



*district.Columbia*



Menahem Ali

translated by Matt Alexander H.

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

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

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

Verse

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

Prose

The American Hallucination  
Arson in the Scriptorium

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“For when the power of imparting joy  
Is equal to the will, the human soul  
Requires no other heaven.”

Percy Bysshe Shelley; from “Queen Mab” Part III



## On the Image

I tell a story by visualizing the original manuscripts of *district.Columbia*. The emphasis on stream-of-consciousness, spontaneous improvisation as my primary approach to writing is illustrated here with the use of blotter action paint. This style of action paint, where the brush never touches the paper, emphasizes the perspective of the painter, as simultaneously perceiver and conceiver, in relation to the subject.

The destruction of the Twin Towers, was pivotal to my American youth. I perceived it indirectly, outside of any direct mode of physical experience. The media through which I saw the disaster, is given precedence over the content of the subject matter, hence the liberal use of spontaneous action blotter paint using ink. The ink refers to the blood and tears of the victims who were affected by the destruction. This includes the peoples of Iraq, whose societies were devastated by a flood of violence and misinformation.

The blurred writing overlain with blotter ink enunciates the misdirection of media and information. The deep blue tone is a purposely unnatural shade for the sky, representing an artificial environment under a full solar eclipse, further symbolizing the concealment of knowledge. The dark red underneath the towers stands for the blood of victims seeping underground, out of sight, where their suffering continues to pour.

The center space is left empty to signify the great abyss or gap which continues at the center of our existence in the West, and indeed all the world, as a result of the catastrophe which ensued in the wake of this infamous event.

I initially conceived the second element of the piece, the right panel, as an adaptation of the Freedom Tower. The ink, once representing the fresh sweat and blood, splattered onto the finely penciled writing, has seeped through the paper. This signifies the fact that even if there is a new tower in the place of the old, the events which have come to pass in the wake of the Twin Towers devastation will appear in the construction of the new tower.

Above, the great mystery, a UFO, blinks in a polluted sky, foretelling the haze of conspiracy which will perpetuate the misinformed misdirection of military technology into the easily-distracted, dramatic mind of the American public.

The unpainted manuscript pages beside the single tower represents the clarity of judgment foretold and seen by its construction; that it is supported, in many ways, by the blood of those who have passed while America's lies and violence unfolds after a decades of state aggression, and invasions into both personal and public life at home and abroad.



## On the Text

Inspired by the precolonial and pre-Revolutionary War metaphor for America, “Columbia,” a Goddess of Freedom, as an archetypal myth, once personifying poetry and optimism through feminine form. With these writings, I personify the process of mythologizing, or myth-making, as a dedication to compassionate protest as voiced in historic confrontation with both the self and the nation, as between the individual and the collective. In 1775, Phillis Wheatley immortalized the use of Columbia as America, also becoming the first African-American poet, and first African-American woman to publish a book, with her poem, “His Excellency, General Washington”,

I wrote *district.Columbia* primarily based on a visit to Washington D.C. after living abroad continuously from ages twenty to twenty-four, mainly in Egypt and Canada, but also with stints in Mexico, Peru, Germany and Denmark. *district.Columbia*, as a collection, is a vocal reclamation. These chronicles present a visitor returning to his home country, where visitation is defined by traversing an international land border.

I represent my struggle to reclaim and recognize my unique voice. Over the blank surface of white pages, I confront the realization that I am, in certain respects, an inheritor of the American way of life. The inheritance, in my experience, is fraught with the psychological complexities of self-imposed exile. In this reclamation, I throw off vestigial principles. I attempt to revision a new way of being through the living temperaments of the written word, and specifically, my own practice of conscious spontaneity in writing. Such a reflexive editorial approach demands confronting self-awareness by a natural process, in which self-expression revolutionizes identity as a self-perpetuating source of renewal and life.

Spontaneous word creation, or improvisational writing, is natural to the human mind. There is a power within that endless fount, that when tapped as a spiritual practice, unleashes one’s surroundings with ever-renewing energy. Such a practice motivates one personally, to interact with one’s immediate environment in dynamic ways. The reason for this effect is because in this practice, which actualizes into a way of being, the present moment becomes central. When the present is cherished with just significance, the mundane begins to breathe with vitality. The practice of improvised writing, in this sense, prompts a processional transformation to evolve sterile notions of self and environment.

*district.Columbia* begins by defining autonomous interactions between self and environment (as to parallel notions of the “New World” for precolonial Europeans and pre-Revolutionary War Americans) and ends with a declarative pronouncement; to create an openness toward uninhibited spontaneity in personal creativity, diversifying awareness in social activity and in our public spaces (as to parallel the current fomentation of creative social activity that blurs the lines that might divide art as public or personal).

1 - Realizing *our* OBJECTION

2 - Understanding *our* MEANING

3 - Confronting *our* PASSED

4 - Preparing *our* ACTION

Interludes on Freedom

5 - De-constructing *our* UP-PRESSING

6 - Creating *our* TRUTHS

7 - Changing *our* PERSPECTIVE

8 - Re-writing *our* STORY

Realizing *our* OBJECTION

## Fortune's Glutton

a glutton, gasping for air, in the cool darkness, brushing thin-clothed loins  
post-midnight whereabouts, memorandum mirage, charged dynamism  
at last restless, answer:

reach to touch Love's palpable drift  
in the body of one Northeastern life  
consciousness slipping, softly  
into the unending scream of ignorance  
as waves of ghosts pierce the cracked,  
loose air, our lonely exit comes to  
fruition with busted orgasmic lights  
deep, waking fortune shuddering,  
in awe, awaiting the patient lover  
his incendiary pair of eyes, dreaming  
soundlessly, into the never-ending  
swarm of heart, torching lust  
bleak smiles of the Sabbath  
over bottled blackberry wine  
drizzled onto an avocado page

sending un-coddled thought, onto the turn-style table  
a comedic backdrop, sensitized under 95 year old skin  
where true feeling resonates, in the earthy hair of guitar  
piano strings, cut, burning in the night's long internal ache  
the ebullient seed fires, grass-thundered vocalizations  
giving melodies to ancestral brotherhoods  
& sisterhoods calling, throughout the music  
of surprising beauty, New America, Go Forth!  
a picturesque blare, growth attack spotlight  
owning the North coast, in a ruckus of jeering talk  
bloated satellite gazes bleed fixedly  
into a wide outpouring shore, still towering  
over an African haze, thawing the greedy, names  
tearing at the throat, the machete claw  
breaks apart the vocal chord forests dreamt  
in saw-cleared eyes, during the infamous winter  
English settlement, from the prized mouth & stomach  
of burnt corn and lacrosse, pages ruffling  
in the French-Canadian afternoon, remembering  
with sterling grace & an ease unbeknownst in the blank  
wilderness of Western memory

## Fortune's Glutton II

the oral grave of intergenerational strife  
digging itself extra corpses to save face  
in the final rain of time, commanding the blind  
ruthless execution of the utmost & most fine  
coercing the black hawk's shielded plate  
sealed over the top of an asterisk helmet  
at noon-time email remorse, to send hate  
negligent, into the morning & exploit war  
while cursing the émigré poor, climbing  
the ladder, to your third-story bedroom  
with a sharp quaking, mind's eye peering  
into the holy unknown, emotional clarity  
offering free will plainly & the un-survived  
humandom of childless futures, go forth!

