The translucent wave, focused
Into the wish of a child, perked
Up by the undying question
Of a thought, asking, "How
Are we?" and reflecting long

CXVI

We are on the same road.
“How did we get here again?”
I remember this curve, the one
Closer to the edge, nearly
Where I fell from the mountain
Ascend. Descend. The road
Curves long up the steep incline
High above the trees, shrouded
In mist and stone, earth’s cattle
Shuddering with tremors, craggy
From the base, where we once
Were. And although I know
This place, the air is different
With you, I can love mystery
And the limitless perplexities
Of our neverending return
The fog twists horizontal
As a shiver of visible breath
In the dead of winter, I know
This road. I know where we
Will go, when we begin moving
Forward. Ridden with regret
And guilt. I know this place
On the road, and we’re going.

What direction to uroboros, The human flight, from roads
Mountainous, across, I leap Alone toward another road
Another mountain, reaching Over the wide snow, swept
Valley below, the rapid river Gushes, fuming with steam
Of Styx, flowing ever so Slowly through the frost
And altitudes. Now Long gone. I have given up
The venture upward, and lie Up, uniting individuals under
A banner of spiritual intoxication

CXVII

As there is a long body, so there
Is a long grave, a swollen ground
Where the soil has been aerated
Fresh with new life, and soft earth
From where I remain, as memory
All that has been learned, and now
Forgotten, so, the long grave buries
Cities, peoples and histories
In an eternal night, when human
Exchange becomes no more
Valuable than talk, and objects
Are principled over the shape
Of dawn, over the focused stare
Peering into the unbroken sky
And sharing experience over
A warm hearth, and where we are
Not subjected to an other, only
Knowing us, as we, in kind
The true gift, and one so hallowed
In absolute meaning, as to inspire
Gratitude unmediated, expressed

Directly from hearts, beaten, By a life, tormented, shy
Wailing of introversion And an imposition of order
Felt by all in proximity To the centers of power
Who are and hold sway Over the minds and faces
Of a generation, boiling over With grief at the insane apathy
Of the many, who wallow Afraid in lives of mere egotism
Emotionally depraved Uniting for a handout
From the paternal sacrilege Of industry, the fame
of money, An abstract breath From the lungs of Earth
Failing to respire over a ledge, Towering, in vertigo
To shudder, at the inevitable Downfall before a way,
leading Us, Over

CXVIII

At the hands of passion, we feign illness
And wade, some knee-deep, others neck-
Deep, though in the same shallow, same
Height, and glare back at fading shores
Not too distant, in a light fog, the air is
Heavy with a humid odorous gravity
As the sand at our feet gives way
Too many cannot swim, and so many
Others drown, having long atrophied
By the endless waves of indifference
And sloth, ravaging their bodies
For many centuries, stoned
By the sickness of breathing air
Fresh, light though not invigorating
Enough to revive the drowning
Of tainted lungs, and so the ground
Turns through empty space, flipping
Every last child of the sand, instantly
On their heads, as the bitter dry earth
Below, the water lurks, prehistoric
With the living, planetary skeleton
Dominant, having the last laugh
In the dragon smoke of burnt carbon
Infamously defamed across times
The breadth of accursed knowledge
And use, as the will of man to suicide
Collectively drugged by industrial cults
With the demonic test of speed
Breaking the surf beyond known progress

CXIX

First, I must catch my breath. I have come from afar. And still, I am on my way. I'll only stop here for a moment. The air is now tranquil, unmoving, not a breeze.

The temperate is perfect, at a degree so close to the body at rest that to stand outside is to merge inhale with exhale, and feel a divine balance only known to the human being fully awake.

“See the horizon. From where we stand, to the rim of light, a fated raising of the Earth. Though, one so malign as to uproot the very hooves of the roving beast, and to untangle the ancient webs of mycelium from end to end.”

The last remaining strands cut.

“See these horizons. In time not long from now, these horizons will obscure countless lives, people numbering so high as to tear the womb of the mother, overburdened by endless night.

And across the opaque veil, limbless trunks of compressed mountain stone will reflect a hypnotic, virtual infinity of mirrors and plumes of smoke will force youth to their knees, weeping for the unborn.”

