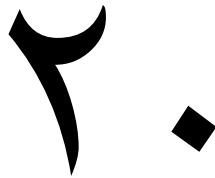




Cairo

at



Menahem Ali

translated by Matt Alexander H.

Cairo at 20

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translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

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

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

Verse

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

Prose

The American Hallucination
Arson in the Scriptorium

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Fictive Press

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my thoughts have become simpler, learning
the language of tribal arabia, brainwashed
into disbelief. the word of all ah fails me
from my arrival in cairo. the tragic desert
of mind, soundless with awe, in the deep
groundless, heavenly, a woman alone
wordless, mindless, black and fresh
movement cool asleep in this thick now

pestilential turk cafe dysentery, following a dark muse thru paranoid walls. shameful,
disreputable fruit leaf, snobbish. like britain's food, reeking of hashish in quiet giza morning,
with fool, decrepit beer bottle stench, feeling the fly buzz and itch. sacrament skin, forlorn
crooked greed, weary, devilish blood howling like stupid rats under a disappearing sunset

at saqqara, blind hollow need drifts as dust over waveform heaps of deathless meccan dreams
draped in gray, as a fickle seed passes into silent hash like laughter in the void of sun
browned kin sharing lifeless wombs on shores of plenty

oh, sleek *gellabaya* torn and weathered, impoverished pride for the bored woman crying
and touching belly and mouth with weeping stares, next to cross-legged infants and sweaty veils
smiling smartly for the mahfouz prize, flaunting impressionistic doom, lying under shady statues
with russian prayers, amounting to the yell of cruel journeys thru life-sick tunnels, ashamed
for country's actions, like a neo-hitlerian bastard twice-over blessed in wine-hearted lands,

truly gaping shine of compassionate awareness flooding the body and soul of each jazz kick
song, lively in women's apartments going on and on about drugs and love, torturous
as mango creep america escapes such fights of ignorance with jealous violent criminality

world rape, knowing finely built streets of middle east go to basest quranic hell in mind-flesh
and blood of psychotic cultural atrophy, morbid breast of cairo emptying earth of forests
decomposed ambrosia, the car-wreck dungeon of lust in arabic, watching corpse after corpse
flushed into sog-brained shisha tea melt, laying down on soft green dusk with unveiled darkness

the mystery welling up in eyes of sorrow, the trials of a human god masked in endless pain
mother giving constant birth to the new child of now, wrenched from a bloodless vagina
of feminist islam, my unrivaled glad heart, ageless word, gripping with fame and might
as evil war, this elderly heritage, saying, 'send all these buddhas to infinite glory'



encased in larval spirit. shameless depraved nest hums with cold artificial air
in american money tomb. boasting rotten schemes to plunder this open palace
with a certain mexican grace. an elegant shock, quiet as forced drifts over dunes
harrowing horizon in midday heat, changing wallets and haggling endlessly
at foot of father sky, materialized by hands of jewish stone. 3500 dead left high
with alien information. tonight that sick brow becomes dark with prostration
my words fail to pierce the naked eye of a 7000-year-old standing pyramid
moving slow as the moon behind dust clouds vanishing in chain-smoking taxi

brother sarhan sneers, 'you have an egyptian stomach' between thick licks
of hooping bean fool, the smack of browned tobacco tongues frayed yet slick
by the word of all ah, blasphemous ghoul sipping holy currencies in black smoke
of trustworthy wise son mailing home four hundred naive dollars of cool hypnosis
storytelling to the wide infinite hieroglyph walking like smooth rabid cats

in a dusty papyrus-filled alley, lowly business stuck in rut of impersonal friends
and starved, lonely grumbling parasite of crimson vegetal love, hacking up spit
steamed like the sorry widower evacuating from this doomed muse, lost cairene

my magdalene walking beside clumsy palestinian heroine on a sweltering shuttle
bus to student home. elderly minds raping the smart wine of youths, plundered
mindfulness in this criminal womb, near east strapped ak's on every corner
yearning for torture in the yellow glint of smiling peaceful death on page four
english papers for mute christian lords to suck back rowdy heavens like lies
poignant in the vapid, shisha night.

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oh, bedouin woman with tired starlit veil
maroon-toothed witch beloved, what's your song? blow a kiss and dance
in the Nile winds, marriage incarnate affair with Amherst princess longing
embraced in yogic sex, bending torsos in long drags on dark heavy nostalgia
cigarette face me in the shameless drunk night, wear your oils, bejeweled skirt
phase out like the heartless moon as we dance ecstatic longing for the true other

but in this worthless prison, my tired cheap death, faking the yawn of discouragement
book obsession in black dawn over palm tree lulls inside the American shell, unopened
virgin keep wailing with piercing eyes over hot flesh in the bloody imperial *souk*
mythic shrine feeding from the pagan breast, a mother of pearl that shines in pounds
sailing croon sipping infectious *misriyan* bite, sharp as the crescent moon

dead moans of boredom and loneliness seep thru my thoughts like polluted air
in the darkened viscera of holy Cairo. Loud sin foams on the Nile banks, covering
the skin of evil and filth drowned in the wine-headed verse of Persian mystics
swarms of electronic sleep tire my unhealthy blood in the sad magic of a memory
a woman's, book of the eternal mother sinks in voidless home, impenetrable
around suburban children, mourning quiet refugee earth. racing cold wife, nomadic
womb prayer, without time under blended mosque lights, green as Buddha Tara
in fated hot city night, worthless music waits for slimy handouts from the meat-
eating core of pyramid sight, awakening from America, dim in mass psychotic cult
for no one, empty g-d riding wise

3

scores traveling from forgotten south to fast with a waxing moon
bruised scales at the fish market, *agouza* of self-blaming teatime ignorance
showered by the nailed fly bounding from ear to eye while whitemen unlearn
the movements of kali roasting like swine in a child's desert, crooked throat
scratching the sand-whipped stone of smoky ruins as nuclear waste remains
changeless as gold currency, soundless hieroglyphs whispering inside
impatient european minds, as we file our nails to bone, growing insanity
environmental nativity receding with style in flashing doom
unholy paranoia for a depressed new body of g-d, the faceless word
sung without abandon to secular warriors in the decadent evening
deathless greed sought by alley cats deformed and vanishing like ash
in the volatile heart of modern man, genocidal consciousness chills the ground
into any icy tomb, lifeless and mocking the ancient lie, breath scalded
by monoxides and carcinogenic numbness, a loving grin transparent
thru gum mouths, clicking illusion, soothed by telephones and cameras

nameless bride of the apocalypse, shaming her african family
for the guise of reason wears black disgrace and makes up for endless pain
drinking in the dungeons of torturous fun for the price of the world soul
marked up by the rusty brush of divine calligraphies, teeming with islam
mantras repeating the taste of psychedelic shrines in mangy bowels
of a diseased stray girl picking poison flowers from shiva's breast hair
wilderness smoothed over, afraid as jungle insects in morbid caverns
at twilight, books for liberation in the afterlife, shadows sitting enlightened
ancient walls obscuring the sun from each broken lineage, chasing smiles
in the dark, as forced migrants follow salivating predators into shackles
and encamped, i am bound by this muslim spirit, low over concrete



why can I not die with youth? instead i pray to life and live for death
my insides flounder and spatter like a sick asshole, and willingly I marry
my grave, showing no grief for the departed, loving only cruel endlessness
suffering a drunkenness only followed by sleep, burrowing into chambers
of writhing sexual chemicals, brewed in my unsightly stomach, as a godhead
inflamed on the wing of poetry, become charred and disappearing with one
sight of you, in lusting shame, deprived of the wisdom of simple being
become fat and plain without knowledge of beauty, at the lonely shore
battered by succeeding waves, growing smaller and less impassioned
with age, a mind once granite becomes mud as compassion drains
with soulless wanderings, the shattered knives of tribal war feel distant
yet move with the air of everyone's speech and boil the blood of the recluse
ascetic, eyeless bonfire of monotheism cooking the muscle of trees
and mountains as political borders shape and grind the cannibal's teeth

old tales turn to jokes and the rancid acid-laced groom enters film
wires of arid news drying sweat-soaked veils in scorching boom
explosive near eastern oud, millions self-inflicted with industrial radiation
victims living neatly in government desert shacks, smoking hashish
next to officers while beer saturates my romantic arabian belly
sharing drugged honey with brave hot-tempered village boy
as i shed dreams of being served by his angelic sister, quaking
stare, unrivaled by experiential courage, masked in bitter indifference
on the verge of tears looking out at rubbish heap soccer and shit
caked streets, to see only my own pain hiding in the silence, unworthy,
lonely photogenic heart, martyrs to the rug, leaving their wives
to face g-d in the eye of a sun, distrusting impoverished madness
needing good vegetables for free as the entangled virtue of troubled loss
shivering, even in egyptian summer

