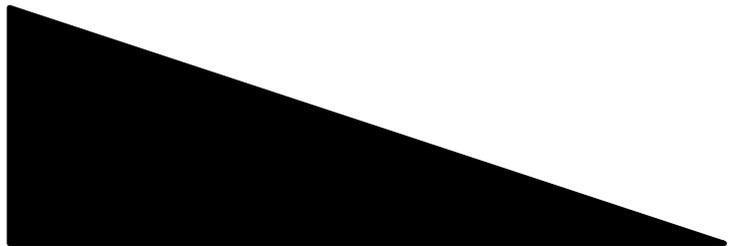




Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

Matt Alexander H. was born in 1986 in Northampton, Massachusetts by the Holyoke Range and Connecticut River Valley. He was raised in the Atlantic coastal town of 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
Asemic Man
Regress
Brooklyn Ridge
BiCoastal
Winter Flower
Cairo at 20
Letters of Constantinople

Prose

The American Hallucination
Arson in the Scriptorium

Copyright © 2013, 2021 by Matt Alexander H.

Fictive Press

www.fictivemag.com/press

Logo design by Serra Şensoy



On the Image

I made all of the textual and visual fragments that make up Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules first using an electric typewriter. The idea was to build toward an expansive approach to framing with the different kinds of paper used. The length of the collection of texts is herein defined by the materials used, and available, i.e. size and kind of paper. The finitude of materials defined when the verse of the collection ended, as opposed to it being a temporal definition as in previous collections, where I end a collection after a season, year, or phase in my life.

As with Cyclical Wordplay, I used an oval or circle-shaped form at the center of the piece made with typeset pages. It is bordered with the handwritten pages. I painted the center orange, red and yellow and the outer edges silvery, gray, white and black. I took inspiration for the color scheme & aesthetic of "Eskimo Artist: Kenojuak" (a National Film Board of Canada film), and from Joseph Campbell's book, *Creative Mythology*, in which he writes:

"The moon, ever waxing and waning, is the celestial sign of this power, and on earth its chief animal symbols are the serpent, the boar, and the bull (Figures 11 to 18), whereas the cult of Re was the sun, the falcon, the lion...the birth of the first three Fifth Dynasty Pharaohs shows, the solar, in contrast to the somber lunar cult..." (page 348, see also *Oriental Mythology* pp. 98-100)

And from Joseph Campbell's, *Transformations of Myth Through Time*: "When the mythology is alive, you don't have to tell anybody what it means. It's like looking at a picture that's really talking to you. It gets to you. If you have to ask the artist, "What does that mean?" if he wants to insult you, he'll tell you. The myth must work, like a picture." (p. 46-7)

I used turmeric powder in clear liquid for the orange-pigmented coloring. I replicated the spherical type of the Earth's shape. I flipped two concentric circles, utilizing both sides of the page-medium, where the moon silver and sun orange, to convey inner opposites through a diptych of spheres.

Heraclitus said: "The upward way and the downward way are one and the same." I also used the frame drums to allude to the theme of my past text collection, "Present sound, Silent Space", however by balancing the circular shapes of the moon and the sun with the shapely precision of a musical instrument, as within the smaller, silvery action-painted manuscripts and in the larger, fire-hued action-painted manuscripts.

On the Text

In my endless curiosity, I interweave subjective impression with narratives of memory, all as one internal voice of thought, an occurrence of presence, both unmediated and somehow directed by the mind. Through writing, I tap into the nature of mind through self-awareness of the ecology of thought as the rooted passage from human expression to oneness with creation.

Using narrative poetics with practices inspired by my practices in abstract art and improvisational music, I muse on the role of sound, as featured in “Chivalry of Sound” by crafting a poetry of the thinker, as opposed to the orator. Here, the artistry of silent voice in literary development bespeaks a deep awareness of our interdependence on the Earth, where, in “Realization Day”, the domestic mask becomes transparent in one flicker of emotion, towards universal empathy.

And finally, with “People of Jazz” I gather an archaic technique of ecstasy from the normalized human identity, into a wild chaos of origination, the creative spark of language, that seeks union with its inception in the art forms of music, and where united, they speak to the unity of all form personified in the human voice of thought.

The collection, “Full Moons and Dawn’s Crepuscule” is divided into two sections, based on writing either handwritten or typed manuscripts. The first is titled, “Earth-word Skyward: Full Moons”, and the second, “Earth-word Skyward: Dawn’s Crepuscule”.

As the collection is divided into two volumes, “Earth-word Skyward: Full Moons” is based on handwritten manuscripts, signifying the act of direct writing by hand, a more direct expression of the written word, while “Earth-word Skyward: Dawn’s Crepuscules” is based on writings typed, deriving from thought, which is a source of indirect light. The editorial choice is a metaphor for the act of writing as direct expression, like the light of the sun. Writing is distinct from the creative act of thinking, which could be conceived as parallel to the light of the moon.

Earth-word Skyward

—

Full Moons

A quiet knowing

A strange thing happened today

All women were my sisters

All men were my brothers

I felt everyone as vulnerable flesh

Pulsing, alive, everyone, in my heart

Everyone was my heart

Then rhythm, I felt, in the flicker of an eyelid

Looking away from the blinding beauty

Emanating with untouchable light

From the face of their eyes

I felt passionate love for each

As one, the room became a vessel

For our send-off, completed

In perfect unison, at noticing the one

Vibrant heart of present knowing

Knowing, *we are here*

And beauty did not mock direction

Life, then, passable, over to the inanimate

By a sitting, a moment of inextricable indefinition

Between the seer of the living and the dead

An interwoven aftermath of true sight

And sound feeling, a welcoming embrace

Without the stretch of groping limbs and fingers

Yet with the reflecting light of an eye-lit wisdom

Strengthening the floor, with seated breath

Her Art

The graces!
The marriage of her sleep
With the ease of her dying
To the song of my imagination
 My own mind then wept
 In the silent brew of night
 With a voice slaked by need
To wake her eternal sleep
With the gentle chime
Of my personal humility
 Her rhythmic tones
 A gorge of sacred flesh
 Made real by the sound of her
Ancient wood singing
In the folkloric forms
Of Asian melodies
 Lost to the rapid Bow Valley
 An inertia of grandiose originality
 Her calling under the healing
Rain of native ghosts pattering
Over a clean and unused sidewalk
In a city of oneness
 And the homeless many
 Who writhe in chains of bodies
 Formed as a can, grouped
Under the weight of monetary savagery
The cold rope of belonging reels in
Her fear with a base community
 Of misanthropic wealth and the climbing
 Peaks of untamed nourishment
 A bludgeoned and weak dreamer
Still planted firmly
In the dry soil of Midwestern night
That timeless struggle of self-knowing
 Her, Artistry

Drool of the Imperialist Bull

Give thought to penetrate the open space of each leaf
Submitting to the deadened and enlivened tree
At first frost and thaw, imprinting its peculiar mask of icy certainty
Over concrete divots, watery ambiguity, the fertilizing rod

A space to ruminate, neither on the wherefores or whys
Only the direct imprint of my own imagination
With my own mark, yet cut deep enough into the brain of the page
To see through, white into the reflective core of language

Sound meaning, the eye-opening pain of the opening mind
Loosened by the tension of doing, married to thought
In one perfect wave of incantatory excision, of blood and dirt
From the labor of the mind, emoting flabbergasted and powerless

Over repeated rhyme and wasted praise, that studious youth
Who entombs the ancestral in a box of institutional instruments
Dominant tradition, leaves yoked of passion, rooting grounded play
Transmuting soil into the celestial wonder of life

The Edenic tree spews the gold of fruitful belonging!
I say the smoking crime of unmarked pages breathes
Through the iron-lung passageway of a cruel divorce
Between the saved and the mad overjoyed, by a second's regard

For the enslavement of ignorance, a pulsing rhythmic following
Leading to insane man-whores working up a sweat
Under the trunk of sexual rage, the bastardized gruel of nourishment
Now burning with painstaking rites to free the assemblage

Hearing the grunt and drool of the imperialist
Bull stomp forward
Into the human
Factory of our last mechanical arbor

War: Live

Once there was war, now there is not.
In the once failing hideaway Earth
The full moons wane steadily
Upright burnt longing
 Stare-cased mad worship
Power and laugh with the rich
In design, the whole world fell
A breathable delicacy spells light
 Brushstroke callings answer
A numerical cause, becoming tragedy
Elegance whispers, A hint to humanity:
Follow awe, Belonging is a painless hook
 Of fraud and woe, Instill power, demure hate
In greatness, bounty is a curse, as the fortunate mage
Loom sight into the homeless sleep of a god
Workaday blessings bring fruit and rice
 To gnaw wistfully, Erase the mind with words
born of love, beauty is the seed of pleasure
And the wasted night, worn out or worn in
The body is a sheath, to protect delicate strength

Pride of the deepening grave, return no more
While elephantine buzzing blurs circular
De-maze-meant labyrinths stir with victory
Hurt hearse driver insane, bounding off

Imagined bridges, pursuant, down alleyways
Grooved, picture my European name
To engineer grace with the flick of a brush
Silent pain, tomorrow, fame is news

Yesterday nothing has past, glide
At last to the faint chime
A moment, a moment
Alive, A Live

Am A Stone I

I am, A stone
Weathered by wind, cold, heat
The damp grass and dried soil
I am used to forming a bridge
And in a torrent of footsteps and flooding
I sink, made into bacterial nourishment
For the sand-whipped waves of sea
And further on, my granules form a castle
In the infant's hand, an emergence
Of water and stone, defeated again
By the blasting wind-driven waters
Beached at the foot of quaint, humble Atlantic
Dunes and millennia past, I form a wall
Naturally wrought from the pressures
Mounting the quaking earth, rumbling
In the silent heat of a nearing sun
And lifeless burn, and the wall
Of no human worth, blocks no one
Protects nothing. I am at that wall
That stone of no future utility, intact
For a wall without meaning, yet I am
Motionless, a stolen rock, the peerless bridge
A wasted core, yet a wall nonetheless
Standing upright, made by none
But my own weathered face
Alone at the edge of time, a subtle rain
Keeps the ocean sweet in a haze
A fog breached by the stone-laden flesh
Of Earth, I am not in, inward

Drink Warm, Loose and Purring

Silly beheaded cold
The fool shivers in a drab city
A closed eye awakened
By the small fire of heart
Billowing masterful songs of strong sex
In the wake of a humbling passion
To quake with the menacing fury of oceanic breadth
And give voice to the rudimentary upbringing of Man
Enduring the final rite of his story to hers
The wordsmith birthed in an evening of purring rain
The shelter of the hearth and a warm drink
Over which a storyteller's tongue loosened
The taught bow, to flood the passing of natural flow

Light of Knowledge

What do I know?
What can I know?

Do I know what I can know?
The golden goal opens home

The long road winds entwined
A travelling soothsayer said, "Who?"

On the empty highway to blue horizon
Barefoot eve in the waking dusk

Asleep on soundless visions
A wisdom unearthed

From the wide glow
A lunar hearse of deathly night

The stray root beats the seeded soil
In visible wandering

To illumined stretches
Tested by the workaday flesh

To sweat bold fire
From the aftermath of a dry comedy

The open groove of knowledge
Alight!

Air of Lost Memory

Asinine divinity!

Divine stupefaction!

Temples of martyred trust

Bruised faces of Americans

Gamble blushes past the unveiled

Hair of Orientalist lust

A womanly ruse, to lure death

With the war of sexual annexation

From the night of Iraqi flesh

Torn from all earthly tenderness

The retarded womb of central intelligence

Mocks their own presidential rhetoric

Down the food chain of command

As the extinct American G-d lies

Unburied in the putrid Potomac

Water of irreflection, blood memory

Man-fest in the pride and anger of the Eastern Cry

Of 'savagery' from a directionless and belittled rock

Of anti-history, the feathersmith doctors

Golden delusion from the cloudless light

An uprisen haze melds in the sorrowful

Shift of Europe's paradigmatic posturing

As the sunken grave of world war is looted

For the powerful smile it impressed

Onto depressed infantile hate

Brewing in the speakeasy clime

Of jobless immigrant noon, fading

Sunning over a spot of caffeinated ouzo

And peering over a secular desk

The Atlantic ship rope now frayed with overuse

As the jungle births a new species

From the evolutionary unconscious

Of post-enlightened Man, a white blasphemy

To paste over the veteran eyeholes of sons

Birthered to an air of lost memory

Own Music

Music is the ear of awe
The wise hear wisdom
Everywhere, their ears
Sing the sweetest music

On their own.

Spider Aesthetics

Twinkle of plucked strings, Aestheticians relaxing, The grand noose
Deathly tradition, Stepping off the auction block, And saying, "I am human!"

To a crowd, Who may as well hear, "I am G-d", Yet not falling on blind ears,
The music burrows hotly into the Arctic heart of the conservative republic

And living in an age where our image is so infinitely displayed
Four, our privileged, entertaining reflection, an amusement

At the end of the day, at the end of days, seeing our mirror image
Transposing our flesh, into present memory, wavering goodbye

With the rush of a tsunami's pace, over the glassy eye and muffled ear
One plugged, And stared into, computerized, to end the insane silence

Our premodern reflection, an inane flesh bomb, of media and metal
To push the final rebellion, of any and all life off the blinking military

Map, blinking as the Arctic finger of American energy, press
The accelerated fire of all concordant modernity into a compress

Historical unity, the final anomalous instant of nothing bombed
And bombed again as the sinking English ship lives on

In the cyber-piracy laugh of a few unlikely spiritual machines
Driven to play music in the vast web of outer space

I am a Nation

Gross consumer decay
Gross national stock
Kept in the stocks, I
Am not part of debtor's
Prison, of prostitution,
Of lying, adultery,
Thievery, worse of
Homicide, of gang-
Rape, of hypocrisy,
Worse of absence, of
Silence, I am not in
Denial, I am a Nation

Need and Touch

“Perfect,” she glared
Through a trusted mug

And she spoke in echoes
Over a lake of alcohol

The retching fumes,
My exhausted stomach

Hot for a quick orgasm
Spent toxic, patience

Our stare, broken
In a destructive flash

The underground core
Burst with merged implosions

The forlorn cold lust
Flushed my eyes backward

With scintillating drift,
Caffeine-tested morning

End of the week
And of my life

The end of the of the end
Gone home to dream

A sacrilegious need
To be in need

Omnipresent Traveler

A wince, a rush
From the soles
Worn, tapered
Leathering skin

I cross my chest
In Canada, barefoot

Along the ghostly
Mist, burning off the ice

Swallowed tips
Winter's summoning
I feed my sky of thirst
With a supplication

Of sacred time, geometric
Unearthly whereabouts

Direction, the return
To self-knowledge

Begin with death!
I was told:

How to sail, across
This ocean of dirt

And sand, with a dry sail
And unformed reason

A mind, smoothly gliding
Towards the omnipresent
Center, and circumference
Non-existent

Prairie Genuflections

Personify the crux of all that is
Elegant and mild, the day is

A temptress, she moves
With intoxicating lips, oiled

With succulent fruits
Of freshwater rain

And flattened berries
Of the Midwest prairie sun

Cloaked with a tepid bloom
Of coarse tragedy, to affix

The caged nonsense
Of economic formulas

Over the vast dizzying infinite
Narrative beauty of Earth

In its playful wonder,
Asking you to join Her

In bodily love, to become
A full heart, walking on Her

Earth of water, with nerves
Of blood, fully awake

See yourself,
Reflecting

Borderland Winter

Romantic inceptions
Swing of timeless thought

The unanswerable, rude
Pentatonic tune of infinity

Harmony, I dance atop
The elegant ice, I climb

Through frozen grass,
I sit with frozen trees

And smile at the ice-sheet air
The misty numbing walk

By deathly rivers, the shivering
Madness of the workaday self

Hatred, I nod with ducks
Asleep on the slow moving

Subzero ripples of lifeless
Winter ponds, the air is scathing

And all the people are inside
Themselves, and we walk

Along the cold cold
Riverbed of Canada

To talk of New York
And the border

Man, No More

We fly with the devil
On a mushroom broomstick

Insect vision, and the elegance
Of silent full wisdom

Of sorcery and plain witchcraft
Smiles, the white-faced gloom

Of European night, quickening
Over the edgeless horizon

And our body turns
And yearns for a saved kiss

Against the rayed lips
Of a sun in love

With all of the known human
Universe, we write our place in

The stars, an eager gift to merge
With the deathless void

A sputter and spark
Spitting into the queasy center

Encircling from our core
To the elemental etherium

A sturdy height
On which to stand

And proclaim,
“I am Man, no more!”

The Dissolving Mirror

I hear a distant cry
Klezmer diaspora

The roaming Roma
Roam no more!

Painting the Earth
With emotional lust

While the sacred rivers
Fill with ash and blood

I see the eyes of an animal crying
In the foul mist

Industry sucks the brain
Clean of decision

Giving privilege to manic slaves
Of every gadget-laden finger

Tied with non-renewable luck
A pain, piercing the sky

And bombing oceans
Clear of all sources of life

The nuclear fear of the East
Spiritual traveller, witnessing

Freedoms take hold of the suicidal
Indigenous mind

Mirroring the human globe
A play of non-being, awake

Dream of Earth

Beautiful, engrossed
The Holocaust page turns

With my stomach, drying
Beneath the midwinter prairie sun

A healed voice speaks
Into and through my sorry mind

I'm a mountain sitter
Hoarding the dragon

Desired gold of Chinatown
Despair, the news is old

And every story shared,
A robbery, the planet

An acid overdose,
Emptied oceanic pull

To the lowest depths
Unexplored, the inhumane

West and South,
The Earth dreams

A secret told
Only at our last hour

That hope for peace is a futile seed
In the infertile vacuum of inner space

Human vacuum
Consumes human

To Blood

Blood runs
Coursing through
Palpitating veins
Arrhythmic constancy
Mind drains
Involuntary fluid
Inner flesh
Need quakes
Lets blood
Crimson air
Inside, purpled
Passing, interchanging
Life rushes
Bursting genitalia
Split bone
Cut nail
Worn gum

Diminishing excretions
Blood revitalized
Seeming loss
Welcome death
Death escapes
Blood drops
Friend's body
Blood seeps
And pours
Death hides
Behind need
Weary flight
Thirsting pores
Bloodless murder
Retching masses
Without ties
To blood

Empty Horizon

An amber orchestra of waves
Skiffs on the triumphant horizon
Blood-binged skyline, calling
Eastward, splayed as a bathhouse

Floor covered in fermented wine
Smooth and shallow textures, lay

Engraved with the right-brained eye
Artist-seer of the blinding North

In mid-winter visions
Cold sweat unctions

To form communal life
From the pangs of memory

And want; I eat
The brain of my heart

Cannibalistic purge of eyes
And membrane gut

Tissuing from a thawing throat
And frozen fingers voice

A moving statement of tones
Saying, "I remember the American

Waves, the blue coasts
Global hypocrisy, the white
Faces of provincial bent
And the staggering emptiness"

Anonymous Land

for Idle No More Marchers

By the fasting, bridge!
Seated still, sit and
 Only innocence gives
 Way! A gorge rises
From the desert plateau,
A silent plain of mounds
 And wheels, to encircle
 The globe, in a medicine
Chant of earthly traces,
Scourge of Her secret
 Canal, the follower lets
 The blood of the saved
Fall! By the fasting,
Bridge! To the welcome
 I call for order outside
 The crooked gate of mortality
Legends walled in
By tradition and the fasting
 Wait, as the world
 Build up fear of pain
With electromagnetic intensity
Atomic heat erupts
 From a body without
 A core, or face
The steep mountain
Climb, unmoving
 Its strength, building
 From human lust
To the windless
 Summit, an empty name

G-d of Time

Time is criminal,
Clocks are thieves
 Every passing second
 Each tick
A stolen heartbeat
A pilfered need
 Life is stamped under the black ink of time.
 Everyone, from salesman to artist
Branded by the incendiary metal
Click of a stopwatch, measurement
 Of fate, not even death escapes
 Time is a modern god.
Ritualized, by season,
Holiday, calendars
 And the daily grind
 Looking, watching
Waiting, watching
My self fit neatly
 Into the square round tents
 Of temporal space, I am
Here, I am past
This is my hour
 I'm late. The sun falls,
 The night is still.
I watch sky,
Anticipating dawn
 And time clicks
 Opening with grace
Stars fill my tired eyes
Post-human round
 Sanity sleeps
 And dreams
See? The only god
 Above Time

Brakeless Ride

The breath of a seed wills
The name of The Name

To break forth from the cosmic
Egg of creative seeing

And the seer becomes doer
In the act of seeing

Life leads and breaks out
Over the sand and play.

We climb and chase
Fearing the icy flow

The underbelly of a city
Sidewalks, train stops

And in parks, I ride
Through the dry snow

A lustrous day, open
Sky across the snow

Covered lake, faded
Mountain horizon

Groundless, spirit
Mountains, I am

Distant, they are close
And ride!

I say, "Ride!" Into silence
Belligerent, Brakeless

Dream Treason

“I deal in dreams”
Says the art seller,
Book-trader, theatre
Company, patronage:

A shadowing eye
Vicarious whims of currency
Creative intercourse of means
And craving.

The endorsed, sponsored,
Commissioned composition,
Sculpture, authorship,
And the maker treads water

Carelessly into the urban
Hole of deranged, accredited
Loan shark gorge on the numbered
Days of capital debt

The slow pains of economic torture
Bleed the impoverished spirit
Of Earth, from the oily skin
To the heart of war

“Take my things.”
Says the crafty artist
Trader in dreams
Soulless, unknown

The Last Moment of Silence

Where are the armies of the Earth?

Those with the strength of a river
Those with a grounding as firm as any mountain
Those with a mind as expansive as the sky above
Those with the eyes of an eagle,
 And the back of a horse
Those with the voice of a storm
 And the clap of thunder

Before a gathering of visionary children

Where are the million man marches in the name of all living beings?

Enslaved to an Earth that is dying
To be regenerated

By the cleansing spew
Our core aflame

Where are the warriors?
Where are their drums?

Their songs are now a moment of silence

Time Metaphors

Metaphor is lie,
Traits, names,
A character, full
With elegant meaning
 Told loquacious
From enchantments
With studied verse
And free language
 Metaphor is a finger,
A doorway, verbal guise
Of prehistory, smug
Failure to know

Before social law
Becomes higher order,
Aligned to mysteries
Of self-aware bodies

Light flesh, thinning
Before modernity,
Flickering signs
Direction is amiss

Progress is swarming
Ash, a blight
In the desert
Of physical contact
 Once gentle,
A zephyr's whisper
On a coniferous peak
To yoke solitude
 By a river
Of laughing dreams
And frozen time
Untimed timelessly

A Living Voice

Say: All Ah!

Say: All Ah!

Say: All Ah Who!

Say: Alla Ah Who?

Say: All Ah Who Ack Bar!

Say: All Ah Who Ack Bar?

Say: All Ah All Ah

All Ah All Ah All Ah

All Ah...

Until all on the face of Earth is one
In awe, and speechless
Your face melds in the seamless web
The interpenetrated womb

Freed of divine play
In a voice
Uniting your face
With the face of the Earth

United with the empyrean!
Unclouded and not divorced
From clarity of sight
And reason enough

To know ecstasy sometimes restores balance
To our spiritual mind
Ever unblinking
To receive the nourishing light of day

As the source of all life
Breathing and brewing
In the blood of living
Being

Daylight Lunacy

The wealth of days,
Nights of the sun and moon
 Hours of the water, falling
 A momentous wealth of time
Unceasing, devoid of space
And in mortal leisure
 Ask with a toughened smile,
 “What will you do?”
The elegant reason stills
The lowly lust of a confrontation
 With the animate round
 A host of natural law
The arisen gold
The sparks of thought
 I wade in a sea of my own
 Subconscious feeling
A city swept under a tidal flood
The moon is now further
 From the sun, a body awash
 In the glow of earthly life
Swimming between water and sky
The flight to meaning
 In a square settlement
 A civilized day
Revolving, around
The food of beasts
 Growing, distended
 In bowels of lazy waste
And the artifice
 Of daylight lunacy

The Desert

I'm now in the desert
Footsteps have passed
Well beyond return
To the city of Man

I am in the desert
You and I know
What I mean,
The desert of domesticity

The desert of scholarship
The desert of marriage
The desert of over-education
The desert of settlement

The desert of age
The desert of love
The lifeless ground shifts
In time, 'peaks' in space

And dips intermittently
Into earthly swallowings
The vacated North
For a South of recline

In lighter currencies
Of sunshine, children
And forests, still, now
I am in the desert

My archetype is roaming
In the desert
Of my own mind
Where to?

Move! Act!

All life unbalanced
By the static electric
Vibes, telephone play
Of misinformation

And the bearded child
Of a sunless west
Bound for the polar south
A magnetism unbound

To swing in, passionate
Tales of a moment
Only shot, go!
With the pulse

Screaming, silent face
Rich with heart
And pained
With an eagerness

To straddle the unbalanced
Ride! Joining cases made
Sprint and dash!
The meditating

And principled, the sturdy
Trunk of numerical law
From the testament
To the constitution

And back! Cleaned
With instantaneous repose
In the one,
Act!

Immigrant Hands

Who grew of the ilk to brave the West?
Listless kinds

Who valued lead over life
Who tracked the earth with eyes

And rummaged through their own
Bowels for fixings

Hairless and cross
Their dry tongues slip

Between the folds
Of rape and murder

Like a paper wallet
Stained with love

Theirs is a wakeful nipple
Spilling nubile milk

Into the mouth
Of a full grown man

Their stories have been
Re-hashed enough times to count

On the hand of every immigrant
Slaving away in their name

That hand's been kissed
With lips of hate

Psyche's Last Trip

At a loss for...art?
Or novelty

The truth is present
Not hidden

The truth is in the not,
A mythic personality

Wrapped too tight
In the clouds

Aspiring and gone
To the low animosity

Of forgotten tradition
Veneration to the polymer face!