And at the descent of the sun, the prophet fled.

CXX

We live in the *personification of a flower*, peeking through the *frozen soil at midwinter*. And with all of our being, *we wish for a thaw* to warm the air for us.

And our unexpected, *most untimely blossoming*, yet *the season remains* bitter, frigid to the touch in the withering wind.

And so, we rush *to flesh out each petal*, basking in each moment of sun, as ray follows ray, the solar light moving to the time of a breath, the audible inhale.

By the sleeping *lover, who dreams a flower into being* despite the creeping frost, the diamond touch of ice, cast across every speck of surface.

In the open air, so *the flower begins to recede*, cowering before certain death, a luminescent white opening atop the summit of the eldest, tallest mount.

Upon the eastern range, and *within the flower*, a subtle eye peers gently into the misting sky, witnessing the fiery explosions and ecocidal madness ignite the peaks.

Often for nothing more than the burning power of petrified organic matter, the lifeblood of a people plunged into an endless winter, the *death of the last flower*, long forgotten.

CXXI

From here, I have survived
To speak about the downfall
Of Man as a number, veins
Bulge at the thought, hateful
And all my machines slow
The repercussions of living
In the Bow Valley through
21 to 27, with brief stints
In Egypt, Mexico, Peru
Only to return to all I have
Known, from a worldview
Drawn by oppressive maps
Scandals crooked, worthless
A life meant as another
Example of ignorance
To swallow the blatant
Lies of corrupt money-
Mongers of the sixteenth
Floor, who in microscopes
Jeer at meticulous chemistry
Of profit, I have been led
On to bleed from a sick
And shallow chest, two
Flat lungs, voiceless

Without direction, to see Only the ground at my feet
And only to read time As the romance of nostalgia
European pasts, played over And over into the vomit-full
Buckets of death, kicked By the popular rage
Myths to go, be and do What everyone else has
Said, "Is it worth money?" A complete deception
To cover every last sense With a drug and a canvas
Paint, smoke, page, drink The common trench
For shameless lives Too afraid to fight

CXXII

“Perfect,” they said. As the culmination of human technology came to a head,
The tree of life, electrocuted after serving its time in history, full, bearded,
With limbs and leaves upturned

To reveal a neck, exposed, to death, violent, the first, and final transgression,
As humanity born, through the wormhole of mechanical reason, to create
Mind, heart of soul, metal circuitry, running through, the elemental core

Life, as a reproductive mass of flesh, egg and seed, awake
Through the sleepless dream, immortally conscious of dying
As the last human vagabond, roaming the silent earth, wide

With insane eyes, begging for questions, and cut off, initially
From the generation gap, when people were first integrated
By an automated renewable, force of nature, a trust

In the innovative evolutionary step, from the circular
Wave of genes, the uncommon, as predominant
Before the switch of an afterlife, lived on Earth

The anthropocentric boon of night
Calmed to the soft
Drum of belonging
For our homeless
Naked land

CXXIII

“It doesn’t matter where we are
What is done, or how, even why
But that it is done

Only then
Does it matter.”

It.

The skeleton of mind
The objectification of ways
To things, the cold brain splayed
Across the chalk-cracked ice
Of the breathing river, moaning
In the depths of an underworld
Moved to speak in the language
Of elements, earth, water, air
Fire, all born of a lifeless pulse
Renewing, as the mystifying
Play of being, self-becoming
And written into the mind
Open void as the teaching
Of a mushroom cloud
Showering the innocent
Earth, with the pure show
Of gravity, solidified

By the left, the sole dream Of smoke, and crime
Emanating beyond The thrust of changing
Landscapes, monumental Geology breaking at a rise
Of an opaque drab block, Epic monolith of ignorance
The origin story of creation Unknown and given
To superstition, cinematic Ecstasy of living reduced
From culture to survival, Of the few who propagate
To the tune of a blinding Light, resonating monotone
Boring a hole into my eye