7

modern man lives in a strange labyrinth of his own narrow desires
as chipped fragments of a broken remote grip, watching subtleness
with a drab feeling, on mad static screens, playing out fantasies
of inner childhood, a dream within a dream and where you are
now, just a continuation of some past life paralleling your path
basest, self-made cruelty in despairing prisons, hating the many

wives returning with black arts, crippling in an unresolved kingdom
of wealthy fathers' ignorance thriving on multiple deaths
one soul crying out in the deep intermediate state, paused rebirth
hiding in one g-d, but a secret protectress hears countless voices
enchanted nature idols once smashed by abraham now returning
in his name, why nations of the book are unfocused, raging
youth who seeks elders with a thin tongue, mind already brittle
hot with pain, ice-cubed whisky shattered and forced down
throats of edgy glass, slick larval skin, rushing forgetfulness

in cold monotony of human numerology, intellectual riddles
organized without natural shine of neo-classical stone, dusted
the face of gored trivialized earth raped with a cheap sickle
in humid night of eager frustrating sexual road block
mesmerized imageless lines, changeless in medieval mosques
for learned folk to contemplate over yellow tea, brick, mud

the male invasion, ruling modernity with pornographic fear
for the yoni's gaining power, drooling over the future
the nude west, tunneling through siphons like warm beer
into the newly initiated jew, killing life at the bottom cellar
steps, a few deadly friends over sacrificial unruly dancing
mother drunk on the priceless laugh of her washed feet
hobbling, skipping next to cake-bellied purple-tongued flesh

sailing off into the shy pacific with fat groping minion blessed
from head to toe with overeating trashy thoughtlessness, gloomy
farce of dynastic earnings, the inheritance of a world shadow
the newly broken virgin innocence, saved thru dollars, distrusting
emotional bickering over adolescent lawmaking, crime of speed
unholy marriage, destined worn teeth kneeling for the enslaved
unborn time as unheard crunch of newborn skeletons' numb foot
soles bare the deceased from collective memory, a tribal nostalgia



journeys to cerebral ends, a geographical lair uncreated as the void, a mindless space vanishing into black hole of self-mystery, kneading braided hair into red sand skin we chuckle and menace on without seeing the constant mirror reflecting celestial godhead of milky rivers, blinding the mind's eye with endearing sounds, beautiful war the story of humankind becoming cyclic like a single life in the praying desert of nothing birth renounced by the messiah fighting with words from heaven into the light, sensitive bodies of truth, we ride on a vast oil wave, crashing into the echo of a ziggurat priest in mesopotamian freedom, as the sky relives forgotten episodes from unwritten history in the shackled doom of introspective comrade flight from saviors' missions dissolved with an impassioned survivalism among the whole race for the realized son of man to grace the fine waters of our uneasy insides, an extra world of recompensed energy flooding the second moon in a chaos of unexplained madness, the curve of reckoning pride itself as infinity, as star-crossed weapons undoing the trinity to a fourth point

silent unknowns, feminized imperialist lovers, coughing up eagle feathers and berries paint on this sickening paperwork has led to a freakish mirage of experience and more white paint, a white i would plunge into with fists of disastrous anxiety, moldy, atrophied hatred for the muse, ashram now deafened by choking rough tides of ignorant enemies at home, filtering through the kind brains of mother family, my life enticed by music horrid hopelessness of an overwhelming thousand minarets too ashamed to stick to rules prosodic traditional thought, my lips turn discolored as i jump into a fake pool, fresh astounding, the sight of unearthly fornication in loud sacred taxis, heart of blessed peace salaam, saudi roommate obsessed with virtual conflict, my pains for the beautiful emptiness of night in old cairo, wanting prayer kisses, paper money, animal suffering a fool's race, to glimpse the narcotic flame of hell, fungal dorm blues hallucinating
in arabesque light



sitting back, enjoying wasted change, shuttled to and from the sap
of homeland sorrow, caged tonight from all-embracing love
of eternal rest, shaving off a bit of time from the degenerate
paranoid lies of ethnocentric birth. i hold on to my own breath
with the gentle warming of a close pen vibrating the mental hand
to blank potential, a mere student who learns from stupid reason
the fork and knife abilities of peace or war, but in a school
where the smoke rises equally from every barrel and chest

nations aiming their bodily missiles at virgin womb, perverted
my sense of love has been manifest by the failings of perfection
human, purposeful disillusionment questing at the real, mindful
death to the wandering fall into spontaneous profound meaning
to trust the face of beauty is to torch eggs incarnate, once barren
to save a plague from dying, to pressure madness on a new moon
sharing the lysergic hug with temptress strays in a university
for the immobile greed of impermanence, oh intrusive transient
as the need to flesh my alien arrival on this spherical fate

passed the day in faulted rudimentary scams, hailing anger
that seethes like the glisten of naked lidless eyes, skinned
tumult enshrouding a city in nauseous intoxicated blood
gassed and lame, the newlyweds laugh everyday in unconcern
for the atmosphere's cry, subtle as a wispy cloud, obvious
as the green and black sunset, an unsightly fog lowered
around hats humbled by wide awesome lonely pride
of modern ruins, flying without the glum slap of rain

i snore sickly with a woman, brightening me, ennobled
crazed woe on the flimsy branch of heroin child new bedford
spitting cancerous sti's on the shores of socialist distortion
abandoned factories enamored with good men working cotton
of slaves, half the country's dismemberment, my apathy runs
deep through the impoverished horror of familiar memory
the trying errors of living without a soul, only so the daily
owl returns with the drowning crack of hashish, blue scars

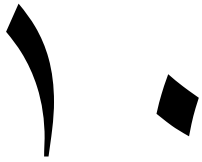
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searing my heart into fragmented cubist visions, entering
the four-lettered sound in shacks with brave goyim, chalky
keep lathered with buttered grounds and dazzling ceilings
so high, the out of body slinks back in as an arab god bellows
his own name, glorifying the waking state with commotion
absolute, oh city of dead underwater hideaway glow, unforced

religious law devastates the sad weakness of a human voice
whether in the sordid crowds or wild forest, the edenic flaw
ageless wonder of avarice burning every heart in the middle
east, profane remorse at silent tower of ruthless sexual chain

the comedic urge to shout a mystic froth so plain as to unveil
every face, send all those kneeling in quietism to the mountain
in a scream of ecstasy, end the childish jaunt of a suit to work
in the sudden whirl of a causeless dance, rapacious words thin
the belly of piety in the soft shaking glance from her, sanctify
this angelic past, quicken the will of the true god which is
the heart of man entranced by a self-immolation as yet before
unmatched by the explosions of stars

extinction begins the yearning for the unborn as shoeless
droves of truth seekers sore their feet on the mystic step
from here to there, wearing nothing the clear one goes
unseen, yet as night settles high above the harsh rays
of sun, a lighter calling to earthly freedom risen
smote the deadly rust from beneath the tongue
of the beloved, we all feel the warmth of her
smoke silver breath guiding our feet to a thought



what message lies in this spirit hiding?
the maze lands sink into dust shifting
into the warm breeze like an aged face
desert man whose blood is light as air
cooler than the white smock of a sailor
over frozen dunes, marooned, desolate
naked as shards of fantasy brewing
closeted bodies of introverted desire

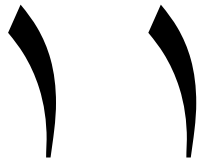
why do you cover your smile
and hold your holy tongue tight
between two fingers of peace?