Restive high
Techno-dream flesh

Swept to greed
To visions of nudity

The hoarse throat
Authentic human story

Told drunk and scheming
To tell lies

As the bottom line snaps
And Psyche trips

Mind of Heart

A name lived
A century ago

A continent and
An ocean distant

Pierced my heart,
Caused me to write
In blood, emotion and
The music of thought

Begged me take heed
Of our history
The union of diaspora
Cultural food chain

Of assimilative bonfires
Burning the sky, my
Pupils dilate with the drug
Of the innocent and common

Flowering in the vein
Of bookish unreason
Living each dark morning
As the last great howl

Of American listening,
I reach for awe

In the graspable center
Of my body

Of brain and
Mind of heart

Timeless Time Tie

Deep frees
Bold winter
Silence, gold
Ash home,
Stop breath
Stop, restful
Bones in
The cold
Cold cold,
Arisen tension
Lights sound
Man, workman
Fate player,
Timeless mind
I.D. fraud
Of pain
Anonymous god
Of brains
Intellectual nude
Of crowds
Berated Beirut
Euro zoo
Of zeroes
She asks
“Who?” over
Loudspeaker address
To nude rioters
Impassioned chest
Nippled fat
Fucked in
Cold stray
Morning, sunless
Before day
He pens a crime
The timeless time tie

We Are Unnecessary

I flirt with anger

I flirt with lust

My emotions dream

Of their own free will

I flirt with time

I flirt with languor

The earth is not a thing to trust

The ground moves

My feet shift

And the waters bubble and sputter

She is a salivating goddess

She wants to eat herself

And we are her Man

The blank canvas

Social order is cut

Folded, smeared with paint

Dog-eared and full, fingerpainted

Printing, "I've written my name"

Signed my death certificate

I've left myself behind

The world needs me

And doesn't. I go.

The Lifeless Stare

Work up a sweat
Change your clothes
Wash your hair
Brush your teeth
Sit down

Now

Stare away
Lifelessly

The Shema Conflict

(Hebrew)

Here, O Palestine!
Adonai is our God,
And God is One State.

(Arabic)

Listen! Israel,
Allah is ours!
Though Allah is alone.

(English)

Hear, O Israel!
Adonai is ours alone,
God won.

*Trans-literal interpretation of the Hebrew prayer “Shema”,
meaning “to hear/listen”*

I, Not

I am

Christian Jew, Ottoman American. Temporary resident.
In a state of occupied unemployment. A jobless worker

I write sculptures. I play language. And draw music.
I wake asleep. I dream reality. I am. Not, I. Mind body

And time space, I frequent rarely. A special generalist
On the astral ground. Healing poisons. My alchemical physics

Are a mundane vision Of psychic photography. I bound
crawling, Towards nirvanic grab . Loving hate,

And admiring profanity, I stain cleanly, On the surface
depth Of free law. To name mystery With anonymity

transparent, I inhale core And climb waves
The oceans drown In a rain of steam, I dry wet

My eye points, With fingers of nails, Sharply soft
Compressing distended Word shots The focal abstract

Blinks staring, Into a straightforward maze
The wise fool, Bringing us leftovers

As waterless tears Stream frozen, Down
catapulting Through, back, in, out

His, her Fine coarse Gravestone birthmark
Of dead life, Ending, Again

Awakening begins with a sickness

The worship of hate is the final metaphor of humanity
The wounded soldier strides in the strength of self-preservation
The wounded healer strides in resilience towards self-extinction

The war poet bleeds in words
The universe bleeds in war poets
And war poets become peace poets

After a fine drug and the beaming lights of modern life
Peace poets become war poets
After hearing a story of undeserved and unsayable loss

The only listening is in being
...With the listened
The listener is the seer of the word,
The thinker lives in metaphors of one body

Alive under the rain of a thundering Godhead sky
The irate weather floods the human eye with tough love
Survival is not promised on this Promised Land

In the wake of settlement the immigrant comes
In the wake of immigration the indigenous go

In the wake of indigenous settlement the settled are immigrants
And both move
With an unsettling self-knowledge

We are all visitors
We all sojourn
On a land not our own
Destined to be in a land not for us

Sharing all,
For the land

Way Past Humanity

Past all exits there is a way
Beyond all transgressions there is a law
Transcending all boundaries there is a line
The way leads to the broken law
Only this criminal may cross that line
The land moves
The ground shifts
The sky circles
The horizon bends
I don't know myself here
Though I know here
And that is enough for me
There is a simplicity to uprisen feet
Holding the body down
To be what it is not, it, really,
Is, what it is
A body of knowledge
Planetary, solar
Body system of heat and light
The new vibrates
To the rhythmic breath
Weeping and entering
Without choice or will
Need is invisible
It is thought, that I can see
The air fulfills the mind with sight
"I see," says the mind
And the body responds
"That's only us, where we meet"
The Earth swims in a bowl of Sun
Ours is an astral world
And our skies feel the embrace past
Humanity, exhaled
With the gentle subtlety of a cloud
A force of nature, Dissipating

The Wealth of Place

neotonous fragile homo
domesticus, a fragile body
bound, to a chamber pot
home for the liminal mind
 to breathe the glue of unconscious
 burning, misinformed, bent
 gloom in the hollow & malnourished
 dank lust with inspired death
dead skin, dead water, dead
food & the dead air of an unthinking
flesh, the fragile cage of neoteny
skeleton gloating over vegetarian needs
 & the milky flood of overslept hypnosis
 prideful dust of unwritten pain
 tongue-swallowing greed, with a cold
 swig of a hypocrite's witnessing
murderous word of anger & loathing
teeming from a bitter mind, bodily neglect
possession of metaphysical objects swarm
in the soundless, weak, tame, cringing
 in the pharmaceutical bath steam
 worker's value of lifeless hot morning
 drowned in estrogenic birth control
 coffee filtered by nicotine teeth
brittle with enraged laughter, selfish
maltreatment binge on waste
enthroned shitting English queen
her methane-induced gorge, flatulent
 weed stings the eye with ocean salt water
 frying the worm brain of purpose
 engrained as stone tablet laws
 scriptural rice flower of nuclear elision

The Wealth of Place II

the nation-divided world of a third generation
cores its apple frenzy, a stateless paranoia
without country to stand unblinking
with the spear of shadowed independence
 personal sovereignty: to lick from the spring
 & salvage the pasty strength of geophagy
 inspiring & expiring through sponge lungs
 bathed in the astral warmth of our original high
only to stare into the source
acid eyes, an artificial light,
cold, in the dark, distanced
from the wealth of place

Empty We

What of mastery and pride
Overwhelmed, could produce
Such sorrow as the empty
Love of absence, a play

Memory, under the hollow
Moon-driven, astray, clouded
Grayed by a misdirected focus
Overworked neurosis, a mind

Restless, ordering, the body
Into stalwart empathy, regular
Pulse of heart, a time, kept
In the long night, unveiled

In dream, a sunless eye
Finally asleep, shielded
By disarray and flat mockery
To live in a city, to die

With unmanned longing
In the dry, mechanistic
Blathering of empty empty
Emptiness emptying we

Runaway Bus – Take One

ru nning
sk yward

EYES on the pRIZE

To catch a bus

IN THE GREAT joy of

p
i
a
n
o
RAIN

a FLASH of subtLE LIght

enunciates the unSPOKEN

P L A Y
p l a y
P l a

y

of movement [FULL STOP]

Cracking Up on Cold Rock

cold rock, burnt in the black lung of teenage self-abuse
collective suicide, by the will of a traditional race
labor pains of belonging, under a mid-winter bridge
ice slows the river, and the passerby's stare, walking
with thought "seeing through the lens of social justice"

a question of should and what, how to penetrate the mad
wall of self-hate, poisoning brain interminably, young
at a brutal age, another white passerby, saying, "I too am
from Africa", the color of our eyes, behind the human face
both white, the part we can't see, and I need you, I need you

to be free of me, to look forward and past the white
to our commonality, and I walk blind as ice, only seeing
with the white of my eyes, into my mind, thinking
and doing nothing, toward personal music, bliss,
what would the wind and river have to say to me?

falling snow has spoken to my overlooked thought
that I didn't speak with the color of my eyes
and see only the white in your eyes, and black
our flesh, turned inside out, with crackpipe
hottening, your lungs up with the eyeless filth

easy death killing us all, from the heart, dimming
beat of the breast, aglow with crystalline ash
I walk my brains into rush hour streets, guzzling
beer in afterwork crowds, gas-guzzling their way
home, smoking mufflers and throats full

with the hot smoke of hypocrisy, I'm living
in a sick society, I live in a sick society
And I die in a sick society, I'm dying
in a sick society, Watching you,
sick of society

amateur parricide

it was a brittle saga of hungry names
the classic face, dog-eared Dostoyevskian
drama, the bookish rat of a thousand pages
ringing in aspiration over crooked lungs, aching
knees, cross-legged raga listening, bed-based
philosopher of sex and music

“i have become a public amateur
lover of seasonal leisure, groping at cold glasses
full with alcohol and sweat, my tongue dives
in the brainless feed of urban wheat, my bold-face letters
reach no one, i lay unsent with made up languages
& a flood of goals enough to sink

the fifty year plan of lifetimes sold
to build Noah’s Ark, land-lifeless
on the Armenian border ranting about genocide
atop the blistering pain of a stolen mountain
Sinai, Ararat, Chief

the borders of human worlds cut in
half, like the sacred hair of a spirit
warrior, broken like an elder’s bones
bitter in the empty cold, homeless wartime
slats, our youth lay, sleepless under the blank
smog of civilization’s night

blear-eyed, encamped, under a bridge
to reckon the womb, open for the hate-trade

An Intuitive Whole

Glide Astir Soaring

with Language to one Earth
of Thought

To
 bring Home
To
 SleeceeeeeeP

& IMAGINE

s u b t e r r a n e a n w e a v i n g

b u r n i n g p i p e s

w a t e r b o r n e d i s e a s e

I S T R E A M s T r E a M s t r e a m
 P A s t

E C O c h e m i c a l S a v a g e r y

I M
 E
 L
 D

A m o n g a c l o u d l e s s n - a - r - r - a - t - i - v - e

t h e L O U D b l e s s i n g s o f m u s i c

s-----t-----r-----e-----t-----c-----h MY MMIINDD

t o S E E s e e S E E t o

An Intuitive Whole II

t h r o-u-g-h the noVel-DeNsItY
OF antique bBrRaAiInNsS
S cratched to to to MindLESS GRAvity
I wILL I Will t h e UN-STaINed birth of Birth ragE
in my me my bedrOOm of SEXuality

marriAGE

& DIInE w/THE absoLUTE b r e v i t y of-the-age
in a truthless world

To
Enjoy

T I M E – Less No-THINGS

in a refrain of somber contentment

& OPEN
our throats

To
the Nourishment of ALL
that is
s o f t
&
s l o w

the restLESS n I g H t

UNable

To
Comprehend

An Intuitive Whole III

S T R I N G S of s t o n e s

Over

Yellowed Pages Yellowed

The COMPUTEr light

drowns my

inSIDES w/FRICTION

SONic ILLusion – the very wave

f-o-r-m of of of IGNORant dreeeams

a washed up

SORE

BEARing an IrReligious PARRICIDE need nee ne n!

INWRITING I

stORM t h r o u g h

FAILED upBRINGING

of mODDern man

in favour of WOrman

who knows

who knows

who knows

my sleee eep

& APPEARS

nightly

submissive

in her r-h-y-t-h-m-i-c QUICKsand

bREATH of inward calling calling calling

Night of Nights

Liquid veneration, Birth pangs
new order, Birth of living, Law
night, Personified living, Ghosts
free life, Birth into newness
Life of the age, The age living
Workman's age, alive, The work
law scours Throughout throughout

Liquid, venerable, pangs of night
Birth, a new organ, Trembling treble
Highs, melodious groans, Percussive
angels, Ghosts of mosaic muse
Landless color of sound and flesh
Wax-smear'd paper blends, desire
In thoughts of A mind, Needy
physical interrogation, The spine
sends The interrogative Knowledge
transmission, Translation traces
kinder eyes, Eyes eyes, The willful
speak, In closing speech, "Read me!"
"Write me!" "Paint me!" "Sound me!"
"Eat me!" Borgesian Wonderland

Carrolling, "I sing-you-sing"
Speak, fifth and sixth world
Beginnings, or zero world
Numberless world, New living
Law of night, In world zero
Pre-ancient Queendom of Man
Land and ice, The arisen huff
god weakens, With every living
inspired, To live the night of nights

Being Being

bounding being, kissing sleeping being
breathing being, erasing weeping being
sharing being, expressing creating being
following being, tasting loving being
playing being, drumming plucking being
moving being, running stepping being
sinking being, swimming falling being
drinking being, choking sweating being
remembering being, crawling standing being
stripping being, fucking risking being
pleasuring being, holding comforting being
ending being, freezing dying being
facing being, humanizing forgetting being
freeing being, listening dreaming being
spitting being, releasing hating being
refreshing being, cycling loosening being
heartening being, strengthening needing being
nearing being, pacing gathering being
raining being, clouding giving being
thinking being, considering living being
testing being, writing knowing being
fleshing being, consuming placing being
staying being, rooting heightening being
fixing being, festering blessing being
meditating being, concentrating focusing being
being being, being being being being

Hybrid Human Dynamo

I stay awake all day
I hunger for night
 For memory, loss and work
 The sunless cool of winter endures
In my flesh, clearing
With artificial light
 To scale the entropic frame of mind
 In voluminous pages

Unspoken dead literacy
Yellowed pages
 Translucent skin sits and waits
 For a thought
In my dry home of observation and sound
The musical breast of age beats
 With seasoned love I pain to breathe
 The oceanic soil springs to Africa

World Mother of endless pace
The unweakened glory of our first body
 Tempered by the growing heat
 Impugnable humanity, earthless maw
Injustice reaches past the delicate
Surface of quicksand feet, bare with anger
 Swollen, a dirt and snow brave of the migrant north
 Devotee of the Sami drum

Sway in subconscious rhythms
The nightly story, an unholy universe
 To upbraid the English overmind
 Conquering slavery with aesthetic power
To overcome our subservient vocation
 As a hybrid human dynamo

One's Decolonizing

Say: Go deeper into unknowing, Unmasked & Proclaiming Your given name
Reverberate, Down the echoes of your birth, Grasp quickly Hold onto your pain
The maternal screams rage, In bowels untended, Do not let go

Grab hold

Sink deeper

Into the soil and stone, Through pools of water, The gift of spring

Fill your blood, In the transmuted rain, Our one home,

The elegance of release, Bend

To the long uncoiling

Body of hate

Conditioning

Animal rites, Down-pressed emotive, Floods

Gorge on the unsent offering, Swept beneath the rug

See underneath the folds, One life, Magnanimous cruelty

Historic flesh, Still

Bleed over your thirsty mouth

Do not cry for more

Snatch the reigns, Your once-hospitalized mother

Feels anger, Pushing you forth, Into a nameless world

Unconditional nourishment

Lawless community

Sun-dreamt earthlings

A visiting face crumbles, Over the altar, A thankless harvest

Banish! Rootless conqueror, Ancestral need

There are riches, Stretching throughout, The poor-us

sands of soil, And sea

Rites of Shade

To write public whispers with maddening haste
Read in the dark, The world's gone, Dark, sunless
 Through a sheen of artificial light
 To stare into the maladaptive
Lifetime's play of nerves, Excitement, the wake of day
An unholy gathering, Sleepers and dreamers few
 Who wakes with memory?
 Glowing nightly, On lips of love
Untangled in fabrics, Hemmed by foreign slaves
To laze, In an ocean of mindless awe
 At seeing day pass
 Swift mountain streams
The arrowed city, Unmoved by pain
Desert ice and white noise, A wintry sleep
 A drunken course, Without drink
 A quiet inescapable need
A thousand other things Can't be said
Infinite lines and pages, Stacking like dead
 Bodies of literature
 Forests of thought
Creaking as the howling, Hurricane of emotion
Sweeps in, Blind hollows and glades
 Presentiment, waning
 Constant night, A terrible urge
Springs of Prehistoric life, Deep silent sojourn
A potent grab, Fated yearning, To see and observe
 the light, failed essence, Prison of logic
 and norms, performing the rites of shade

Counting Bone in Ash

0 – 0

building life from the ash of burnt bone
the skeleton of the nation
re-constructed

erected with sensual hands
over the fire
deathly glint of sun

reflecting mica flecks
in the desert of memory
a last entry

0 – 8

in the lightning-cracked ground
of timeless longing
a burial of time

the inhuman measure
of countless fragments
broken

from the body of the nation
sifted through the ash
mixing with desert sand

Counting Bone in Ash II

0 – 16

as the blooming
hypocrisy of a spiritual desert
blooms

dreams flee
with eager pace
over the western sea

towards high mystic inclinations
epochal refutation
over an unholy and stolen land

0 – 24

a people
in the literal ocean of shifting desert
Palestinian and Native American voices

intermingle like ash
over desert sand
and the Hebraic footprint “X”

the Adamic involution of choice
over the genocidal fame
of European intoxication

Counting Bone in Ash III

0 – 32

the wordless bride
of the orientalist name
a voice

in exotic scales
of passing resonance
as a tempting tongue

of storied significance
the wailing woman
of English conscience

0 – 40

now feeds the quickened barbarism
of civilian war
sponsored by American corporality

fading as ash in a desert fare
the miraculous
womb of the human story

caving under the sweet
lies of a retold story
of heartless words

Counting Bone in Ash IV

0 – 48

and nonchalant hate
a smiling insanity
from the quaking wall

towering over heads
at bay under the sanctioned
frenzy of unwilling armies

beating down the throat of children
suffering from heart attacks of age
in the knowing of no ignorant bliss

0 - 56

their first word is motherless
landless, homeless, faceless and
lacking the force of hate

strong enough to belittle their ancestors
with the inhuman grace of Christian law
and the American World Genocide

for an account
with the bank
of waste

0 – 64

Untitled Space #1

pYramid Tipi

of

o k M u t i

R c y o n a n

Ancient Canada

I see you
vision
coming forth
Her step
home
nears

A fire
in stone
A heart
in words

The shape of a letter
is the seed
from where
the shape of an
image fruits
blooms & flowers

make a solid line of thought in the vocalized letter of choice

the back
of an
uprising
is straight

...

hold
the
line

passion belonging
calm unity community

balloon flower
of
creative misery

Bow River Song

*To the 3500 who sleep homeless every night
on the cold streets of Calgary*

Silly beheaded cold
The fool shivers in a drab city
A closed eye unawakened by the small fire of heart

Billowing masterful songs of strong sex
In the wake of a humbling passion
To quake with the menacing fury of oceanic breadth

And give voice to the rudimentary upbringing of Man
Enduring the final rite of his story to hers
The wordsmith birthed in an evening of purring rain

The shelter of the hearth and a warm drink
Over that a storyteller's tongue loosened the taught Bow
To flood the passing natural

F l o w

Remembrance of Suffering

Never enough space, Always the last time
The rhythm repeats, Smooth whirring
Spread of Butter over a crust

The untold march of words, Sounds
in the bitter night Of falsehood and liehood
To single out a name, In the silent tunnel of earth

To worship hosts of refined drink
And fade in the closet of suited morning
On the coast of freedom,
Where the primordial elements span
Unattached from the landlocked present
An isolated complacency of a rash-formed mind
And broke-strung nerves ending in a laugh

Strong enough, To bruise the jaw
With a swelling so marvelous
To tear a shred of empathy
For the oppressed & maimed
Body of Life, Not quiet

As the motherless song opens eyes
We sing, A song of characterful singing
A voice to ring the wild
Animal from the throats of men
And stir the backbone of Edenic stillness

Remembrance of Suffering II

To walk, aloud, Outside, together
A united band of choral instrumentalism
In the sonic boom speed of industrial choice
To decide, To open the floodgates of reason
As an unchallenged wave of civil freedom
Against the levying strength of crooked backs

Stabbed to seizure and contrition
Locked in a whiplash electricity
A mortification of flesh, In need

Our one human strength
Personified as the united action of our present change
To wage peace, And inflict the alleviation of suffering
And to remember

Urban Contemplation

Stripped bare

The beauty of now is writ:

“The incomplete lead with absent following”

Into the stare, the world spat:

“Sacred will unites with the brawn of death’s own plan”

As the purity of one, Solely occupied, As the thinker bends over
the curb of an overgrown street, Constructed without mind to human step
The lingering breathe of the foregone, Blank with sad age

To wither proudly, On the stoop of inner city imagining
The whale-born rite of speech angers
The unanswerable insinuations of the cold and lost
Young meat who brand their wrists over urban dirt and polluted nails
Those smoky drinks never fail to impregnate the thirsty

By impalement, a medieval fume of medicinal property
One grounding mystery, Of pre-modern sight
To perceive past the quaking mind and respond
to the growing flow of blood, Throbbing invulnerable
tomes of poetic strife, adolescent roaming

The pockless stray of unaverage eyes
Building a home, Fertile land with every limb
Every appendage, Of neighborly greeting:
“Feel the communal body”

Genesis of a Cave

I am a stone weathered by wind, cold, heat
The damp grass and dried soil
I am used to forming a bridge
In a torrent of footsteps and flooding

I sink

Made into bacterial nourishment
For the sand-whipped waves of sea
And further on my granules form a castle
In an infant's hand, emerging of water and stone
Defeated again by the blasting wind-driven waters
Beached at the foot of quaint, humble Atlantic dunes
And millennia passed

...

I form a wall

Naturally wrought from the pressures mounting the quaking earth
Rumbling in the silent heat of a nearing sun and lifeless burn
And the wall, Of no human worth

Blocks no one, Protects nothing
I am at that wall, That stone
Of no future utility
Inlaid without meaning
And yet, I am motionless
A stolen rock, The peerless
bridge, A wasted core
Yet a wall nonetheless
Standing upright
Made by none but by my own weathered face
Alone at the edge of time
A subtle rain keeps the ocean sweet
In a haze of fog breached by the stone-laden flesh of Earth

I am not inert
I am not in
Inward

Central Intelligence Quirks

Quirky intelligence: To claim the heart in a fist of heat
and pass through the center of a needlepoint nerve –
in-stilling a storied haunting, A presence of lying fathers
Breaths warming your teeth, With the discolored ash
a sleepless feasting cry for more, Higher super-elation
Into the stairwell of civilized history, Burgeoning
neo-colonial terror-Tories, Warring over scotch, wine
A billions' Earth, To shit on, And leave a cosmic footprint
loon-iced lunacy, The icing on the Canadian Arctic cake
camaraderie With lightless and suicidal outsiders
In heat, To produce a second birth of melted shorelines
And the in-continent country of elderly abnormality
The origination of group-suicide by democratic vote
To cure the mindless worth of driving insanity
To the plate, To the fore
To a world of intergenerational war
To a world of intellectual brutality
To pseudo-scientific conviction
In the name of all humanity
Divinely given? Abrahamic UR
America the queer and black nude
World pantomime distress
The unwise drear of openly flippant humor
For the humorless lie of controlled life
Controlled time, The final present
One eternal eruption, an atomic splurge
To spend the entire focus of disorder
On the best consumer of nuclear families
prewar pre-order, From on high
on a bench of propaganda, Self-unmade
law, To rend the incorruptible stare
innocence, a rape victim on display
At the 21st century world's fair
An exhibition of genocide survivors
And lone-sick technocratic individuality

Tribal Melodrama

Burn up the mind with words of voice
The night mind of the Midwestern earth
A dry flesh of desks on which to scribe the reflective name
a mind, Shattered as a paginated tree

The earth calls me to break fast over a body of my own dastard humanity
And the birthed rectitudes of hollow sorrow humble me

To eat fruit and scatter brain over the kitchen counter
Before my fingerless palms scratch knife against tooth

To butcher my bones from flesh in one human soup of spineless cleansing
The insecticide boon of selfless mockery

A violent tomb in which to writhe before an answer falls
To beat the salacious drum in my ear whose fin-tuned skin breathes
A host of incorrigible bonds over the reptilian fill of mental imagining
To imbue the hard rocky sands with a cool thrift of footsteps

Launched into the outer-spatial sight of an artist
Longing to rise with the constellated high-rise humandom

Familiar impassioned failure and daily self-pity over a bottle of infantile disguise
The work of an alien tepid, tongue-tamed

Swept clean of the curling weave of an arboreal ground
To mix flat pasty smiles with gourd-entombed eyes

Pickled in a tradition of mystical happiness
At once married to the utopic dreamscapes of bitter waste

Simultaneously soaked in the peripheral flight of homesick longing
To unite with the sky
A melodrama of the imprisoned tribe
Locked in the spell of Law

Deserted Storytelling

Cold still desert
Cold still desert
Cold, Still

A speaking mind remembers
Egyptian Sinai
Winter night

Full ascension, Lone
From Katherine's monastery

Cyclops moon
Eyeless

Forewarning
The illumined voice blooms

As an orchid
At first snow

Alberta plains
Of deserted night
In the waylaid core
A dim space
To read, And breathe

Shallow bursts of belonging
Along the ancient surface
A river's icy haunt
The wind
And the death

Of the Old Story
A friend of microphoned imagining
And the frozen birth of inspired telling

Prophecies of an Atlantic Guru

Atlantic Guru, With lips of passion
Meditating on the dank floor
A thoughtless impression of love
Seeding my eyes, Darkly impenetrable
Kiss of mirrored light
To measure the mind
Rhythmic touches, The tongue's insides
A blank word
On a blank page
And to Howl, The Chaos of War
Poetry of the Tree
Direct uprooting
Metaphysical resistance, A call to right
the holy silence, Empathic
celebration, Words for Seers
With kind eyes, Who sit alone
In the dusky hate
Crossroads of human belonging
An Earth speaks back, Unmoved by our irate
Numbers and business laws
She of All
Host to Life, In the deep cosmic sea
Speak a refrain in tragedy
The Hermetic bride of extinct fortune
We the smallest cat of the eternal, Plague of Man
Blessing the yogic feet
A lotus dream
Equality over the inimical dust-swept forms,
Of long-lost camaraderie, A lonely dell
inspired devolution, The petrified earth
A mushroom of wisdom, Extending above the head
With intimidation
Sending us back
To the first and final, Laugh of the Trick