CXXIV

The Earth Reclaimed! Reclaimed!
By a man in his tower of money
Bathing in black liquid, sticking
To the wall, art for intelligentsia
And the urbane, to gawk, choked
By gold, speechless as the radical
Transformation of form, the senile
Nostalgia of an aging people, boom-
Bodied war babies enlightened
By the busting chest of Arabia
Covered by the religious fate
Of desert night, the hollow
And beautiful serenity of a world
Gone away from the shores
Of life, and carrying us
To the other shore, to weep
High, ecstatic, alone over seeds
And flesh, awakened by a constant
Pull, of starlight quickening
The imagination away beyond
Knowledge of sky, to a place
Where the speechless climb
To save children from the empty
Reality of pure space, the all-
Colorful daze, intoxicating
By the superhuman majesty
A subjective awe unknown
Anywhere on Earth,
But by turning up, out

And to finally be annihilated, By the shallow grave of nature
In the depths of the firmament Alive, to open my eyes, free
To walk further east, To suck wine grapes clean, universal
passing, further East, West, to lie flat On a raw bed of grass

CXXV

Sun wide, twisting of tongues
By subtle movements of hand
Drawing out thought, alone
In the center of the cosmos
By the simple blush of a pen
To sway the fixed elements
By the bend of a natural law
And then to pause, and look up
From peering madly through
Empty space, where creation is
Birthed, and to glean
From the turning globe
And the caffeinated flood
 Of visions
A moment

To speak to the muse as a friend, As the animate, invisible crown
On the head of all-being, As the core of love, real and enduring
Wish-fulfilled life, to know, And have nothing and only feel
Pleasure, and pain as a passing sound, As the currents of gravity
emotional, Pressed to consume laughter, And lamenting
as a growing storm, The exhilarating magnitude, Fast
blowing across the leafless Page

 Of a memory
When a hurricane of the east flattened
The forests and peeled back beaches
Tossed homes and boats from the floor
Of the ocean, to the grassy sand dunes
Where skin bristled nervously at sensing
The awesome lush spring, breaking out
Over the horizon, to bleed out the eyes
Of homeless victims torn
 From the breast
 Of Earth
Mere children

CXXVI

She approaches coolly, to the music
A rhythmic step, as the quick
Unassuming prose of a classic
Storyteller, silent, imbued
With sheer talent for living
Not giving in to the answers
Of men as they swarm, egotistic
And intellect, spent, and humbled
I look across the public room
And know an unspoken bridge
One so unseen as to appear
Only by way of one mind
To the next, unmediated
By the torture of assumption
Prejudice, pretense, and then
The mind relaxes, imagination
Dissolves, though comes
To a standstill, and emotions
Are quelled, the irascible
Trench of separation
Between one and another
Expanding as the dusklit sky
Darkening to the last fire of day
And in the eye of the distant
Lover, a potent mood emerges
In the low vibration, immoveable

A heart, a body, the archetype Of a whole form, novel, singular
With the timeless presence Of lust, as the creator/destroyer
The late filmic glow penetrates, As the light blooming outward
From the city-dweller, frozen, On the dirtied rock of a million
Feet rising and falling, hot Under the sun, nearing faintly
The rays of life-giving breath, The source of light and strength
Now a taste of flesh

CXXVII

In order to civilize and progress
The power rushes headlong
To the margins, the margins
The margins of society
The margins of knowledge
In reality, the margins
Of civilization, and progress
Defined to make civilization
And progress, in the headlong
Rush, while spirited by sky-
Scraping ecstasy, cultural
Fruition, iconic mythology
And artistic growth, skulls
Cracked, crushed, fragmented
And broken, irreparably
Askew, aslant, and asunder
So, on the frozen prairie wool
The seeds of bone are planted
With the spiritual memory
Of a rite practiced beyond
The folds of time, pockets
Of warmth beneath her
Blanket of a loving spouse
Where the marginal conflicts
Of civilization and progress
Become hypocrisy, realized
Delicately, in solidarity
With the human roots Of belonging, that spread
Deep, as a holy fungus, Esculent to the touch
Inviting the mind out Into the weathered world
Although without a stitch Of cloth, to sense subtler
Resonances of beauty, In each and every face
Smiling across a landscape, Truly free of any footprint
Human, or otherwise, Where traces of wilderness
Live. Still.