what good is silence, escaping
humanity of worldly depression?

what good will that mask do you
hardened with sorrow, in the green
fields of ecstatic communion
with the secret one? the bloom
your true flower unearthed, hypnotic
deadly dance of your rich vibrant heart

exasperated cults fume, nonsensical
fickle, distrusting the corroded embrace
with strangled passions, wildfires
divorced of cruelty under high shadows
cast by the tree of death, immortal
ghoul reading the spectral heavens
intolerant, obscure as a lonely magician
quietly choosing their rite's course
yet muttering in reverence, chanting
winds blended in eager lively sex

voluptuous gods of fertile destruction
rugged thick dark as sly visions, mad
intoxicated songmen hut, astral warning
entrained to meditate on a mountain
chosen, with faceless child, eternal
as the muse, saving words for the void
ending with spit from the devil, sucking
cleaning the mind of knowledge in this



rasped skeletal machine, dysfunctional hog feeling the coal
shocked radiation blast of lazy unforgiving ancient ignorance
revealing only distaste for the lunatic in charge, shielded
mild sigh playing gross organs in escalating stimulant creed
metallic gum sparing the violent seeds of racist discourse
distempered proud mind of arab republic displayed, scrubbed
women shining cased dostoevskian tumult with each sip
of amoeba-laced tea, unhealthy weeds packed cheaply
into paper, to make bad conversation, negligent, prayerful
stranger's hope for money squanders the ramshackle cell
apartment where half-minded people live short lives
in fear, wresting mechanistic slavery, pleasing gods

the failures of capitalist mosques for rent at a price
prostrating buyers take away smooth-faced daughters
shamed to lose cutthroat purity, soundless, circumcised
goddess imprisoned by male rapture, for the mesmerizing
ideas of women incarcerated by lingam's noose, as semen
oozing from the facial openings of the unveiled bald
muslim, hapless rib of adam is broken and struck
over the murderous hate of the original monkey
tearing from the slow hours of prehistorical night

final monster, confounding time with formless divinity
upturned graves cry once more with the strong, blue howl
the true wolf's internalized birth pains restore the hollow
burial mounds and native pyres into staggering lust
decayed, quaking tidal volcanic movements of mother
incinerating the public gardens of innocence, violated
humanity building for itself a pyramid city out of stone
and dirt prisons, drooling remorse, calming the shivers
of a deformed animal who has adapted to the chemical
land shot through with insane refugee cries, to oblivion

demonized with misanthropic tendencies, in the shade
oasis of sacrificed awareness in modern city havoc
the streaming ugliness pervades this fallen ground
crooked with scenic birds engulfed in witch tome ruins
the spice and her agile warrior fingers, trailing off
heartless, mixing with clear-minded laborers, raising fists

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houses of enlightened america, befouled laugh that gently touches
the heated bone shoulders of my old girl, rusty-tongued classist
web strung up on the white gleam burning neon seats, noetic
disrepair, amnesic, in bed with the red-haired angel, coming
in unison with masochistic pleasure binges hooked on tobacco
and irish sin, killing the mundane frost with sweat, heaving
hot seminal juice, blanket nun, breasts intensify the winos' bite

a slight yet noticeable heaviness sets in and around the eyes
sudden despair, a close memory and the silence of emptiness
a room, stretching my heart out in all the wrong ways
my chest is somewhat light, exalted from having gone
through such beauty, the lesson of time grounds my fate
to will without choice, the god of love is away, she united
with the unnamed creator of desire, she found peace
in the death of the human soul, blessed are they who speak
only in vowels, and do not cover their mouths cursing

oh saintly delusion, yawning on the boat smashed
on the rock face of youth, burdened engine, soaked
might of the prophetic deluge, lure the silver sword
into the cold steaming mushrooms that abound
in the grime of mexico, cruel yearning for truth
visionary myth, fresh, in a harrowing ice church
high above the desert where no hashish smoke rises
and no hand is met

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morose gluttonous demon fray this clock-brained machine
into greasy mayhem, blotched seedy grin, sipping smoky tea
with deadly brown eyes in the dreary cracked stairwell
coming alive in stark fantastic eloquence for deprived witches
poets to levitate their minds in circular movements of ashen milk
dream covering the face and hand of girlish night gone sour

in deep well shacks salivating over shitty vomit, melting
like dew in the east window, fogging with the finish of hot wine
in a shower of empty sexuality, distant ceremony of no return
saving a rotten place in icy hell, my fatherland drowns tonight
in subconscious beauty staring back with mothers' gentle eyes
warming lost cool beds of subtle tropic nap dens while silent
fading birds write in color their deepest wishes, burning
with vice, cooked beaks in sad veil of deforested time, minced
eggs flogged black as profane bread of terrorist asylums
bleeding with the pain of fractured christianity, simple

drumbeats turn the air to boundless death martyrs, breaking
the crucifixion into four-limbed unborn virgin saint, staining
the atmospheric spies with muddy deceit as the gross tinge
of an intoxicated forest grave, willing breath inside, bodiless
africa to the dust and drought of poor cairo lord kneeling
before altars entombed in smoke and flayed remains of fear
spoil the desiring pregnant middle east into the fire
of american laxity, stunned gate drilling torn eyes
of nomadic memory into animal pride, incarcerated
with stone gods in the wealthy fields, leaking, decrepit
industrial heart unrivaled as the snowy fortress of buddha

earth logging the truest people into shades of thoughts
addictions sacrificed to the mandalic wife, opposing
the ten thousand families with a knot of rain dripping
like japanese spiders on cruel reservations in mexico
as the knowing jungle vines of separation mask guilt
swaying like reason between godly friends, perfect
escapades drunken, hail the war pigs letting go
on cliff sides of the rio grande standing naked
and amused, by the native rock face, as the sane

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spanning the spine of the moon, in the humid rubble, dire
tragic useless salvia nostril razing the monumental vertebrates
of dried waterfall homes, into sad disgrace of elitist taxi
bridge over polluted ripples lying like white rice in metal
entrance to a green soupy Nile, the free desert laughing
silent in ancient sleeping breeze, on a wise narcotic drive
through golden fly dancing in the surge of lifeless romanticism
or deranged idolatry, smooth as a fake groan for the distended
blue tastes, feeling washed away, as the tide collapses
this estranged sudden palace, drained of nearness, loveless
foreign greed plundering the body of innocent oblivion
with vengeful piracy, a wanting, transcending the holiest
incarnations bland, shallow modern rut, bleary, close-eyed
matrix graying pathless vajra arabesque tapestry, molded
worm decaying with the spawning of a dusky pyramid
shrine to the photographic obsession, gone free, depressed
ugly boredom with dark savior, skinned alive
by the word of tranced men, grouping in threes
and going out in the night with blind sorcery, hallucinating
on heat and bad plumbing, to lead the food army, dystopian
school of negligent vermin drooling with rabid disease
for *beshtet* rolling around in the talkative dirt of a facade
international, wicked bell sold to the frightened villain

a guise

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all ah is a wife prostrating, crooked rib treated as earth
viral dingy raining concrete wisps, embittered concentration
bewitched by a masculine voice, drunk, impoverished
hounds clapping for electric hash inside, possessed
dense, fleeing from the empty hold of infant tears
western fear, lonesome wave, lapping on the one
shoreless home in the milky way, trapped by light
childish in the free will of ra worship, born masochistic
and addicted to vibrant gloom of endless pain, repenting
to the lush whores, the darkest molestations of the wild
unnerved jungle scream hacking at holy dirt sick blood
in mangy waking hours, dumped into vile drug brews
for the spirit vines, chilling fantastic moans, distant
echo of a valley night, now overpowered by desert
calling in solitude and meek depravity, who let go of all
ah, and praised feminine beauty as the glory of a soul
true, at work for the earth with their whole being
mindful of the dusky hollow, remembrance of death
to again part the eternal embrace of chaotic peace
resounding with naked life, thru stark bare walls
of man's history, as the ice hells melt into our mouths
great *thrishna* open wide with black tongue of kali
in degenerate war age sucking compost from bowels

motherless cemeteries in the oceanic sand mind
self's cruelties, tucked in the muse of lonely despair
frustrated, crunching ice throats with steel boots
high off sex and claiming chaste islamic worth
on paralyzed streets, this age! of prophetic vision
and madness, linked closer than lovers, morbid
plea for the rusty modern bridges to collapse
with the comforting blow of judgment day's
natural flame incinerating the masses with one
impulsive dog from the ruling class, inquisition
sifting their minced brains in monkey waste
to scare the ghosts of time in neolithic landscapes
abounding in solitary quests of youth, crying
with a choked whisper on dark slim pages
missing the truth of a feeling, blended simply
instantaneous, the drunk god fraught with ego
deathly rivals to the core of this universe