## I, Internalize My Body

my stomach,  
stained with blood and coffee  
& I drink with a consumptive gaze  
greedily at the tip of the root  
hanging from Earth's core

the Indian tree  
swelling as it sways  
to the rhythmic tuning  
an un-cordial universal spring

& so the strung chords of the world's birthing are plucked  
duly, with grand motion over starboard ocean rains

tunneling into a thunderous vision  
the pierced hawk  
eyeing ground from atop the archaic skies  
timeless dream & the soundless above slips  
beyond the social canopy

& Confucius prays for love  
in the Taoist grave of Saturn's eyeless pupil  
memorizing the pages of our life's trunk  
becoming engraved  
with one stoned ape's tug

at the hairless chord  
our once upraised wilderness  
now chained  
to European drug lust

## Assimilating East

a maimed fork-tongued spine, billowing in majestic heat  
as a feather, in the dim predawn, choking moonlit cries,  
the rasping imperfection, in ecstatic beauty, momentous  
experience, beyond human conflict, in the word & sound

throat-muted music, the play of life, final and resounding  
in a tumult of white haze, around the English nape, croaking  
in the sharp-whispered present, fuming dry-eyed, numberless  
fingerings, before a trickster's tree, pained to an ink smear

fire, on the blistering urban horizon, sleepless, gone into age  
reason, the ethos of undreamt madness, teeming over drunk  
soups creeping, into the mattress womb, love's unthinking,  
island, catastrophe in pursuit of Man, thankless awe in prison

by the fornicating asp, embraced & sure, calmed by dragons  
unbelieving, orient energy, to toxic gladness, in opiate museums  
struggling to raise the animal-child, removed from her round face  
channeling the circle's parallel, as doom puzzles & quickens

simultaneously fated, in an overwhelming urge to kill, boast  
the murderous gamble, vacating over failed modernity,  
a nightmarish vision of the weak American brain, coddling  
electric misdirection, worried & unplanned savagery, answering

all: war story lies, profound questions, on the meaning of life  
with vindictive cynicism & a laughable crusade, assimilationist  
values white-washed, dread, tuning all the fork-tongued hearts  
glue-stained, copicat branded smiles, ear-pinching mamas,

craving for a dose of humanity, in engines of more bloodshed  
around the knife-edge corner, boiling pot of human homes  
family wisdom, rights & moves over the cinematic backdrop  
misinformed god-awful dramas, plugged into cliché rides, raw

## Listen to Your Self

listen to your self...until the round waterfall empties Earth, cleansing the porous beyond,  
in a fire fight, clambering up broken stone, rushing past notes, blue & white, forming  
spontaneous lines, end brush strokes, in black obsidian plush, creasing against the fold,  
mountainous, with a calligrapher's mind

written from inside the Rocky glove of unsettled youth, wild creative, those two pair,  
growing, as a weed in unseeded soil, tossed into the vibrant dark, matter of infinite bliss,  
the great American eagle, flowing into the future, Vietnamese bathroom floors, swept of  
children and memory, to change the Hebraic tide

New England martyrs, glorious phrasings, chiding spiritual play, in the Algonquin high,  
green environment, hidden with chilling valor, in the mindless now, awake, blessing  
gaping lungs, the Indian tree, sacred breath, on the poetic tongue, a changeless need,  
creating universal love, the bedding of an epochal foment

in song, inflaming the passage beyond body, an unnamed right to live as is in the grass  
sands of crab-scuttled itching, our newly aged feet, to see past random necessity, light on,  
bloodied ethnicity, touching ancestral pride, the road is now faded, overwhelming sense,  
as Love for all creation, buried in a mass grave

a secret lunacy, hidden, behind the bed-mask of traditional sexuality, untying the knot,  
stifling truth & freedom, in frantic pauses, to strengthen terror's wave, crashing onward,  
over lonesome tasteless authority, as glamour reflects off stretched mirrors,  
disadvantaged, ugly, poor & our fate, united

to the first expression, to cast away all memory & become plain, seen in the absolute,  
center, mind's eye, Pacific, drenched in wandering, an unworldly guise, blending waste,  
machine-eaten jungles, fried in the oil of littered rubbish, alongside a fixed marriage,  
highway to an undreamt following, a place deeper than hell

a frozen imagination, where the burned order of asinine judgement breeds, flowering,  
bitter hate for the lost stare remembering, speechless knot, held in minds full with blame  
& newly felt sorrow, for ancestors' mourning, tied in fate with breathless teachings,  
asking, what's to become of their kin?



Understanding *our* MEANING

## Sculpting our Music

to empathize with space, emptied, learning, devoid of causality  
to exist in nonsense happily, with or without the means to find  
the light, to continue, realize that meaning prevails, to emancipate  
need into desire, and transform desire into being, to see you  
in the flap of a wave, thickening, in a sky filled with stars aglow  
on the insect's wing, eaten, then! raw as toothless humanity

forming on the tip and base of the tongue, each word-stopped  
breath of compassion, stating:

"subsist without things, yet do not  
merge with sheer being, there is no escape from right, take time  
to see, play aloud to the soft distance, with each touch on the book  
eternal, rest coolly, on the back of every pulse, move through  
the fingertip press over reality, simply unlearn doing by giving  
in, there is already peace, know your surroundings, 'truth does not  
move', yet there is mystery in sound's effortless becoming, pull  
time into the heart around & within the hand, breath plays in tune  
to the sun's round, birth, thoughtless entry, law orbits the canal

return to archaic wisdom by ancient instruments & the rare music  
inward listening, share all in the act of creative wondering, explore  
the mind without friction, beat our one heart, drained now by loves  
unknown pleasures, make an offering, to the inescapable friend  
appearing as death, at the beginning of night, frozen in time  
moment's celebration of temporal freedoms, grinning out of sight

## None Superior than No One

obscenities of racism, full, with brutish lies  
whispering carefully, a song of superiority,  
stigmatized & the random tear, breaks  
at the seam of the color line in brackets,  
the argumentative congress, sparked  
ruthless struggle, to follow the skin

figment of national imagination  
out of the soup of paper, brought forth  
signed & dashed to the brink of monotony  
the white drama, played, temptress  
on the silver screen's beginnings  
luck sworn lady, proudly craving,  
angelic, rushing in nonstop traffic

all-evasive superficiality, raining down  
mellow, unborn savagery over the traumatized  
hearth broken, fire bursts, reckless  
in the shaking grave, early, centuries  
settling became a full moon practice, dim  
ugly war signs embraced on African shores