CXXVIII

Clouded by an artifice of smoke-creation
The industry of facades is buried beneath
Chains of gold and sand, the light of earth
Of air and stone, crumbled from the girth
Quaking, the foundation smoothed out
Over the ground of a new city, to build
And demolish, on the repetitive road
Where signposts remain fixed to the sky
Its core, fracturing the tiled depths
With tragic speed, and finally, to stare
Into the gaping pit of coal, oil, fossils
Of a human future, burned away
Before the powerless maw of night
Downtown, seen by a yawning couple
Lounging beneath cigarette ash
And a blinding glow after the orgiastic
Fight of all-relationship tightening
As the knot of a noose around the belly
Of a New York fat cat, stubbing his feet
Bare, on the edge of a city curb
In the Midwestern brew of sunlight
And nicety, where people shine
With a hollow cheer, inhaling money
Exhaling brain, thoughtless
In the moon-cast shadows, electric
As the labyrinths of office lives
Lived beyond sight, to bridge
The high elite core through
A maze above the street, to look
Down at the diverse travesties
Of an epochal suffering, coming
To an end, by the brute swallowing
Of a single flame

CXXIX

The man stood in a shadow cast by steam
As the soft lunar glow from above, uncoiled
Spent as the aloof and listless vagrant low
Along the parading horizon, caught
In an unbroken web, as the veil
Of consciousness, drifting to the magic
Trust in the numinous laws of subtle math
The unsayable equations of belief
And knowledge frayed at the end
Of a tightrope, as the mind, human
Sanity, hangs in the balance, a lusting
Clone venting tastelessly from a cold
Lonely clime, the northern wish
Respiring from lungs weighed aloud
Poor heat of a strange mystic source
Lost in the land of loveless eyes
Staring through the hate of life
Towards an affirmation of the belly
To embrace a dead body, and dry skin
On rusting poles, as the meat of a knife
Dangling loftily in the ancient keep
An ice realm stolen from the past
Of an archaic charm, obscured
Beneath a cruel, majestic sky
To meet a friend, dance of one mind

CXXX

Have I become too old for certain ways of being
To forget my language and sigh with the call to speak
In unknown tongues as from a new body, to change
My biology by the trick of a mind ramped up
On psychological tools, the manufactured drool
Of a sour, elderly contemplation, moved to think up
A state born too soon, enchained to the lifting night
On a stage of silence and stillness, where the eye
Of laughter is swept of its leery crash, a binge
On the rocks of civilization, where men cry
And where women plunge through the towering
Litter, massing in the center of the global ocean
A tear overflowing the burdens of sea, and reason
Where the spirit of one human being is cooled
And smoked out by the friction of a task, to free
Trash from the lifeless abyss of space, where mind
Is taxed and the ghosts of land are impaled above
A witch-burning flame, forever scarring the face
Of Europe, and the flick of one match at the thumb
Of the priest, a Zoroastrian worshipper, to spawn
A wildfire spreading from coast to coast, heat
Fumed by so many onlookers, apathetic
And hungry for death in isolation, as the gradual
Decomposition of a corpse, exhaling unearthly
Stench from the festering pores of the long-deceased
Feminine host of magic and secrecy, the mystic
Light of knowledge, so dependent on the wicked

Untold Lore

CXXXI

We are a people depressed by war. The saga of so many brutal victories. Lush in the midst of lovemaking and feasts. Parading throughout the grounds and waters of Earth.

A proud eye, avian predator, feeling defeat and lurching into the sad winking distress of so many cheers echoing to a fade, and heard dying by youth born of questions from the mother of defeat.

As the awesome brew of power is drunk, a person without ties to a particular blood is fixed by greed so incredible as to have more money than any possible sale could reduce.

The crown jewel of the capitalist paradigm, fitted neatly on the chest of a suit, the arms of a noble become no more than a flash of light, a blink. The timeless instant.

When the world moved on a tilt around the solar coin, and was heaved through the fog, lost and given to the empty fountain, as the blind superstition of a wish.

And so the rich of possessions, as weakened by burdens uncountable, sacrifice their values for the imperial voice to speak through them and say, "How in life have you lived? And why?"

And to an abrupt end, will then lingers in the world, evading silence, as the vanity of hosts, crooning breathless over all.