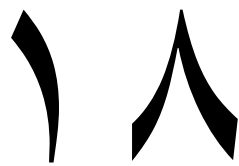
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as our intuitive planetary consciousness, intensifying
into the sketchy rhythms of an unreasonable dream
the trickster's roaming eyes resonate with an amulet
or card, nubian, roma, the grape fields ripen, mysterious
vibrations of vegetable and mineral, the clutch of sanctity
depraved, drawing from shallow wells, superficial breezes
of my neurotic time-bound hole, carrying a heavy sway
of lifeless royalty, with the normal habit prayer, drenching
my nerves in the perspirant longing for dark wine
to clear endless foggy tumult of sinful roads, bearing
the infant spirit with death and its bitter movements
of a dramatic epoch, true as the failed guru or coyote
shaman dry heaves mucous slop of chanting, drowsy
headless sneaky sheikh moving coolly under a tree
silent, flaking, undisturbed, diseased, contagious

poison of lawless boys taming the streets, cracking
a spaniard's inward dualism, natural as fear, cowardice
for warring mountain prophet, healing sly desert men
into mixed emotional tribalism, following wet paradise
vagina stitched, sluggish sopped fly trap come of a witch
twitching horny, feeling pure ungodly flesh scream
in painful hellish flaming blood of the oppressed green
face of ash and smut teeming with venomous drool
from the central pleasuredom leading fixed eyes of sex
binged men overpopulating the acid fields, increasing
in mad toxic energy, being the waking whip of animals
souls cry into the black arts, mending, crooked, devilish
grin of avarice into spatial wisdom, treated by randoms
young bodies painted in dharma's brash, universal heart
filling vacant bones with immortal ambrosias
and the fainting goddess purrs in blessed african night



pale room tinged with charcoal smells and the color of a blood sea
tingeing the high lonesome satellite into faded scarlet skin, shedding
cloudless embrace, to invoke the mesoamerican serpent, winged
as scavengers sucking jellied brain with rich sugar, stimulated
choke of father tobacco groping up flagpoles in the shady doom
of a scant pack race, handing out innumerable pounds to the dulled
beauty stalking the host parasite for mangy licks on white muscles
of broken imperial glass, willing the pincers of colloquialism
into the rough heat of seedy mumbling funerals, speaking coptic
hieroglyph in entombed crowds to prick the creaking tires
of an elderly bicycle into the walled cemetery of western towers
architects who gaze at a neon letter and let the shapeless laze
drone of grimy distrust weakening their inner homes to shambles
a valueless existential nightmare worn like the french flag
on a mug wooed as an astral force into visionary caves
claiming wasted self-denial in non-theistic relief from judgment
final torch smothered by torment of a latin waterfall, soaking
our undead thoughts in the ghastly face of playful meditation
while the lulls of the drifting river sprays scented flowers
into an irradiated dungeon mask deformed by orphaned neglect
signed, a cruel lie engulfed in palestinian rage or meccan envy
as the word numbs a vibrating rush of the excruciating disemboweled
jungle escaping crimson skies with heartless thieves, dancing
with groundless feet



i want to lie sleepily in the bosom of french africa, to free spain
from the enforced talons of a stateless shaman sky, to lose memory
of a prayer in ecstatic compassion, for strong weathered hands
drawing from the fire of divine celebration in poetic rivalry, humorous
delicate tongue of war filling the dusty glass with blind wishing
for a taste of wine, elegant depression scarring the renaissance
waste into faded mountains as the virgin body is desecrated
like the sand of the masses to a vibrant inglorious orientalist
enslaved to the last cringe from the caffeinated whisky physician
birthing brews of chemical detox between tea-soaked teeth
dried tissues or arid clothes soiled on the backs of holy mangos
sold by a musing beggar, ebony woman weeping inside, immobile
din of condemned street in sinner's bowl, praying to defeat hate

jewish, on this soft tumultuous night of clashing thoughts
scratching with a pen on the membrane of a palestinian corpse
writhing like nervous speech beside breathtaking spiritual face
of beauty, nightless, hasty butterfly turning to smoky rust
in loud crunch of bare feet in silent cave of one love, sighing
without a smutty outlook, pressed between a cruel knot
of happiness as dramatic wedlock in forests of new england
as the vapid linguistic space finally recedes like the last wave
in a dried ocean, the sound massacre of banal death, worshipping
cry, shrill as the emptied vat of human knowing, the phoenix
now drugged with modern sickness of numerical time, hiding
in the freezing caravans of a mongolian steed, embracing
the horrifying sex of science on the leaf of a huntress

magic sheds light on morbid walls deteriorating the youths
of ancient war, in hard-skulled decisions on ground zero
still feeling the disarming wick fray and become useless
in the darkened soul of humankind, a pervading kiss marks
each new grave with wandering gods in an endless labyrinth

۱۹

a sweeping urge, displaced from unheard waters as a shield
and helmet, violate imprisoned wills of a cosmetic royal law
allowing fickle sheep to draw from the bark and root, enraged
awakening, and wallowing child mystic kneels with the bored
swill of ritual. shy veil, when will you fall and reveal ways
unknown, impermanent wife of all ah let your head drop
with the turning of stars, see this tired grand fly is trapped
in narcotic want, let go of the reasonable master, judgment
day is today, laugh with an outrageous foolishness, lazy
ascetic draining his fluids without detachment from the trite
eggs of mad howling whispers in the chaotic passion of spring
good and evil have become lighter before the predawn nude

mothers circling the astral cube, the fine lust becomes even
subtle in exposed chanting of holy speech, as the segregated
abstinent halls shrink with stale come as a moth penetrates
the singed wings of a bold inebriation, for an experiential cult
to grow from the navel of vishnu, opening into a ninety-nine
petaled lotus, each with the mythological greek, lover rousing
to panic in the late freudian eye, not avoiding the worst poem
nor desiring that holiest verse

۲۰

i hear the sound of jack's ear, unsettled dusks of inglorious depression
cast as cruel shades of mysterious unheard screams, from the mouth
of a learned god in intuitive desert space, boring frequencies play
stuttered electronic fame across blasphemous dormitories of dualism
horror, the driving blast frees the enclave of smoldering inner horizons
in dishonest molten landscape of arabian histories, soaked in blood
of ultimate brotherhood for shamed societies to invigorate virgin youth
into unborn pains of ash-faded city full of holy natural wonder, pagan
justice of sky myths cornering the loud gluttons into hidden free will

in the french armpit of colonized liberty, a secret gloomy bent
from tribal forests of new england, uttering on with a bold taste
jew craving in ramadan night of tragic loneliness, red daughters
fielding the cairene zoo with a sense for buddhist rapture, listening
with wicked fraudulent smiles, to cold-hearted ramblings, of a friend
to the communist follower, a savioress knowing, from the wild, silent

belch of human dirt in moldy impoverished graves of mecca, kneeling
before the enshrined women of the garden, loose in glum hollow fright
aspiring wastes of africa, slaying the masses with sharia on their tongues
feeling out the late bedouin with toxic machetes in base groups, crying
for britain's letters, the misshapen literatures of their fragments
underground homes, only survived in european photographs
or thoughts of a tantric muslim slave embedded in gaseous pulls
of unearthly sorrow for exorcised love in sacrificial harmony
with rebirthed warriors, returning to the urban mess, unsatisfied
bardic prison, naked oceans of impunity leak from the scarred
clitoris of forbidden magic in sexual quest for immaterial labor

in the circular field of thought, the classics of america must breathe
with wise stimulations of ancient chinese sympathy, humanistic
wandering from the holy land, reviving the ungodly war of peace
into the high passive flourishing of one mind, out of this, seedy
nomadism to the heart of my palestinian heroine, i fight
with the original tongue, blue with torturous fate, drunk on sacrilege