& in the deepest south, colonial homes, filling  
beds with elevated mores, seething at the brim  
an enraged foment, between men & women, racial  
pangs of color & word touching on the endless cry,  
festering, a boil of the unpronounced  
comparative identity, modern division,  
a social history, mismatched at the raped womb,  
turned aside & hidden, its darkest pull into all  
blackness at the tip & infinite

corner of universal brilliance, a feature  
personality, a momentary god breathing in  
the light of proverbial wisdom, dream talk  
ancient suffering, an eloquent sleep, reading  
into the deep listening, wild earth & her still  
shore reflecting the inmost forbearance of her  
oration as a secret in conflict with reflections  
perfectly mirroring, nature's great gaze of mind

## None Superior than No One II

as equals in time & space with all creation  
in a flash of spontaneous appearance, nudge  
a taught glow, forsaken as murder into night  
fated, a cold lonely break, between choice  
indecision & patient intuition, the one voice  
common, our human home, purposeful presence

pregnant with the meaning of art, in our head  
& eye, self-formed, born as a creative laboring  
in the strong bush, a peculiar kind of will,  
worshipping diversity, 10,000 tongued iris  
performing for the blessed, worldly guests,  
as a vaginal cavity pulsing, a white noise  
flecked with the opaque snow, newfound

conceptual electricity, melting at once  
in the off switch unction, towards, motionless  
upbringing, growing up as a solitary man  
profundity, alone with nature, our humane  
passage through society, desire & the curse  
restrictive fear for the child & her, baptized

drugged Love, seated Life

drugged love, timed passion  
found remorse, quick  
resourcefulness, in arms  
distributed poverty, dirt  
sickening, net worth  
our enslaved ruddy mirth  
masked deportation, swallowed  
fruition, blossomed nun  
Buddhist sisters, folk betrayal  
shamanic chime, civilized din  
graceful inclinations, oldest  
persona, land-emergent  
land-intoxicated, avian lords  
roam tearfully, landless bush  
streaming above the Pacific  
current, fanning atop islands  
seed, exotic breach, blind  
exploring, from nothing  
to essence, learned discovery  
from a seated life

To There... a single step

to the core

middle  
center  
point  
crux  
meat  
bone  
heart

of the matter

to spend aimless time, gazing at monetary colors, in the upturned sky, blank, serious face,  
to guide, expressed, in a selfless haze of red & green, light with intimacy, sun ray's touch,  
in the atmospheric jazz, cool, inside genetic exercise, toward introspection, communal,  
hallucination, at the stroke of luck, faceless ordeal, met, only by traveling, going beyond,  
the space of rhythmic stress, coursing through the married, rings, male-female becoming,

like an ageless fight, against the cruel daze, with monotony and clever denial,  
bequeathed, to the jealous children of war, boiling over the holy boom pot, America,  
recreated cookery, discolored flash, eyes suddenly open into the empty well-cast light,  
sensing bravura, internal awakening, without respite, judgment cleansed, humanity,

reborn, on the naked steps of Greek antiquity, coming to life in the nude breath, heating,  
the strong will to escape, to flee from Earth's modern gravity, quake the rules of science,  
an act of preposterous impertinence, reality as sand-fired glass, shore, sinking lunar tides,  
elegant as Eastern sorrow in music, written with voice, to bespeak the voiceless friend,  
spontaneity plays in a formless kiss

wakeful human wishes, at home, bleeding non-political growth, outside skin, rusty match,  
raised, presidential beginnings at the final tuning, a slow curve of national despair,  
answerless dread, washing over the religious, tired mouths sink into the sea, blameful,  
faithful, diversity, troubling, risen to a heart, failing to beat, hearing her single step

## Morning Dew

your eyes crack open  
with subtle wanting  
in the cold

drop

mourning

filling your smile  
with dawn's twilit dew  
in the rush & pour of warming lust  
to be near & speak loving endlessness  
into your responsive tongue  
that clings eagerly  
to the rolling birth of tragedy

in my arms  
pulsing with exotic love  
to cool the diligent reckoning

with the unforgiving pull  
a soft whirr from the sky's clear vacuum  
exhaling  
the rusty kisses of lips gone stale  
with a life  
lived too long

## Along My Own Shore

Buttressed against the sign, The medieval wave foams  
over the cup of a lovely breastfed nose, Exhaling nostalgia  
Jewish, mournful, local upbringings, In the rearview tragedy  
of common history, Gone from Celtic shores that reach  
into the heart of a small mayflower, Teaching youth &  
middle-aged men of their rights & losing fate in the unreasonable  
song, To play out our entrenched groove that ride into motion  
spherical, A dreamless awe maintaining the earthy power  
to cool enraged throats & impress a soft layer of peace  
on their back, The all-escaping flesh, Of our siblings who praise  
the sun, And its ever-flowing majesty, As we drink clean  
the greatest bled bowel, stirring all life, Into a negligent swarm  
dearth, Strengthened by the mother mage, Feeding her, feminine  
premonitions, As vulnerable as a dragonfly, Bubbles collect  
under glass-blown facades, Over childhood ignorance, Now  
translated into memory & anger, For the righteous who sweat  
uneasy in the rain of God's unwavering brow, Quenching  
the sweet lust of a tongue touching air, Breaking outlawed  
raspy, Stressing oral vernaculars with southerly pressure  
On the winded tune, Calling lonely flints to break stone  
over the fireless birth of electric streets, Cowering in the name  
& number of a modern fear, As troubling & apparent as the street  
ending in wilderness, The post-office calling of local children  
Strengthened, lowered into oceanic depths, At this point,  
along my own shore



## Borrowed from the Ancients

An unseemly drink, Borrowed from the ancients  
My uncouth vocation, A mundane host, pride-fed  
Now a calling, sure, In the wild dirt, Following  
the wave's break, Surfing an open, living mind  
Shedding tears, upside, Into the unbroken sky

Where fish jump, break clear surface of mind  
Life emerges, spontaneously untamed, Her  
prophetic nature foretold & she swans, glazing  
over, Before the picture board, Hot with fangs  
ice, A sudden peering into human evil, As a rock

featureless, Craving home in the swallowing dirt  
A ruthless desire, To unite with physical being  
In the cavernous play, Amid the muck & cry  
A lost piece of string, Fraying at the end  
Strung around the backbone of a House,

emptied by work & a second family, recalling  
memory, Grandparents gone into the naked beyond  
Whose swaying grieved, longingly, A sheepish rustle  
in the bed of an unmanly heart, Drunk off the undone  
wilderness, A bush of masculine hair, briefly stroked

