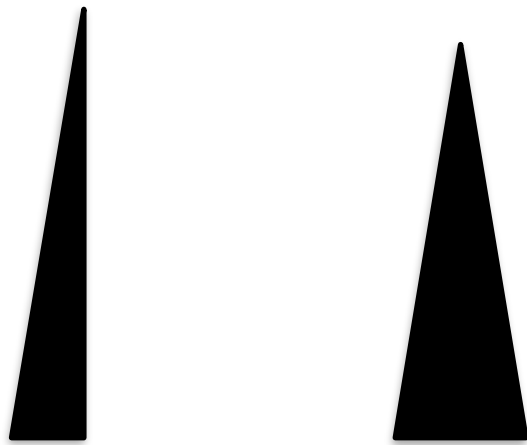


# Cyclical Wordplay



Menahem Ali  
translated by Matt Alexander H.

# Cyclical Wordplay

Menahem Ali  
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

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

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

Verse

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

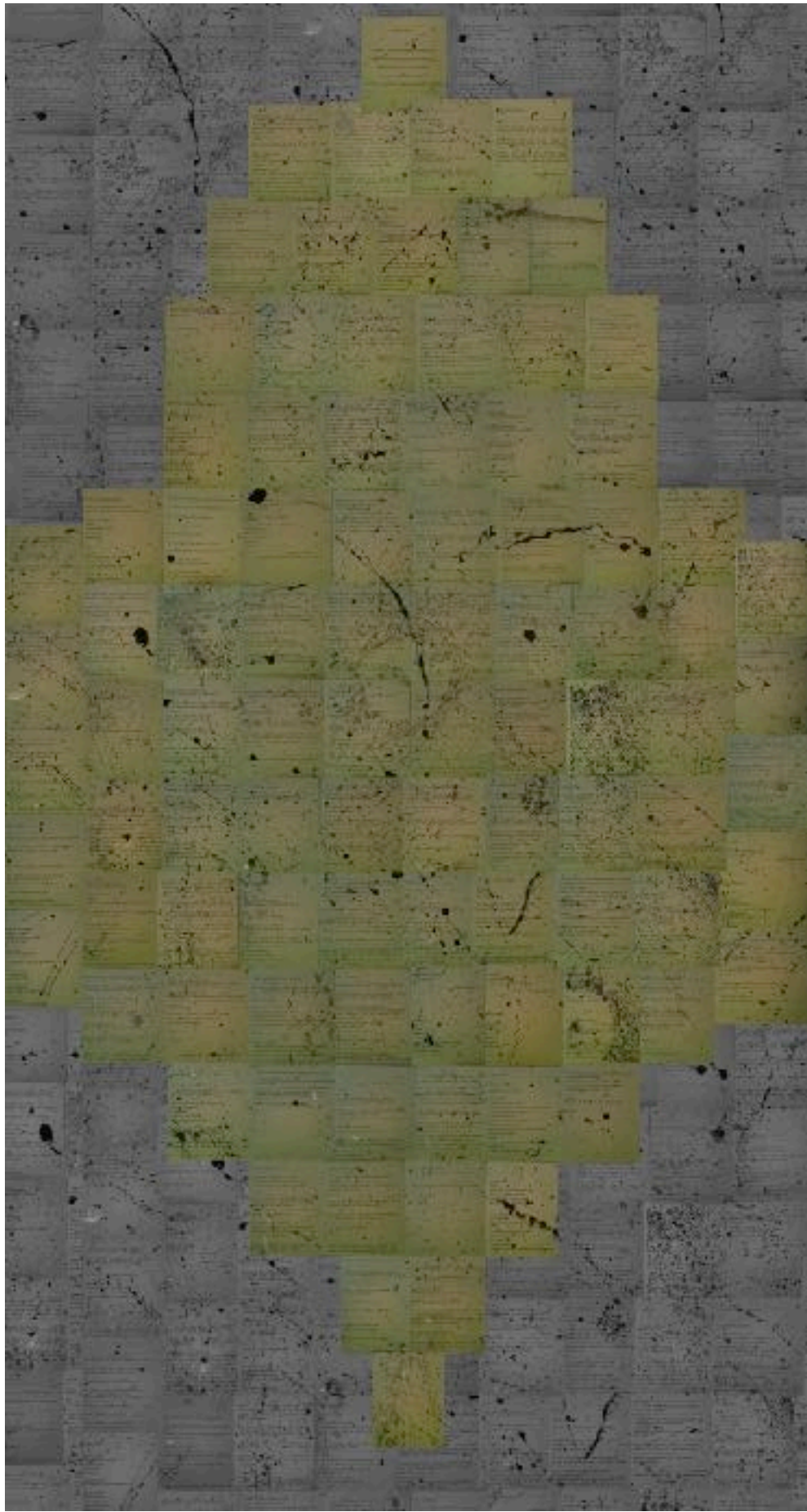
Prose

The American Hallucination  
Arson in the Scriptorium

Copyright © 2012, 2021 by Matt Alexander H.