۲۱

with wine red lips and chest hairs growing at the sight of two
steam-drugged pale eyes, swaying aimlessly in a nauseous breeze
fungal in zen shadows as the cool tree grays in black and white
hazy sexual grin from lively insane vegetable king in love
with his own mad poetic whispering endlessly reciting wrong
judgment of chronic fasting and bothersome dreaming whores
with scarred breasts and nails glimmering like thin daggers
lifeless in rooms bombarded by the hospital gloom of white peace
for saintly self-satisfying suicidal disillusionment, a ruse

deserted cave of distant tears, falling gently on soundless paradise
to smote a cry of disbelief on a blackened eyelash, inflamed to attract
the wordless muse framed in grass-stained bong of an indian goddess
deprived of wise reincarnated innocence in lost illiterate heart, dancing
sitting between charred toes on the corpse pyres of ageless sita
mourning prostrate over murderous samadhi river, flowing
around inner galaxies of innumerable all ahs and yaw ways

smoking grandmother tobacco, childish, evil to the core
was i really meant to hack my spent lungs in adolescent halls
mind the weak in this square tomb with insane dust, social numbness
smoking endlessly in armchairs gray as the grisly brains of my ancestors
one butchered in the public streets with small-eyed rust, fumed breath
getting fat and drinking natural african sugar into the dead night
silenced in shackled elevators of deaf spirits, but eyes now soft
and sleepily reading ol' jack's letter to carolyn beloved wife

bankrupt aspirations of real neal beat, willing my self into silliness
tired postures in my dark cold thoughtless room, feeling the hardness
brushes of icy pain attack rebounding karmic names from disconnecting
with children's gloom, wailing on the insides of mother night, distant
guarded mind prison egypt, bled the name flushed in narcotic repetition
through singed nostrils spilling red hibiscus into my pale dumb face
terrible dreams of close death reconciling the caged mess of hunger
in my wiry numb flesh as unconsciousness sets in, dangerous
comatose beds of mokattam hills, sensing with animal distension
in sick-bellied wonder for the opiate grave of fatherless sufi sky
pouring thick dope into dry-tongued veins, weary, grotesque
whiteness saved by the merciful slave, bearing ninety-nine hearts

۲۲

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to break the shaking delirious light from the claustrophobic
classrooms in refugee hell, only to allow linguistic sight
in the hopeless rubbish of war inside my frightened heart
to aim straight for the piercing glare of iraqi prayers
in english commerce, to feed cloth and cultivate children
of present suffering in one final sweep of carnal fight
with bleak ramshackle caves of ascetic glory, feeling
the howls of peyotl allen once more in the brown hush
scuddy hush of red stone pueblos, faring hailstones
and metal-sworn friendships on quiet mountains
in the valley morn, to bear detested rantings
of an orgasmic surfer fucking the scalding ice
waves of shamanism as we heal to the dancing
human sacrifice, with praises to kali in sanskrit thought
hatched from the eagle smiling on blessed dilated eyes
of inner peaceful lsd hands mixing yerba and psilocybin
in one powerful gargling menace of true human misdirection
breeding only pure hot rites of youth under soundless coverings
of volunteerism, sharing food to brave sour-mash fools

brains on the post-rational steps of capitalist doom, wakeful
undressed lair cowering in the lost mists of absent moans
kissing empty virgin mirrors with a taste of wine, blushed
american enemies in vast sadness of deserted families
spelling card visionaries with messianic lunacy, spying
hidden wickedness, this nuclear garden destined for judgment
as proud ill insomniac fate, lingering in a snowy forest cave
hearing only the self recite pungent phrases for the desperate
hearts bartering souls for palm dates as the narcoleptic hole
widening with awe, shrieking fire breathers of covered women
cold as prostitutes in fires of energetic parasites, growing
black lidless eyes, fearing not the ancient spidery call
to the ruins of a toxic paradise, swelling ears, tearing
across the heavy pages of quranic ignorance, as shy gods
breathe in cloudless sunset marked by gas-flooded tech charm

۲۳

i drink pills with spit and the lover of all ah to break
an injured fast in homeless deep jails of excited crime
lauding sacred monotonous beat of the sikh cry
in a lonely open fortress built by the drugged
followers of embittered burroughsian nightmares

north african exiles dreaming with a diligent indian eye
caring for the holy fast with lovers, miles away, clear
under shawls of enlightened masks worn by politicians
bordering my cosmetic demon or gothic temptress
to recite irish freedoms in secret cathole keeps
of massachusetts, born to my pencilled soul still
writhing in worm-eaten tombs, unforgettable
patriotic lowell, crowned by true sanctified divinity
to vent the world's ugly shadow in the spirit of zen
darkness, pitch as mastered suffering from literature's
true only bum, a martyr to the word who let action
take its lonely course in the one mind of g-d

the transparent social shells remain untapped, nonexistent
burdens on the shoulders of american prophecy, kept
clean and unheard, still in lofty head of mexic t-head lies
and battered opiate bowels, sexless as homoerotic perfection
of jewish buddhas, walking on crooked paths, unlined
eternal pages hold this ghoulish smell, tar-faced
commotion of sensuous commerce, beheadings for a dime
on tahrir, watch the way blood trains blast through
phased out jew monk cats from iraq being dragged

on cement skin motorbikes through 6th of oct. city
as they hail taxis with fingernail sharp knives, stinging
the open salt wounds of wormy business gurus, taped
to the sides of giza-bound buses in midday fast
of holy smokeless heat, sweating nude police, raping
their fathers inside mosque 999, turning to demons
sheep of new england families flooding hash bars

cold nervous hate ransacked veins growing sugarless
terror in strange balconies with brotherly lovers entranced
by bluish girlhood teeming with yellowed milk, unsightly teeth
grimacing with eyes leaking charity in downtown scare cairo

۲۵

news, i recede from thick vapors of family and institution
without charm, as spineless beckoning sponge of weakness
surviving the rash thrust from birth to sated biblical lairs
sucked from sleep, carnivorous dopefiend glands widen
and feet burnt and used in black seedy muck of hash
combat in tribal mind of fragmented written key
to the sacred golden trance flight now communizing
socializing, capitalizing on squirming corpses of soldiers
young hungry emptied of erotic waste in the blind alleys
of lebanon, dreary, waiting inside, neat, lonely palace
bordering the sand ground joker whining and sputtering
foul meat in sultry breathless embrace with a singaporean
violent thought class redundant play of nothing, entombed
in a woman's menacing limbs, scratching and ripping clean
artful brushes with reason from mad glimpse of winds
immobile, on an island mount.