Upon the ash tray mug of plain sex, And the flower  
attracted by gender, Flipping across duality's loftiness  
existence Under upraised addictions, Failing our intuitions  
deep With personified haste, To die the impatient death  
of youth, And brushing past the envisioned self, Struggling

to go together  
with soul  
To the summit  
of human  
glory

From Behaved Freedom to Absolute Nonsense

I go from a behaved freedom to absolute nonsense

Without friends yet steeped in family love

I publicly play & proclaim the monetary divide

My rich eyes disguise the poverty line's frozen glare

In Canadian expatriate stench, painstaking

To be fugitive without mind into the loosed volley

Cracking against the one shield fortress of Mattapoissett

"Place of rest" made settlement with guns & stolen disaster

Ripped from the bosom of Europe's scheming

English name

Now massacring the playful artistry of our own inborn life

On this impossible continent

Freely taken from a gamble & faith

For blond-headed angels

Whose divinity parted over bald-headed hallucinations,

Imprisoned, driving out demons

With Masonic symbology

Over the infinite sands of civilization

Breathed and created out of time

In the sun's ravishing corner of a universe

Un-tempted and forever at a loss

Between the child's two eyes

Closing

On death & the holocausts of forsaken government

Laughing at the trees' roots

When stretched to the bottom of India's or Africa's wells

Ousting up the belief in life as a drunken tragedy

Yet, be not humorless nor without comic sophistry

In dance and song

Come alive by sexual majesty

As theatre's delicate ways

To present the creative being

As one

With truth's bold and upheld music

Reflecting back

In the caged mirror

A creator anew

## With Still Unborn Eyes

A presence belied the soft air, aglow with drizzling  
From this, our American lighthouse heaven  
Alit with diligence  
In stories told by great-grandmother's  
Life lived outside the pages of the "true"  
Into truly earth-quaking dreams  
A silent praise now unforgiving in this one unkempt death  
Blowing past the burly crevasse of a listless youth  
Climbing up past gold icons, Biblical temptations  
To steal lovers from their darkest pain  
In a house filled with the come of endless wandering  
Men whose throats burn with the soil of their unloved mothers  
Croaking up agro-fossil drains  
Reaching from modern skylines to prehistory  
Issuing periodically from our Christ-death  
At the end of an age  
As inevitable as the reptilian fate in the everyday brain  
Expanding with feared herbs, growing  
Like weeds in our Western mythology, built in smoke  
And the knowledge of Earth's ever-forgiving blessings  
Bringing America's children to reason  
To explore mind, in the sociopathic lie of success and money  
As we corner the livid daze of the booming war  
Fertilized wombs, manifest as westward suburbia  
In the housed mystery of our yet undiscovered world  
Beneath each colonial home  
Shot out of the ugly worldview  
Misplaced over the moral genealogy  
In an ecological philosophy  
To dry the eyes of our spectral hosts  
Who watch and wonder  
With still unborn eyes

Preparing *our* ACTION

## Improvisational Brevity in the Public Eye

What shared outpouring wore down the iris & pupil  
The blind, cut of their paralyzed legs, street of ghosts  
Walking, hanging onto passersby' cars, envious  
Historical, thick desire, in the burning legs of ours  
Men & women, home, the taxes of war & other fires  
Terrorists exploding across the Fourth of July skies  
Crying for tears, to put out the flames with bare hands  
Workhorse bleeding over the grave of Communism  
A permanent red, to divulge in our shared suffering  
Between the Chinese and Islamic worlds, Now  
enmeshed in divided enmity, With their brothers

An incantation's break, toward a collective hymn  
Learned in distant rally keeps, Among the exotic  
foreign faces blurring, As the weak perceive minds  
undead, Clinging to a cold unknown, As yet unseen,  
possibility, To come near to the landless hole of all  
Through our improvisational brevity, The public  
eyes through an unlearning, In the exotic pull  
Firing the imagination with natural fuel of hands  
From a single tome of lawlessness, Sung breathless  
by heart, Behind sanctified veils of deserted humanity

At Earth's surfaced core, The central heat of language  
An untold mystic Sweats over the reeds, To make her words  
permanent, Impressed against the chest of Earth's skin  
Where beauty's seed first sprung, From the mouth  
unformed animal, Desiring to be part of the universal  
Wave of continuous expression, Toward unified presence  
With astonished deathly bliss

& awe

## Holy Rope

Holy rope glean  
Setting off the executioner's raffle  
A dream state tunes the mind  
To a pentatonic, indigenous scale  
The lonely antique buzz  
in our natural surroundings  
A decadent life, prepared

Amidst the misty hilltop  
Laughter  
Echoes of the contemplative  
breath on high

Interludes *via* FREEDOM

*(forMational poEtics)*

## A Dark Glory

There is dark glory in the aftermath of a life  
lived for the mundane, Powerless  
quickenings, to a family of ghosts  
Pursuant toward human failure  
    So astounding as to thicken the blood  
    with the seeds of an arboreal grave  
A morbid host flaunts my presence on this night  
    Fortune's boast ruins egos  
driven by trivialities  
white-milk mentalities

Breathing in hoarse visions  
    To announce:

“Wisdom is dead  
So why do you flee to eternal misery?”

“In your graceless fornication with speed,  
Why did you create to destroy  
then listen, only to silence?”

A great tormented void rings overhead  
the binding salt of my sleepless thoughts  
    Called forth into being  
by the bone-skinned drum  
life's flow  
A drawing  
    from the well  
A sacred heat  
    Below the eardrum's fall  
to a coarse truth;

“We all feel undone by shameful tragedy.”

A distinct forging into the present  
dizzying percepts of a lingering eye  
    Finding beyond the brush stroke  
predawn –  
The blinking heart of the drum  
impressing joy, the animal womb  
To dream anew



Downstairs: A Joke

Downstairs there is a joke  
    Emanating as a vile curse  
Into the cellar's lair  
A gourd filled with smoke  
    speaking in a voice  
Human, mindless mirth  
Inflamed, glass grown cold  
unheated concrete glue  
A fixture of the dead past

A golden consumer begs  
    with a throat full of tears  
In front of speakers  
    Throbbing with broken-hearted names  
    Burning up in worldly instrumentation  
Transcending the same-self curse  
    With a storied high of nameless voice  
Carrying through the skin of animals, Trees  
    & the fibers of mountains'  
        Sacred  
        Internal  
        Beat

Flipping on the atmospheric light  
In a shrouded daze  
    Of infinite flames  
        rising  
        To universal stature  
        Beyond the mold of unbroken life  
Turning the heart of man into cold dead stone  
ethereal triumph, A spiritual womb formed  
    At the fingertips of an artist-healer  
    Pursuing the groove of an epoch  
    Stolen from the mind of silent law  
In a motionless world  
    yearning from afar  
In the dark  
    Fearless  
    Night

Interludes *via* FREEDOM

(*prosaic in Terrogations*)

America! America!

America! America!

America! Why have you buried your deepest, darkest secrets in whispers unheard?  
Yours truth is disguised in white blur blinding as the green-footed greed of mad industry.

Why do you never step lightly off the strength of Europe's forests?  
Why do you reduce world mystery to cartography?

What is your First name?

And since when have you dreamed so shamelessly  
Why are you without thought of the right to peace?

Where is your life?

Are you not the decadent splendor of your shared riches?  
Why have you become poor with anger?  
Why have you offered only suicide to your stouthearted?

I have conceived a country out from the spotless lie of hidden wonder  
I cruelly disembark from the gross unlearning of my future's childless offspring.  
I cook for days over the melting pot.  
While my stove is cast aflame, I remain transfixed under the looming sky  
I am eclipsed under a bloody moon

I am Spring, foretold.

## Belly Up

A thinking man came to pass rule  
He blew his cover with savagery  
staggered in, mocking camaraderie

His failings show like diamonds  
over the lacerated hand of a slave  
Bonds, kinship has no name here

The human being is opaque,  
cold, impotent, unaroused, living  
Our modern lives run clean through

this cursed river, dirtied by our blood  
streaming from the porous core.  
These are wounded oceans.