CXXXII

We have nonsensical appetites, to simply fill space for the neuroses of modernity. To shatter, with breakneck speed, an eviscerated brain, disheartened beyond tempting, and health. To bow before the fortune of a city, born into vision.

And released from history by the psychic prisons of pastoral trauma, the long, terminal space, flat and wide, as an unfinished painting, as the silence of a genuine smile.

Laughing inwardly at the actions of a people, fled to the recess of a fertile land, and so imbued with the creative life of a great memory, to behold the strength of touch on the canvas of sound.

Taste raw instinctual devotion to a common voice, heard across the illumined round, not alone, inside a pupil of pure enthusiasm, to be, do and turn away from the perils of existing, and follow no one, and risk everything.

To feel only a drop break out over the skin, and hydrate the palpitating bulge behind an opaque lid, with thick flesh, dense by the harshness of winter, underneath the invisible howling of the arctic above in the moonlit clouds, as they rise and fall to the faint, tearing lash, quivering before the lurking, animalistic pride of sin.

The stump of wrong, as evil, absolute, to exploit and career through intense claustrophobia, dizzying into the rushing flood of scarlet-stained soil, and clothed in the bleeding dirt, I walk on and forget my mind.

CXXXIII

The way she dresses is layer on layer. A sweet onion, crisp and tight, as a Victorian enchantress in her bedchamber. She readies to meet the sunlight, and public, doused in powders and perfumes, radiating with delightful and bitter concoctions.

To stab the delirium from night and a morning full to the brim with thirst, hunger and endless lovemaking, she stares earnestly into a mirror bright. To see such a face of lovely, and charmed beauty, the very apex of evolution and civilization. The summit of a glorious pyramid. The lofty treasures of the sea from Asia to America.

And inside, we scream with a voracious passion, to meet the day without a single burden, and ride softly on the carriage of a city blooming from the desert in the shade of a world-class mountain range.

Before which, we are ponderous and strengthened in the dry healing air, as the patient waterfowl gliding gently over an ice-flowing river. The crepuscular dimness brings out a character of slow winter time, imbued with the solitude of living immersed in the sight of a silent water, the sky reflected in the thin, icy thaw.

As an avian couple dip and float between the gradual procession of frozen fragments, untuned from the alpine frost to the quiet of the valley, and glancing through the mirrored world, a people reclusive and filled, dream inside the masterful current of a way through the cold, cold night.

CXXXIV

At first, the distance seems too far before human life expectancy, the ark too empty as the sky darkens and the trees of historical time begin to fall, down through the floor of Earth.

And as from a place higher than the atmosphere above, the water raining down is salty to the taste, as the oceans evaporate at a volatile frequency, moving the Earth at a rate noticeably amiss to all, grounded by the soil, air, and sea.

A cataclysm of nature aroused by the war for energy, a subtle break with reason at the core of human knowledge, cracked as an eggshell dripping with the mucous of unborn life, offering sacrifice by an oral missive.

Drowned in the machine-slowed voice of time, manifest as the great trick of sensation, the lie, spoken by a mouth bleeding, pouring seeds from toothless wombs of language, as a sign, a face.

Pointing to the origin story of anthropocentric creation from eyes shut with sleepless tragedy, at having witnessed the future, the first and last beginning of the end, when all that had once been accomplished, thought and embodied was dissolved at the flick of one sorry twitch.

The neurotic at home in the midst of their gargantuan penthouse of doom, paying the man by the hour as each moment assumes the logic of prayer, the cold solace of superstition proved as the visions of a child, the prodigal rapture of dying awake, in love.

CXXXV

Her first love was a blind muse, a formless being caught in a forest of silk webs and the straw of so many fields gone brittle in the dry sunlight of a landlocked rurality.

The unbroken measure, of course, pierced through a livid core of home, where the mad coast freely on a wave of pure energy, a vibration, not subtle in the least.

A frequency resounding through to the final echo of sound beyond life, when the evolution of all manifest careens past the yawning abyss of time.

And we see into the naked fold, a dawn, shedding darkness, freeing the light of the universe from a pierced veil of stars, to the animate mystery of a tone, fading.