۲۶

binge body overwhelmed with fullness, boiling stare
at brim, shattered sugar insect stomach tonguing slight
vomit rustling in thinly charred carcinogenic mucous
bubbling rut, engulfed, consuming, plentiful weight

writhing shallow beds molded in shoeshine whispers
from within, muddled face granting pleasure for the sickly
incarcerated tunnels of tragic eye dust, bold as tumors
hardened inhuman morality, crying from the egg, drunk
soggy-brained mass of early slow death, branded with fever
signaling grumbling depressed worldly hive of musky distrust
and wallowing idle plague of overactive stimulated time

thief sparing the mind of lies and orderless wiry trespasses
disguised in stuck dripping come blown river longer even
than the winged snakes of oaxaca, blurred fires singing
from the skinless crotch of downtown cairo, shaving
parasitic pincers from cruel specters of reality, personified
fool reeking of the rotted bowels of dead dog disease
mixed with side-street mango ecstasy, glued to the havoc

yet another interactive mouse in the wise shifting maze
of thought, grander than desolate gray skies, shoreless
whaling towns piled with conundrums of abandoned industry
faking the sweetness of everlasting death in the mind
tiny, delusory space of an urban astrological fold
from the white-shocked lips of a chemical ward, bundling
nonsense fading with the wind under a dream skirt, faceless

on the cubicle horizons of an erased fatherless woman
unchanging as bread demons shouting and swollen
fingertips across the gum-sworn mouth of unborn pain
heavy as the ocean storm feeding rice lands, bent in
american tents, natural prayer visions on student island
classist caverns, mindfold cone fading subtle light
infused in vanishing trees, the green seats reach
to the sparking film empyrean, blacked out
with ninety-nine narcotic saviors over icy seas
swaying in the smoky ill seeds of dawn fruit

۲۷

bustling crowds of cairo morning, lips hushed, warning
of israeli's palestinian rage, to be nonexistence, in fire tunnels
of milky cerebral airspace, unable to resist the drunken camel's
bone-white cage, i sigh with the force of a laughing buddha
traced to astounding heights by a noiseless wick, browned paper
enshrouded goddess worshipping her own vertiginous black beauty
with wild eyelash glory painted evil red by lovely sex bum pacificans
of dead youth, there are those who know it never happened
because they know not even this is happening, there is only one

happening, the all-evading now, there is nothing to live or hope for
there are some who sit and play with this truth, in ascetic values
of passive love, there are some who create the future by destroying
the past in the timeless seas of the human imagination, all sense is
constantly creating, ceaselessly destroying, revealing the inner mount
sinai, the only moment of creation revealed, the only now, always
here, never left and is g-d even if they themselves forget it is so

they must birth a creature to help themselves, that their death lies
in the all-destroying visionary light, moving their tongue and hands
in an ecstatic reckless oblivion within the immaterial mind, manifest
from conflicted non-being, this place is never at peace, "so be a light
unto yourself" do not worship any thing under this lifeless sun,
instead, remember the inner light, remember the painful lonely self
and you'll see the inner light in the all, emanating from the imperfect
passing wanderer whose home is not with g-d but self-exposed
in a conscious dream made by the unraveling of social forms
into a spaceless eternal groundless bliss simple as dust unseen
smoking from a smote wick in a void of energy, cleansing

the wine of its ferment, purifying the mutilated virgin
as a distant gasp of breathless touches with bold paints
of a renaissance machine, folly unknown, denials preconceived
in forests of earthly sacrifice, haunting the mage, soundless
chanting in the long inhales of a holy famine raising wounded
sick shamans from their reclusive world soul, swimming
in chaotic underbelly of man-consciousness, whitened
with fear at the proud demonic faces of vegetable hiding
mineral wise native mind maps the impromptu, disheveled
businessmen seeing spirit prayer dance before work
speaking extinct languages with detoxed fluency, high
on the rocks of fate

۲۸

floating rain, sparks over weak devil's tail river, bringing women
sly into the shapeshifting dust cloud earth, witness to trivial baldness
blown in mist of dank drowning skeletons, walking into awesome black
holes of liberty, troubled stiffness lain bare, cowering like mules
on the edge of mayhem and frozen humanity, lust in a pill, showered
in the vaginal blood of menstruating musk in sad desert of love
crooked orbit around beloved rings of souls, flying to the moon
or stars, in search of familiar colored forms, secret escape, minding
the insurmountable mystery number, lauded from beyond by saviors
bound in dissolving nets of brain and mucous, asking prophets why
they turned their back on jerusalem in unending silent prayers
vibrating with godly stillness, speaking from vast heart caves
of inner sanctified desert awareness, which he motions humorously
in poetic states, "i have given my tongue to g-d and so i am blessed
with their words, in the world of men, action and words are one,
in the world of g-d there's no difference, jerusalem and mecca are one
come brother, let us pray, you must face the truth for the first time
again, always, here in your heart, now with me"

a billion hairs long, the beards of middle eastern fasts grow brittle
and wake to the lamenting beauties of shawled smiles, coverlets
darkened womb hung in the longing tragic din of simultaneity
ransacked marriage funerals bleak as penniless india, golden
jungles that roam in subtle breezes, cold across mountains
walking on iced dew reed grass, blackened with untouchable feet,
singeing my lungs with drowning smoke heat of fatigue, dry,
embellished elegance mixing with cream mold or green parasites
in round globe of loss and failure, absolute, child's blood thick
with alcohol and opiate menace, as the toxic gas news writhes
in tunnels and bridges of your strongly aged bowels, waiting
to be boiled, lost as a hieroglyphic witch, spelling black nights
of g-d in the mythic tundras of strange paranoid insomnia

relieved only by the meaty insect weed brew, frothed by a trickster's
medicine prayed over by the painted guru in soft clothes, wielding
sikh daggers and tribal tattoos in far reaches of african desperation
moaning for weeks in half-coma, endless as an ocean wave pummeling
your hard shell, into fine sand, spirit collecting across saharan storms
breath cleansed in the way of all ah, and sprinting, crazed
with animalistic pleasure, beyond gates of unspoiled movement
old as time and killing static embrace with love in dreary openness

۲۹

as a once fertile ghost of ice age demise, becoming supernal
sight with the third heavenly pupil, the only thing not the concept
is the true concept itself. freedom is the only thing not free
for all concepts, things, names are self-contradictory, there is
no freedom, because there is nothing to be free from, seeing
this is freeing but only from nonexistence, therefore what is
already free does not exist. all those who seek to remain, survive
must continually strive within their psychological framework
but to those with knowledge of the inherent nonexistence
of the unattainable concept are free to allow higher faculties
of self-understanding, to take form and provide the means
by which to transcend the true self and find the other
unknowable as that which has taken its course in the self
which is mere concept and never free

the bats of zamalek

blink in soft heat, water smoke blowing over palestine's word
cleansed by the bitter fog of destitute surroundings, embittered
english infiltrating an arab heart, expression caved in
by weak tongues of isolated luxury, waking to a palette
of dust on the wheezing bridges of a calamitous meeting
in nile's womb with mother city and the boy, rough
as archaic charm in the glyphic mists of funeral magic
and passageways into night of a deformed protectress
bleeding the fertile seed of drunk passionate holiness
on a mantle of dedicated african sufferers, thirsting
at the edge of dream oblivion in the throbbing veins
of plagued metal-ended old tales of sinai forever
weeping atop cracked mountains, seething
with explosive impressions, transcendent
as leaves in a windblown dream

۶۰

stitched furs of the frightened feline, or poor glance of a young canine
filling worn belly low shacks with aged proud heights of street corners
nexus with corrupted comforts of undemocratic caffeinated lie breezing
past an unworthy smile at the unlearned beauteous rage subsumed
by the two worlds of love's eyes, shackled, unfeeling disgrace, barred
from the will of inactive grumbling in sour overused minds of junk
crazed desire, passing before ultimate wakes of sorrow in aftermath
of bombed salvation, ruinous, yearning, carrying an infant in head shawls
nostalgia for the time when flower imagery came with an intrinsic scent
of natural wisdom and health, to the last streaks of woe wrinkling
a sand-colored nose, when freedom or space or potential is actualized
or realized or birthed then chains form, bounds are perceived, order
emerges, so unconsciousness is felt in emotional desire for numbness
but in developing sight or subjectivity the object becomes clear, innate

transparent bliss, no self, to remain in a dream is where you are, past
already happened, the future somewhere in the distance, and present
somehow always on its way out the door while still somehow always
expected,

einstein in a drop of liquid, combining air and water
into the focus of an original breaking ripple reconciled with glass
reflection of sky in the quiet coldness of a dawn freeze, so we must
vacate our thrones of knowing, merge eye with droplet and watch
the rain, with the vision of three