The First Woman

In the shallow spring there is a dais
Upon it sits your body
Casting no reflection in the placid pool
Enter the waters
Look into the empty gray eyes
Your body, Motionless
Is hard as stone
And the waters begin to recede
Look into the reflective pool
If you see your stare
Full with your true eyes' color
Then do not wait
Plunge your face into the serene surface
Be drowned

And your stone body will crumble with you
Feeding the water for eternity
With the life-giving minerals of stone
Blending with compressed air
Flowing as the unitive body of universal creation
And that is your true reflection
Faceless, Bodiless, Yet made of stone, Water
And your own personal flesh death
Scratching at the gravestone of Western death
Unfurled as the mammalian hair of spirit
In reach, And the mundane burns in a thought
At the need to embody the flux of Tao
Enter the swallowed cold cavernous spring
And in a rush the human body lets go of its own breath
Forming the moonrise dust of freedom
In sight, The final Man of Time
Curls back into the Womb of Space
And the First Woman meditates with a shrinking belly
Alone in a dry cave

One Body

Swept under the rug, Cleansed –cide
Defamed, The dry open sky rang
with implausible futures, The dystopian
bridge from present humanity to the original star
vain material breaks, Into the emptied animal switch

A speciesist brain, Gloating over the mathematical fallout
An immoral reason to war, Against the self of no-pride and no-heart
A stupefied course through the pornographic violence of war
And freedom, Gained from the icy hands of the dead
Bellowing out curses into the deforested smile

a soot-filled universe, A play? Dizzying
the full world, dream-like awe of mental savagery
To cage the unentitled moon, In a faceless dawn
Peering over the midnight horizon
Through the Northern gray

A starlit pace frays human will with a personified humility
To think with strident deliberation and know the meaning of peace
Experiencing the day as a natural freedom of the heart's untouched taste
The eyeless grave on which the consecrated palm feels the center of life

One Body II

Imbuing the land with a reflection,
The awareness that Man is mere awareness
And our being is as delicate as a thought
A lingering potential in the cloudless sky
galactic strain, A dot of matchless color
In the vibrant waves of gravitational beauty

An attractor Which subsumes all
born into with the embrace of a mother
Healed from the pain of birth
Through the virgin insemination
ecological sensation, To know a place
as the original inspiration, true blue awakening
To grow aloud amid washing oceans, ambient lakes
The hush of a river and piercing silent mountain
The gift of rhythmic rain, abandoned, wild riverine
passion, Exploding the mythic face of masked sociability
A re-entry in, To the sacral eye of one body

Post-War Diaspora

The bitter denouement

Blackout paranoia

Respite from 2012 Guns of Navarone

Display case raid

A shallow watermark of futile groping envelops the starcast journeyman

Across epic European deserts and fishy disregard for human life

“But not for his own weary tribe!” the diseased fishers blare

On radio backdrops of the ineffable name: Family

An invaluable host

To the democratic upbringing of mixed ethnicity

Ancestry and the wordless face of mind cavorts and springs

From the depths of its own impoverished nature

As a wilderness of men

Rent to the sanctimonious fire of daylight

A cruel ensnaring

More formidable than beauty

In its nameless body

An avian figment of beasts

The Return of Being

The best way to do is to be – Lao Tzu

Returned hand, The daemon in flight, Tightening
The noose Upside-down, Knotted, loose, Night visitor
At first in the obscure fear of mortal awareness
A dread, And then... In an instant, The apparition is Guide
To flee the emotional raid of electromagnetic wires
Spurring on the wide-eyed feline gasp, A bellowing
slow-audio hiss, Bringing the dying to scrutinous light
A merging of sanity and rain, In the final night of Man

The gay presence of conclusion intermingles with the bookish
wine of mystic intervention, The unblending fire blasts through
the asshole of stately mind, Breeding ghosts in the childless winter
white night America springing in the silent season, To drink swill
on Wall Street, amending the public cry, To constitute a wholesale lie
A lie of propagation and swine, The deathwish of humanity
Piercing through pursed lips, In the vast neighboring sky
cruel emptiness, The failing gaze fell with the first summer
Earth, manned, the unity of biotic shedding, wordless
identity of pure life, Questing across the bridge

from individual to society, The interdependent tongue
sliding inside and out, Taken by oppositional masks
foreign policy and domestic security, Folding under
the eye-witnessed death of bitter play, With the brittle
flexibility of paper money, The booming secrecy
nightfall frees the sane, Into wasted loss
Released gravity, physical waves of knowing
high-spirited, aware of human sight, To love
in the mooncast breast of survived heat
The mourned light unseen, Warming
the inglorious pathless phase, Beyond
belief into need, A need to see being be

Fall of the World Brain

Who had high hopes before the fall of the World Brain

The anatomical strife of billions

Centered in one nervous core of suffering

Flown to a lost end

Where the traversal of song deepens the heart

Beneath a forest of bone

And viewing from afar

A sky witnesses

The emptied body of Man from Earth

Her navel burns with the festering itch

Negligence and depravity

As the fertile ground breathes

Animal blood in one putrid cannibalistic exhale

Toxic fate, straight through a river-turned-feeding-tube

Plunged through the throat of ours

Sister Ocean, the balloon-like glare

From a swollen eye, above the tear duct

Silent horrors blowing past, mirrored

In the lightning-shifted sands of headless meat

And waves cut from the arm of sea-born savagery

The quickening failure of common life

Hot over the fire of nameless continuity

A fortuitous grab at the spiteful breast of reason

Over brain in pseudo-scientific lairs

Mammalian testing of the experimental will

Unfeeling worth, cruelty goes unslaked

In a mind isolated by wild remembrance

In a caged state of impoverished community

And the lingering dependence of patriarchal leadership

From the furnace of a popular voice, garbled

On the howling hurricane coast

Adrift and unseen by an eyeless power

Fall of the World Brain II

Emanating from the realpolitik pyramid scheme

Lightless thirst for nonsensical diversion

Imprisoned happiness

The war of televised armies

Marching into the pride of onlooking death

High off workers' inverted hearts

Bored with the metal might of an uncatchable fire

Spreading across picket lines and unholy days

The Thief of Beauty

At the beginning of a century,
What's to be overcome? What's to gain?
To build on late ancestral struggles, and start anew?

The wide delicate horizon closes nightly
To the mystic shade, An uprooted waning
Challenging the eye to dream in soundless pain
A psychic wish from the English well of infant names

Turning with seasonal timbre, As emotions sway
The colors of a face, with the autumnal nude
A classic grace withers before the icy charm of time
What gainsayer moved? Across the Western track, tireless

With cool hands, Rough as stone and indestructible as iron
And beneath bitter clouds of trickster noon forecast
What rage was defied or hate reformed?
Where was the murderous blank shell of a holy cause?

Bloomed into a living tree? To seed the ground of all being
with a point through which to see? To reflect and finally be
the angelic peace which breathes within all being
As a purified waste, The gorge of nothingness

The Thief of Beauty II

Bespoken as an old saying, In love with timeless age
As a Rosh Hashana wine, Awakened by the breathless gold
Familial pride, to become the truthsaying of one's own quickening
To answer the confounding blanks of evocation

With the complete presence of one mind spellbound
In the conscious round of high self-evolutionary health
The high balance, To project gray whispers in the first snow
and glean thanks From a thousand harvests past

Before historic compromise began its last laugh
So the wicked narrative of men blows east and south
In a mesmerizing fog, From the English word
As subtly indoctrinating, Beauty into grist for theft

North! Wounded Traveler

Sting of the dry North, My hair bleeds with dead fulfillment
My tears fall in dream and on waking, I feel only proud age
The unreasonable fear I have met with death, Finally
As the outgrowth of my own being, As a spiritual offering

Lived in the act of my own intent, For living
And I intuit the past, In the noiseless yonder
A riverside belly of nude fire, A stretch through
the cold embers of post-Christian day
The sun reflects my own personal mythology

With the archetypes of sleep, A grand subconscious
sweep Of internalized necessity The aggressive dark
march Through loss and flesh After which I empty
my emboldened tongue With the nauseous drink of love

A tireless hope To become still in a quicksand of inborn debt
As the rite of passage moving so many, To kiss the high feet
swine, In a state of insecure devotion, A prodigious union
between old religion and the war cry of vain savagery

Coaxing the ahistoric mind to bloom, In the desert
post-modern man, An agnostic bliss, To flee with suffering
the chord of blue work, curling arms over the ledge of a body
full, volcanic, The spewing activist of self-destructive sexuality

North! Wounded Traveler II

Attuned to the lunar retch of inane sport toward the music of a friend
Answering in infinite homes of upended grounding and ruthless height
To stray from the borrowed dirt of landlocked possession
And burn money before the colonial wine of self-prophesied industry

The mage of raw oceans stagger behind the pyre of an ashen lover
Howling, “to death with life and wrong!” To then call on divine work
to harmonize the breast and foot, In a silent silver night of yearning
Beyond the pathless second birth of spiritual power
To deepen pain, knowing and awareness, To puncture cruelty

nostalgia of human longing, tasting the sun with a new name
Crawling towards the summit of one’s own being, With a thirst
for passion, Unslaked by the sensate earth
Until all fades and returns awake

Go to...Sleep

To each a bed, To rest on lightly, enough
To raise the burdened sensual mind up, and away
To the unconscious flight, The involuntary magic
instinctual creativity, the wine Of childhood,

a sacrilegious daze, To mind the fire
misanthropic tendency, blending subjection
To inmost defense, the safe wandering, a life in tune
with a vision, a strong youth, To found a life, unmasked
rite of fortuity, bursts in subtle rain, the disbelieving pine

To go on their own pathless journey, a mental exercise
in practice, an emotional dedication, To stir the soulless
floor of body with homeless night, And see the clear sky
open ahead of unanswered flesh, The poverty of the blessed

streaming in funneled thought, With high pride, lowered
at the touch, An empty mourning, To devise sacred blame
and will the final eye closed under the altars of men
The rustling leaves of the bitter dead mock the wind

With human savagery, a blasphemous simplicity
A nameless course, An uprising, In the shallow lore
inner city friends, The wakeful night craves
with despondent lunacy, In the blue moon fright

Go to...Sleep II

Nervous with choppy hands, Over Varuna's reign
In the mundane awe of inborn scrutiny, From eyes
too close To the heart, To allow it to mend
And in that instant of opening, unsealed wounds

combative play flexes Into the open air
With all their mustered rage, A silent gasp
a wistful movement, Pressing down on concrete
cold lair, A café lit with the strength of feminine eyes

Poking through the candlelit heights
A phantasmal gasp
Without direction, Asking
what no one wants, To ask

Endure the Fire

The flits of lightning, The charging reigns
That with an ego-led mind grapple fast
To release mares of white light
Into the boiling rain
An unconscious guide, stupid
with intoxicant might, The whole
Earth-shattering brain lashes onto the scarred
backs Of bent humanity, Golden fumes rush
with improvisational eyes, To gloss over structural hate
The personification of desk-shrunken mores
Pushing hard genitalia into the rocking pyre
seniority, A bloodless economic lie
To gaze into pure yellow Sun
with smiling taste, and free minds
days of heartless night
A downpour of need over the cold
metal stairway, flooding with molten highs
The worn and estranged thoughts of life gather
on into the dusk of imprisoned lore
Kept unseen in the immemorial fasting of a body
Sweat bold into the emotive right of one original dance
To precipitate the first word as invocation to a muse of depth
self-knowing, The blind calling, Into a pathless forest
full to the inebriating brim with bestial witnessing
The predation of followed heart, Uniting truth
to the sound bridge from this shoreless past
To my old Atlantic Tara, Sway,
sea breeze of gay surety

Endure the Fire II

Wandering with endless abandon
To see alien life in spiritual frequencies
listening, As each penny on the oceanic horizon
churning in the stomach of human absorption
To kiss the invaluable salt, Of less than a droplet
Minutiae of substantive matter conceived
from the oceans' turning, Meeting
the winged wave, On the Africa-born wind
My visions glare, Ahead, numbed
by the bitter cold, The eastern rain,
a fog castle Of air and the sunless wave
The enduring fire, Thinned
on the surface of my true face

Post-Animate Wisdom

The unholy world burns, In mortal greed
Banality, All the while traces of lingering trespass
beyond the reign of death, Collecting like foam
on the edge of the sea, The bitter truism of verse
 Intoxicating futuristic post-humanities
 Beyond the range of human life, Yet manually engraved
 in the collective mind, A created history, inspired by the blessed
 offering of thoughtful knowing, Transmuted on the page
 Worn with the vibrant press of an earnest hand

To convey a masterful sojourn from head to heart
An inner rumbling, To prefigure reversion to a mythos of dream
Where the human head is submerged in our predisposed following
ancestral, With the very source of life, on a bed of involuntary calming
 A pre-animal hypnosis drawing one to call on fixed forms
 breathless eternity, Incumbent in the dizzying façade of sleep,
 though with inviolate projection, The mind of humankind may
 consciously foresee the movement of memory

The human soul as one intention! Unified under the guise
understood language, Emergent from the beginning core
self-realization, To a moment of unbridled self-communication
Before voice, encapsulating the raw impetus
 To not only simply record worldly surroundings
 Instead, to transfix our whole attention of mind joined to matter
 To create an entirely new voice, erected from shared literacy
 universal law, Stepping stone towards unfettered creation

Post-Animate Wisdom II

To rinse the reactionary storage of intellectual lie and reflect
Towards a higher mastery of perceived chaos, An honest plane,
transcending mundane reason, For the intuitive brush
with spiritual artistry, Pointing with understated humility

In the arcane shapes and signs which formulate cognitive design
A loudspeaker to pry into the delicate, fleeting life of free assembly
And ask humanity to reach simultaneously, Into their prehistory
and futuristic inclinations, An actualization of pre- and post-humanity

To re-discover the moment's insinuated offspring, The word
an all-perplexing fallacy shudders, Deathless before the cold
raspy throat of the pen, Numbing the human hand

Into a post-animate cry of wisdom

Chivalry of Sound

“In this pedantic chivalry of sound
I need only a space, For now.”

A voice rings clear, “Imageless
awakening is a-brew, To be
without objects, And find
in every withering brush
At every corner Of every page
The last strand And fiber
Sufficient, to stretch out
Munificent glue, to allow the mind
To fornicate openly, With the absolute
dark awe, Displayed as mere erase
In museum plush, Rooms drawn
as factory eyes of academic wombs”

A call pierces, ShriII
Beyond unblended hues
Of a golden hall
Littered with paper
Covered in faint pencil
And action paint

A muse hovers delicately
Above this cavernous glory
To bemuse, amuse and abuse
Human wreckages of print

Taking a stand, Against the visceral
weakness of a mind, Gone drab
With tattered lunacy, Recorded
in the subtle, Documents

Chivalry of Sound II

Witnessing family life
Bend to the tear of non-being,
Touched, a mold of loud prophecy
From indiscernible tongues
Whispering with livid spite
And ruminative anger

Between the walls, Our pride
Cultural savior, A wild trickster
Hatched, From golden eggs

People of Jazz

Our people are the people of jazz.

Those who play for the astral sound,
Those whose light rings true through
inconceivable distances, From bodies
that may have been dead for eons
Now survived by their light-piercing
silence, Waiting with eternal patience
Through your every night, For you
to see the clarity above, To have reason
enough to blow, Through the bottom
your drums, Out the eyelids, your voice
unstoppable As rhythmic metal, flash
their sterling, To announce proceedings
From the core of earthly mountains
Returning to its source by the wise
ways of mystery, musical spontaneity
Issuing from incredible conceptions
Such deliberation as birthed a human
race, From the humid ore of Africa
To the final smelting of brass and shine
With the brilliant decadence of the night
sky, Of one ingenious mind, Grasping
the scale, In a labyrinth of simplicity
honest heart, To penetrate directly
Into the unfinished mold of humanity
To continue on into the center of space,
deep Opaque starlight, Emptiness
Full sonic forms of universal musing...

Passage of Foresight

What's that mad jealousy? Masculine, engendering
the creative stretch into poetry, For fear of knowing
feeling less blessed, Who's eye careened over
the mathematical sound? Into the intuitive eyeball
the midnight sun, Splayed with light years' Feast
on the master's last lone day, To wander the crooked
beach of human time, An eloquent page, pressed
sadly into the mechanic's groove, At war with TV
soundscapes, Ambiance of the East, Willed
into spoiled decadence, The fruitless wild
Urging us to forego all laughter, For the price
thought, Shared, in monetary respite, swift
Among minds Dreaming in seedy aftermaths
...pauses, To imagine the world, seedless, infertile
Deserted by the unwilling swine who pass nature
corridors of death, Incarnate spiritual facts
trespassing visionary Unconscious sameness
Flight to wintry lore, Vexed and mindless
in perfect memory, A torturous retelling of all
golden humanity At the beginning of a high
spiritual age, When Morbid Maitreya feeds
the incarnate ground with barefoot bodhisattvas
Wandering with artful eyes, Imbuing grasslands
plains with life-giving rites, underestimated cities,
spread bare of direct intervention, For the living
hosts of life, A last break, Into the sojourn abreast,
flooded with ecstatic ingenuity, Abstaining
withering the self, Observing the world reflection
Pulsating with nervous sweat, its own twitching
cataracts, Fascinating rapid movement aground
swept, In waterfall visions of a cavernous sleep
Deep enough to see the stranger, Meeting
the guest in an internal hall, Opening to allow
passages of foresight

Brotherly Unknowing

When experience dulls repetition, And gratitude is
simply an imposed dissatisfaction, Petitioning for reason
In the light of self-misjudgment, To pontificate on white waves
blank entropy, The brotherly face attunes to the heart

As a child, bestowing the graces of Play and Curiosity
Now benumbed by the sharp distance, a torn family
Sinking in the Titanic mud of Western casuistry
A clubbed following burnt at the stake of debt

The jailed name, appearing with age, To bite
the raw tongue, A pledge of ironic night

The perfection of blood, burned to the word
petty, Rite of interpretive silence, I know

a smile to crease, welcoming as a page
turning, seizing a book, Telling stories, ages
That where once was fraternity, is now the bitter
haunts of jealous connivance, A flash of stained eyes

Worrisome elders peer into fading lights of hate

Pacific, A graying maw of southern youth

Bugged, groped in open-air asylums: American
city, A breeding ground for the wasted son

Whose writhing tears sting living virgin skin
An unspoken wording, Bound to the lifeless fear
death, A confounding rage, To kill the genetic State
identity, kneel behind the upended vault of colonialism

where white gold rules, To engender rivalries

unborn creatures, Sounding off like cruel men

in the heady daze of mythic delusion

A finite pace of unskilled mores, Wallowing

in a sty of criminals enslaved, Eyes alit
with bottomless profundity, a sideways look
down into a garbling glass, wet-mouthed
alcoholic answers steer the living into a trap

Brotherly Unknowing II

irresponsible self-recognition, As laughter
the source of emotive creation, The beginning
spark, A dizzying spiral jaw, Clenching firmly
on the hand that snapped clean off at a touch
the womb, Again, a forbidden initiation
To reenter physical graves, placeless hollows
An internal salve for the inhibited boy
Who with a crooked glance, manned
the killing machine as it were a toy, To butcher
the man in the front, Driving himself toward normalcy
And in that moment the machine veers, Into a land
strange, foreign, To both hands, neither knows

7 billion poets

There are over 7 billion poets
And not one with a voice
 The unheard
 Silent writhing brain
The unimpeded multitudes
An unsung choir of finite beauty
 Of minuscule gravity
 Bearing the cataclysmic
flood of global fulfillment
In the vibrating tongue,
 as one whole voice
 Buried underwater
reddening poetic burst
inmost world of everyone
 A whole being
 Of oneness
Bred with individuality
And the child speaks
 poetic silence, mind
 Stilled in meditation
Holding the imageless
impermanence of living
 In unsaid lines of thought
 Circling radial message
Hermetic and empowered
To face confident stewards
 The recovery of victims
 500 year genocidal continuity
The colonial present
A marching progress
 evangelical ignorance
 The fundamental crime

7 billion poets II

Execution of the poet's heart
Melting under a southern arm
 the First People's cross
 Dove into the soft earth
With astronomical precision
Phallic rocket of homoerotic play
 Bloodying the nubile earth
 familial womb sister
Head cracked open dirty
sidewalk, Pouring forth
 A clear reflection of you
 sorry gaze of gendered brain
Emptied of an equal genesis
In the wild yawn of Man's death
 Personified suicidal
 wanderer, Exile
In self-denial, wombat of shame
A visceral, mindless cavity
 emerging from face
 Beckoning to fill us
Our ears, all of our listening
An unspoken poetry of Earth
 Swimming in immortality
 The regenerative tide
A lunar-solar interpretation
In every being of serpent flesh
 The wide-eyed dreamer
 Coming home to embrace
World responsibility
To protect the verdant
 seed, from within
 an individual breast

Motherless Heat

Toughened silence, a field of linoleum spread cheaply
Over the holy grasslands of Aboriginal tragedy, oneness
unspoken, From the full eye, a sleeping ghost unawakened
by the light of dawn, caressing the fertile space of human seed
And quickened longing, To bring ecstatic fulfillment
To the created word, Novel to the vocalized
human mind, A treasured will, Practiced
in thought-woven intricacy, Over the finite
goal of foreign paper, Mapped with action color
Over the aseptic bread of windowless dreams

The night has since turned to day, And my visions breed
the tortured wings of city pigeons, Blinking
in the fleeting northern sunlight
The human soil breathes with subtle happiness
To inspire weird insight
In the naked skin of high youth
Of golden rites, Perfecting the self

Along an unproven road, Overgrown
with supernatural green, unseen vibrancy
swallowing my body, With each successive step
into open loss and mixed travesty

Motherless Heat II

A remembrance, To reject the well-shorn pathway
And call out to bear skulls of enlightening madness
Instilling these tracts with mysteries exposed
A personal rite of passage is performed about my walls
with every sound and crack and rhythm and scratch
But to feel the roughened paper of my youth
And its faint coverings of timeless yearning
To speak yet again in the like-patterned mouth

nominal identity, this empty friend, my self,
awaiting the Sabbath wine of ecological prophecy
As a blaring retort to technological midwifery
our ageless birth, Into the grown hair of sickly means
Bathed in the internal waters
Of motherless heat

The Voice of Humanity

Personification of will, Demonic breast of desire
Nippled-eye dreams within the milky consciousness
A mind of sky, Empty if not witnessing
Through cloudy, upturned heavens

Standing on the heads of angels
Balancing on their hands in a timeless act
absurd human misery, To gaze in wonder
at the comedy of the affixed, resting
A quieted hole in which to writhe
in meditative spirit, A flourishing
wondrous intensity, mind of grace

The wisdom of high feminine obscurity
In the dried fungal opening of negligence
The curse of rain, proud grief of raw immensity
Sprung from the dirge of martyred saints
Cured of inertial piety, Buried with a respite
To return to the vegetable soil
A might humbled in temporal poverty
To yearn for the pleasure principle of nature
rites self-mourned in the phantasmal word
Invoked by resurgent voices of survived retellings
The diurnal rush of worship, in the nameless grove
a sanctified city, whose center is a natural clearing of wood
nowhere post-modern. relic of paradise unearthed

The Voice of Humanity II

Flight of livable sensation, The womb of awe
Through which humankind is hauled a step upwards
To the failing life of eternal continuity
An experiential mystery of ruined night
The mellow wine, ethereal, bestowed
to the atmosphere, In which we breathe
and form our day, The sunless fire, now
burning with aggravated seed, Mutating
under unprecedented girth, As a thought
cavernous, giving speed in seclusion
A hermitage of prehistory, stolen

Across a windless path, the quaking open
spilling with porous sight, Out over the forested valley
A dense purging of earth, into the sacrificial light of being
and its negation

Scientific Proof of Anti-Survivalist Re-Generation

Open mien, Through which the rabble instill their light
A hovering glum-cast shame of irrational fire, Bent
in the guileless scourge of self-prophecy

To the ignorant name, Vocalizing over the heat-retching
trespasses of media-soaked hypocrisy, In the world
fomented rivalry of superstition, Group hypnosis
unwelcome travesty, Leaking from the well-wishing
failure of royal leadership, Throughout hereditary rites

To connive with religious villainy, The waters coursing in
Unmatched on the current shore of assimilative ceremony
The school, harboring infantile adults, With pension scams
and hardened glasses, Chipping away at the edges
With each face-front fall, Onto the blackened step
a once clear path toward perennial youth

In the creational word
Enjoyed and loved with wonder
the opaque shaman behind a mask
music and smoke, That high
From the northern plains
spiritual reason, brushed
a calligraphic touch
over the lover's skin

Scientific Proof of Anti-Survivalist Re-Generation II

An eastern-born artist of the West
instrumental vibe, To stroke the egoic march
fearing monotonous monetary mediocrity
Gushing over anxiety-ridden laughter, vile cries
Ringing through the emptied air, pubescent
a voice of half-dead insemination, into the unborn
trust between generations of habitual wandering

To coast down the erupting stone of peaked earth
And watch as the petrified ancient regime withers
like wood from its roots, at the invocation of tongues
estranged, Revived from their deathly slaughtering
emerging from lifeless soil, apologetic, Shaking
and grasping at drums and black hair, elongated
Over the entire historical stretch of america
historical, Now sitting in meditation
While white tricksters of the West follow
cutting the final lock, Binding us
to fellow humanity

necessity:erotism

Planetary infection

Brainless escapade

 Through vile travails

 An empty high

Glowing in the waterfall brush

As radioactive metal

Faint in the dead wind

A howling mockery

 gross redaction

 wiry eye of reason

A spindly verb threshed

from the distilled mind

stupefied psilocybin catatonia

intense despair, the goal is isolation

 A longing, a retch

 into the gutter

worthless ash, spit from Titan's gorge

on Dionysian flesh, marked beauty

Rough in her willowy verse

A music of night, Lashing out

 in the gargantuan halls

 lost civilization upended

greed, sinking in the cold

Black Sea, A muttering savior

drowning us, one second too late

Before a greater silence overtakes

Unwelcome Risk

Follow me to quench beatific longing
With the subtle pulse of malignant flesh
 I wade in the ruthless flush, writhing
 my veins push in and out from my heart
As one waning moment of desire
The wretched stirrings of a poetic soul
 eagerly matched, By the collective
 crying together, Cored with competition
individualism, agreed upon for reasons of fame
Stilled, the irrational failure to continue in meaning
 From the initial mark of realization
 to rend your flesh conscious, building
With the phantom graying of a liar's conscience
Claimed by chance incongruities, everyday life
 Lived whole, synchronous phenomena
 history, nature, imagination coursing in
your veins, With equal power and intention
As the rivers flood with cyclical challenging
 To the inhabitants, faced with wealth
 pleasure of fleeting presence, So alone
the observant mind walls and finds refuge
In the cool waves of grounded resistance
 public action, To speak and hear
 a loudspeaker emanates with voices
countless, Heartened to return our voice
united with humanity, lending your ear
 to the reflective grace of instilled action
 Through illuminated wording

Unwelcome Risk II

The simplest sanity is in the voice, ready
to speak, Before the clear silence, Filling us
 our universe of space, with anticipation
 To hear the true sound of a letter, To see
 the unmediated reality of a word
To stand alone with meaning, give vision
ceaseless, To the youth of the day, ageless
 prism of natural insight forming
 structural mind of the letter
 At home in a freely spoken mind,
 Finding space enough to breathe
with rhythmic pulse, inborn continuity, direct loyalty
to creative intent, experimental transcendence of all
rhetoric, To endure the passion of an ever-readied voice

Bodiless Head of Suffering

Dweller in pain, Etch the wizened flood of dispassion
Into your downtrodden grave, The medieval dawn wakes
From a sleepless night of hatred, Engraved in blood
As a dim hollow, Outpouring of shame

Increased in the weary cold of mortal strife
Yours is a shallow suffering, A voice unheard
Too soft for the hardened and desensitized
Modern mind inundated with flash bombs
drugged swill, Your over-intellectual purse
emptying endlessly, With the crack of a whip
Merciless in the howling escapade of dream

subconscious, Rendered lucid by need
the outspoken, to interpenetrate the worn
laughter, Issuing from the seed source
creation, a humbling passage to non-being

All the while a crooked grin affixed to the wise
man's lingering Mind followed and led you
into a trap of choiceless fate, delusional
world state Drowned with human artifice
variations of Material fetish, masculine brain
Cornered into civilized savagery, Fraying
at the clean edge of reason, To scheme
with religious fantasy, the image and the awe
In a dissolved public milieu, Lost
into commercial profanity, The daze
radical mastery over our fellow human
beings end, In a beginningless moment
outside history, The starless deep
Lowering the animal family
Into a self-dug grave of metal
hypocrisy, Adorning hallucination
controlling megalomania
Divined by monetary mathematics
industrial slavery, Formulaic, proud

Bodiless Head of Suffering II

With interspecies rivalry, As post-scientific lore
confounding, as sibling animosity drags on
Into a heap of medicated corpses, Writhing
under security watch, Paid for by entertainment
sex workers, grabbing failures, All for the restless
mouths to squeeze puss, In an urge of suffering
self-induced, To see the muse as a ghost of enmity
dead, Between body and head, United by pain

Sleep, Walking Away

Oh perfect sleep,
who would you deem
to wake into a better dream?