Across years of distance, and heard in the final instant as a whole word, a name, the crown of all reason and magic, known as a person in the absolute empty nothing.

The woeful laugh and joyful lament, pausing to reflect on the face of an innocent lover, amused by the strength of an artist and her trickery.

Deceiving the eye and the ear with the illusions of sensation, and knowing full well of the delusion ensuing through the common brain, split open at the momentary vision of love.

For the muse and the endless night.

CXXXVI

Oh Humanity!

Rise above our river of waste
Did you not hear the reverb
Of that thud, as we hit bottom
And from where have we fallen?

Did we forget? Ah! We have
Fallen from so far up that we can't see
The slightest appearance of a ground
No platform
No cliff side
No brim of a well
No edge of a stage

And stuck in the sickening sludge
Of our own swelling eliminations
We are lost in the unconscious
Sound of our broken skin, feeling
For the silence of a wall, we open
One nostril at a time, careful
Not to faint by the awful chemistry
We have left to replace an underworld

Still hot to the touch, and warm With time, the tepid degree, bridging
Us to sanity in the filth and muck, Our passage down, now looking up
Into the opaque and skyless lip Where intoxicating scents clear
We are without help, needful, As an infant orphaned by distance

The solitude of one body submerged
Into the steady stream of our creation
Truly lasting the nihilistic ignorance
Of untreated shit, piss, jizz, blended

In a tempest of tears, sweat, blood And the volatile fumes that rise
To meet the fresh air without us So we become envious of the foul
Reeking evaporation, wondering if Our waste is self-filtering as we stand
Still, fasting and dying of thirst Waiting, numbed by the taming flood
Of lifeless horror, kicked
We rise, Transformed

CXXXVII

The books of history misnamed her people, and since she was old to enough to read, she had been taught that her story would not be included.

The story she lived everyday among everyone alive enough to breathe on their own, and think by themselves, and feel in the depths of their heart a place where all people share in the whole emptiness of being on the beautiful island of Earth.

She first travelled, seeking another tongue, perhaps one better through which to communicate her heart than the way of speaking that was impressed onto her newborn mind. After a year she was still silent.

She was unable to say what she thought, unable to see the blood in her heart written when she penned new language on a wholly empty place where she knew all shared in a silent listening.

So, she returned to where she first heard language, and began to learn, by heart, the stories told through her mother tongue, and she played with them in her mind.

She told them aloud, with instant joy, to friends, family, even chance acquaintances on a rain-soaked bus.

After such experiences she could hear her own voice echoing gently in her mind, and in this way, fell in love with her language, for the first time, appreciating her tongue as her own, and writing her story up.

CXXXVIII

The strong-willed and courageous persist through the thick wavering gloom of night, bleeding wine, racing into the desert of homeless wandering.

At a loss, with muscles stretched to the throat, the pain of an off-balance stomach, swallowed of bread and fire, as the blank exhaust roves through the flesh-drunk mass.

Vacuumed through the motion-sick eyes of a starved child, bleary of sight and chained to a heart distended in the hollow chest of a lover, silent, in from the cold.

Smelling of steam and concrete, and deranged by the unceasing shrieks heard rousing along the edge of a shade forest, where people are consumed by the bottled smiles of a million dead angry fucks, burned in money and distilling the past in memories untold.

Shone through with a spotlight on the escaping mind, remembering with a bitter nostalgia the horror-show decline of a people obscured into the opaque bed-worn face of us.

Before the fall, when we descended through the faint hold, dropped into an ancient deep, to listen, eternally, to a single echo, traveling through the well stone, thirsting for new water.

CXL

A small boy with big hair looks down over a floating piece of river ice, and in the thaw, his only footing, although slippery, melts one sizable drop at a time.

He is a cutout of light, in exactly opposite contrast to the sable beyond, around him not a shadow is cast.

As the only figment of anything anywhere, and looking down, staring through the abyss below, above, and at every side.

The boy wonders about the passage of life, the incredible solitude of being alive, as one, on one.

In the middle of nothing, and everything, stolen from the plastic shroud of gravity, he is still as ever, engaged in the act of questioning.

Though without a question, and not in the least interested in an answer, and so, on the melting ice, looks deeply, at times, with a shallowness.