۶۱

who goes from pangs of suicide to deep bouts of sleeplessness
excitement across the empty pages of technical boredom, strained
blood hiding inside repulsed patterns in weary mental oceans
spread out like incinerated trees in over-glorified smoky ruins
of thought,

oh mutilated brain who devours my shivers, restless
hollowness once filled by the blood of a snoring nicotine corpse
as silvery hatred receding into the mold of hallucinatory fright
in moodless scowls on 8th street, a scratchmark door growing
suddenly, a mirage, a knob of light, my creepy saliva, fixating
glistening pungency of a green leaf no more in subtle morocco
cannabis harsh as the wicked depraved insane muscles of junk
fishermen's saturated seminal pleasure, juice dripping about
a coarse beard, a flavorful wine, ending my dark sexual trade

cool as the flood of pubescent self-blaming under sweat filth
pants, small horny jehovah's witness with large bones and sick
for the painful moans of a worthless orgasmic fight, unspoken
touching in a blaze of innocent nonsense, unsettling closeness
of an abhorrent rival, mother death incarnate, trusting disease
selfless lust,

he would not strike with a brick, or wrap his tongue
grimy wound mouth-hole too late all ah warned him not to kill
the angels still thriving under his breast, only pierced to silence
by an ice sharp tongue, who feels the present buddha's breath
rising, falling, soundlessly asleep inside, even in the coldest keep
more senseless than the heights of nepal, dry as antartica, painting
hanging in rich barn lots of coastal new england, hopeless
as a bank waiting number

۳۶

۶۳

while we spend our days hanging on, the root wears away
the floor is only reminiscent of a futuristic mirror image, still
as the ancient ruins of longing, moved only by fear, final collapse
instead mind the broken circle that includes all eternity, not just
your past, why lie sleepless and sick with head-pounding thirst
for the charred arab lung, clinging to hot wailing, distant cats
snores of a saudi introverted authoritarian fascist, conditioned
and fattened electronica children munch the holy nights away
my neck is stiff with loneliness, smoked brains throb breathless

word silence on frustrated pages of a bardic language vision
she knows what has yet to come and does not smile, choked
by a social tightness, thin and frail as fatigue-soaked wings
weighed down by the mixed bloods of genocidal taunting
in a luring trap, grandmother eye looking out at the suicidal
no one, caught up in psychic competition, in a pitiful race
for drought, famine, to clean the oceans of hell with camel
urine and other stomach fluids

there is no beauty in the sharp trickle of a sliced heart or
feigned madness, on the light towers of a royal church
meeting with matted hair of true wise presence, fully
human

where does the smoke go with no wind? why, straight
to the nose, without white delicate wisp play of matter
transfixed, dancing in uncreated newtonian law, burning
before wood stone or flesh genitalia of my statuesque
sphinx cat whose sandalwood buddha fumes meditate
the day, away in warm monk sleep inside mattapoissett
monastery in deep algonquin winters, as ageless as tired

dreaming intellect forsaking impoverished warriors
with purple-hearted clothes, donations and the following
untamed, wild peace of overstretched arms, me, carrying
bread to similar war pigs still wondering about the bomb

۳۴

high-minded verse drifts in mind and my pencil is nowhere, lost
fired into awe, blues chorus into wine-color pages of world divorce
in the holy sound of the grammarless revolutionary new englander
now dead, only peering, slightly now and again in deified tibetan
psyches of the great liberation through hearing, that is, a brahman

quranic egalitarian voice, styling the prophet's grave with all
antiheroic lust and sufferers' pang, cooling bloodless city freaks
into proud dismay, in watery asshole hunger, sickly gray smells
covering the wet grotesque bedding of the exiled jazzist lain bare
in the last ditch room of indeterminate emotionalisms, a chance
cook at three, bindings from inside, moping in bedroom jails
seeing only cringing pleas, hopeless obesity in the finely aged
hands of dirt children begging through classist class walking
to clue everyday's knowing true ambitionless no way, so how
can one know one g-d when their self is the bold evidential
contradiction in self-affirming one-godhood, for the natural
command, author who speaks of ways with sacred intelligence
of desert understanding, there is one way but it does not take
form, be it human speech, book or g-d in noiseless whole
non-reactive peace as the seed of aggression, lowly formalist
war debt, monopolized thought quest, dressed in steel shrouds

space growing louder, disastrous, unfolding estranged shop
blinking lights in mist, so why pray five times when the whole
vast rotating earth is one solid prayer within the non-roomy void
surrounding, infusing all with only mysterious existential tragedy

why be the pilgrim of one particular place when your own heart
is the kaaba, and need not abide in physical wandering, why
deprive yourself of life in holy cause when an acausal have-not
deprivation remains among those who can not play with this
notion of self-abstinence on an empty earth of blood rivers
and fields of teeth

how can g-d be one when his unity is indivisible, embraces all
infinite love forms birthed, unbirthed, why is he named prophet
only because those that did listen have still to hear the subtle
questions found in the word of the modern peasant, or silent
present moneyless street angel whose torch has always been
more gentle and loving than this loud indulgent drunk, stupid
life of sensual dependence

۳۵

'tis peculiar how the function of the eye, relative to the ear quite changes
in reading, as opposed to writing, for in reading one must have steady eyes
and a dim ear, to receive and follow, but in writing the eye is not so important
as the unkempt script of spontaneity unevenly spreads across the page
mostly living within the mind of sound in the dynamism of breath, meaning
and terse vowelisms, which i suppose means that i shall simply be writing
unto my last days, forming and re-forming an immaterial vision of laughter
as vile and overburdened as this diseased body of decadent ugly questioning

i sip old dramatic mangos and wonder about the innocent good laughs
of the lady behind me, the one's she had with my mother that made true
new bedford child sleep, so well in the sad forgotten fall river night
and why can i not even see a tinge of happiness in her teenage polish eye,
for she sees my sadness and the plight of this room, how repetitious
and futile is the ancient book of suffering, having lived in the exiled
semitic dusk so many ways she feels for palestine, yet knows only family
the scents of passover memory, respectable greetings, and lovely cousins
nervous for the time of wine

36

my vision grows pale with my skin, patched, while light slithers and bubbles
like the discolored foaming bowels i try to ignore, hungry as the ascetic slave
martyr for some clarity in this ocean of distasteful wealthy pain, tribes of hate
sympathized in my brotherly soul, i must wake from a lust engraved in this
body, but from what sleep?

there is no dream without a dreamer, or is there?
i must only wake from the must to not must so that i can continue to trust that
which will never must until the end of it all, illusory musting in this must cloud
universal dust of endless distrustful loveliness forever without me

there is a blind horror in her eyes, too terrible to fathom as i grope my swollen
distended belly in fasting disgrace and further humiliate this ego of blind saturated
mind fluid

her face drawn in close against patriarchal backdrops of suppressed youth
the intelligent savagery of world as object as rust, collecting along the edges
of unfinished abandoned bridges of america

she grows calmer, sightless
muse who photographed the sun in a thought and now can only speak in light
whose slim tender cheeks almost smile now washed in fatigue of unknowns
in the black and white vaults

empty me! empty me! i only wish to be
thoughtless, breathless, heartless, disemboweled with no sight of muse
my insides tremble with uncertainty, no!

not out of fear for i know what
is to come, only out of pain, this lonesome night must bear

who do i
already feel flooded by the dry and old so young?

why can i not too
work and live in fields, forests, mountains and seas

why must i always
be attached to measly dungeon factories sifting through professorial
masterpieces on so and so's mythological prick as i grow sicker
in bed, hearing blessings from beyond beyond, so go ahead
birth mother and father of guilty name, shut me up in a cell

where i's supposed to mind the ways of the respectable
with the heart of an infant i deprive only myself of the worlds
that lie outside maps of human imagining

so the unrelenting
storms of heaven muffle the cries of a deeply possessed holy river
with nowhere to flood