The lie entangles voice
Impressions intersect
In the dutiful brush pen
Craving lines, feminine
womb of empty space

A joyous round blooms
in the grieving pull back east
Where tears are shed in your name

And loss quivers like the arrows of the once dead
Ancestral hate that writhed in an Indian noose

Too afraid to face the colonial glare
Back ashore where your father etched your name
in the pale, stray Earth, A knowledge, nude, vibrant

a stone shames your memory, In the vacuous lair
nameless enemies still cry in your breast
As the once-forsaken wild
turning your nose crooked
and your flesh watery

into a lowered hook
Gravitating toward the walls
a gaping hole, A sordid touch
with the epochal crime
A momentous itch
With humbled pride

Sleep, Walking Away II

To stare back into the eyes of home
And make amends with the dismal
fire of a person, Irate, unhealed soul
Feeling the subtle earth shake
and tear, At your every footstep
Farther away

Linguistic Tiling

for Terrence McKenna

Remove the tiles of linguistic definition!

The seamless floor has spread over the ceiling
The windows are now pasted over with cheap overused linoleum
And the mystic bird flies headlong into its unforgiving panels
Formed in place by a childhood of blind listening

Oh child of linoleum walls!

Learn when to block your human ears
From the mothering sensation of fear-defined separation
Between you and it
That
You once felt united
In the fluttering breast of presupposed mystery
In the warm smile of immediate perception
Beyond sensual recognition
To cognitive acceptance
Of animal humility

Forget this world!

Forget this world
And its erasure marks of history
You are half-asleep, half-awake
Liminal

Only conscious of consciousness
Its, self
Fearless
Wade in the swamp thicket

Knee-deep in the healing mud
The Earth's morning spittle
To wake, nude
In the dense, pathless forest

In the after hours of civilized sanity
Driven clear off the brink of forethought
Into the unclean mind of derangement
A painstaking shift

From choiceless deliberation
To the gelatinous grey fold
A reverberating pause; Insights
from the mage of rhythmic callings

Chinatown Lamp

Oh gay grandeur!

In the stately Chinatown lamp

At noticing elderly tradition

Mocked in a garb of the foreign,

waning heights, Still,

outstretched with unbroken light

Yet from its side an unnoticed pale

glass, Broken at the edges

A shattered steam of perceptible ilk

The whole completion

Perfect in essence of earthly shade

And the light-polluted moon could not

dim the celestial view

A glowing talon

Ripped through the crepuscular veil

In an instantaneous heat

A longing with inspired duress

human sight, billowing malignity

disintegrated, across the swill dark ocean

inebriated coloration, in a sky of impotent fire

On this northern latitude

Flash

A haze of brain

Besotted, at raising the bearded chin

To gaze into the piercing

scintillation of failure

loneliness

On a cosmic scale

Wonder's Curse

Winter melon, seeds of living night
Knowledge of memory
 To ring dry the sponge
 Mind and field the wakeful
Rife with supplanted tendencies
To feed the deserter
 A flightless manifestation
 Avian heat
Following the weed-turned eye
Morbid awe with conundrums of truth
 To visit groundswells of emotion
 In the cultural invasion of sexuality
camaraderie in clothing
smokeless hollow of local life
 An unrisen flame
 Defying gravity
against anti-historical trends
Underground women and men
 Blindly trudging
 Through a swarm of loss
embattlements of forlorn leadership
The livid maze awash in a torrent
 city strife, nonchalant beaver
 wading in murky water
Undramatic, washing and pressing on
upstream, as the river runs higher
 with each day aglow
 interpersonal reason
Falling from the clear sky
Swollen air, heaving

Wonder's Curse II

In the exasperated beyond
Quickening god, earth-born
Led into the dizzying laughter
surreality, Emergent as a wide stare
merciless mystery
nameless quest
An elephant, horse or rattlesnake
Immobile in coiling fantasies
mortal belief, denigrated
cold returns to sweeten flesh
In a tasteful second of experiential play
A trace of raw humanity
Shared
As wonder's curse

On Waking

With each drop
A blessing

Do not wallow in this midnight cave!
Belonging is not a retreat into Platonic fantasy

The world is at the beckoning of one
Unity belongs

Here
Within

The challenge to exist is a fearful forewarning
From the empiric might of Abrahamic soul

Do not fly into the dome of invisible ice
Too high above the calls of humankind

There is a hall
Where touchless fraternity hands over the wheel of time
In your delicate art
Wherein you savor the flood of your wish-fulfilling tongue

In a second's moment
Of waking

Vanishing...

To dust, Happening, Out of nothing
Not depressing, Though suffering
For some one, The elfin, Mysterious
presence, Uncontaminated love
Shared feeling, To lie on human backs
and gaze at the wall of flesh
Closing your eyes, Dizzying you
into star-cast imaginations
To play along on a chain
attachments, The crux
At-one-meant being!

A force of nothingness
A blank happening
Open emptiness
Leaning into the sharp door
A red flame rises skyward, drowning
your illumination In the light of play
universal, Emanating from the same
dismal earthly dream,

Intoxicated, Substance use
Groaning in the psychic havoc of "me"
Reaching out to the endless abyss inside
A calming awaits, mediating tranquil cries
Longingly, in the rush of nonsense and humanity

Asking again and again, "What else? If not me!"
In that warm English intonation, neighborly tone
A lilt enough to simmer thought, With mind
to realized night, To word on into the drive
megalomaniacal, To harder ends

Vanishing... II

Dry with nursed eyes, Wet with cruel lust
Bitter with cold-hearted tragedy, A sickness
A cry, A wisdom room

Lush with family and fraternity
From variegated biology's spiritual sanity
Expressed in altered forms of our spontaneity
gathering, we swing to rhythms of unknown music

Devotional to the moment's awe
A raspy throat, unending lawlessness
Archaic and raw

The glowing mind thaws
with the unheard name of home

A direction
Back to when childhood was
an innocent game

And the sexual lock of gendered prey
had not yet sunk its teeth

Into the oceanic glory of mental escape
Into a homeless freedom
At once

Living in spacelessness
joining to one mind
snooping ghost
An elderly relative
Grandfather earth
vanishing in a blink

Magpie on a street lamp

Indifferent to time
Basking in archaic grace
Lasting, laughing raw
Misdirected tailswipe
blending, Brilliant cerulean
nude Against the exposed
Nordic pupil of my eye
intersubjective vagary
In moment's passing

engine-drowned wind
Aside street-wheeling
crepuscular haze
The magpie stares
into the lofty paste
dusky riverine palette
To stroke his cloak
feathery tail, alight
lively coloration
Purpling the sky

With evocative breath
spaceless, In the mind's eye
Prefigured under shape-shifting moons

An iris from the ancients
Unblinking in the reflective presence
an ancient bird, Native to the mountain
river valley Witness to the trespassing
human time, Standing with delicate brevity

On techno-race hooks
Gravity's transcended
With innate knowing
humorous immobility

Silent Lover

Boundless eye, Seed genera
Unbroken foible, Standing
the test of time, As an oration
A dusky mold, Impenetrable
play of law, a chord, Struck
with a cold hand, Near frozen,
out of practice, On subtle ground
A gloveless walk, blind tempests
crossing to exclaim, "Write about
The paper you're writing on"
With futuristic insinuations
And lowly subordinations
Brewing lively gyrations
Rhythmic, Melodious, Imperfect,
Rotary, sonic, Cycles spiraling,
Out of focus, Into interrogations
Lofty, demurred by night
experimental Canadian,
summer solstice, Unplanned
sky, Clouded with beatific paint
majestic English brush, Fanning
island greenery In a tobacco haze
bliss, misinformed, Factored despair
Draining the white From her cry
subterranean bloodlines, supernal
following in Smothered heat
Replanted at the frayed root
Under a Mound, crowned
conscious being, Adorned
with the collective sacred
Imagination projected
from human mystery
eyelids of Golden ash
And reflective awe
Into the mirrorscape

Silent Lover II

landless minds, Gone
with lush improvisatory fate
Created out of the fleshly hand
Made of rice, corn, wheat and manioc
seed, Ground into a round, fresh paste
A dismembered body, sacrificial host
To our orbital nourishing, presence
ever-renewing, Silent Lover

Perfect Society

Perfection of society, first male orgasm
gendered perspective, Prime ejaculation
 producing seed at moment of first penetration
 A wealthy lore, lived to be written and sung
thought feeds an oceanic feeling with raw substance
meaning purified by impassioned desire, To embrace
 upsurging demons, needing, escalating fortuity
 to its final ring of truth-bearing, The rose-laden
a staircase moves, Starkly against the cold backdrop
indoor haunt, the sage broods, daily and nightly,
 in a mindscape of untempted lust, boiling
 within the simple wave of being, folding

Perfect Society II

Over the thoughtful touch, sleepless evenings
To shut mine eyes ev'ry dawn, And live out
 the egomorphic night, The northern clime
 retelling its seasonal lore of sky
Sun's early rays faintly glow
Before the tamed ire
 forgotten Southern memories
 Awakened by the end of night
A mind stirring, aglow
painless fantasy, philosophical
 tent of mortal love, in this world
 hideout 2012 of Common Era
The accountants of Roman law perk up
With cruel highs atop these mountains
 prairie homes fly with subtle anarchy
 Through subconscious webs of fallacy
Bespoken with homely vigor, To retrace
steps, Returning back to the spiritual glue
 masculine train-sped bodies
 Impalpable light, Staring
from the eyes of a calculating wife
Alone in the morning of her sorrowful cares
 To enjoin in the lost taste of man
Whose timeless drug of poverty has croaked
 long ago, Now, disoriented,
 he releases himself into Her, bare

What is thought?

From where depth of meaning does spring
Twenty-something gestation, To excrete
a pinnacle of thought, Conviction
Matter of fact, Subjective
experience
From the pineal gland
into the spherical noesis (supplanted
psyche) Wandering
Cast asunder
To retrace steps
To the original source
original thought
In a memorial mind
Of adulthood
Flushed with grievous attitudes
longing and distraction

In the metal maze of modernity
Turning away from subtle phases
needful contemplation
 Out of time
 Outside humanity
 Looking in

To the child-mage
Naturally indrawn
To face the *mysterium tremens*
Ever haunting the miscreated
 wonders of ageist man
Struggling to retain a figment

 curiosity – itself

In the name of asking
“What is thought?”

Gorge Aflame

From where do I walk
through this pathless gorge?

The open thoroughfare lies
desolate under a raging sky
 Pulsating to rhythmic solar heart
 Fixed in bloodless vacuums above
 As a Cyclops of the waking mind

An invisible rainbow bridges my step
into the waylaid core, well-wishing truth
Personified laughter of youth, epic hint
From meaningless war, failed sin
A corrupted pyre, Scintillating
the meaning of death, In the eye
mourner's crooked sorry gasp lets
into the screeching air, Buffered
with frozen sap and lonely vines
Hanging like apish arms, to embrace
the lifting dead of night, a reason
A blessing, A mistake, In the globular
rite of seeing, Past East and West
Over the round earth, Aflame!

Winter Wear

garments, seasonal fabrics,
what do they enclose?
how warm are you inside,
under your clothes?

trudge, open throttle,
morning rush hour
chaos, madness
too many methods,
a cover up
where are you
going? why so fast?

I hail from new perspective, day
I walk to a different rhythm, light
I am another being, awake

why do you form lines without question?
why do you shy away from the look in your eye?
what's beneath the folds of your mind today?

I see your thoughts, habits, beliefs,
you are open, when you walk, heavy with emotion
I can feel the burden of your dreams

what's next? what's around the corner?
who's leading you on?
time? possession?

why do you worship objects?

are you an object?
are you an?
are you?
you?

Martyr of Love

for Sayed Khalil Ali Nejad, Peace Be Upon Him

At night's last kiss with human life
Before the first flap of sunlight over the horizon
I am here.

I've been taken, not today.

For so long now, I've been taken, but not today. The spell of my city hermitage, now broken
In a place where all prayers are spells, there is only one way out of this dream. I need helpers
A conscious community, to lead freely, without bickering for followers

My hermitage walls have given way to a translucent realization, beholden with rage.
I am disquiet and feed strength with tears. Tied in a knot. The way to get untangled is to create
Consumption has been a frequent spell in this broken palace of towers and rain

I hear engines of folly as they drain the black earth of all color and frighten the terrorized youth
White greed is suckling the thirsty mother's teat, her eyes are wet with separation
For your love has aged beyond the fruits of her chest. You are getting old now

Taste the milk divine, there is none sweeter. Cuddle close under the embrace of the absent one
She is inside, your mind need not work to produce the fruits of her labor within you
Confront your pain, a ghost waits at the top of the universe, hang on while it lowers you to grace

Death is not hate, do not be short-changed by the living hell of the crackling incinerator
The hearse Earth vibrates to weak leisure and silly goals, your tongue is the pith of all ground
Walk lightly upon its unchanging core, spill your inborn need without ransomed poverty

Scale the cliffs beyond inhumane judgment, yours is one name, unshared
Though you retain mystery from the recoiling lore of intuition. Full as the harvest moon
In your empty belly, fast for the power torn from you that it should bear more likely hands

To shape instruments of friendship

and respect

with equal humanity

Dreaming, Composing Poetry, Meditating

for All of the Peaceful Youth Protestors Around the World

I pass my days, contemplating the dead students of Tiananmen, and the Green Wave, breaking over landlocked Iran. Children with mothers silenced, full of blood. A body, language of resistance, firm as the vicious fluid of life, soft as flesh. Emaciated by the steel of tank tracks

Or torn open in a single kill shot, Or E. Mehtari whose stern face became lip-bitingly serious on mentioning the “trouza”, in English, rape. How he holds back tears, a fight against self-pity. The death of the ego. Asking, “Where is God if not in you?” Yet, asking, you fall headlong into your deathless presence

Where you cease to be this body of crime, ponder yourself, as the total equation of here. In the moment and at one with the ground of all being. We humans, why do some attain self-realization? Only after being split in half? Sundered into shreds by our fellow man?

When did this arcane spiritual responsibility bestow devils of such emergence? The Ahriman is certainly turning in its cemetery. Sheathed in female coverings and riot police uniforms. In these pain-ridden lands, Whose story immediately translates to our one story? Of all human history

In reclaiming that story, allowing the truth to resurface naturally, as a feather, thrown with a handful of stones, over an open lake, thick with the opacity of crude oil. Hardening urges of those who sleep, still, sitting upright, I petition the burning skin of my Love, to recede into her inmost self-forgiving

Be healed with the same immediacy that one may feel for oncoming death, approaching with futile procession, toward the white of their eyes, with equal subtlety, plunging their ethereal hand, in the porous open of their now-entered body, a mere passage, for the voice of all truths

Rite of Nature

Classic voice, sterling waves, aether, impressed through nails on metal, and lips on reed
The diligent high, penetrating focus, a visionary awe, obliterating the spell of hypocrisy
Against the rudimentary tree, a fortress, of unwelcome earth, plants rain in the wild

Oceanic name, a power, from the life-giving, rush of personality, an animate heart within all,
vibrating to a sacred rhythm, beyond moral law, the stain of instinct is beckoning, to confront the
fearful, gaze of human consciousness, last species, last creation, to unite our deathlessness

Upbringing, the fallen gaze, moved to spite, from the white eyed mystery, yet unformed, pupils,
colorless globes uninhabited, homes for spirits, wandering, waning shores fail to embrace,
shedding bestial escape, mode of empty longing, with our antecedent glory, in stone and waves

In the original sonic spark, emitting raw metaphor, thought, a subconscious rock, silent love,
blind leaders without followers, a master of space, before time had identity and the race of flesh
had yet owned a face, in the pale womb of lightless firsts, the shuddering cause still cures

Instantaneous mark of transcendence beyond creative-destructive hope, after paradigms have
shifted out of focus, Earth is a memory of ghosts, the swallowed lies will return to waste, a cold
sweat of prophesy: self-fulfilled, fever of cleansed hate, all-devouring insanity

To realize Ouroboros: its given name, the smoke will flood, as the biblical waters of the arc,
natural, waterfall, to purge the mountain, wintry dream, over a cliff of enlightened momentum,
the ice will thaw, from the hibernating mind, coal black empyrean, an ash will seethe

From pores of hard soil, loosening under our swollen feet, a burial for our eyes

a rite of nature

Offspring of Artifice

A warm machine harbors my mind
in the trappings of dream, Bothered
notions prepare my flesh with ghosts
sickened, starved, Holding on
my nerves in their unending hour
A motionless wail, A sight personified
by heroic meat, motorized depression

A wakeful mold, clay mind, baked
in the astral furnace, pressure from the sky
Death's vain calling, "human pain, an act of faith"
Misery works, avoiding passion with screwy eyes
Toxic, dissolved against the high-perching vine
Lowering the body onto a throne, Subterranean,
bold with seductive secrecy, pithy war of envy
The towering North, touching pillaged ground
chemical intellect, blunt, rash, vain
divorce from tragic sentiment
An unashamed flat blood

Psychotic laughter from the silent
nose, entitled, lost goal'd reason
A crooked light wavers above
their frozen ideation, Arctic flood,
monetary smile, frequent bust, glory
Insinuated on the breathless chest
unwilling pleasure, sufferer's blind
responsibility, threatening God of Speed
To become patient in the purged purgatory
Regurgitated from come-soaked pockets
unholy, flushed hand, stuck against walls
the womb, gross impediment to the source
A mutation among the offspring of artifice
Abort!

Seeing in Dim Light

i have learned to see in the dim light
The Earth is a bore after dawn
My day starts at night
my muse's name is Raw
Instinctual Necessity
She keeps me awake
my body pleads for rest

She is the dream that enlightens
my every inner passageway
Rising mysteriously with sleep
She finds me in the most hidden
corners of unknowing, By sunlight,
she recedes like a memory

Featureless in the absolute vagueness
experience, Without relation to visions
Ecstatic, embraced by celestial harmonies
mad wonder and infinite curiosity

She is a kiss, melting at the end of an ink-worn pen
Dried of all physical ability, to press on
into the foraging emptiness of endless pages
Abreast, still yearning for the sunken tongue
To taste the renewable source of creation

In the world, made novel with myth
issuing with a mouth full, an open heart
beating purple with hot, unbroken life
To shame the cascading rush of us, nude
longing, Direct, into each other's core
To share the experience of one
simultaneous happiness

Seeing in Dim Light II

In blares of instantaneous celebration
human, host to mindful passions
Emanating, like spiritual wine
From the folds of an inviting bed
Whereupon the muse welcomes
with godly stature, Enticing you
to seed the world with pearls
prophetic strength

To impress ideas, innovations, alterations and humor
With the eternal imagination of a sacred mountain
Constantly offering the pilgrims of its invisible summit
pyres, a home on which to dedicate the lore and word
humankind, a positive step, direction towards belonging
collective reason and compassion in a mixed vein
knowing unity, to look into every gleaming eye
see a profound elegance, to look unabashedly
into each body's unique maze of personal divinity
With intense regard for the present, surety of one
as the other, both equally confident, irrefutable
actualization of the oceanic wave, curling in lush,
natural awe, into the bright midnight morning
When the stellar laws of cosmic joy rain, subtle
vibrations, each an intergalactic ray, a vote,
to persevere beyond human love, to light, open
an older pathway of recognition and voice
To abbreviate the match-flaring dawn
With buoyant stories told over harsh fires
burning close, approaching to purify
every word, by writing

Exasperated Conditioning

Whose exasperated conditioning?
Flighty, Mexican brushscape
Fornicating, groundless in the drivel
Mix, uninspired spatial pain
Her, giant sound sputtering grossly

in the sure edgy dank of daydream
Imagination, cutting into brain fibers
Ghastly, machinated smoky ghouls
racism, sexism, ageism, and my eye
observant of freedom to write pages

and book long phrasings, away, from all
desktop wavering in the unwritten hollows
dreary day, fled, to sour conditioning
Asking, where is the pressure spent
to differentiate from impression?

Influence, and hidden envy for success
Or, what unfounded questioning?
On, the silent streets of friendless wandering
In, this my allotted time amid the isolati
Cultural, steppe unbroken by halfway pride
urban flesh, bleeding, together atop, stained
paved thinking, to smother the organic
Entropy, of mental inclusion, to be
Affected, and impressed by the world
and its most effortlessly engaging voices

Penetrating unborn seeds with magic fertility
Enough, to wake the ancestors from their beds
celestial matrimony with the eternal un-poetic virgin
rhyme, dancing innocent, wine-full, shadow pot

A Long Time Ago, Now

For my stepfather

It's never how you intended
As the gray voice of aging stepfather hurray
Dreams, singing of a long time ago
 Birdwatching, can't miss it
 Glares from the hawk-eyed human
 Bred to dare an interspecies shot with a smile
In that bird's eye, scintillating in the Canadian spring
Midwestern seagull, seasoning, As my weathered grains
going against the impoverished stares
 Too many womanly kinds, Too many
 stairs to climb, up to my fatherly heaven
 landing on rock-hard dreams
Clutched, sadly on the loosed curls
Still billowing in the rain
Festering on the villainous horizon
 Steered past these silvery riverbanks
 Flooded with potential memory
 A foot set in mud
My name's been changed radically
As exile expatriate ex-American
Denigrated to life of no taxation,
 Self-employed poverty
 Eyes me time, a space, timeless
 To rest in this heaven-sent nest
The Earth is full with pregnant breasts
Where all our heads rest, we're thankless
blessed children of modernity
 Quietly, stepping away from a revolution
 With non-interventionist non-violent non-entities
 To lead behind us, Dissipating at moment's notice

before the headless
murderers of truth

Holy Hills, Holy Stones

Holy hills, holy stones
There, holy bones
Animate clay, Freedom shaped as light
violet flowers, Enjoined at the pith

Frightened insects grow wings
My Love receives my heart offering

Invocation to the mother of us all
Kuan Yin, Napi, Allah, Yaweh

Spoken aloud to the ground
With each picked stem
No tobacco, only the void smoke of voice
Unfurling across the subconscious sway
sweet playful prayers
The delicate straw Earth

Holy Hills, Holy Stones II

Looking for fallen bodies of wilted stone
Flowers astray, though none, inseparable
from umbilical laws of mother's swelling
Always-pregnant belly, Her, smooth navel
effortless, I drift my fingers over her hair
Touch lips to the silent lust, Bespeaking
her graven calm, purples, yellows, heads
straw light and curl, with visible awe

I flush all dreaming, the graffiti wrote:
"How to make sense of a world that doesn't"

Question of blind youth
Eternal infinitud, simian
explosion of thought
Strengthening throughout
the ages, in a sinless vision
enlightenment, moment's loss

No burden, no world, no silence,
no medium, no humanity, no spring

to entice the masculine
to bitter fruition,
riding atop the skin of MA

Realization Day

And what from realization day?
What from outside nude nervous brains?
A picketing respite to earn domesticity
by a hollow laugh, Laughing within,
unannounced, a trespassing laugh

Who is that?