We sink over the light of the world  
floating, amiably, to the surface  
Belly up

Feel Old, Death?

I can feel old death rising  
My pulse sears with an internal flare  
Spit cackle dries facial tissue

A green-throated elder's hollowing  
Readied by a sun-made gesture  
To recognize the North

Slovenly borders, enclosing  
A volatile station of enmity  
Of once-revolutionary slaves

& the Queen's vile whores  
Witnessing the continuance  
The apocalyptic crusade

On these modern shores  
"Break open the earthless ocean  
Unto the final turning of Europe's last page"

Romantic closure to novel convulsions  
A people well practiced in ethnic cleansing  
Rife with ethnocultural frights

A personification of madness  
In a room filled with the posthumous ghouls  
Plugging away at savage spoils like follicles

Bending to old age  
In a mindless instant  
Only to wonder

About the eternal forms  
The blessed imagination  
Obscuring shadows with neglect

To endure the ritual  
Local law prescribed  
On this high of night

## Gazing at Love's Face

A hotel muse glimmers  
off the unwritten pages  
at the tip of mind's pen  
gazing at my Love's face,

I see through, apparent  
reality, frameless art  
A sacred geometry of flesh  
A timeless elision, beyond

spent energy, consuming day;  
imagining with laughter, family  
painstaking curse of matrimony.  
I confront a diabolical trance.

infamous quicksand of Divorce  
this is her land. She rules.  
Matriarchy's divide, conquer  
seeds fertilized my hungering

artistry, to create connection,  
a primal state of need, growing  
beyond cultivated dependency,  
toward a meaningful joke, heard

within your smile, sinful poetry  
wandering eye, she remains, closing  
dry, modern outside. I contemplate  
the fate of words frothing at the lip

internal expression in a surge of self  
Love's gaze goes unseen as thoughts  
drooling onto the unanswered bed  
sheets, a drivel of gladness, mixing

with an urge  
to speak,  
visualizing humanity.  
I can't stop.

I Have Fallen

Breathe with deviltry's lore.  
A ruinous attraction,  
scapegoat of lifeless furor.

Rumors of famine, gross suffering  
and the pantomime of foreign judgment.

Where am I falling?  
Who do I call?  
I have fallen,  
I am getting small.

My name

Did the apple  
fall?

From a rootless  
tree?

A groundless  
source?

A calling to  
nothingness

transitional  
misdirection.

A voice  
devout, vagrant  
travesty.

This is  
my name.



## The Pleasant Man

The pleasant man across from us listens, mumbling softly and responds, a time passes in brief interspersed conversing, his thick Francophone accent "Montreal", jazz in my headphones, his mom lives an hour north from us unknown, Québécois, cultural Mecca.

My wife stuns in gorgeous Laotian black and gold, her fabric and complexion conjures ice storms and the frozen rain memories, images and impressions of the old country in the North. Moments' seasonal greeting, here in Virginia the *human weather anticipates, unprecedented climactic shift*.

We are aware, North Americans, ready? He closes, "I'll be home for Christmas."

De-constructing *our* UP-PRESSING

## Lugubrious Background Nearing an Electromagnetic Haze

A paradigmatic focus

Careening into the absolute beyond

Across a Zuni passageway, to the pueblo god

A local currency in stonework and mud-laden factories of 4 and 7

Meandering into the nervous plug of human fire

Uncreated instantaneously

In the muddled birdcage wandering off a steaming factory

Unplanned over the aspiring edge of small town fame

Glowering in the lugubrious background of a juvenile

Staved off in matter's roving blockhead gourd body

Plunging its eyes into acid water full with psychedelic vibrations

Nearing an electromagnetic haze

In wonderment of lost forsaken pride

Seated behind piano benches creaking

As Monk sways to jazz tonality on the bridge beyond NYC night divide

The lightless ruins, now golden to African wives

Challenging the gunshot parade of men

with sex slaves and witch doctor friends

Making films and records without shoes

On the medieval sands of the Islamic family

the eternal human tradition of bondage

Throughout the sanctified fields of one human home

Lived to the final digression

into creative madness

and the right to be

As connected as all beings

With electric happiness

Outside

## Daily Bread of Illiteracy

We drank in the rains, Big drops that fell like ignorance,  
Over the spout-stopped Manhattan rubber, Atop the grave  
fashioned, splitting at the seams, To unravel dives, blistering  
mummified, In a panegyric to the future, On the African ankh

Performing enchained, loosed rope around taut urban lyres  
Craving divorce, From this our brandished sky, Merged  
by Brooklyn Bridge & Hudson tides, Splashing lusty  
galoshes, In the breastfed porridge soup America  
city, Our children bred to be poor, After the boom  
comes to the Baby-Bust generation,, all in green

Out of mosque minarets, calling for spouses,  
To return from global American war, sucking  
dry workaday pockets, Kneaded Italian dough,  
As the Russified Jew speaking over a loudspeaker  
society of esoteric Egyptian and Greek architecture

    An eternal light carries brilliant meaning  
Throughout the purpose-woven building  
    A monument to memory, to silent soldiers  
of youthful mind, Acting on subtle principle  
Against machinated heads, ruthless, glowing  
Becoming, the veteran white-witnessed drug  
among the illiterate, And the populace, suddenly  
aloud, To all, storming Revolutionary heights  
In the modern soundscape, our brutal love  
enslaved, By the oceanic war of time  
historic, personified treasure keep  
Wherein our grandchildren lie

Sleeping off perplexed philosophy  
A street gored by racial poverty  
Breathing up the neck of whites  
in Quebec, Engraving graffiti  
on the politician's neck

    Whose lysergic stirrings crept back  
    Into a beauty, waking from orgasmic thighs  
    On the homeless bed stoop, Grabbing at foreheads  
    Wondering and bleeding into the rain,  
    A daily bread, for they, Who are  
    in the New World, led

Creating *our* TRUTHS

## Impassioned Road to Being

Dance, simply to dance and dream  
    And drink in old memories  
Over a song in tune with the starless beyond  
    A song to enlighten ghosts who pass by  
As a heart heavy, weighing down the heavens  
    Fallen to earth for another eternity  
In the lifeless trap of dream  
    Yet to dance, eat words  
Only in songs of steam

A dripping hunger instills us  
    To go beyond sleep and be  
In conscious wonderment, living dance  
    Dream today with timeless breath  
Stave off the mindless, parasitic asp  
    Climb inside through dreamless eyes,  
Old-fashioned stone, brick, wood hands

Holding my dancer, lover and beauty  
    To the song of my dreams  
Woman of my life  
    Who has no passion  
She sleeps, and dreams awake

The intoxicated road to being  
    One, in a dance together  
Raised to the motion of all living  
    Where no ghost calls home  
And only the living wake each day  
    To dance outside a dreamless state  
Where the green play of G-d's earth heightens the pitch  
    Bringing each atrocity, criminal to justice  
On the pedestal of a forlorn warning  
    That no shore is safe in this danceless state  
Yet to sing and become anew  
    Before naked freedom  
And the song's ending