Fictive Press  
[www.fictivemag.com/press](http://www.fictivemag.com/press)

Logo design by Serra Şensoy



## On the Image

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

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

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

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

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

## On the Text

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

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

The writing asks many questions to the reader:

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

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

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

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

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



Aircloudsky

—

Sketches from Above

## Improbability in Upswing

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

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

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

*Tuesday, 1.48pm. 29 December, 2009*

...hiccup

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

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

each cannot stop  
...hiccup  
coming pain, throat

*Tuesday, 1.48pm. December 29, 2009*

drone seating

she's weary  
waved

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

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

drone and despair  
behind me  
the leg of a woman

*Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010*

Lonesome day of movement

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010*

Northern mind

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010*

Leaving nowhere

loopy adolescent  
limping  
and boasting

a raucous  
and numb  
pride  
for nowhere

leaving

*Tuesday, 3.18pm. February 16, 2010*

The last sound

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

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

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

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

*Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010*



Canadian night

Elevated,  
mundane  
modernity  
figuring  
impassioned  
materialistic

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

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

reading  
bold  
colored  
red  
propaganda

icy and charred separation  
from family and god

*Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010*

Another worldview

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

*Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010*

## Desert history

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

*Tuesday, 9.42pm. February 16, 2010*

## Mythic West

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Creating in the City



Urban SpRaWl Express

## An Artist's Line

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

## Silent

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

## Afraid

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

## Emergent & Untamed

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

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

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

## Wondering

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

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

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

Hawk over a farmer's field

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

all rivers have one source

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

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

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

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

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

*March 9, 2011*

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



## An Old Saying

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*March 8, 2011*

## Urbanized Personality

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

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

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

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

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

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

*March 8, 2011*

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

At the End of the World

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

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

all resembling world ends  
(temporally)

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

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

*date unknown*

## My New Bride

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

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

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

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

*Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010*

## Cave Home

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

*Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010*

## Yes, Do Not Fear

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

*Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010*

## When No Stars Appear

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

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

*Love's apartment, downtown Calgary, January 2010*

What Else

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

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

“I wish I could write more...”

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

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

“What actually happened?”

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

“And what else?”

*Feb 24. 308am. 2010*

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

*Cape Verdean music*



## Love without Music

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

*March 01. 217am 2010*

*N.W. Calgary.*

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

Exiting Suburbia  
North America...  
Entering Egypt

Transitioning through  
a Global Sense of One

Place

[ ]

-less Human

Society

placeless human society

Is anything less  
humane  
than global  
urban centers?

Suburbia:  
rendering  
human society  
place-less...

*Calgary Winter 09'*

lotus feed

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

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

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

*Calgary Winter 09'*

soul word-slip

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

*Calgary Winter 09'*

Man towards Mule

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

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

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

an embittered mind  
each hour, dying  
to the painful alcohol

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

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

*Calgary Winter 09'*

on the importance of clothes...

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

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

"outdoorsman?"

"not a chance."

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

beleaguered but

high I did let him

inside, I did, and

without controversy or sorrow.

the kitchen light beckons

so clock it out, guilt trip

pilgrimage?

"not any more!

suckers to the grave"

"won't you follow me to die,

I can not take myself anymore"

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

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

"is he in you?"

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

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

"who are you?"

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

I thought,

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

I take off my shorts,

I pray and sweat

black fast of day

*Winter 09'*

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

## Mourning Fix

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

*Somewhere in Alabama. December 25, 2009*



Notes

Mental Drifting  
in the Institution

## Snaking into the Staff

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Maize Maze

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

hot perspective in a dry maize maze

Sleep Cycle

Dreamscape in Thirteen Parts

## Jailed Desire

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

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

*29 December 2009*

## Jailed Desire II

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

*29th December 2009*

*waking in brother's old room, south shore Massachusetts*

## Sour Mangrove

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(pummeling claps)

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

complete erase.

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

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

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

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

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

*December 31, 2009*

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



to lose your minds

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Rushed Earth

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

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

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

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

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

Spare my Spit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Navel of Being

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

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

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

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

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

## Spurious Blame

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*January 5, 2010*

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

## Zany Paradigms of Falsehood

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*January 6, 2010*  
*waking in a friend's house, near to seemingly endless wetlands*

## Breathtaking Images

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*January 7, 2010*

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

Of sex and intellect (I have too many things)

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

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

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

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

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

*8th January 2010  
waking in my old room*



A message for the few

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Visit to L.A.

Fraternal Desperation,  
and the Mystery of Continuity

The snowball effect

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

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

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

*920pm. Feb 18. 2010*

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

An attempt at prose?

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

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

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

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

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

*Feb 19, 2010*  
*L.A. apartment*

## An attempt at ethnography

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Feb 19, 2010  
L.A. apartment*

“My home is at war.”

“My home is at war.”

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

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

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

*Feb. 19, 2010*  
*L.A. apartment*

Haunted by lack of breath

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The end of preconception

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Feb. 20, 2010*



Brimming with dissatisfaction

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Feb. 20, 2010*

## Deadly Vision, Part I - War Terms

“Would you kill to support your vision?”

“No.

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

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

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

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

“War terminology?”

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

*Feb. 2010*

## Deadly Vision, Part II - Last Human Epidemic

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Feb 20, 2010*

To the Horizon

“Look...to the horizon!”

“How prophetic...”

“Be patient...look!”

“Give me your gun.”

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

“Something to tell the grandkids about!”

“Don’t say a word.”

“He wears the animal like spiritual armor.

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

“Is he a hunter by trade?”

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

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

“...so they say”

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

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

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

## Repeated Dance of the Fluid Earth

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Does a semblance of knowledge appear?”

“What, out of the god of necessity?

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

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

## Royalty of the Weird

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

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

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

"How do you think?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Feb. 22 2010*

*Airborne over the Pacific Northwest*

Land of the Children

“Where are we?”

"Land of the children..."

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

“Was it a dream?”

“Not all of it...”

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

## Catatonic Body Language

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And Life, is ongoing pleasure!”

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

“I don’t have all the answers...”

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



Astral Heavenscapes 1-2

Transmigrate through Cyclic Resolution

Astral Chamber

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

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

*March 9, 2011  
Chinatown Calgary, bedside*

## Celestial tONES

we create

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

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

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

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

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

*March 9, 2011  
Chinatown Calgary*