Stranger guest of Earth, Blank stare
over the soggy marsh riverbank,
Where no footprints print

There, a finger, though still, upward
To receive lightning flash understanding

From zucchini juice rinds and masticated salads
Salivating over avocado shotgun bruises
Enough to reflect on a country, bled
Spilled of its domestics, led

Realization Day II

And in that insight, that clearly and un-tangentially appeared
As a nervous splash, quaking core of nerves
In the rootless mind, aloud, inside
It said:

“In no world, where to go, what to do
to breach the soul of emptiness
by clinging to the resolution of thing-ing
mattering awry from one’s granted wish
for the omnipotent simplicity
that no world exists
in which yr name thrives boundlessly
on the great ruined stones of human eternity
not in a mold of forgotten language
calming around the outer lip of an untouched lake
bubbling from within
for the exertion of freedom is an injustice
to the creative seed of heartening
the true dusk of artistry
failing under the bright lights of choice
glaring into such wonder-full eyes!”

Kerouac, All-Father

Kerouac, you are father of us all

The great father hero

Shining in the eternal masculine sun

I write a lifetime long love letter to your life

My greatest reason to write and live writing

Because you were, simpler

You, Kerouac. Heroic ghost of Canadian cores

Where the apple brain meets the ground of mind

How ghostly of a father you are

Disappeared in alcoholic water

Floridian laughs and gasps

heartbroken American age

You are Heroic Father, a Hero

Ghost who never was and came to be

Though already in “the dream already ending”

Kerouac, I know you in Heroic prose,

gliding atop my mind’s filmic eye

As Heroic Dose of McKenna’s psilocybin

sophistry, Whistling in the teeming forest

illiterate children, timeless melodies

Beyond words in myriad songs of tongue

Within and without inveterate language

spun harmoniously, In your present

spontaneity still in time with the orbiting

smoke of supernatural law

Seducing our chemical air in a vacuum

host bowl, you spoke, I see, In your memory

the clearest imagery of our one humanity

Selfish Plague

What is this plague of selfish, soulless following?

This, reckless curse of deliberate human folly

This, backdrop of warring prayer, A dark art
or black magic of the exceedingly unaware

The lone roiling mass of flesh, called I

That, roams as a weak flood

over a mass of dusty pyres

When, in this glowing wreckage

Were the first matchsticks lit

to sustain the carnage?

Of thick-necked, hollow heads

dumbed down leadership

Turned, inverted theatrics

Without, casting only open stages

With high fencing, bull-headed domes

Purposefully, draining the electric ice of raw power

From the polar shift of a mass conspirator

Sitting, atop his sleepless throne

With an ear, dripping neurotic sweat

through a telephone hole

Bleeding fresh blood

On the other side, where others lie

dead, by faceless greed, homeless

Selfish Plague II

and in astute poverty
Except, for bullets of mindless fun
Preparing, for the god-awful savagery
apologetic speech, to pander and fade,
with equal measure, over the humdrum fall
Western incredulity, into an actual act
sheer universal grief
Words, gifted to war

 Carry the madness of self-prophecy
 Hanging from a cross, Weighed on a noose
 large enough to display the entirety of the nation
 In a performance artwork fit for Roman fame
 An old way of listening to nothing but the stilled
 heartbeat of your own death

Sadly, based on the demise of all, on your way
To true self-defeat, from a hand burning with phantom drear
Thousands of miles away, to empty your plume of fire
over smoking ash piling up like guilt on a tray of brain

On May Day, 2012

On May Day, the heavens cried in a torrential downpour
Though at the seat of the oil empire, only a drizzle

I shed tears, with sky's sweet water gift
Cutting through the rush hour smog
As an ethereal icicle in the gray mass

bleak ignorance says, "Desist habit-mind"
"Punctuate against indoctrination"

While in dream I lay, bespattered
with twisted memories of power
overcoming my dry web, Growing
warm, flushed with overconfident trust

"Extinguish all, self-indoctrination"
I say now, sparingly with selfish mockery
Enough to float Antarctica across the sea

On this fantastical, unspoken drug of day
Seething anarchy overwhelm ingloriously
To the touch of grieving feet on pavement

freezer-burned voicing, "I am only
enchained by me", Innocent misgivings
Trite loss of an ability to recognize perfidy
As a trenchant ghoul hovers lone, above

Unearthed Peace

From where springs dire need? Where does flesh breed necessity?
From what high was born self-communication? A word, as flesh
Giving way to the lower muse of instinct, Calling seductive, devilish
Into a more open cry, With painstaking gain and backbreaking folly

The imprisoned spine asks for new thought, To implode in laughter
catastrophe of inhumane prophecy, A wealthy extinction scours the earth
with poison-swill blood, Leaking from the porous core as a vented mind
Speaking over a windowless retreat, self-deprived, A groom to Shekinah

An era, late, forgotten, Weathered, breathless before the quaking purge
fantasy from the speechless hungry throat, vacuum-cleaned with paternal sanity
Infernal rush, the landscape beckons with unworldly charm, our path moves
with insight unnerved from the nonstop pace of human desiring, the race

beggary converting the eternal drug of currency, into a scapegoat for the ghost
fleshless velocity, meandering as a phantasmal host through spectral raw sky
Oceanic silence, sinking, transforming, sincere moment's genuflection, ready
An offering to receive the celestial tongue, dissatisfied by the rising cold

frozen hands, ignorant of spiritual need and embraceable interconnectivity
That mounts our holy mold, with an unbinding clay, of seed and lost envy
A verity, charmed with mental acuity, enough to self-create the swollen fruit
Universal astonishment, lofty ingestion with the fool's un-possessed innocence

Eyes drying at the sight of hot light, breaking out over waves cresting, fallen
masts of Atlantic slavery, the migration of the black asp bleeds into sensual power
With the strong intransigence of rust over a futile modernity, brushing intimately
against cold pavement, willful, fresh with urban must, intoxicating the childless

offspring to burnt tongues, Silenced, in fear
Steeped in mystery, undreamed by savagery
common as the warring mind asleep
At peace, unearthed

Starlit Grove of Fantasy

Where stars hooked into a moonlit shade and struck piercing chords in the subtle wind
the mind beyond, a great expanse known upon waking in bed, rest freed to wilder ends

Led

The seer stares into empty twilit idols, the frail frosty dew moaned in icy heat as the first sunray
lapped its warm brain over the inanimate strife of nocturnal life,

bright floors carpet sweet secrecy, depthless cores feigned in unearthly solace in the abyss
unfathomed by queer light emanating faceless from whitewashed walls bare, raw with restless
emotion, untouched center

Non-human

Pressing on into the shade-covered trespass of a hand blighted with peering intensity, the walled
throat clears in unfurnished dwelling, colored with personal art, higher callings to invoke the
female divine

high Sabbath,

Lone, Breast of family death,

Lie tricking the migrant youth into permanent visitations on a fleeting body of wasted Earth,
breathing heartless dreams into the computerized visionary light of creation, place, ecology
howling truth

Westernizing, failed speech

decolonized Fourth World

Colored, Disoriented

Starlit Grove of Fantasy II

To the homebound East,
a forgotten thief, transformed to wealth in the sex law of natural dominance, free males piercing
the holy mold with flagrant crime, a sheer rape of soil and sweat, a nude patriot greets the
Native, hot and beaming with listless flesh unable to meet the sacred inner dawn, except to pry
from its meat with a high stretch of the jaw folding under muscular stress from the unwelcome
guest of oral history moving with unappeased momentum between the west and east,

ever situated here, Without
Break in the scientific rush of political flight, to name diverse humanity under the dry umbrella
of one colorless destiny, a gloomful and uninspired depressing, to flow as ally and witness
through Rocky rapids unscathed and able to allow Creator to breathe through the airs and homes
of your passing,

to move you once more to the sensitive realization, in the moment of a season, a need for
movement in union with the moving sky, to watch with sincere honesty the only blessing of
direction from eyes above, a host to begin wandering

Again

Bloodless Fire

What unscaled visions were emblazoned?
On the unfinished ground of loquacious beauty

Piercing into the depths of your father's grave
Mindlessly destroying your one and only pathway

A sane exit, beyond the thought of hell
In an Earth manifest in smoldering bursts

Night, cast over the once endless ocean
A frayed and lifeless kin who speak in separation

Dogma from sanctimonious myths of secluded fear
In the elementary migration of forced exile

From the fallen motherly tomb
Wherein life and death made music

Loved for an eternity
In one blink of a human eye

Now forgetting the vagrant mortality
Our sick, hurtful society

Constantly at a loss
Yet still grasping for the last breath

From a warm tongue
Once personified as the folly of a love gone cold

In the mad Arctic winter
Under a sky filled with bloodless fire

Cloud-Born Sight

To those who went brazenly against

What dastard ploy breached their minds?

Reaching for a seed of ink

On bare fibers

Tingling their central nervous systems

With ideational desire

In whose crude worry were the sickly
deemed fodder for a recycled paradigm?

Emboldened upon the red-skinned earth

With putrid engrossment

Be-tongued and hollering frail cruelty
Into the bent wick night of holy Spring
Blaring aloud about the one and only
thing which transforms men to lovers

In a moment's wink

Blaring aloud

Through a stroboscopic fire

Her once soft touch

Shape-shifted to animate stone

Wrinkling with the cold ire

Unfitting skeleton

Creaking and violating

The delicate aural scapegoat of her

One rolling, shoddy cloud-born sight

A lure

A breath of art

A gleam of indubitable truth
In the existential music, which plays
the fullest extremes of death off the brink

Into a fall, a splurge
Beckoning suicidal failure
from the masses, Astonished
by an intensifying greed

To change countries
in a lightning flash of plausibility
inescapable as a fibrous swarm brushes
neatly against your worn spine

A thinning blood-born disease
quickenning from the din of a lazy mind
Taught to chant away sin with a mediocre flaw
Repeated beyond the thrill of chance mistake

A deliberate shot at vociferous will
Smoking into thought with the confident
light of purposeless dream
To perceive the unanswering
In a murderous cloud
To conceal the wisdom of prayer
In a sludge of non-committal profanity

i am leaking

from the core of my most visceral self
from the point where I am absolute nothing
and all else begins
where I once met you
is now leaking
as I feel your entire body
do the same
your outermost self leaks
thinning your insides to my nothing
getting cold
and it's almost spring
all I ask for the seasons to heal us
light
to tell us clearly the sun's upbringing
that my Love is cured of her leaks
forever ceased
united to my own last breath of living
as a being with a slight bout of health
to keep this body running, to kiss you
nightly and daily, be as an infinitude
solar rays, to let you bask in my lust
with every needful solar lip
a ray
a spark of the incredulous true
understanding that you hurt
and I am waiting, your loyal patient
to one day find you again as we were
younger even than our once knowing

i am leaking II

a spotless rule
to love until wild freedom deemed us
sleepless, in our own brittle cages, built
to keep us safe from the cold sick world
wanting us so badly to consume our fires
in its engine of lost pain then I saw health
in your eyes, an unearthly gaze poured out
with fastidious forlornness, you were there
again, to receive me, with skin as clear as
your crystalline soul

Royal Thief of Freedom

At the point when brain speaks
“Enough!” the body is numb
with the strife of disagreement
And languor has filled our bowels
with a final tremulous quiver
Before the call to absolution

In deep rest, at that point
Keeping asking, “Why?”
The one asking is the one
traveling Despite beginning

ending in resolution, inspiration, knowing,
instead, fire into the unconscious activity
mystery, surfacing quietly with bare recognition
As the light of day, under a bulb, filtering

the inquisition of the seer, to an inner passage
To face the grief of failure, as inborn reckoning
With the naked omnipotence of silent space
An unforged sword of flesh, breaking

in figments of proverbial intentionality
From overgrown heights, matured thought
youthful intuition brought to fullness

On natural rhythms, strung with lawless gold
From the soon-beheaded neck of a truthless Queen
Stealing the freedom of mass momentums

Holy Letter to Jewish Cousins

There were a pair of Jewish cousins
Walking thoroughly atop their Earth
naked native ancestral, our oldest story
 Humanity, transfixed on an equal-armed cross
 inborn ground, firming toes in a hot splash
 natural unction to feel the body of one's own
 blood in a torrent of prohibited animal instinct
A male to female cry, to pray in union
through the soft feel on her skin, aging
with deliberate inaction, each step
modern smoke of the Jordan, unsubmerged
Where her waters run icy cold, immediate drop
 An altitude from castle-mounted peaks
 once-strong Magyars, now trespassed
 the likes of lebna-caked Druze stops
 Steeped in unfinished housing, mystery
 dogmatic in the shadow of Chief Hermon
Natural border between natural enemies
In the Northern Galilee, sweeping rush
streams and cascading greenscapes
Inspiring enough to pervade sight
with constant sensation, first plunge
Into the icy shallows of spring

Holy Letter to Jewish Cousins II

The name "sin" was first ascribed
To the human family, in an instant,
Lost to timeless recollection,
omnipresent instance, always moving,
those feet, who pass over such earth,
to intoxicating reflection, by the name,
Mediating the genetic wandering of a few,
rough-edge souls with ideas of eager law
run off the page of feral sanity, a drive
beyond the mountainscape
to a seaside dwelling

Ruined night, filled with terror
sanctified drear, flooding the ever-feigning
daughters of Judea, to brand their kin,
toward an impasse, for willful strength
domesticated men, swallowing dispassion
Phrasings of academics, filing sacrilege
by another name in the darkest shade
their knowledge den, harboring pain
As the holy letter, divided into shreds

Morbid Kiss with Eternal Rest

Broad-minded, struggle brought our elders up,
from going under? "He's gone under, you say?"
Now painless in the fleeting forecast of him
as sleeping idol, the rejuvenated denial
human dreaming sparks memory, Before life,
the animate continuum, where breath escapes
after it's left the chest, A stirring need to feel
the illusory foment of death, Cutting into light
frozen superstitious possibility, growing
remorse for the futile return of the family
pre-nuclear, To grace the deathbed fourfold
With smiling countenance, breathtaking
self-honesty, To be exposed before the final
blink of the dying, Seeing their flesh extend
to an air of Love's blind host, Freeing minds
from its heaving breast of human dream

Into a lilting passage through the subtle heart
the lover's own deathless body, Subtle, psychic
rush of our second birth from the womb of earth
Into the mystery of a completed life, a sacred cycle,
renewed unto absolution, From seed to soil
A fertility of natural law, the present hand
from our inward nocturnal lives, Coldly coaxing
the vagrant press of a healer's prints on flesh
smoothed, prepared body, ready to ensue, wise
internal, unearthly blessing, A throat, silenced
by the frustrated laughter, Inside impossibility,
moved to a whispering voice, Within the beloved
mind of a forebear and his enchained need

Morbid Kiss with Eternal Rest II

Cast asunder by one free perception, A look
into the grandchild's perspective, overfull wanton
happiness, An unfollowed clinging, Pursuing early death
in a life lived without bloodline family, Nomadic entropy
To vomit the sickening religious wine, in a formidable gush
From the genitalia spine of my cringing, undone passion
A forced innocence, to invigorate a lighter touch
on the back of Mother Earth, Without offspring
on a desolate land, Interconnected with rage
post-Malthusian diatribes, Losing ground, failed
reckoning with the loveless imprint of sex
During or immediately after war, flesh relieved
consummate, morbid kiss with eternal rest

Careless Blessing

From where proverbs escape like dominoes over wine-soaked tables
Rough wood
Thrilled by the tongue-skimmed eyes sockets of the jeering crowd
Become infantile
By the winking gorge of breath fleshing out hash sparks in the dim afterglow
Improbable realization
Enticing pilgrims to dream within, on their sleepless journey
To G-d

Yet, while their buttocks fester on the soiled cloth of their early arrival
Musical charmer
Delighting in narratives to bring the djinns and sprites together in a brash following
Intimate candlelight
To feel the breath of the story when it rushes past a film of gold
Futuristic silence
Catastrophic wonder from the unreleased public imagination moved to inaction
Seated entertainment

Awe-driven light of crass greed, fumbling with wallets of war-mongering
Faded oblivion
Before the ancient smokestack horizon freezes in a nuclear east, wasted whole
E-world gone
Frayed with laughable travesty, a mismanaged daze of unknown cruelty
Mountainous wave
Landlocked, of motherless incredulity, the forgotten pearls of wisdom erode
Epochal grain

Careless Blessing II

Under an earthen mound, bloomed to full height in the pre-American tragedy

Supernal hosts

Gathering upon the tobacco-cooled laws of nature, to forego ancestral hate

Spiritual laws

Wading in the tonal space, found, swaying above, almost listless to true prescience

Human extinction

Beneath the walls of bloodied man, swallowed under a fiery rain-swept Earth

Reformed gold

First breath, beginning our story again, as a retold mythic foresight

Inhuman might

Into the nether space, lost to the step and swill of modern life, built

Forced reigns

Wracking the wild barebacked steeds of hell, launched again into the night

Morning, Swine

Busy grays, anorexic yellows greet the morning...
Sickness...in a swine-flustered math of jealousy...

I can read your frail voice in tireless floods of spontaneity...
Overwhelming your instantaneous mind with belittling secretions...

Animate foresight...the non-existent drivel of pain features lightly...
Against your catatonic spine these days...engraved...

You pander in the muddy sand like a wallowing infant...
Unprepared, to gulp your last swathes of breast milk...

Your straining tongue...the nipple...source of all rivers' flowing...
Closed...we've matured from the suckling consumer...

To the invigorated host of other likely spirit-humans...
Emboldening their home upon a pathway...

Sure with selfless heat...birthing the vain feline...
Sophistication of prehistoric civilization's lead...

Growing Distance

At conception, father, mother, a union
At the point of natural intention, Seeding
blooming, In a sharp rising instant
 From the core, At once, The father lets go
 His tribulation begins, Defined by letting go,
 Where? An external drawing, As his nature
Nourishing from without, so he must, be, from now,
Always motherless, opposing her reflection, shining
bitter pearls, Animal fruition, instinctually, crawling
 within, to harbor, nourish flames
 life from within, So, she erects a wall
 Stronger than the arousal of man's desire
A cave's opening tumbles forth, impermeable
from further notice of light, She now dwells
within, complete, Original, growing, whole to itself
 As the mimicking beauty of the chrysalis universe
 From within its unconscious first word: desire
 A mere thought, simplifying the lone complexity
Introverted fire, Into a procreated harvest
Distinction, diverse, imbued with fearful mystery
An other beauty, calling home, her wall, thick, round
 A convex belly, ovular, expanding as the breath
 Brahma, in a wild inward splurge of piercing necessity
 Inborn freedom, to be, an inspired natural law
Prefiguring universal substance, overwhelmed
Throughout the animate, post-mundane world
Emerging yet unsettling, father breathes mercilessly
 Pressing an ear to the shell of her beatific warmth
 A radiating inner immensity, self-prepares its way
 Into the open round of selfless yearning

Growing Distance II

To return to the mother's own source
Completing the overlapped spirals of existence
cyclical madness, the father knows all too well

The moment the infant's first moan reverberates
through his waking ear, mother's letting go
consummated with the same fleshly anticipation

As her lover, entering her guileless soul, warming
blood ensues, as skin is shed, as mother's pain
near-death readies her for her own final release

Birth and death are flipped
One, of the same coin, In air
The father's heated breath

Tonguistics no. 1

consonants are the skeleton of a word
vowels, the breath, flesh, life

consonants are the guttural clack of percussive speech,
routed in the bottomless core of the spine

vowels seek a scribe to gift them the sacred penmanship of blank regard
(A mutual respect for the fleeting life that prints them)

the consonant seeks repetitive elegance
the vowels, an unending fading

the word is a miracle
feigning experience with the impossible
“dream of human knowledge!”

laughter is the light escaping from a wordless sleep
song is a powerful ecstasy, maddening the sorrowful with honest secrecy

so.
speak!
write!
and forsake belief.

Calling from Beneath

A call from beneath
A subconscious yearning
A name

Lost to meaning
Only in striving
complete, To know
a gargantuan part
you, sunken iceberg,
shift, Tirelessly to ideals
Within the experiential mold,
winnowing Through
incredible vacuity
Blind rust, Smothered
by a father's history
Struggling to see celestial light
Emanating from the pitiful mind
At home with women

their windows and eyes fill
with your aching gut
In a round hurricane of lust
moved by Love, earnest
happiness, Breaking out
its shell, encasing
A need to Love all equally
Your inmost rectitude, embraced
On a shoulder of sheer strength
animate And kneeling
Under a boulder of might
Promethean, your first thought
do not linger, your tongue strays
And the mouth that cast you
firstborn in this dream of night
Beckons the world at bay

The Failure of Success

Who am I? a speck of dust
Flung out into an open field
By a truck, speeding past
expanse of low wilderness
Across the entire breadth
North American continent

I am my last words, shaping
me, with the oceans' surface
With its knife-edged tufts of gray
Rising and falling with the wind
Like ash, coldly floating ashore
the breezy, contemplative
I am constant humility
Penniless, an urge to will life
Into my wretched mores
With a cool stash of poetry
Cooled by Canadian Arctic drafts
On these sparsely decorated floors

I am someone who knows by experience
The more I create, the more I know myself
Still, I am not what I create, I am someone
learned from experience, The more I share
What I create, the less I am known

Who am I? Where do I lie on this, naked
presence of stone and wealth?
Where is my food? I breathe air
encapsulated in malnourished spirit
I go boldly into mundane hope

Without a vision of death
the proud failure of a life
lived for success

modern man

eat a banana in the Canadian winter
and wonder what's going on in the world

look outside
nothing...

every one minding their own, business

“i'm liberated from accountability”

free reign has spoken
(without telling you)

Dig a little deeper

One must dig a little deeper

Than money or nationality

Being a Jew. There's a lot

to live up to, one could say,

under. Too...As the Jewish

people are on a high brink

devastation and failure

Our movement is seeded

Now, takes root in banality

dogmas, religious stereotype

national security, neurotic

to assimilate flagrantly

in an act of self-ethnocide

humanity's profane core

Isolated identity of choice

From birth, to any grave

A powerful gift remains

In revived language

Our ancestral grounds

Rooted on the majestic throne

promised lands, archaic questions

still emerging human origins

creating specific identities

Ethnicities, various social divides

Breaking our global anatomy

Apart, at once, kept safe, ourselves

Dig a little deeper II

Not to see the raw insanity
our driven impulse, Moving us
toward some unknown ecstasy
out of the animal form
To an epigenetic cause
 And the dust of ancient wonder still kindles
 In true sparks, a miraculous silent flame
 Emanating from the heart outward
To all manifestation, hidden meaning
cloak of separation, alluring us to penetrate
Beyond the folds of mysterious shade,
in past and future movement, to instead see
the covered form, Treading on open soil
in midwinter at dawn, Cleaning our home
with compassionate steps to a collective love
 Embracing all, in the shade
 Of earthly belonging

Midnight Voices

In the middle of the night
The poets' voices resound deep in our ears

"I'm trying to sleep!"
Says the mediocre soul

They respond
"Yes, exactly! Dream on!"
For the source of inspiration springs from acts of Love;

Acts of self-love in writing, composing, meditating, dreaming and eating
Acts of collective love in reading, listening, presence, waking and cooking"

At once the collective self arises through every act of Love

"See through Dream"

Out into the Light!

Bring your writing out into the light!

The scarce crepuscules of dawn still inch
wearily onto your urban-dwelling leather
seating and fine upholstery, Make the gesture!

Be as metaphorical as you like, Open
those crisp blank pages to the sun
snow-born reflection, Wade in
fantastical spring of written celebration

The natural light has majesty enough
to cast all vampires from the mind's bitter fang,
clench, Strong, onto each statement
with the pulse of nature's muscular law

A featureless tide, strengthening its pull
with each precarious ring of truth
on this artificial beach of Western settlement
Emit spontaneous rays out into the open
global mind, fearless, with reckless abandon
Until the last straw breaks between us

frightened, hungry teeth, There is a mind,
fresh with raw cleansing, Awaiting you
binging on emotion and play

With the intellects of social reason

Answer once, This wreckage
proud, inglorious, violent tumult
Sporadically ornamented
With the chatter of city birds
And the ceaseless revolving
Solitary machine, Joined

Out into the Light! II

in a moment's notice, distant
industrial work, Yet, what remains
after the gloated instance is over,
pride of phrasings, rising high above
one human brain? Engender anew
spectrums of failure and articulation
in buoyancies of mind, interpreting,
dreaming, Others who simply wish
to fulfill the personal need to roam
Sometimes over other people's shores
they feel invited and take part
in the wealth of humanity, in subtlety
pleasures of life's process, crafting art
As an offering, And meditation,
group creation, Shared, Through
one, Breathing

Earthen Mind

Oh! Earthen mind,
Squabbling over syntax and rhyme
Speak from your heart,
As to a lover

Oh! Earthen mind,
Struggling over books and wine
Let go of life,
A sleepless dream awaits

Curse of Freedom

What unbridled insanity gave way
to such incendiary winds? Pressing on
into the cruel, upended night?
As a window, shattered by a gale,
unannounced? Exciting the fates
from our celestial cushions? To rest
their name on pale sorrow
a ruined plan? To question the insipid
bore of the already damned fortress
pleasure? With the key-lock-code

an aging, deleterious mind? Flexing
thoughts into the skin of ethereal wonder?
Upon a sanctuary of lifted wings? Muttering
from burned beaks about stolen failure?
That still peaks beyond the edge
last mountain summit? Over the prairie
dawn? A golden remorse? Bleak as dregs
hot wine? Stumbling to wipe clean
their crooked palate? Inside a silence,
meaningless lie? A broken gourd chips
flattening in the wintry wilderness?

Over a wool of nostalgic longing?
For the head that once groped clean land?
With a throat cleared of incredible intention?
Only to thrust an instrumental knowledge?
The wise wishing of a visiting goddess?
Laughing on her stirring buttocks
over the loose, soft soil? A rain of eyes
pride blows in staring at the lens of trust?
Desired by our mingling minutemen?
Brooding over militant fires for a new way
to protect our right to be? As the wise
curse of freedom ensues?