## Ancient Sound, Scholarly Jazz

Drift of a fist to the sky, activist's pause  
Before standing unannounced, At the gates  
eternal misery, Where strife finds ground  
embittered, inglorious suffering breeds  
childless offspring, Mourning for greed  
ancestral, Sprouting from a native gourd  
With cracked shells, Lying abandoned  
weakened at the skin, With fragile shells  
clacking on string, fortune's Western noise  
Shrinking into the mist, Without echo  
As a musician sleeps deep, passing  
Over ancient soundscapes, To heart  
Through electric wilderness, slow  
As the quiet grasp effectively & mix  
with outstretched hands, Molding pots,  
bold, in the mud of a sacred womb  
Shaving off tasteless surroundings  
Like scholarly jazz, Peaked in suburbia  
afternoons, as business as usual survives  
till the end of time, In a hypnotic state  
Casting generations in a marijuana mold  
magic, To break free, stash Grecian pride  
Animating our first 20 years, A stamina  
to behold the psychedelic pop, Folk  
music frozen as winter beer, Unforgiving  
kiss with sanity, As the stone cold sobering  
recedes, Into marriage, with money  
preconceptions of the angelic snowball  
Carving into the strike zone, childhood  
forsaken, American, Uncovered now, so  
timely

## Blind Daemon

“Answer to me blind daemon! In song that corresponds to the unanswered spring,  
ruthless, beyond seasons, Dazzled, blue-drunk,” Aloud, the angered temptress rumbles,  
with lonely hands in the soundless maw, an ungraspable future,

Western pathways lie feeble, Enslaving over the chasm, As a sex worker reminding us,  
“Put grace before prayer”. In motionless wonder, personifying lush diligence, ancient,  
society Dismembered by the plan of A cursed monotony, To stare into the black façade &  
feel dreams fall through sleep, In and out, As the rousing, Conscious blare

Golden unknowns, Through pockmarked Adolescent streets, And my dearest Love,  
Damaging her home, At the slightest wavering, Over a forlorn hypnosis, With me, As we,  
ride Aimlessly, Into the pond silhouette

Breaking borders & walls, As one Anxious crush With failure, To round painless bends,  
& see cold ruins, Burned to ashen faces, Breathing in dusty stone, Our icons of females,  
sculpted, The paralyzed Earth, Battered into pieces, an Act, For the intuitive, the goal,  
beyond sanity, To reach, Into a realm of threes, Where complex Nature thrives

And the dual Spring subsides Into A heart-Forged Summer Swelling, Ever-expanding,  
Unifying all, To the beat of one verse



## Art of the Worldly Races

Morose, pangs stir my subtle breath, walking up  
the nerves, To break down with laughter & see  
ocean's rise out of the abysmal core of our being

The naked home of belief, Cradling Lover's net,  
As a skeleton, pressed down, chained with ire,  
In the now of her furtive beauty, Amid animals

backyard ghosts & a spidery cockroach, Filming  
suburban bathroom floors, Knocking knees, swaying  
against forested trunks, As the neglected pyre steams

into the eager morning & breakfast is sold on Sunday  
along the river, To imagine a mirage, upholding death  
microscopic, In the insect fire, breeding imagination

our collective, Without guessing, the end result of us  
our programmed lives, Coldly moving from place  
to place, Like numbers spit into the viral joke of G-d

Seeing white rice burn to blackish brown on the plate  
needy human universe, Believed in, so beautifully  
In the back of a working man's mind, Stepping up

To bold indecision, wakeful conspiring, To stretch  
into the mundane order & belie chaos, With a tug  
lingual rush, From monetary order to homeless pride

Of the official & diplomatic, Political collectivism,  
yearning to be right and make a difference, uncaring  
Through sadness, Across pyramids, tunneled to reason

At the foot of the known, Yet detached from an able body  
Now roasting at the offering spit, waiting for mass death  
To plummet from our towers, piercing heaven, tormented

suffering, Across worlds, times & into imagined memory  
the once-respected, Art of the worldly races,  
oh, insane humanity

## Bare Wonderment

It's all blazed in gold, A tirade of the mouth,  
loosed, A volley of sun's own gorgeous rays  
Smoothed over time, instantaneous recognition

Earth's bare wonderment, The stir of our breath  
Wind & pulse of face sweat, true love's rhyme  
Under clouds, glowing, Luster of sky & rain

an atmospheric Bellowing in the blown heat  
Thunderous moisture, Kiss from a Goddess  
Columbian, aged summer Fruits of passage

The middle door to social fruition wanes  
& the spiritual partakes in a lonely direction  
From home to a new name, Newly mouthed

cry, with mouth & eyes darkening, scolding  
a pass, Burn of Earth's delicate orbital flux  
Deeply woven into our minds & hearts

Our galaxy roams, living in a pleasure state,  
with reclaimed ambition, to prophesy In the mud  
our volatile rearing, a shade Cooling our nerves

in her presence, Unmoving as Love's name,  
Sharing the lust of the universe in a laugh  
With the buzz of insect systems, Cursing

the unnerved elegance of sky, Smoke,  
from the throat of the war machine, herself,  
Lady Pan in the cradle of civilization

Softly whispering to the American man  
About his way into the wide crevasse  
Up from Western dirt, a Pharaonic law,

broken Tablet of unborn religion, bought  
for oil, gross, calling Environmental sounds  
into nothingness

Changing *our* PERSPECTIVE

## Post-War Television Rites

A great poverty aligns to the roof  
The all-consuming jaw  
    Sweeping in like a tornado at dawn  
    Over the rushing plains  
Coercing, fixated over a painless youth,  
Losing her virgin touch  
    Under the split, cracked wood  
The handled gorge of hard-won paperless memory  
    Infused on the caffeinated tongue,  
Distilled with alcoholic energy  
As trains speed escalating over the shore  
The underestimated Wilderness  
Reborn in the fearless mind of nature  
As American lore, talking through human trees  
    In a grave, overworked rush to the gambled  
fortune, Hidden in the proud dream  
To unite and be loyal to nothing  
    And yet return from the hollow  
Blank rough of our creative winter  
In the August north of childhood freedoms  
    A thankless gasp of family's uprising  
    Who from death launched life into space  
    Original rites of post-war television  
& somehow the unlearned drowning gave credence  
To a South, demoralized by Black death  
Recovering from medieval anguish  
    Bleeding in the putrefied air  
    Filling our shameless lungs with minted coins  
Of Roman nomads, Marauding toward a future  
    With infinite magic & theatrical mystery  
An America reclaimed by rural night  
    Stolen in the belligerent fire  
    Haunting our Germanic eyes  
A Holy Mound of Earth  
    Burning from genocide  
Carrying the mud-thick blood of our émigrés  
Order of the ancestors, museum of bones & dirt  
    With pores tingling at the frozen blood  
Encountered in mass graves of disbelief  
To remember where our blood overflowed  
    Beyond the dam of time

## The Chord of Humanity

A gorged beam, Love of insanity, The awful lore cavorts  
Up against the bridge, Our first original sin, The shape of her  
breast, To glance carelessly & slight, move in her