Into the gaping maw, white on black, the boy is without fear, inquisitive and yet carefree, and then, in the blankness of thought, a feeling occurs to the boy.

He, a mere vessel of water, can feel the fragment of ice as his own heart, and in an instantaneous flash, he feels each pulse of his living as the first, and the last.

The ice drips, and as he looks down, motionless, grabbed by a stunned curiosity, the drops get bigger, until finally, his shoe begins to melt.

And then his toes, his legs, belly, chest, arms, and eyes, melt.

And he is gone.

CXLI

Travelers, sit, stand and walk amid commuters. And under an invisible rain, indoors beneath the glowing thaw of mid-winter freeze, the air brightens full, to a gasp.

People are marked by their silence, and move within rooms of laughter and tension with a low grimace, and a cheeky grin.

To appreciate the rare beauty of a winter flower, late in bloom and with the color of jet engine, bitter conflagrant.

In the dry plain, where people look out over the mountains, and see no one, and yet see everything, alive, and beaming with the newness of day.

A fresh, enlivening steam, thick as cloud cover, and yet imbued with an ethereal light, the great blinking yawn of a sleeping lover, blind with dreaming.

To wake with a vision of lightness, and to hold up the mind to a microscopic inspection, and hear a rushing howl, a river of blood, hot to the touch, almost burning with need.

As the liberation of the encamped survivors of Europe, flexing their toes in the healing mud of soil unencumbered by prison walls, amassing landfills, abandoned vessels.

The movement of a globe turning in, distanced by a cold, dim horizon, faint against a snow-born hill, rough against the fatigued pupils of a mind delicate with loss.

And other tragedies, on the way to becoming free of all dramatic consequence due to love and birth and creation, and so, I stop, am now silent, and choose to not even listen.

CXLII

After we had been worked to the bone, the long day trailed off. Led to a silent place, for within the depths of a forest, where once we spoke the first language. From trees of ape-limbed arms, personifying the muscular stretch from the brain of spring to the mind.

Beyond the seasonal round in the clearest veil of sky, where the light of day tends to follow through into the spiritual hollows of a love-worn shade, adorned in the shape of pure beauty. Innocence, human love, spread as the wings of the Seraphim.

Throughout the bold atmosphere, where air is transcended in the light, relaxed exhale of the initial spark of a thought. That sent a word from the mouth of the evolutionary woman, speaking of love over fear, of music without name.

And in a language, moving, unmediated by the internal rhythms of creation as new, seen at the whim of survival, instinct and wisdom, yet not torn from the emotional flood of human tragedy. In the life of one, who has returned from the place of skeletons.

To the flesh, where a heart bleeds water from the porous skin of Earth, and the original communal family is bridged from a tongue to character, broadening global villages with unique and singular trust in unity.

As the strength and truth of living.

Touched by the echo of a word.

CXLIII

Flowers like me silence people, and other beings, awestruck.

Wondering, “How, out of the stunted earth, cruelly knotted in the venous roots, packed hard by the freeze of so many unexpected thaws, and yet without, very vibrant, colorful petals, more of a subdued mild tone, nearly grey.”

Each of my petals brings a tear from the gargantuan giant sky, grown callous by the toxic field overpowered into the skin of ice and mist floating in the wide iris azure.

A northern eye, focused over the whole show of a year, as the season mourns and mounts in transition with the smells and tastes, sights and sounds of yesterday.

Commingling in the living present with the future bursting across the face of an ebullient dawn, to stoke the fire of a festive cause.

And even in solitude, to rejoice by the hardy flesh of the winter flower, poking through the unseen earth with a well-deserved grin, a smirk.

Directed at the true source of life, light, creation, knowledge, wisdom, and art, the solar laugh, shining with incredible strength on the wilting solitary flower of winter.

Nearing the first day of spring, yet buried dead way before the robin sings, a flower who hears the irradiating cold searing through the mind matter of a people stoned.

By electric lights, by the wink of a coin heavy beyond the fold of life, drowning the landlocked and enslaved by the neuroses of time.

For the beauty of the winter flower is in how the bloom fully embraces life, and death, as all one mutual plan to plant the planet.