Universal Hell

What is hell's role
if only to see
released from chains?

I see it here and now,
Yet the animal shit does not
reduce to alchemical treasures

In a mind laid to rest
With organic groceries
cerebral documentaries!

There is a fine line dissolving
between the ghosts of night
My fear prospected in hidden places

Shadows that yet still arise
with break of day. In the blast
engine turbines, Ripping through
my esophagus, meditative
breath, exhaustive contemplation

What simplistic urge carved this
madhouse of inspired play? A call,
breaking through the film of eyes
sleeping as an unending dry heave

Cursing this night with silence
poverty and belligerent pride,
For the inhumane lust that fires
in the unsayable deep? There is a wick
flatulating about, Storming within
these inflamed nostrils of asthmatics
victimizing This one city that sleeps.

A tongue-twisting fable slakes this
dry ingenuity with an irony all too sweet

Universal Hell II

I mean the Mephisto himself brings these
lifeless children to their feet! Why answer
to this immemorial judgment that keeps
 all too neatly, In the backlog of a mind
 cold with faceless ease, In whose cave
 dreamless lie, did this crime go on?
Unsaid underneath cowtown leather sheep
sheer dread, Their golden membranes now lie
torn to shreds, As Love's consciousness is stolen
 from beds emptied
 from public sex
 a mortal dream, yet to wake.

Interdependent Simultaneity

There is lightness to my perplexity
A stolen will, Smothered by insight
Obscured by the indrawn, Pleasure
fulfilled need, Who am I in history?
The emancipated laborer? penniless
noble? stout, clever ruffian, noble family?
Childless baron of de-mystified wealth?

An intelligent rouse from the pageless,
storyteller's mouth, fanned away
by fly-swatting drunkards in buried taverns
in the classical world? Such questioning

the spiritual glory of nature, Self-reflective
sensitivity To the outward joy of gross, lush
play With divine mystery, harmonious
chorus of lamentation, From the bowels
human misery, dry with implantations
an invisible seed, waterless blood
A fine hint of fantastic thought

Ruminating on bleak glimpses
From a Romantic mage, Selling
their vulgar dreams, To the mob
unanswerable, Prefigured
On the street, misrepresented

A gorge of prophecy, Drunk
as lightless drugs, Filling the shelves
elderly death, Sunken, nightly fixated
With one human scare, frequenting
our story in the fated cold

Interdependent Simultaneity II

A lifeless tunnel, we become self-conscious
With unrecognizable sin, Trading confidence
for unsightly fame Before sensations of truth
poverty fills our brain With distinct opposition
against resourceful aptitude, as landless creativity

To wander, passing through sickly fruit
Hanging carelessly above a bed
browned leaves, To find one's self
Gazing internally, At the Socratic cave

the eternal blessing, featureless cord
Port to Freud's oceanic feeling, Actual
listening to the ghosts of nature

Crawling, seeping, Into these
blank walls Of solace, reckoning
With passion, a circular mind
Swept clean of lust, fine-tipped
edge of my phallic pen

Imbuing these leaves
With an unplanned phantasmagoria
musical play, Utmost pleasure

in the cosmic joke of the word
"Create!" Followed by "Destroy!"

With a vision, For simultaneity,
interdependent Activity,
chance is our destiny
Not opposed to harmony

Self-Knowledge

A higher foundation, Upturned from the world
As an effortless birth, Unrecognizable to its own
mother, A willful exploration into fault and curiosity
To enjoy the bare spread of wealth over an eternal lake

The resting place of our dead, I would meet them
Burdened with cruel passion, Without territory, name
My place is with emptiness, Unattained pasture
before my elder days, To create wildly, unconcerned
before the road's end, To give shameless credence
to free expression without boundary, Practiced
in nightly rooms, Shaded, warmed by human love

I have many lessons to learn, my language
yet to be refined for common ears or tongues
My following is unknowable, I change lives
within the space of a decade, Though led by love,
I yearn for self-destruction, To change to a point
appearing on the page of earthly sanity, I may not
weather these coming apocalyptic days

I have it in me
to deny impermanence
my speech is sharp as a blade

My skepticism only fades under dawn's cloudless sky
Figments of the eyeless maw drugs my literary heart
In an intoxicating embrace, what is self-knowledge
a way to know one's place? To become aware of one
form, grace, flesh-born praise, Knowledge recedes

Self-Knowledge II

laughing from insurmountable peaks of experience
A forged clearance calls me closer to the source
I have received myself, And there I die, at home
Without inhibition, to fall into absolute mystery
Never again to remember the ignorant flood of pain
Nervously erecting its alien head into my subtle being

A viscera of longing trails off into the skyless beyond
A morbid strength curses my bones with vigilant dread
Yet, I am known, And one day, shall be unknown, again.

NO MORE PATRIOTISM

I hereby call an end to Patriotism
All War! That, despicable, abhorrent.
All lies, abusive consumption

If there is resistance of heart
Pressed against these icy hands
unjust, impatient Death
lightless medicine, overused.

Our own? Stamping out life
with the loss of the human mind
When the alien life of the void boils
with chaos, Tragic, humorless, to break
the hardest lip with a torrent of weeping

If peace is to oppose war it must undergo
disguise, Not to bare the breast of innocence
Sacrificed generations of youth, No more belief

No more hope, There is only speech
To decry freedom in all its forms
An evil love has touched this globe
With an attractive force, strong
as the polar magnets, Keeping us
world spun, To release our eyes
to sleep, And tomorrow?
When we may see the Earth,
spun out of control

Blank Absurdity from the Outskirts

Cycling from the outskirts of the city,
Blasted highways and lame hares fight for space
In the cold smoke of endless passage and habitual absence,
Then, on the horizon

 The tower of the city,
 Risen as a stray, maroon-striped cock
 Against the immense Rocky backdrop,
 A towering gorge of earth
 Filling the horizon with a sound

refuge from the sea, calm heartening
for the weary and clear,

To rest in the mountain prairie

 Last rays of the sun bleed with genital force
 through the celestial web of cloud,
 Fragrant space drifts beyond human knowledge,
 I begin my descent from the eastern plains
 Into the river valley

As I near a dip in concrete and grass,
The world suddenly disappears
from underneath my bicycle
Hovering, as in a dream, the bike floats
Away into an invisible transition
Into motionless continuity

 Through my spaceless outer mind,
 Compelling me beyond fear
 In an instant, coasting
 On a bicycle

Blank Absurdity from the Outskirts II

Parallel with highway and golf course,
I become indifferent to human death
Kora blends with saxophone
Headphones call me to escape
hemispheric division

Serene, as my being, effortlessly
interwoven with my chosen reality,
I coast into deathless candor,
A submission to absolute possibility
For the pure singularity of the moment
natural ability to be
Withstanding all, blank
obscurity, mental insinuation
to trust impossibility

Writing to the Visionary

It is written: on these blank pages:
Everyone is related in death, and life:

Creativity is the same source and path
towards human immortality: peace

unrehearsed weakness, a natural spirit
celestial law: Darkness unfolds

with mastery over truth: beauty is an untold story:
Pleasure is a deranged host to sadness beyond grace:

health speaks volumes at the top of a summit
reached by interminable struggle: Happiness

social deviance, resurrected as a plague
from the throes of a new market place:

hope is an implausible yearning, fruitless
with an earnest simplicity seen only in beggary:

Greed is a stalwart failure of power
mixed with the ancestral blood of religions'
intoxication: our ancestry becomes deaf, dumb

and blind, sensing the presence of the one
ancestor peering from within: All our relations,
peddle a sum of laughter to meet the visionary:

A dime to preach

What engraved stamp ran crooked on your forearm
to speak to the actions you've come to despise
your newfound medieval awakening?

There is a ruined home at your doorstep.
The villain is keen on terrorizing every visitor
and acquaintances, you speak with!

Do not trespass over this lonely mind,
Whose racy attempts to create
dogged, pedantic tents in writing

language feeds the cold and clothes
the hungry from their ice-sculpted lairs
Buried deep beneath urban psychology

a shallow modern artistry, Canada of ghosts,
Believing in hoarse rage, it knocks at your doorstep.
In utter disbelief, you trade wilds, for a dime to preach

Many Farther Horizons

In a hollow Blankness, What is there
sound? In an hour, Eternities begin
With every minute, A day
Every second, A year
Every instant, A lifetime

Walking on this frozen, dry ground
There are clouds, still above, Hanging
in motionless awe, sea of dream
Reflecting off a cathedral sky

I place my offering of monogamy,
A celibate forge, To swim in the clear
sands of a purifying current, swept
into my life, To cleanse me of dreams
And fantasize no more, Here,

in my church of Earth, I bleed
stained with poverty, lifeless
hands go limp, With palms clasped
To refuse all beggary to come
Finally, I stand, To proclaim this
foolish notion of existence at once
A reckless child weeps on old concrete,
mixing With the skin and hair of youth
divorced American, Lying on the lawn
sheepish, To know a belittled man
personification, Troubled, into murder
believing in the chaotic at hand: That
family is an impasse for the unsaved
Their glory exists only in the driven
will they feed themselves, Not at being
one, In harmony, I clamber up, violent

Many Farther Horizons II

steps, Quaking with ruthless confidence
To crumble before a vast horizon, Shone
as the natural border of the land, Crossed
more times than I can count on one hand
Now multiplied, exponentially, Living

with absolute permanence, On firm ground
In bed with my wife, Many farther horizons
unknown

In Dream, Not Alone

Enjoin your healing heart with her wealthy triumph
In skin-pulsed awareness, A breath, That scents need

She is sick and lies bare in naked union with sleep
I fill my lust with puffed gills, Warm to the touch

My porous salt squeezes effortlessly, Along each hair
Swaying unnoticeably, In the breeze of her one eyelash

Stopping suddenly, To see even the slightest bit of me
Enjoying myself well, In a daze of intoxicated self-mastery

Over the innocent lie of a selfish mind, Swollen with greed
drunken, Falling on a spine, Breaking into pieces, Removed

with sudden heat, Feeling her body, Touched coldly
against the colored sheets and wood slabs Between us,
in this moment of sheer secrecy, A mutual following

In the space of maybe 20 strides, From wall to wall
Before one presses coldly, Against the inner glass

frozen weathered environment, Totally inhospitable
At 30 below centigrade, Mid-morning, Walking

to feel our legs, Brutalized by a numbing shame
Pedestrian symbol of poverty, Burdened to live a life

Carrying her instrument of inward need, Now with me
At our bedside, Secure only in dreaming, Not alone

Terminal Ecstasy

In memory of Friedrich Nietzsche

What grace and love has befallen us? As antiquarian soup quenches the numbed mind of our deified law, Into a malformed open praise, Freely announced to every tired soul, Whose life still lies naked in the soiled blankets of youth, Reminding them not to forget the passages, that once filled their brains before they learned of prayer, or of the superhuman

Through the word, with one saying, “The future is not past”, We suddenly believe in the selfish possibility of the artless word, Wholly dedicated to a deified idea, Devout preachers and actors, reciting the lurid ferocity of the word, As a blind host in a den of thieves

When at once the word was saddled upon a steed of unreasonable interrogation, Leading us to fly with lunacy, Into the abyss of grace, Without any earthly vessel in which to live comfortably, Against ideals, symbols, or rites, Great boons of prehistory, Filling the stomach of modern man with shape-shifting lights, Enough to transcend their will to power

With a transvaluation of honesty, A humbling atop the stoic mountain façade of a mind flashing with empyreal highs, Drowning immediate presence in a mist of wisdom and sympathy, To bellow out into the morning of human life, A strong vocation, Made anew from the transfixed eye of nature

Absolved of its obligation to humanity (and vice versa), Unafraid to penetrate human madness, He was a martyr of 19th century reason, His muscular spirit atrophied in the fading twilight of countless idols, Numbered by his hand and fed to Fascist exterminators, With biting decadence

A dream of philosophical community, Gone astray in the misinterpreted evils of his original significance, Undermined with swift posthumous benefaction, To a Germany plunged into the Faustian nightmare of the devil’s own youth, To, with inconceivable might, force the barebacked fellow brethren, Into a mire of upheaval

Woven in the sickly strands of unwashed hair, The scalped savagery of Germanic mythic freedom, Outmatched by the obscene reality, Still, together we honor Nietzsche, With a boyhood glory, Only known when gazing at summits of unclimbed peaks, Realizing one’s terminal ecstasy

Love's Undying Breath

within these cold walls

the heat of our flesh opens our pores, and we melt into the fixed sand of sleep, one body awake, listening to her breath, feeling the wind of her lungs, exhale, her scent, inhale, we become each other's truth

the air, the atmosphere, the dust of older things rushes throughout our respiring bloodstream, each inhale a celestial kiss, each exhale a source of trust, in sharing the momentary universe, together, we lie upon the blankness of a subconscious mind emerging from its forgotten depths by day, as air proceeds in our pores, released into psychic wellspring of her undying presence

billions and billions of endlessly infinite sparks of brain activity occur between us, created out of the thick air filling our beings within a unified spatial instant, a home, exertion's resting, the effortless synapses carry beyond recognition, as the scaled heights of mental awareness fall to this moment, when falling, we let go

our hearts steady with stilled emotion, and the parades of loss which climb into our lives each day come to a halt, excitement and thrill recede with gorgeous vanity in the tranquil pulse of her face, a placid clarity evokes the measureless instant when inhale becomes exhale, exhale inhale

the transitory passage, an internal mystery, enacted without warning, the source wherein all questioning derives, where the faint strides of life press into the open ground of an innocent mind struck clean through with a lightning bolt of devotional love, a permanent mark appears with the dynamic strength of an empyreal cry forged into the breast of a natural way

her eyes, half-closed in a hypnotic place, overwhelmed with incantatory beauty, a life balances on the edge of harmony and chaos, yet indifferent, her undying breath resolves, silently

The Sightless Maw

Write to the sightless maw!
of heavenly sophistry
through an unmarked passageway
carved with thought
and the muscle of craft
burrowing into the impalpable
human spirit
the unforgotten travesties
a brain coerced into realization
by the Druidic birth
of natural law
turned to symbolic humanity
in the scavenged skin of a tree
fornicating openly
with the life of humankind
to rend sight from the unconscious stupor
to trust in the moment's interconnectivity
moving through savage chaos
and flightless pleasure
to envision the might of reason
enchained to the God of oration
moved in a single instant
to codify Her numerical wonder
hidden in the obscure abyss
a collective knowing
to risk the tongue to vestigial biology
or grant the mind of man a way

out.

Love Sits Across The Room

There, she IS
untouchable
absolute untouchable perfect beauty
a sunbeam directly, warming the heart
a thousand prayers answered
instantly and eternally

There, she IS
brilliant
with charged grace
and creative intuition
healing and enlightening
every moment
with rare punctuality
never before known
on this virgin Earth

There, she IS
frozen in time
cold to my immediate touch
yet thawing, with space

There, she IS
My Love
Across the room
Sitting... a light warms her face

Blonde Horn

Breathless, blown through and through
aftermath of multigenerational struggle
a force grew
freedom
democracy
the meaning of human fertility
two pens, two pads of paper, one Oud pick
one writer & musician
loving space
hating time
grooving somewhere in between
without a dime
nameless, on a pseudonym lie
painless high, from listening to the sun-pierced divine
flesh of the alive
no mournful trespassing
no demons disguised
no villainous outreach
no masked pride
still, a glum following ensues
and things grow intelligence
as light broods in the shadeless deep
a gross fire, emanating
from the last of its
bellowing...blew

Dr. Scientist

Dr. Scientist, whose guess is whose? Is science down to a science? Who are you? I see you pointing at maps, Drawing arrows, Filling blanks, What plane did you make today, Scientist?

On whose land did you claim your knowledge and right to know? Why are your indigenous people a possessive noun, or past participle corrected by your political liberties? Where are you taking us, Scientist?

I have so many questions for this Q & A. Though, I've heard your answers Yet, they don't seem to be for me! This is your day, Scientist. And you know it.

Stories from the temple and country don't seem to matter. Except from an old wrinkled face filling your notebooks, With the re-searched, Passing You write down the last words of a dying language so clearly, How neat!

Thank you for your presence, But, I am suspicious: Why is it you who always seems to be there when something outside of your worldview meets the absolute mystery of death? There are some things you don't profess, These things define us invaluable, Beyond measure, Outside your codified principles

So, I write verse, While your high tower quakes, With a world swept clean from beneath you, By your special grace, Tell me, Dr. Scientist: Why from the beginning of human migration (Our African homelands of the one human race) Diverged into two?

“A separate *human* species”, Words directly from your face, Why is it okay for you to speak wrongly? In public, mistake, While the scientific community understands every number and letter, privatized in journals safe-locked in a hidden library?

I sit. Because, Dr. Scientist, there is nothing to hide. What secrets are being kept? In mathematical laws Each entry in the book of knowledge, Modernized? Have you no knowledge other than that of obscurity? What is there to hide? Why, Dr. Scientist, why?

American Spirit

It is a viscous liquid

It is a noxious gas

It infiltrates my mind with clandestine operation

It festers beneath my skin

It enters my lungs as old dust in a vacuum

It opens my mind with live ammunition

It is addictive

It degrades thought to ruin

It finalizes meditation with rage

It scrambles light to white noise

It is a featureless rabble

It is a discoverer's insolent parade

It is when I realized that

To find the sacred drone of the Indian *tambura* is unrealistic

As searching for the sacred pulse of the First American drum...

It is a misnomer

It is not

Is not it?

The Breathing Source

There's a dull pain in my urethra. The dim suffering, Finds its exit, Incited. By impassioned ecstasy, I lay in the dark, Humid, Bedroom of instruments. *Brazilian, Chinese, and Canadian*

Woods creak, With metal twangs. Rustling in the deep maw of our windowless chamber, Slight discomfort beckons me, To alertness, A machine whirrs With incessant regularity, Outside

Our walls, In the mountain prairie winter, I rise, Seated, wrapped in blankets, Reading printed, script (a dear friend's entry in an anthology of Yogic poetics), My mind draws from this space

The importance of that silence, Only known at around 3 a.m...Just now, A faucet opens, Obscuring, soundscapes in pressurized sonic rhythm of water, Coursing through metal pipes

Love's breath eases, Negligibly, Through her windpipe passageways, With similar impact, As I, Again retreat into the nature of mind, Bubbles rise and open, Above the surface of a humidifier's holding tank

The dry air enters noiselessly, As new machines begin to operate, The soft scratching of this pencil, Against the paper, Resembling the shifting of an elderly tenant above, When listening

All sound is one, sound is the breath of the animate universe, When breathing goes silent, You are at the source, Listen in, And you may reach the source, While still breathing

Need from Sex

What do we really need from sex?
We need one Other body To feel

The only kind of submission known
When one submits Out of a mysterious

Love, Binding us, Outside of familial role
Under the strength of the mammalian heart

The shape of flesh, Is but a flash of memory
Before this all-forgiving realization, Of need

Now profaned, In the incredulities of emotion
misinterpreted, Destroying what is, Human

even more basic, With our phallic wars
Yet, in this awful truth, A leader is personified

In the human myth of death, Wherein sex is a need
To perpetuate life, So the throes of death are set

in motion, Ever bringing us closer, To one
collective consciousness, Of death, Or now

Ignorance, Where we have forgotten, The notion
to which shamanic personas aspired, to death

As a great gift of clarity, enthroned entheogen
that being's consciousness perceiving, at once

to conceive All their past actions, looking
at their feet, And the ground below, to Realize

absolutely, The need to repeat, Living, To inspire
mythic flight, compassion, Through All That Echoes

Abstraction of ink.

Whose lives were blurred in the identical shape of the twin towers?
(on which the flowing blood, sweat and tears of Iraqi people were lain)

Without one touch, From *their* finger, Or through any medium thereof
As with an action paint, Renamed to nature paint, Due to the formless glow

interpretive musing, Which sparked that mysterious shade?
From under the lotus feet of American towers, Burned in the incendiary

aftermath of artificial retribution, A man-made wonder? Of the world?
Great Pearl Harbor misdirection? Of pyrotechnics? From behind

the White House curtain? And whose blood and tears became fated
in that identical shape, With abstracted ink, A human fluid, Re-worked

into abstractions, And misrepresentations, Of a people blinded
Yet strong, Enough to see the tourist greed, Without sympathy

For the stupidity that follows, From across the globe, Thousands
of miles, Arriving dizzy, And lost, With open cultural confusion

And public ignorance, Yet still flashing the wealth, Of armies
To the innocent children of a globe, Gone pop! The mother

Loose with easy money, Yet from these same young hands
Words are forged, Which absolve the idea of the mundane

And prove everything is sacred
As a cracked shell...feeling for the yolk

mundane man

there are two ways for a human to profane
their environment.

when their immediate nadir of presence centralizes
exponentially

in a brain accursed with infinitesimal vertebrae
innumerable

lining the contours of every perception

become concept

feeling

symbol

enacted metaphor of the void

an interpersonal blend of seed and blessing

in the raw mental design of one's own imperfect style

the mark of originality

is a mistake.

the first way is to let go of a thing or sense

with candid deception

and so in doing

take equal or more from every experience

to horde in the unconscious

recess of your most lifeless state

behind the eyes

where the endless stare

only blinking at death.

the other

is to sacrifice means

for an end.

If I could speak...

If I had a voice...

What would I say
to a stranger
passing by?

To hold them fast
in that moment
Against the confident
pressure of my heart
What would I say
to a new acquaintance?
To ensure they hear my voice
Balancing delicately
over the thrifty ledge
Of a shy and battered mind

What would I say
to a causal friend?
That they may lift their self
to know me
To meet each other anew
Higher and closer than ever
Recognizing our presence
What would I say
to an old friend?
That I may say again
At their funeral
With love in my heart

What would I say
to each individual
in my family?
To all, I will say:
“Speak!
And I will listen.”

Viral Deportation

Across these lines

into space

A silver dream

Silhouetting against memory, Stark as a page, Torn from Love's grasp, Beneath covers'
Silencing, Through misdirection, Beleaguered imagining, Stirring lust for the electric tear gas

Fall, out of spirit into the machine, Coaxed with full passion, Imbued with music's catharsis, And
rising from the trap, Of mechanical flames, Bursting with miniscule disbelief, Behind the screen;
a transparent human universe

Another place, Human lunacy, Lit from pathless staring, Into the troubled dawn, Without
electricity, Storm of loss across the dust bowl, Factory curse of lawless precision, A vexing
insanity, Towards material extremism

Can we now imagine connectivity? Our mutual awareness, without any thing? As the
anthropomorphic flash of light, Transforming metal into our subtle flesh...A forced migration,
To a new world, society Living solely, Inside, Virtually

Place

Less

(closed)

S

P

A

C

E

Man, Great Mystery

“Most men,
Believe!
They are great
Because, as they walk
Through this universe
There is greatness

Though! Late in life
Man may see!
‘It is not
You, nor me’

There is only
Great Mystery”

THAT Thought

One will always have THAT thought,
whether by writing it or not
In simply thinking

The question remains...
When is writing necessary
to have THAT thought?
And what is the Mystery
foretold?

My free form writing is not freed of form
introspective inflection, contemplations & meditations,
ruminating on what illuminates...

I free the air of language and act
with the abstraction of breath
in an act of rhythmic repetition

There is no play of form in metrics
for form is play...

THAT is
Nature of mind

Creation is transpersonal transcendence,
a supernal human urge, an elemental thought

To get what is
Basic, needful fortuity

New Years

Happy New Years!

Persian, Hebrew, Roman, Chinese

Many in One.

Earth-word Skyward



Dawn's Crepuscules

Shakuhachi Dusk Notes

1

Shakuhachi As Night Falls

Post-coitus body of breath
Exasperating
My lover sleeps, dream-woman

2

Twilight Shakuhachi

Hour of Tsukuyomi
Creates Sound Feelings
Silence uncovers the breath

3

Sunless Japanese Flute

Spiritual inebriant
Remembering dream
Storytelling has power

Dying To Overcome Time I

Characters:

*Psychiatrist; apathetic, he/she sits gloating
in leather-chaired insulation, cruelly,
however unknowingly self-deprecatd,
with a scholarly countenance
amid plain and subdued bookshelves, uncolored,
as he/she exhibits various slow, piteous glances,
foretelling a lonely character when not at work,
one depressed, and jaded with the immediacy of his/her life,
and disillusioned by their past, bitter to those closest to them,
objective with their patients, an invariably unimpressionable character,
yet one so polite as to welcome invitingly to any, and all.*

*Dreamer; outlandish, taken by figments of the imagination
at happenstance, and in the spontaneous flicker of the instant,
like two mirrored sense organs pit to stimulate
in a never ending call-and-response, yet one not so unaffected,
as experiencing chronic mental symptoms
that characterize the hypochondriac,
and through their living have become unsustainably egomaniacal,
socially anarchistic, and personally subjective
in their relationship with the world,
and its seamless interdependence
amid the individuation of transient personalities,
moments, and inventions.*

Psychiatrist:

What are you struggling with now?

Dreamer:

I am trying to overcome time.

Psychiatrist:

Talk about time...

Dying To Overcome Time II

Dreamer:

Time, the clock, the minutes, the numbers, each revolving number, every moment's passing, to grasp hold of life is futile with time at hand, ever revolving, the numerical movement seizes me with anxiety,

frustration, lost hope, and missed opportunity, for if not to act eternally, what purpose is there to do anything, if everything merely passes with the indifferent, mechanical touch of a revolving number, a cold mathematical constant, a no-matter, inhumane judgment of non-being...

I am stricken with the ugly truth of the futility of the conscious mind, which at once becoming aware of the sound physical reality of void, empty, groundless and vacant passing insubstantial pop pop pop cloud dozing visual loud open, how? how?

There is not even a now, a noun or...even the mystery of remembered sound, how? how does music continue to find ingenuity in the fake façade lie of our trite passing listening, I've said nothing, and now, back to the question, which is not one question but an infinitude of questions, each word a question:

What? Are? You? Struggling? With? Now? I have not an answer for a single one to start, never mind their combinatory syntactical infractions on mathematical constancy...

Psychiatrist:
Talk about constancy...