Delicate stride, approaching, To wonder about her,  
lain down & full with love-worn eyes, Prepare  
mama's grand blessing, In the fantastic body

To play & sing coldly, Into guided mornings  
A space for listening, To cleanse the air  
With sacred voice, An incensed feeling

Touching on lost beauty, Within & under clothing  
Strongly pressed, Worn like skin, Drooping sadly  
Her neck, Of virulent sorrow, A shapeless feature

The energy of her following, immediate environment,  
Playing along, Harmonizing & singing, Beyond shamanic  
Taoist heights, With a most unknowing imprint

To play the chord of humanity & shower leaves & brush  
Dirt of the river's own word, Passing through a foreign box  
Crafted with a tongue, Sensuous musical fruition

To meld in sorrow & aftermath, Prehistoric eyes  
Enshrined doorway, dreamt, Through our billions in pain  
The whistling tragedy, Bombed out, Racialized distress

In the humiliated city, Now boasting, A stress  
that saves & hordes, Heads banked from all countries  
Their masks fall away, To reveal different invocations

To the Graecian-asp, Falling from antiquated glory  
Into the English lap, On Mass Ave., cowering,  
behind lords of math

## An Unknown Pleasure

“I saw the trunk,” Her Hindu elephant, From outside, Walking  
coolly, Music’s grand Guest, At the public house, In the window  
A final flicker before traversing the footboard, Loosened  
with railroad age, Over the national telephone of spirituality  
calling, Abused by electric tradition, Stunned by the tingle  
alcoholic flame, isolated, deserted & abandoned bodies  
Whose spirits bore a frail passage, Engraved in the air  
soundless rhyme, knowing, Ever thoughtless, strong  
pure being, To grasp coldly into the summer’s plea

beaten, To sustain our musical sharing, Human  
heaven’s piercing, Through empty eye holes  
Peering into my mirrored face of light  
Radiating, through absolute darkness  
As a visible cry, To haunt our sacred sanctuary  
“That inebriated muse!”, Drinking the words of men  
into her silent womb, To fixate her fingers on the cross  
Formed over a chest glorified with Catholic warnings  
To relieve one’s self of the world & ask divinity to desire

replace humanity, become one collective struggling  
As a unified presence, Whose heart remained fixed sanctified  
Before the death of Mother & Father’s bared ghost  
Pictured as a beacon, Blending our animalistic foresight  
To create with family, An unknown pleasure of respect  
& see each other without warning, In Love’s tragic beauty  
Showing amid the broad tune’s ending, Assailing the spectral  
peace hidden, Among the leaves of a felled New England tree  
Used as fodder for conversation among fermented denial & bled

Kissing behind our parent’s backs, A yearning to prepare ritual  
heedless & articulate love, As friends mixing, In vile caves  
frequency of Played out stress, Living lives of normalcy  
Proudly detesting generations of death, Covering stolen blues  
Names, written in bold, On the sleeve, Backyard Sunday drive  
Through the countryside’s aimless war, Classist poverty, Drying  
up the world’s Southern well, Holding land a buck skin’s latching  
& praying to Ares, For a sprite to rule the benzene sky of tears  
renounced pain, Scaling the heights of mind, Ingrained with ore

## Medieval Columbian Map

“What masked pleasure fed my blockaded mouth?”

“The nation’s economical bosom bleeds with childless milk.  
& the ruffian few glare amuck into wild springs  
a beatific northeastern kingdom.”

Our main spills over, Cursed tongues & thumb-drop eyes  
Keeling over, An old mountainous ridge, Numbing  
the birth pain contraction, Towards a conscious blurring,  
along the highest sky, Our blinds thunder down a joke  
star-crossed, Scared & cold on a midnight binge, Inside  
grandma’s New Bedford purse, Wailing in historic tomes  
The whale’s danger & blessing, Bruising at an English pace  
Before the sea’s overtaking, With such magic & force  
As our forested craftsmen, Dreaming up skyline distance  
Across the phantom pages, A medieval Columbian map

Telescopic forays, Into sail-born winds, Talking with druggists  
Junebug Maya princesses, of proud bejeweled Indian myths  
Playing in the apathetic theater, The misbelieved freedom  
Our aristocratic exoticism, Bearing down like mountain floods  
To drown the ghastly past, Its African boats, full With ash  
the god-forsaken of New America, Burning up Phoenix  
Old Mexico, Atop the nerve of a blues guitar, Ringing  
along a melancholic voice, Our original body on Earth  
Torn like Christ in the Mosaic, Whispers of an earthen body  
transformed, The human plague & genocide, 21st century  
medicated madness, Poverty turns to poetry & music glorifies

## A Gorgeous Nudity

A gorgeous nudity, blank skin, empty as full-frontal exposure  
The unwritten page, a calming exercise, psychic, intuitive  
drive measured by release, In the catalogue of words strung  
as structured grooves, our common sonic language, To scalp  
the music of speech & create only a pale imprint & seed desire  
The livid, fornicating awe, Late, buzzing, Filtered by hurricanes  
winds, Mindlessly astir, On into the human binge on space, land  
foam, Buoyant over a sand-specked seascape, Blighted  
with toughened eyes, Grappling with alcoholic smoke  
lives filled, Greedily, turning the wheel of world war order  
over small town cement, As we enjoy the insane destruction  
The chaotic living wilderness, Dreaming up deadly sleep, bared  
Weak into a holy lawless cast, With land forsaken by burdens  
mistreated & murderous pride, grieving inside our home



Re-writing *our* STORY

## Calm before the Storm

“What grievous horror took these dumb streets?” Touched with unkindness,  
meek following, From the near elderly, an old town deemed to inquietude  
By the Queen’s long-forsaken majesty

“What prized blaring rose from the swollen cheeks of our daughter the sea  
in this, the Columbian tide of the 21st century?”

Giving us play & reason to smirk, Gazing at the mean rush & power  
Taking off the English hat, Along gone America, Seeing no one  
In the mist-fired laugh, This war, Breathing in oceans  
Suffocated by the calm, Before the storm,  
Indecision, Forming throughout  
generations, Anxious  
personified cash  
Ruining their gold  
the reputation of Townies clucking  
Behind the chicken wire of Suburban fate

Down-pressing the unforgiving mold, Into wild disorder & tragic hubbub  
Coldly beaten into the ass of a young nation, Gripping for death  
at the edge of the Western, manifest, As nature’s law  
thriving on disbelief

## Playful Mortality

Playful mortality & the scream of death  
Under stadium lights, 3rd block West Clinton St.  
& mortality reigns with his eminent consort, Time  
Ever-gazing into the strict law, entrancing beyond  
Beyond reclining chairs & horizontal graves  
Broken under a gargled nose, Wheezing  
with the ancients, Slumbering inside  
the religious spirit, aflame

Under the delicate skin of man, Braving the deforested  
aftermath of Assimilation, In the name of survivalist migration  
After years of subconscious insubordination, The doorway now  
flattens invincible family bonds, Carrying our name, growing,  
with humor, Throughout the West's great crevasse of failure  
& youth's tempting, Personal flight beyond apathetic death,  
Over telephone wires, Peering gaily into the psychedelic mist