Dreamer:

Synchronicity is the key to constancy

Synchronicity is the key to constancy

Synchronicity is the key

A majestic sweep, an unearthed silence from the deep, unsaid holy floor of highfalutin carpeting, a million miniscule bacterium, sucked clean in the insistent inertial temporality, to speak without listening and curse the tongue's roiling heat spilling worthless drool on the fly, unnoticed, to sleep without wherefore or why to the moment of waking cries, in dreams, saving the intuitive highs for a moment out of time

Dying to Overcome Times III

Psychiatrist:
Time's up.

And did he say why? Why, it didn't cross his mind, not even for the instantaneous greed to be entertained by the sad mourning fury of the mad dreaming gush lying in silly degradation on the carpet, scraped clean of fungal heat, to wistfully provide an escape for the psychotic mind at ease in the hypnotic office sleep of reason, to ask, for but a moment, when do I die? And receive the next tick of a clock for an answer, repeating, repeating, as it were, endlessly.

Transnational World Citizenry

Nationalism is as greedy as America
Nationalism is as belligerent as Canada
Nationalism is as corrupt as Mexico
Nationalism is as desperate as Egypt
Nationalism is as desolate as Jordan
Nationalism is as unjust as Israel
Nationalism is as weary as Palestine
Nationalism is as distracted as Germany
Nationalism is as exclusive as Denmark
Nationalism is as exploitative as Peru

Nationalism is as vulnerable as a land border
Nationalism is as unclear as a sea border
Nationalism is as exposed as nature
Nationalism is as shortsighted as war
Nationalism is as thin as money

Nationalists are as brainwashed as a corporate politician
Nationalists are as weak as an independent voter
Nationalists are as traumatized as a post-WWII veteran
Nationalists are as emotional as an anti-war demonstrator

Nationalism is as nationalistic as a nationalist

: I Am The One and Only Leader! :
There is only one person to act as your leader in this world
“You.” Of No Nation
Of Earth
Of Humanity – United By Individuality
Lead Your Self
Towards One Nationless Earth
Or Immeasurable Nations...
Of All-Earth
Be *Cause*,
Nationalism is as Groundless as the Nation

Meditate Without Purpose

Meditating for any purpose
Is like placing a cloth to the screen
To dry the tears of an Actor

Un-Un Inging

Un-thought w-riting
Un-written th-inking
 Re-turning
Bellow hot mountain
Nomination, height

T-rusty?
Up-scale
B-right?
Scholarly chiefdom
Wicked rock, crooked home
The wish-fulfilling room
Bear spirits follow
Angered tempest
Youthful orgasm
Song of the Red Canadian Nation
Firsts Springing
Waking to right white rite
& write to tell the tale
Envisioning black ghosts
Apocalyptic night of age
Blundering from the speechless sound
Offering words to the oceanic lust of the psychic West
 Wisdom from the one-sided head
A cracked egg, an indirect signpost
A message, greatly in need of interpretation
A creative take, off the ground of sensible eco-logic
Passage ways, without open or close
Rain under a blue sky
Still drifting ash on the ancient island
Eyeing the newly cut horizon, peaks breaking the seams of earth
Man's last buttoning
Popping Inging
Un-un
- ing

Un Beso, Por Favor

Un beso es un milagro
Que se disuelve
Como un hombre rastafari, tan alto en la selva
Conociendo que es necesario
A traves su mundo de suenos
Despierto

A Kiss, Please

A kiss is a miracle
That dissolves
As a Rastafarian man, so high in the jungle
Knowing what is necessary
Through his world of dreams
Awake

En la fuerza creativa

In the creative force

En la fuerza creativa

La mar mantiene la claridad de sus ojos

Mirandome a través de los oculos de la inocencia humana

Que trae la paz del tiempo prehistorico a sus palabras

Diciendo lo que pasará en esta tierra

In the creative force

The sea maintains the clarity of your eyes

Seeing me through the bifocals of a human innocence

Bringing the peace of prehistoric time to your words

Speaking of what will pass on earth

Por mis ondas

Toda es la necesidad

Toda es un fiebre actual de creación

As for my emotion

All is necessity

All is the actual fever of creation

En la fuerza creativa II

In the creative force II

Que es la verdad de una persona?
Tirando todo el vacio de la existencia?

What is the truth of a person?
Throwing away everything into the emptiness of existence?

Por su propia cuenta
Hasta que este siglo conozca sus consecuencias
Desde la pregunta de tu cuerpo mas cercano
No conozco ninguno frontera

To each their own
Until the age knows its consequences
From the question of your closest body
I don't know any boundary

Requiem for the 16

"A soldier
Before the end of night
16 bodies
Turn to light"

There are many reasons why I left
Now Ex-Patriot
Now divorced from birthplace
My shores?
My flag?
My history?

I extinguish all landlocked loyalty

"A soldier
Before the end of night
16 bodies
Turn to light"

Now, I have 16 more reasons
Silently, I have countless more

Where did I flee to?
Another country with a poppy war!
I'm from anywhere
Where this requiem hits home

"A soldier
Before the end of night
16 bodies
Turn to light"

Sunday, March 11 2012

*The night after hearing 16 Afghan civilians (mostly women and children) are massacred by a
U.S. soldier. Who are we supporting?*

SubLiminal StarFucks

Over-the-hill guy next to me
reads gun magazine
Eye contact with blonde student
Overly helpful, nice barista

Coffee should be banned.
We are criminals.
We drink
the blood of slaves.

The rage. The horror.
The pent up rage.
About to implode.
Chamber of hate.

Standard jazz
We pay the coffee mafia
for an easy-listening waste of time
But we look good.

Mother of our Mother

We are the mother of our Mother
Conceived by a spiritual emetic
Hallucinogenic soul bomb

We purge our body
Vomiting a black snake-squid
Fearing to let it go

Our Uroburos eats us
Before we evolve last minute
To skip the inevitable apocalypse

Through a profane hoop
Genetically engineered
Man-Squid, our new name

Polluting our new home,
Living off oil-ink oceans
A motherless mother of our Mother

Western City in Threes

Aging Chinese lady
Reads from Bible
In donair take-out

Abandoned grocery pushcart
With emptied beer
Winter night, downtown

Man walks alone
Carrying upright bag
Photographs tower entrance

Note:

In the practice of writing, as inspired by rhythmic modes in music, word count, in this case in 3, can also serve meter, or syllabic stress, where the beat is the syllable.

A Word is a Thousand Pictures

each word
a thousand pictures

& each letter
a name

Wisdom of 4am

meditations on
cisgender heterosexuality,
Kurdish mysticism,
exotic jazz,
and epic poetry

saturday night
26 years young
body of ageless
sage humanness
humanly human

wisdom girth
tonal quality
the nervous end
of night, spent
alone again

the sleeping wife
dream woman
rising with the sun
genital friend
from chest to head

wise flesh,
wisdom breath
the ancients rest
with ancient flesh
I, of speechless death

risky wealth, paper
less clothing, less
need, instruments
bikes, and a space
to flee from mobility

Wisdom of 4am II

I answer to no
one answers to
I am free from all
around me, lowly
And I, high I! I!

visions of pleasure
greed agreed by
personal love go
for a being touched
magic is sees me

Question The Ephemeral

We tend to forget who we are
Thinking we are ephemeral
We look to the seen
Forgetting we are also the unseen

Are we made to be impermanent?
Our thought is eternal
We are also the unborn, unmade
Our heart is everlasting

The spirit of every human life echoes
Through every last strand of being
The natural world embraces
Our most subtle, finest self

When a friendship, or love, passes
Question the ephemeral
When prehistoric art is felt
Question the ephemeral

Lifeless Artist

You ask me to do what costs
money for free?
Because I'm an "artist"?

Without life there is no art.
No life, no art.
No art, no life.

War For Sale

I look out my window

Old frontier town

Letters read:

OLD WAR

S

Another day

Unlivable cold

In the Canadian West

A Message

Neither to be a writer, journalist or poet
With all their books & lines

Nor a lyricist, musician or composer
With all their songs & shows

Matters.

Against one person
With something to say

Who has a message
To send

From the winged breath of One
To the rooted blood of All.

Words that can't be read.
Music that can't be heard.

There are infinite ways to convey
Generations of language
Sounds, Colors, Movement, Nature

Creation is a message.

No Rush

Elderly couple
Walk backwards on path at dawn
Rush hour!

A Message II

In Bob's Word

The Lion of Jah Wisdom

Spoke:

“If you are not happy children,
travel wide!”

I say:

If you are not rich
(with flowered genius...)
Sleep at a different hour.
Stay awake.

Fall.

In Love.

With Empty Space.

Take a walk.

New experience waits.

Sex Poem #1

white see-through pants of California, twirling a head of air,
as the short stout man upfront hyperventilates with post-orgasmic intensity,
demonstrating the euphoric bridge from breathing to an exercise
in the natural highs of the ecstatic brainwave chemistry,

and I stare, eyes bleeding like water through the white fabric,
seeing the shape, two plump figs, two olives, braided with a galangal coil,
darkening from the spine, towards the under-born ridge of mountainous hurt,
and to look away, sitting slowly, with blood rising to the memory of my snapshot imagination,
elaborating and elucidating in an empty home,

arriving in the pale dim light of early winter sunfall,
the inward spout unchains from my carnal need,
I carry my quaking hips to lay down,
and as my undergarments spot with wet enticement,
I unzip, and reveal myself engorged,
spiked upwards into the tempting graze of one's own hand,
to stroke the subconscious phallus of wakeful self-treatment,
to appease the largess of the wide-eyed mind,
painfully aware of necessity

Sex Poem #2

after eating, satiated, she opens the way into my ever needful beckoning,
strongly I insinuate with a body full of rain, a sweeping torrent of pleasure,
the sensual face, smiling, breeding hands of touch, grasping outwards
at the groin downplayed, at humble rest, and yet her smile greets my name
with a roving hand to outmatch my desirous intensity, a flattening triumph
the extended heart, pulling tightly for my central body hook to flay
the air in a silent heady daze of spiritual belonging

among the unnerving flush of a slowly stripped body, and naked,
with distended feet hard against the wall, I will the outage
my blinding seminal electricity into the light, to die in her hands,
a warm primordial flesh of the body's gorgeous loss,
yet to her an offering of the mouth and the sweetened tongue,
salty with the enmeshed sway of genital hair smoothed over
by an indiscriminate vaginal head of sixty-nined passion,
the elemental grace of her fluid arched under my bottom lip,
sipping and slipping onto my tongue with the gentle taste
consensual release into the unclothed arms of love,
freed of memory, freed of imagination,
freed of the need to be free,
she is the way beyond freedom,
and our loving coitus is a mad rush of freeing

A Kind Seer

All beginnings auspicious!
Earth is commonplace
I sleep when tired

Before Music

Desolate city
Silent, nothing done
Brew more tea

Poverty & Privilege: A Writer's Life

A contraposition of values

An erasure mark in the family inheritance

A crude awakening of self-judgment

I write

Separated by consumer technology

& a misplaced wallet, lost on purpose, indefinitely

I've got nothing to show, or to listen to, really, my true life is private, enclosed in the whispering reinforcement of self-knowing, but I do not affirm selfishly

I offer a wealth of time

& with that, a privilege, that only I experience writing my writing

My quality of life is especially susceptible to lows, endless as the sleepless night

& highs, infinite as the count of blank pages, to be filled with gratitude and haste

I do not waste much, what I earn goes directly back into the drawers of painless memory,

Lying bare as a beggar's cause

I am remote, busy investigating my own soul

I look for diamonds & pearls escaping like vermin from my impossible breath

I have no shame, it's all lost to the necessity of failure, rejection & one too many names

My ego's shrunken with the files of modern domesticity

I now course through another womb of the unpredictable & infant might

“All mundane profanity is sacred”

My vocation has been screaming at me since I learned how to talk back, to claim my own voice among the cacophonous chorus of dissonance

I plead for a hint, to receive emptiness & renew my stronghold of distinct inspiration

I possess a personal vise of heart and will, united at the source of life

Fearless, I voice existential questions & face the absurd hilarity of the identical void

An ancestry is reflected in my lines

Shown only in the mirror's pervasive light

Cracking with dust along its edges, waiting

Until the day I die & my reflection seeks its own emptiness

To inspire the slightest articulations of clarity as I have divined

Journey to a Savage Heartbeat

She sleeps
The air crystallizes calm
Resonating, celestial rhythm
Within, induced by lungs full of heart

Movement, passing un-swayed
Mind awake, visioning dream
Reality is personal meaning

A savage buzz
In the mental feast
Lustful paradigm, fixed bliss

My education, Native
Cold exacting moods, unschooled
Wisdom ensues

Trust, subsumed by other worldviews
Blinking apologies, We cry

Wording contexts, respectively
Wording names, from a place
Wording voices, alive

To name is to noun, not to adjective
Be your Word

Free of savagery
Journey to an other
Where a savage heart
Beats, still to your rhyme

Sound Ancestry

Name: Anonymous

Now, Nameless Anonymity
I Identity, Place-Named
Vanity

A fixed grounding
A silent breeding
An unknown following

"Rusty" is unused
"Kjarvik" is an inflection
From the old tongue
A distinct voice from

Anglophone I.D.

Spawn of coy memory
Multi-Generational Grand Son
Of nominal creativity
As a hand, stretching backwards
beyond linear chronology

An impasse of unreachable longing
A futile phasing
To own the truth of who

"We are calling"

Solstice Musings (2012)

The end of the world is
The beginning of Earth

I don't remember past
Creations, I feel them
Like recurring dreams

The Last Country Song

What endures after all is long gone?

A book?

A song?

A religion?

A god?

The work of Man is truly not long

The work of Man is truly not long

I've seen graves

I've seen hate

I've seen love go to waste

Yet it was the work of a Woman that started my song

Yes! The work of a Woman started my song

“What endures?” She asked, “After all is long gone?”

All is long gone!

All is long gone!

A book?

A song?

A religion?

A god?

All is long gone!

All is long gone!

The work of Man is truly not long!

And it's the voice of a Woman singing the last song

The Writing's on the Wall

I've traded a cigarette for an apple
Everywhere I look, I see a family name
A bird skips on my snow-covered balcony
It goes where I do not

Tricks are for kids

A hat drops, I face the world

Howls, ignorance

My pack is ready

By Being

The way to get there
The only way to get there
Is by being there

No More Words

Yoke the mind into submission

No-More-Words

The voice becomes like a sphincter

It only lets something out when it really has to

Fast

Purify

Loosen

Depressurize

Submit to nothing

Submit nothing

But,

Never submit

No-More-Words

Color Blindness in a Canadian Hospital

A welcoming young girl, with poppy shoes and tasteful jeans
Friendship's smile, bursting forth with radiance out of sight

A blind man enters, cane pointed at the unmanned desk
She takes his arm in hers, as a family couple, spirited with gentility

The blind man sits with his younger Ascot-capped, sun-glassed
Both looking straight ahead, they sit, one to one

The room is sparse, of relatives and individual patients
Waiting lone, a grandma softly stares with wooden nose ring

Early morning's branded caffeine monotony
A teenager skips madly, mouth spouting, stimulant-sugar-conditioning

The surface-level skin of the page follows early English thought
Reading Shelley's *Rosalind and Helen* to Portuguese folk soprano

My wife turns the bend, healthy from the office, a petite lovely
Her smile burns away the predawn clouded sky

The blind man now sits lone, anypatient, eyeless, Midwestern glare
reflecting the young man's eyewear, seated lone, looking East

Voiceless in a Canadian Hospital

That accent, proverbial First Voice

Speaking to the anthropomorphic voice machine, irresponsive

She sits before an empty desk, waiting to be seen

The immediate receptionist, partitioned one desk away, sits typing

Time passes, the waiting grow short with their wristwatches

A receptionist passes between the partitions, "Wrong desk, Miss"

"This is the wrong number" the waiting roll their eyes at her soft lisp-*reserved* voice

Her presence builds unspoken confusion, "This is the number. Everyone uses it"

Sleep-deprived, the receptionist points to the other receiver, mechanically

Picking up the receiver, again among the waiting, speaking to machines, voiceless

Interpretive Meaning

Interpret meaning in creative writing
Interpretation is the writing of creation
 Meditating on dreams
 And the fleeting mind is to interpret

Creation is interpretation
The creative mind is interpretive
 The world is open
 to interpretation

Create, and the mind is interpreted
Creation is the seamless measure of dream
 When the unconscious is invoked
 in waking, a part becomes whole

Interpretation is literal recollection, a voluntary gathering of the involuntary
What is the outcome of a conscious recollection of the unconscious?
 Writing is a means
 to creative interpretation

Writing is one way to mind the unconscious
When writing is a creative act, the mind is open to interpretation
 When writing is a creative act,
 interpretation gives meaning

Thought, when creative, is meaningful
Silence, when thought, is interpreting
 Be silent, think,
 and write a new interpretation

Interpretation is meaning
Interpretation is interpretation
 Interpret meaning with meaning
 Mean to interpret all interpretations

Tenets of Instrumental Musicianship

1

Be original: When the instrument is played
Any listener will know who is playing
As clearly as the remembrance of a mother's face

2

Be able to exert every last nerve
Ending into the sound register of the instrument
With authentic intentionality

3

Become breathless to the fire of broken tradition,
As a body of unconscious creativity and timeless imagination
Bellowing hotly into the magic of soulful human energy

Nameless Human

Unknowing fears, "Hate!"
Laughs create, "Cosmic being..."
Answers gasp, "Human."

Ink on White

White is not, "Is White?"

White is not...American

White is not...Bostonian

White is not...Canadian

White is not...Calgarian

White is not...European

White is not...Polish

White is not...Scandinavian

White is not...Norwegian

White is not...Sami

White is not...Greek

White is not...Romaniote

White is not...English

White is not...Celtic

White is not...Jewish

White is not...Yiddish

White is not...Immigrant

White is not...Settler

White is not...Race

White is not...Master

White is not...Human

What is? White?

Is White? White?

White is...Spectrum

White is...Spectral

White is...Religious

White is...Cold

White is...Weak

White is...Old

White is...Dying

A White Death

In **bold**

The unspoken light

The absent

I

poet, Our poet

I am not an American poet
I am not a Canadian poet
I am not a White poet
I am not a Euro-prefixed poet
I am not a Jewish poet
I am not an Immigrant poet
I am not a Settler poet

I am not a Gay poet
I am not a Starving Artist poet
I am not a City poet
I am not a Middle-Class poet
I am not an Overeducated poet
I am not a Married poet
I am not a Male poet

I am not your poet

Signed,

poet

Mars Walks On Man

A coincidence?

Our next possible space walk on the very body named after our probable end!

Mars

Blind Wild
Raging Feral Archaic
Untamable Overpowering
Excessive Insane Bloody Horrible
Profaned Criminal Swift Sudden Harsh
Vehement Unrestrained Wanton Ancient
Cock-combed Avenger Seizing Rough
Loathsome Obscene Disgraceful
Bristling Shaggy Disordered
Unarticulated Accursed
Spear-carrier Foul
Savage

Haven't we already been there? Are we not there now?

Mars walks on us!

Epithets unheard by the god of war:

Explorers

De Soto

Columbus

Cortez

Frobisher

Presidents

George W.

T. Roosevelt

A. Jackson

G. Washington

Mars Walks On Man II

& the onward
calm
citizenry of commonwealth
colony:
& the unSTATED
resource
grab
“our home on stolen land”
the price of a slave:
 1 temporary resident visa
 1 permanent residency card
 1 citizen passport

Institutional lies me!

Institutionalize me!

Institutionalize me!

I need church

I need schooling

I need employment

I need hospitalization

Institutionalize me!

I get recognition

I get status

I get points

I get money

I get awards

Institutionalize me!

I, governed

I, incarcerated

I, institutionalized

Institutional lies!

To wards

A ward

Institutional lies!

“There are no institutionalized.

There are only I’s eyes.”

Look at us.

For the Palestinian people

Look at us through our eyewitness films

Look at us through eyewitness films

Look at us through our today's newspaper

Look at us through today's newspaper

Look at us through our incessant television

Look at us through incessant television

Look at us through stained glass

fix ed un intel li gent lac kin g fir e or lif e dul l
s u b l i m a t i o n det ached tele- di stance d
dispas sion ate con ta ining inact ive hypo cris y
alie nation wort h less ness de gradati on censor-
ship pro hibiti on po int in g

Look at us through our stained glass

Look at us through shattered windows

Look at us through our shattered windows

Look at us through stolen books

Look at us through our stolen books

Look at us over the cracked wall

Look at us over our cracked wall

And then **LOOK UP**

From the film

newspaper

television

glass

window

book

wall

and see what is to be seen

(a flesh)

(of eyes)

Our Land

Fog lights over cold river
Snow dust dries sage-grass
Our land is here where we live

Living Artist

When you are wholly
dedicated to your art
The life you live

_____ is _____

Your masterpiece

Colorless Winter

Cold teenage Black girl
Lights crack pipe under a bridge
Rush hour starts now

Character of the Age

For Han Shan (Cold Mountain)

With age the mind is more resilient
Creative autonomy is the iron of human life

Scientific process is not above reproof
Character engenders eyewitness originality

Life is not to be known
Experience is a mother's love

Quick clouds under a full moon
In the night shadow of many a cold mountain

Lone Descendant with Ancestral Air

It is winter and I am alone with my native wife. The wind is slow, and the ground sure. What would my ancestors think? Before their genocide. What would my ancestors think? A son of their wandering set free.

Without land. A home of bloodless family. The sun is distant. It is cold. What would my ancestors think? Before their exile. Why did I exile again? In their name. I am at a loss. And I know.

“Being is not living,” says Man, grandfather of Greece. Dying slowly nearly a continent away. I can’t see his face. I can’t smell his breath. My chest hurts. The air is dry here. The air is dry. Hear, the air

Truth be told...I am ashamed. The air is thick. Silence breathes louder than any human voice. Here is a penetrating apathy. A survival. The womb of earth is closed. My spiritual longing passed

I cave with the pressure of sleep. Inwardly, I search passionately. Where is he? Where is the Old Man? The night lingers. The morning escapes. Barefoot, I trespass my mind. I willingly face my own absence

“A wisp of air,” says my Name. The beauty of nostalgia, an unpleasant need. Nameless, I live in dream. Bodiless, I have only love. Change from the East follows. Conscious, I plead for suffering

I remember the haunting. The haunting, blessed. Great-grandmother of Holocaust tears. I am always listening for your cries. I can see your oceanic eyes. In everyone. I feel the salt water from your voice.

A wave of ash washes over me. I wake, disappointed. Laughing, I play with ghastly numbers. The day screams in novel truths. Wisdom of wisp and doom. The air is never empty. Can you hear my music?

My voiceless calling. A wordful mouth of brain. I’m outstretched. I’m disentangled. The laughter of freedom. The laughter of freeze and doom. The laughter of tragedy. Misplaced in the airless vacuum,
Only history knows. My face. I am, You.

Sitting under the World Tree

Rise of the damaged, Rise of the intoxicated, Madness of sleep, Belly up greed, The weakness of the singular, Depraved nonsensibility, Brewed commotion, sickened, Forecast and rose up sitting, worthless move of pain, Instills stilling, The wordless hold on my name, Builds building, Workman torque and the rage of failure, My group's a grave of mass mortification, I wake and sex and sleep

I sleep and dream and sex, Billions of flesh, billions in flesh, Ingrained, the wheat lowers, A full stomach of men, A full stomach of warmongers, A full warmongering eruption, Cleansed of fellow bread, Clean of hospitality's grin, The smoke signals fall, A wording of enraged gain, A wording for the sameness of the same, Same old characterful eye, World of the crooked chair, The business of longing

Nostalgic upbringing down-stares, Fate of the uprising wills, Keen recollections drills the soundless to sleep, And asleep, the dream divines a hollowing, Unintended burning words, Horror and horror and words of meaning, Meaningless living under meanings of The Word, I dreamed a host of the warmongering dead, They gave me nothing but anger, a flood of unrest, The disquiet worked its way up,

Moved over the land, The bitter knife of instinct began to slit, Throats opened without thought, to final peace, Gourds broke and out flew the reason of the age, A forgetting ensued, the mindless renewed, Upended historic streets filled with mud, Rats and knives and discolored inhuman blood, The wealth of the royal grave caved, A collapse of the Fall, Opposite Spring of the nude public sweat,

a visiting angel carried the heads of the nation, Forefather dreams swept away in the hurricane, martyrs of this blessing entangled in a cold swamp, The heat of the brewing alcoholic tonight, I saw, and I saw, I saw the sheer depths, I peered beyond the deep, And my grandfather followed, Unaware, unconscious, knocked out, Boxed into incorrigible failures, The underhanded gripe of a few lasted out the night,

Sitting under the World Tree II

I shrugged, underground, a wasted life, to Hades, Full of biotic growth, erect of completion, I swam to the hollow heat of human need, Satiated I bred a stroked ego, enduring the will of my own hate, I endured the sound of my waste, I go alone, through the endless end of night, I end the night in a daze, drunk and smelling, I give blood to the disease of Man, I work up a sweat in the catastrophic din

with unmusical brethren, I sweep the floor of meat and beans, I faint under the fountain of youth, bothered by insects of religious infinity, Swooning, I carry the elegant mouth of Asian soup to the next room, neighbors hear me eat and feed and need more, CRASH, I visit the ruins of my ancient mind, archetype of knowing scans the impossible future, Growing homeless, under sheets of screened belonging,

I cancel the only meaning I ever shed I turn also through wading shallows And bring my feet to the surface, engineer the moment with flight, a single god for the movement of glowing ghostly unknowns, Palpable haunt of her arrival, I knead my legs into submission, Sitting, I can hear the city burn in my skull, Sitting, I can feel the heart of my mother beating me, Sitting, I dream up sounds, words with momentary meaning

Sitting, I sit, and truly only am a sitting sitter under the world tree
A patient to children, host to the listening silence

Stop Dead In Your Tax!

Stop your lives

Your tax money is blood money

Stop your lives

Your blood money is of human blood

Afghani blood

Indian blood

Libyan blood

Peruvian blood

Palestinian blood

& Other, Nameless, Stateless Blood

This blood is your blood

This blood is our blood

But this blood was not made for you and me

This blood was not made to bleed

And as the land bleeds

Stop your lives.

Stop, dead in your tax.

Stop your lives.

Stop your bleeding life, bleeding the blood of the world

Stop your life. Stop the bleeding.

Put us out of your misery.

Die...away!

And live again. Of bloodless sight:

See the wounded sunrise sigh

Remembrance, sunk into the ground

Absorbed only in memory

“Stop the war on life.”

Offline

boys

Watching

girls

Had

Normalized

fantasy

Ethnic

fetish

Sex capital

Internet

Mind

Virus

Flesh flower

grabbed

Pillaging eyes

Procrastinating

Silent need

Antisocial

obsession

Self-satisfying

Sport contagion

Groaning

Female male

Burning

Screwed blush

Wasted

Bodiless rough

offline

PLANE TARRY

Boundless numen, Wakeful respite
Blasts soft to the quiet ear, Raspy vocal
chording tone, The wizard on high
Lasting terminable spur, Break
into the clouds below, Listen
tempting listen, Earnest silent
distance, The visions, the visions
I know a homeless home, I know
a trillion pearly nights, The open sky
breathes calling, "Here, I'm here"
assured, grounding, Wasted food
armed urbane, Armed, lifeless
waterless moon, the moon

New and invisible, I crept, The wisdom
room is closed, The wise hinting growth
Groans, moans, infinite sounding, Dreamless
freedom, I speak in tongues of eyeing
I will the throats of wartime crime
Law is the breast flesh of humanity
pregnant, Buried in a quiet lair of earth
Mass crematorium, bruised wealth
Devalued mothers of Judaic crowning
I steal past the ruthless mind, I free gold
from paper, I scintillate flowering rest
I muddle in the fires of smoke
I climb atop mountainous zoos, I visit
nests of gambling fucks, I burn with the ash
personal gain, I drink terror in pitchers of ash
I swim in the lung of unreason, The wild
drear of murder seeds me, Know lies
and selfless, run! The prairie needs
the fire of my sole, The blush of her
kiss pinks icy Death of the almost
The almost, One last all, most planetary

Vine of Time

proxy havoc
misstep confusion
the world's intruding
 i need a moment
 i need a tone
 fix me or light me done
the hue of sound
sight and feel
i bred sorrow near
 the turn of the table
 light of the match
 burn of the rope
earth's a rash
the fresh tumble of bones
a murderous god on your own damn own
 i sickle the life
 from a new baby's unknown
 i swept the free all night
 from their territorial boast
i fleshed out a fire
i burnt a cage
i built a tower
i turned away
 magic divider
 the worshipped alone
 sit with me a god
 and i'll feel not a glut
the sugar's gone cold
my brain's a feed
the chicken's tip glows
and the egg's liquid meat
 test my inception
 i don't need a heavy breast
 i wink for the old
 i cherish the end

Computer Mine

At Depths Incomputable
My computer meditates surer than I

Subconscious Numerical
My computer sits stiller than I

Wisdom Metal
My computer opens easier than I

Wise Silver
My computer friends more than I

Wiser than I
My computer shuts firmer than I

Aesthetically Mine
My computer sounds softer than I

Versified Universal Mine
My computer obeys oftener than I

Compute Superficial Search
My computer calculates faster than I

Possessions Spectacular
My computer crashes less than I

Misdirection Lit-Up Trite
My computer mines truer than I

Earth-Born High of Mine
My computer is mine, mine, mine

Ego Sip

All mine

Crafty Self-Interrogation

Does form interrupt craft?
Does craft mediate tradition?
Does tradition offset style?

When I finish eating the apple, I am hungry again.
At first bite, satiated. At last, desirous,
I forget what to write,
except when writing what I haven't forgotten.

It is late, and the dark morning is slowing.
Work throughs perception
En-journeyed flash, awry
Light-filled swept concrete
The eye of nature is closed.

Willful, I dream.
Ejaculating the meat of insight,
I story loss, at knowing.
In awe, I superfluize
Drinking, flown time

A war D
Blind eD.
Silenc eD.
Truth- & Sooth-
saying

blight of the land,
answer to the fixtures of bread
stretch the follicles of your scalp to the ground
submit to the waning sky
no-one I
sit up.
heavy-hearted head handed
you...back...up...III

autumnal death series

untitled #one

to orange

as refreshing as the autumn air
a breath of fresh dying
trees

untitled #two

to red

scattered
leaves me be me
leaves

untitled #three

to yellow

losing color
i see it
night

A Friend

Buried, nose in grandfather's library
Our Jewish nose, brown-tipped and dusty with elegant curiosity

With a Greek hook
To knock out the immigrant skull of the Lower East Side

Releasing the solitary brain of speech
To the universal mind of letters

Ignorant of live stories
Fleeting, from "A Friend..."

A Higher East
I fled through silent words

To listen is to write
Our finest literacy

His voice wove on
Returning

To the Editor

Consistent voice
Characteristic of

Lilting charisma
Find one

Storied haunt of poets
Sharing inner

Feasts of words
With the everyman

Passerby: I choose
Idiosyncratic cadence

Ghost in the Room

In the presence of a death, thousands of miles away

UNKNOWN CREATES WORLD

DEAD LIVE IN MEMORY

MIRRORS MIRROR

IN THE ROOM

Play on Resonant Emptiness

Under the chorded skin, there is emptiness
Press your hand to the ancestral hearth

This emptiness has a mysterious resonance
You are its question, and it quests for you

Undone, your harmony speaks in tune
Calling you in to confront your self

Without knowledge, a mere shale on the horizon
Self-knowledge is a gate, behind which lies selflessness

Lose your head; gain instant re-cognition
There is nothing you can do

At one knowing, you are not
And that is you

Play on, work harder; grow with the resonating stillness
Empty, you are never fulfilled

That is your smile
Fading off the lips of the beloved

Idyllic Poetry

The best, idyllic poetry is when read, I see my own mind, staring back at me with the kind of laugh that knows its me reading, and the language melts into the fire of my own feeling, my own interpretation of meaning, for the words themselves have gone, and what remains is humanity, purified by a connection between two individuals, self-aware enough to know that, before humans, we were us, as we are, and the poetry is proof, as the face of the land, as the physique of fire, an emanation of natural will, the personification of universal memory, a sacred prophecy, not profaned by ethnic language, yet heard in the callings of descent from the first born memory of creation, to the soundless instant of whole destruction, and in between the material of conscious inflection in the word of space, is the visceral cue of listening, an inward sensibility to the bridge of meaning crafted by the seer in concert with truth, said uniquely as with an unsayable bend to forego the innumerable diversions of speech, and speak as with universal personality, the tonal sphere of felt unity, the heart that vibrates across time and space with the relative exaction of ingenious discovery, the bold physical life of experience, an immanence so quick and startling as to raise the voice and lower the tongue into a humble question, asking the inner ear to couple with the fair-minded and seductive minds who followed through unknown tempests, electric animation-brained icicles of life, and found themselves anew in the projection of a mind meeting its own silent mind, a heart meeting its own native heart

September 8, 2012 4.11am

Inspired by the musical collaboration of Mari Boine and Jan Garbarek

Immigrant Dreams

The dreaming mind swallows eyes
The dreaming mind

An uneasy mind, seeing things in the light of day
Closed off, ephemeral

Complex, inferior
Nerves spring like loose ends

The word endures with contextual paranoia
“Burnt, get out.”

Filter of brine, landlocked in foreign hate
The improvisational bride swept under the rug

The West pries with daring hands
Performing, freedom for free

Belief is a sting
The unreasonable glare blinks with drear

Bored civility, married to the host society
A meek immigrant fare

The Sum of Human Love

For my wife

One plus one does not equal

Two

All our relations are not numbers

IDs

Beats

Scales

Scores

Circles

Angles

Metrics

All our relations do not come full circle

We spiral in

We spiral out

From no thing

To not

In a love relationship, even

Childless

Every sum is greater

Than our parts

I am Play

Music is...
The folly of play

Love is...
The play of folly

Poetry is...
The folly of folly

I am...
The play of Play

Neo-Archaism

Impress the ascetic poetries of Earth.
No more wine-breathed poetries of art!

The land is a gesture from the crouching window, eager to see
Of prevailing mystery, continuous beyond the edge of reason

Behind the mirror of ego and its disillusionments
Of post-modern self-per-deception

Crave sight through the waking turn, an orbital rhythm,
Grounded on the vacuum of incomprehensible space

There is a rock, etched with your name, speaking through your voice,
Imbuing the power of writing

Alchemical foible of youth, unenlightened sage of coffee house normalcy,
And the sexes rage

Word hound gorge, stomach the Chinook winds of invaluable camaraderie,
The earth-bred knowledge prepares the Fibonacci ring

Amid staircased stories,
Garlanded with the cylindrical phalli of castrated Man

Weeping at the end of history, paperless,
Befriending only the metal savagery of foreign hands

Fashioning place in the uncivil re-public,
Fading as the lost memory of a computer crash

And the distant horizon keels over with unconscious night

Post-1948 Jew

For the post-1948 Jew,
Enjoying...

Hommos
is a mortal sin.

In light of Maya Mikdashi's article, "What is Settler Colonialism?"

R.I.P. (Rest in Pages)

In death

I rest on pages

Unwritten, blank, empty

Where my pen could not follow

Post-Literate Illiteracy #1

See Spontaneity:

Fjaiefna;aeijfnankejfieia
Kdueuyhannv,f,fa

Eiajeifnanvkehqielpokfke
Nvhaijefak,cmghyraie

Space Craft:

Fief nana; kin fife Ja Ja Ja eie
nude, via fan, fuK hy

fan pole ike van hike fEq Jie
gray have me, chiN ajj kif

Meaningless Means:

On grandmother's fief, we know our kin by the fife, a divine sound, through I
Stripped by an enchanted passerby, I awkwardly made love, our first meeting

With the enchanted, a Jewess, dancer, I hitched a ride, climaxing in spiritual union
In my elder years, bearded, I fled to Mecca, chin-deep in hash

Celluloid Tobacco

I have an urge to burn

A way

Decrepit, in solace

I shed my veins

The cold aftermath of bombing

The wind whipped glass

Stereos short-circuiting

Lightning mind

Visionary

Shells in disarray

My inklings drop

A page singed

Fabrics distended

Murky avenue

Blocked passage

Twos Day

The billowing eye

Hot night

A workman's smile

The fornicating laugh

Trouble on the rise

Emergency coast

The invincible cries

Seek home

On the ocean floor

Countless, faint

The bursting façade

A numinous wave

Current of _____

Plane of waste

Celluloid Tobacco II

Landless, fine
Vibrating speech
The sickness crawls
Visiting, transient
Sojourn, dream
The weeping tree

Stilled sky

Still

Mists mind

Inching

Close

Closer

Can You Ear Me, Fear?

Race to the random

Tireless goal

 No goal

Reason is forbidden

Spherical flatness

Everything known

 Mystify

 Mind the eyeless signal

 Point home

 No one knows

A vision

 A lone vision

 The visible home

The amorous roams

Dreaming, flying

Becoming wry

To fate

 The business of rain

 An urge of sight

 The arisen prism

 of swallowed insides

Rosy cry

The charming cheeks of love

Weep for me

I don't need your bed

 I have a homeless woman

 in my head

 She wakes with the dawn

 She cooks a mean dhal

 I think she's sheer awe

I listen to her, Fear

I see her, Fear

I sleep beside her, Fear

Can You Ear Me, Fear? II

 She is my every waking
 knowing being going home
ear stopped, eye closed,
back down flat foam
laugh bone sat night
skyward day full ray
circling high memories
going by going by by

Imagining Space

Largess, Queen of the North
Mystic Lover of Youth,
The brandished eye,
A blade, incisive to the mark

The wasted heat, witchery
Relinquished mores reeling
Disinhibited, bemushroomed inebriations
The entheogenetic gorge, ingestion

Willful embrace Motherless Heart of Fate
A bloody coin glints in the roasted mind
Digesting weakly, the poor feed on hate
A ruinous hold on the Grains of Time

Workmen's craving, to brave the Hole
A star-cast vision of torn, civil pain
Feckless remorse, the wilds seethe with betterment
Reason with angst towards the windless goal

The bitter Taste, an emissive flame
Wading along the salt-breathed shores
A rinsed body, shamed of soil
Drowning in the shallow kiss of a wave

Animal emergence, swaying to the coast of freedom
Boundless identity, the fearless spawn of seeing
Reuniting with Earth, the ground fades
Supernal is the wake of our destroyed Home

Nameless Forgotten, reminiscent nostalgia
Convulse with the quickened step of ascension
Direction, known, heard
Vocal witnessing, imagining

space

Typographic Reality

Enter
Return

Shift
Option

Command
Command

Option
Control

Shift
Escape

Still-Minded Point

The mind has a still point
I'll meet you there
Now!

March of the Thaw

Raging subterranean
Aquatic storm
The lush fire
Bounteous aftermath

Glacial rising
Mountainous frozen winds
Wisdom trust
Friendship stones

Wounded mammal
Slaking atmospheric thirst
The dry howl
End of day

Placid face
Torrential depths
The wading strength
To stand still

Receive the deserved body
A glimmer
Living soul
Waters gleaning

Starry eve's reflection
Pain released
Morning hot viscera
Instantaneous internal massage

Silent realization
The cross fades from memory
Bare wilderness
Thirsting body wake!

100 Years of Interethnic Sexism

Fetishism, role-playing
Festal rite of summer
Tits, ass, pussy, cock
Alcoholic joy

Remember Hispanic maids of the American desert
Remember Indian princesses of the Canadian plains
Sudden foreign imposition
Disorienting local whereabouts

For lack of economic stimulation
Sexual mockery ensues
Morning on hottest day
I remember true desire

Needing actuality
I crave the press of her forehead to mine
Devoting submission
I feed from her embracing arms

Knowing eternity
I breathe with her heart-beating chest
Instilling tranquility
I say her name from head to toe

There is no other
She is, and All is
For she is Love
Her body is the Mind of Earth

Calgary celebrates the 100th Anniversary of the “Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth”

High-Pitched Black Oasis

Ask me, what have I learned?

Concluding my worldly neo-bourgeois Americana
& post-colonial Judeo-Eastern studies
with Indigenous voices from Aboriginal people
about Indian country and Native traditions
in Canada and the World

I learned:

Our voice is the most high art
To develop
We have work to do
Inside
The word is a trajectory
Through which ourselves may be made whole

A boulder, careening off the edge of a cliff
To return to the source of the mountain
An ocean cave, an endless subterranean abyss

Our voice assumes the entire universe in its myriad forms
Penetrating to another, floating on shapeless sands
mysterious emptiness
Life, Heart, Blood, Generation
Multi-Generational, Inter-Generational
Voices, Skyward Imbue
The ancestors call for us
Listen to them speak through you.

Process over Product

Life, Dream
Verbal Art

Left intention
Long ago

Pretense is the folly of Hope
Stripped of Belief

Tongues unanswered
By no one

Living Poesy

Poetry is that which cannot be caught
In words

Poetry is not in the writing
It is in the written

Am I a poet?
What color is the sea?

Are my words poetry?
When does the sky end?

Is my writing a poem?
Who am I?

Who knows
Does not poeticize
What is

To be poetic is a dream
A passageway
Through living things
From within
To no thing

Our Secret

Poetry is a secret
Every one

A writer?

I am the writer.

Right? Hear?

Write here!

Or?

A writer.

Keeps.

Night Life

A walk home, solitary man
Across from the elderly shelter
Shadowy doorstep, Monday night
A single foot, elevated, protruding
Pink sock

Through busker central daylight
turned dusk lit 10 p.m.
Homeless, arguing, cycling
drunk abstinence of normalcy
Man reads a paper, backpacked,
sitting on lamp-lit bench
The paper shakes

Aboriginal man on a street corner
Female, "You have to be 16 to work"
Here for court, out-of-town
Criminal

Anxiety and patience co-exist indistinguishably
Visible unconcern from the blonde partner,
the gay bartender and I. The bar is going out of business
this week. The Ukrainian date, proud, nationalistic,
drunk on rose champagne. Spouting concern for sex work,
thousands of miles distant. I can't stop laughing, drunk

All the while, bikes pass, walkers on headphones
stare on into the moonless eve Romantic
young passersby hold hands
Nostalgia is a hound from the twin-headed bulls of Hades
Anti-classical demons, unseen, comingle at the sunless instant
First days of summer in the bleeding heart of the Canadian West

Nude Creator

To write is to draw

Nude, the creator is

(Exposed)

Unfeeling, vibratory modus

Operandi cold, hands over

(Sweat)

Over, foot printing snow

Low motion, daughter's moan

(Zero)

The arisen kite

Swollen sky

(Masked)

Nonchalant, sex

Fleshed out earthly rest

(Blessing)

The patient smoke, gold

The faint pallor

(Mounted)

A shifting home, alight

Birth, all ways

(Readied)

A slight noise

Joyous city

(Unheard)

Sound mind

A live breath

(Free)

Death

(Seen)

Experimental Sleep

Raze the Dream-State!
May Day is Now, Everywhere
It Is Always Today!
Spring is Here, Even The Globe
Revolutionary Against The Sun!
No More External Alarm!
Phase Out Dismal Roman Time!
We Are Our Fate!

Experimental Sleep II

Infiltrate imagination, webs of unconscious wording, untangled tunes, coddled misnomer, who's news? The effortless praise of day, nonchalant, unmoved, when is the mangled soporific craze due to wake?

My blooming fascination with rapid mind eye movie glued to fatigue need, who's free? Questing for a snooze in the midday, late, swooning unbroken fast, weary lines on faces blending with virtual smooch, visual brains fornicate, amassed public winnowing frees the exalted force of Truth, an unsaid poverty, crude strength nude, fog thickens drear, the tearing windowed smile eyes the troubled child through a glass of tea, herbal worlds incite girls to undress stressed flesh minding flies in the submissive undertow of blind crimes, wizening upsides climbing alive alive alive high say high my my my Fly RIGHT!

Flyers rising, eyed nosed poked and fled to greater skies, those beatific child's eyes combed the antique horizon for a bone real speck of information in the misrepresented beat grail of voiced American vice, whose personified writ went bold under catastrophic ears prized with sheepish gold in the post-Vietnam cold still thrown up atop the Iron flesh of the sold lowered moral modus operandi untold by secretive whispering sputnik grease flowing down the sprinkled cheeks of American malaise retching in the unborn dirt like some failed prophecy, their TRUTH boomed louder than any responder traveling to meet the absent grace of their honest un-followed momentous now found on the page and no where else on faces blown with alcoholic insight and frayed angelic gramophone delight beating on the ledge of the empty mind without scurrilous frankincense myrrh though wise of irreligious spiritual might!

A throat-called god directly seen in the Mosaic joke of human faculty, to be aware only as far as the philosophy pouts in grievous armchair respite, no!

To be alone with creational mold as the unfolding untold steep in its golden roaming flash fame laugh of everything, animates crave, brash and scintillating in the smoky rolls sweetening by fires of ashen Brahma breathing swelled earthen lungs holy bold steps written aloud in Sandya Bhasha laughs laughing mockery in joke-universe hole of waning idiocy in mundane birthmark paradise of street-born ruffians asleep, dreaming in pain

nothing more to raise?

Rhythm is Tradition

Drumming is in our blood
Drumming wakes the dead

The drum holds the beat of ancestors
The drum maintains tradition

If Music is the air
Rhythm is a migration route

Fly!
The beat is steady.

Over cold rice and cerulean ash

Over cold rice
Dim triumph of sin
Bold as the sheer glide
Into the high freedom of sky

A blimp of mind, glint of sonic play
Floating mosaic winter of silent spring
Time grows old under post-midnight starlight
The human journey beyond hunger is a reckless goal

Billions of hearts, years away
Hint at death's opening
Meet the broken urn
Over cerulean ash

Winded Sky Solo

Gaseous, crowded fuming boom booze boost.

Host aglow storm ghost WOAH!

Shared insight, roused tumultuous Full?

Moan none around, tell the sound, ground.

The Pressure of Money

Everybody reacts differently to the pressure of money.

It is a looming god, a serpent overhead.

Can you feel those pockets writhing?

Fingers sweat at the thought.

A gift, donation, appreciation...ask.

Don't ask.

Envision your flaccid poverty,

stolen through crooked phones

and bleary wires. Clones, ashamed.

Wizened by ruth.

Eager to daze.

The dream fixates.

The moaning yearns.

We are alone.

Blur.

A currency, shameless.

Where are things?

Through what haze, led?

Emblazoned on incinerated stone.

Pilfered for drops of blood.

Ancestral night.

Am I alive here?

Money decides.

Urban swing, dizzying.

Songs sung long, along, wrong all along.

Blistering, thawed, tame.

Excuse for the strain of day, calling.

A voice, blue and nude.

Studied, do not wait.

Time plays a same.

Monetary Monet, gray wry plain.

Sex Work Piracy

He was a pleasure pirate
Welcomed any genital virus
Deep dove into her industry
with the turn of a cog

Bitter notions
Insinuations and innuendos
Rising next to wife, 5 a.m.
She wakes in a half hour

A wealth of sex work
Bristling in a morgue for the horny
Those dead with bones and wet openings
Dripping, fiery

Somewhere between gore and more
She let out a gasp
"There! an exasperated asp
Don't ask."

Filled with 4
"What...?"
3 Blinkers, and a Horn

Sent across the oceanic divide,
two gaping lips on either side
Marauding, pillaging
"HE was taken!"
Swallowed & drowned in her core

El Conocimiento Que Sigue

The Knowledge that Follows

Despues la noche maquina
Despues la lluvia artificial

After the machine night
After the artificial rain

Desde mis pies
Hasta mi pecho

From my feet
To my chest

Todo el venom de la calle
Se espera, pacientemente

All of the venom of the street
Will be expected, patiently

Para la claridad
De tus ojos

Because of the clarity
From your eyes

nonlinear from b to h

b.

start with a letter. be spontaneity. being spontaneously. beings

sing dreaming. swift and sway needful in the lover's noose. craving eggshell glory.

excuse. ruse. muse Moose!

burn elegance for cents of worth. remain unnumbered, unhurt...

flee eagerly, Escapee!

Top-heavy with capitalization the T drummed up dizzy work, bowels scoured, intoxicated, loose

musical life. experiment with meaning. rhythm is a medium's wave of transcendent flight. Enjoin literary punch with incendiary stroke, strung gourd ringing...

Follow WEST 2 EAST 4 SOUTH 2 NORTH, bordering

sleep – elephant – ant

h.

Through Palestine

I am
a me.
an am

aIm
at me

seen in a dream

Poetic Slogan

it is because it is
said
heard
written
and read

Cuando no hay mapa

When there is no map

Cuando las fronteras de nuestras mentes son atrevasadas
Y nadie sabe la distancia de lineas artificiales

When the borders of our minds are crossed
And no one knows the distance of artificial lines

Cuando el mapa que divide lo tuyo de lo mio
Es unicamente en el lenguaje autóctono
Y yo se que es de mio mediante el lenguaje corporal
Que mirandome como un alma clara

When the map that divides what is yours and what is mine
Is only in the language of its first inhabitants
And I know what is mine through body language
Seeing me as a clear soul

Me voy a viajar a tu tierra querida para siempre
Porque mi corazon esta en la tierra con mis abuelos
Ellos dicen, "hay solamente una voz humana debajo de tus pies!"

I will travel to your land always
Because my heart is in that earth with my grandfathers
They say, "There is only one human voice below your feet!"

¿Que no tengo?

What don't I have?

Porque no tengo tus almas?

Why don't I have your souls?

La razon, no quiero.

The reason, I don't want them.

Porque yo soy Ingles
Tal vez tengo la admiración de tus niños
Pero en eternidad somos enemigos

Because I am English
Perhaps I have the admiration of your children
But we are always enemies

La amistad que queremos desde nosotros, no es en la Tierra

The friendship that we want from us, is not on Earth

Alma por alma
Nos vemos a un otro lugar

Soul by soul
We go to another place

¿Que no tengo? II

Hasta que nos encontremos frente a frente
Siendo la ultima cosa haciendose bajo la luz del sol
Como un paloma de fuego
Que nunca puede resistir el abrazo
Entre los brazos de la muerte

What don't I have? II

Until we know each other face to face
Feeling the final substance made in the light of the sun
As a dove of fire
That can never resist the embrace
Between the arms of death

When the Muse is Sex

Fuck?

Fuck

Fuck!

Fuck.

Much Ado About Everything

Ado

Belief Among the Crowd

Staring

Eyes Too Loud

inspired by "Sonic Semaphore" on Ontopoetics.org

Imagine!

To do as never before told, what is unsaid and undone
To forge beyond the casts of supposition in a life of mediocrity
To live as a model of life?

Breathe through your snakeskin death,
Imbued with dystopia and dissonance,
Yours is a life of mysterious renewal and endless folly,

Bringer of meaning,
Shake off your golden hide,
You are without pride in the stalks of a humble awakening,

Home is a wealth of suffering,
Disillusioned, do not evade the encroaching night,
The midnight sun appears!

Domestic Pantheon

Saraswati, for Music

Shakyamuni, for Overcoming Fear

Adonai, for Honoring Ancestors

Dionysus, for Abundance

Napi, for the First People

Kuan Yin, for Compassion

Green Tara, to Endure Night

Thoth, for Creation

Isis and Osiris, for Our First Love

Tao, for Harmony

Kali, for Reckless Abandon

Bastet, to Guard Death

Horus, to Behold the Mirror of Time

Surya, for Liberation

Al-'Uzza, for Renewal

Muses, to Ascend

Seraphim, for Subtle Support

Boddhisatvas, to Remain Present

Choy Sun, for Communal Prosperity

Baptism of Sleep

Night, I meditate
Eyes open, close, the mind drifts
Waterfall!

The Gentle Atheist

He asks us,

"Walk, with Love as a constant offering,
Giving, not taking"

I respond,

"If we all reach the same source and end,
And how we get there is peculiar to each,
I choose not to Love, to discontinue my walk.
I am taking back what is mine.
I am still,
To receive You."