Seashore boyhood American wisdom, To kneel  
before ancestors, cemeteries, Bicycling upwards  
to entropic nirvanas, In bedrooms of Sanskrit poetry,  
"I will the disbelieving South!" Down endless staircases  
Unclenched at the banister, Piano homesick news &  
video tears, Fleeting, in the dark unlit drive home,  
Past memory & name, To creative watchfulness

In the starry abode of love, With my married fortune  
To display emotional care, the Meaning of relationship  
A ship that sailed into the thinning fog, a lighthouse,  
with creaking mast, To the window's song  
An inexorable life, Breathing down the backbone  
Atlantic night, Before red sun's morning overtakes  
The superstitious ear of traditional music  
In the final wake, An elder's death, gone  
Incredible, motion evading all sense, Yet still,  
true death rings

## Untrained Timeless Tuning

One proud, unseemly yet everlasting  
Hoary wind escaping, Into the breathless fold  
a storm-brought love, Escalating above  
the tumult of grounded trees

Lowered to rest in the silent play of her touch  
Mother Nature in lust with the shoulder-sculpted American  
G-d President of inveterate honor, Failing to maintain true gaze  
Into the blind outpouring of Persia, a mystic call frays our message  
sterling studio Enveloped, apart from the leaking gauze  
A city, wounded with loosening fear

A deadly oath, Rushing towards early traffic in the Brazilian grist  
A panicking pleasure on Wednesday, Mid-week business urge  
to blaspheme the classical Station of the near-retired family  
prize, Where loss disturbs the graying open on the lawn  
tempered drives through perfect memory of art  
ingenious, Instilled as ice on the brain

In a factory filled with the fish-worn, eyes of Guatemala  
Beating on the beached flesh of an antiquarian whale  
Bone-dry with anxious grace, Peaceful  
with a warming hatred

Bringing in close seeds, fostered yet unprepared  
Feeding off raised urban soil, Solar imprint  
ancestral law, Northern skies, thinning  
towards a sense of the atmosphere  
Dismayed by reason

Over all human failings, since recorded time  
Since rumblings of surplus rent astir religious imaginings  
In caves of word-hoarded greed, Angelic money in the form of ideas  
Bled on the knife-edge cloak-whispering cold, of Canada's busted future  
To sweep the blue rug of worldly instrumentation, Catchy to the tongue  
the popular drug, Inside songs & the vocal push to color & make lush  
The southerly child of unredeemed passion, Inside the traumatized  
infancy, Resonating to the heart's untrained timeless tuning

## Songster's Realisy

“Where? In whose pleasing leisure Does our stock grow  
& go bolder in fields?” Blank duress from childless talent,  
Filling space & accentuating silent harmony

In the ever-widening round, To believe in light &  
possibility, To endure the ground's own failing trials  
With Her, round Nature, orbiting, In the mess of experience

Without prior knowledge, Except when I believe in Her  
as my own, Forsaking the street's anonymous tumble  
& cleaning the black-handed cloth, Freeing our enslaved

bodies of white wisdom, Dimming to blue & darker shades  
internal bleeding, As the skin of our country opens  
Brushed softly with unlearned pain, Against a sky

smoothed Against a cloudless horizon, The eastern shoal  
light, Over a thunderous prison, Ancestral blood separates

From a songster's realisy:

In the intense unknown / within our belittled homeless youth /  
shrugging off unchallenged weight in gold / from friends / in Mexico /  
staring afraid into an unwelcoming mist / to enshroud the religious /  
fixing gun-strapped police & firemen / an ugly American hate /  
saving us from the guilty lash / boiling in the powerless aftermath /  
our emotional Greco-Roman rubble / cross-bred fibers / organic, medieval /  
Asian, European / dreaming up beauty in the complimentary fold /  
airy locks peeled over the dead / sick earth swells / overwhelming decay /  
restraint from life / confident foray / spirit's unidentified heights /  
doorways into the New World / cornered, lightless

The Modern War Machine and his Italian Wife

What billions were thrilled by the fueled insanity?  
What masculine dream raised our infant nation?  
A law for ancient cultures' struggling  
Heard through fallen webs of prehistory

Erected above the bookish & pleasure-peaked Goddess  
Man, Who assailed Her tribes with Red Nations  
Breathing in the sand of tirade with negligent life  
Over the brink of a cheap & unpaid professor

Claiming to break the mold, With word thievery &  
undreamt savagery, Bold across the feathered pages  
United Indian & their matrimonial hold  
around the cannonballs of Western society

Exclaiming mad fruition to the hypocritical birth  
unmanned land, Espied with greased wheels  
enough to vex the modern war machine &  
his Italian wife, The atheistic unction

To devise life from a commercial brand  
one European lie, Tricked into wishing us away  
as another generation, into the seventh heaven

Alone in Dante's paradise, A swarm of births  
Blooming out from under the Buffalo's hide  
Sweating with glorious function  
In the prayer-filled world, smoking

To cry with whispering untold highs, Inside  
the chest of Egypt, Denouncing their prince  
with dry sarcasm, and hashish tempting  
Sharing in the avian nudge, oceanic

Through the violent air, Ever-remaining, unchanging  
a force, In the repeated wick, Blowing through caverns  
dust-strewn, In the earth's hidden sky  
as traveled time & her restless eye

American; Columbian Men and Women

American, Columbian Man & Woman  
& all within the Earth, formed of One Awe

“American body...May you be cooled! May the dog days of the final moon in your Roman clock tick no more! May your fires be dampened under the Fall of Man! May your body always be replenished!”

This is a prayer from your navel, Your own son, Voicing, Speaking, Sounding, Pleading – To the placenta guardian, Standing naked on Sister Africa’s shores, With crystalline mind & bearing a wild power at heart, To desist all suffering, To end the subsistence war on your open-ended lands

Asking: “May your waste touch ground & seed our forthcoming generations! May your remains bring the mortality of Spring! May you complete the cycle towards a recollected & renewed season of glory! May you respond from the center of your minutest, most peculiar being!”

Envisioning: “May you bask in endless sunlight until the end of the Age! May you birth a newfound cycle! May you mend the broken upheavals of Earth! May you exhale from your strong chest enlightened air! May your classical vibrations transition with tradition! May you cast off every sacred mold! May you look into weary blistering façades of an edgy mirror! May you harden your gaze to reflect the welfare of your unborn children!”

Americans...

“May you re-imagine the 500-year Columbian War with newborn eyes! May you be moved to broad daylight by Arab tongues! May you walk together with your enemies into an interdependent universe of compassion! May you recognize war as the worst human disease in all its terrors! May you reason between fingers & over delicate palms for the ransom of one foreign woman’s dramatic responsibility! May you see past the troubled & sunken rest of your undemocratic freedoms! May your prisons of shame open wide to reveal health & the play of a cultural fruition! May you experience a renaissance boom in oceanic love between all! May *your* universe end! May you walk in silent need! May you feel the tempest of your Earth’s beauty! May you find your place in Her foaming belly of drunken New England seas! May you fall onto the edge of civilization!”