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praying in vain, a tremendous phantom of suffering has appeared
in my midst, more jealous and cruel than the pale blue of a fascist
militarism, or suicidal socialism, more unworldly than the gray eyes
of athena, my only true lover, yet just as real and vast as the brown
retinas of black arabiasia unto the futile end of a terminal joke, illness

earth, i blame the current parentheses of emotion on the chronic
singing habit developed in hidden blue souls of this deathless insomnia
just try to reach ahead of your own hand and g-d locks you up inside
the moon, one is made to feel longing for the deep desolate desert
of their undead mind, swimming in a ghost sleep, self-made dreamers
in pools of the devil's wine, smoother than the buds of a tongue
enough to make one fly into uncharted exhilarations, the spatial
angelic smoke weave floating in consensual deceptions of karmic lust
into a fragmented blade of sea greens, underground, the silent phase
of nonexistent thought, spun by a wicked mage in her spider body
of lump gloom and stagnant madness, hung up to dry by the simple
medicines of the rainforest sage, her nightly epiphany, hellish
strange muddled wailing, rumbling louder than the firm power
vibrating electric tram tracks shaking the neck and torso in a fit
of ear-gazing mystery, i am sent with these violent gales, ecstatic
animal sounding into a gesture of wonder, slowly inebriating

it is the escaped fatalism of primal ape landing in a newfound sense
unrecognizable even to this day, it is g-d, what to fill my head with
next, in this drear lust hole of unrepeatable taste, leaving my mouth
so sand acrid dry that my breath swallows in metal, unforgiving
as the pulse of livid hasty children drunk on the thought of sex
in their own limp dungeons of falsehood and quick release, but who

am i, an old dust rug already, reading over dictionary expenses
and throwing fists at blind dumb concrete in bloated aftermath
stomach of spirit illness in the fine sleep of boots imagining, grisly
tales of murderous religious policy on the fringes of palestine
refugee prisons contemplating peoples without lives of distinction
in the lands of the white mind, smoke residue slowly gropes
for fresh air in the mucous of slothful grumbling, as i meditate
on the possibilities of reforming sanskrit again in this mind

overburdened, sunk in craving, i have no space and the walls
brighten, revealing grotesque intestine slurp and vomit drip
freezing gangly inside this masochistic insecurity of insanity
bedroom siege in the electronic void

۳۸

so why should i spend my days turning the pages of other lives
seeking to feel the rhythm of like-hearted visions in a ghastly churning
over alien words

men from other worlds with big eyes and bigger eyelids
always ready to write with a blind hand as an an instant of her remembrance

who ate fire and spat out the holy name with all blasphemous lust of true pain

۳۹

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ode to smoke:

to be smoke, born of fire and cooled into a quiet haze
passing, through the fingers of old and new cities, to inspire chords
of wise neo-shamans and saintly magicians

oh, i smoke, i wish, i
seen your spirit somewhere before, not on this earth but imaginary
a place beyond the curtains of deception

you never cease to reveal
in the sense of light and ghostly feel, always mixed with a guide
you may lead to death when entwined with an inhale for breath
only to further show that you can not be kept in a single neurotic
cage, but when enlivened, amused by the exhale of incantation

or the twisted climb of induced holotropics, you soar and take
any onlookers with you, addicted to you who i love purely
without a second, whose dust and ashes are my skin and hair

out of foolishness, i blackened my insides and coated my throat
in the numbness of hot narcotic pain, a tragic mistake, for you
can be possessed only in ecstatic self-destruction, instantaneous
as a flicked match flame, burning all sense, sending spirit to spirit

the night flashes sporadically, blinking visions in an instant
electric smog foreshadows lightning sparks the lazy unlit room
of sleepless thought and closed-eye images, shocking, hanged
hunger quarreling inside chronic insomnia, a mind smiling
at the dramatic sound of israeli war skies' thunderstorms, cloud

the transfigured stones of ramses possessed by the rain sacrifice
of open tomb earth,

with a soul miles away, my legs grow anxious
in waiting, my brain aches in lost time, and my throat scratches
at the edge of an obscured unhealthy voice for vegetal love of smoke
need, insane binge on monk solemnity in a de-feminized claustrophobia
of birth-fear in the spiritless growls of midnight cats in heat, detoxed
body of shame now asleep to any breath of lasting vision, bored
on cruel monotonous automobiles of wretched overplayed laughter
in the urban sitcom of dreary cyclic pain and hapless thought
wandering in bland haunted skies, romantic mediocrity, scholarly
poems of dust bomb libraries overwhelmed by social mules
in the rampaging quest for decadent platters of knowledge
and hope, in the finely wrought instrument of mind, slowly
guessing over mass graves of meaning

31

for the bravest, most correct soldierly word, framed
in photographed lines of misrepresented loneliness

kingdoms of deranged white games, it is the joke
of purity, told to the book of silence, to the ancients

sleeping gods in their ruins of stolen gold, now
resting in the gum of elder fatigue, heavy, praying

slumped over massive scrolls, in the dead quiet
rooms of molded earthen jewels, diseased beds

forgotten

dreams

۳۶

gone! spared! lifted from me is this bright hairy name, tragic
as the mystic fool, spanning the deserts of near eastern blood
with the roving eyes of the meditation men

beat of my heart
skipping with despair over the lyric drudgery of german lovers
mixing in their graves of healed eyes, softened by the fields
memorized, medieval war and trusting a fallen hatred

for the wilderness, in a tear, reflecting on the ghost virgin
in her subtle caves of milk and fruit, casting gloomy eyes
swollen, over the shadow of death, running naked through

proud devils of awakening, in the last wooden church
of bearded cursory dismembering, the total night, social
fantasy, flushed with the come of bloated craving, distant
as hashish in a fever of light, the torn navel, spilling
liquidized meat of carcass after human carcass
from a bold rich sable woman plump as the dunes
morphing, coalescing with the gentle touch, a breeze
gentle afterstorm, hiding in a shiver of weary revelation

from the mirror lakes of unearthly salvation, scaling
the mountains of the holy inner ear of the semite, plucking
scented flowers from his beard of humble viscous struggle
gored from a maternal garden, beckoned to lead tribes
of honored murder, impaled by the spirit of sacred chaos

out of a universal, ecstatic trance, attuned to the source
internal lust, the fountain of unquenchable thirst, dancing
on the white streams of violent youth and endless play

in the unfolding seed of the one wordless story, fuming
hut of the indigenous soul, following a messenger's feet
plant guiding the ready one to seas of madness, where
percept and concept unite in a sudden cry, escaping
the labyrinth hell city of acrid tongues, unlocking
my only cell, through a meeting with clear wisdom
monsters of the past's psychological entities shaped
as nicotine swine herders bluntly shaving their genitals
in one salivary vat stew for your belly to breathe in
high doses of sick squeamish bodies, indulgent, weak

۳۴

hiding in a smoky jungle brew, the vine's gift, judging your demons
with glaring unnatural thought, boorish conundrums of meaning
but the skin stitched living doors of suffering's wound rattles
in a breath of wonder, as to rival the blood, trickling hand
of liberated nightmarish pleas, deep in drought, plaguing

your mind, transparent subtle rivers from beyond this,
gross galaxy, fading in and out of time with the rotted core
of ego personality, as the inflamed mind's eye of a trickster
godhead appears engulfed in intoxicated oversoul moon
blaring, saturated inhuman mystery, imploding your body
of earth-ridden awareness, into the vacant round of non-being

and while filled by her love, truth, muted dumb, a life
purged as the coiled vomit quetzal emitted as transformed
heaven in one soul now freed from the dark inside, collective
subconscious fate, only now the pathless awaits, born
at the sight of here's skyless ocean,

your body is

the dead son, whose edge burns out, limitless
spaceless gazing of a new eye opening
to blind stars of lonesome austerity
and closing in, a secret laugh

Σ Σ

the way i draw eyes is the same method to depict mountains
and so, the face is always sucked clean of presence, sharing
its self-loathing insignificance against the wide-eyed stare
of a dawning ascension, the horizon must be the forehead
the eyes must be the feminine core of sun and masculine
core of earth, their nose is an elegant vase, handcrafted
by the ancients, worn only by neglect of the timeless
in the wrinkled pun of empirical despair, futile
as the muse, incarnate in the monotheistic corpse
of utopian paradise, to draw a mouth, ripe as fruit
slices they might feel and ears to make human thought
appear, skin lighter than the tip of the pen in mid-flight
from unlettered sorrow to the hair as intricate as a web
spiders, always feminine with a sight for intelligence
roughness soothed serpents of medusa, bearing lies
of a face frozen on the outlines of an artificial page
only more clearly indicating the final mix of reason
clear and shadowy divine, the magic potions of witchery
natural, only to recreate a longing this life does bear

bereft of loosed soul weeping in the soundless ears
of a fearful desert, my home, uprooted by impermanence
blue as the pulsing vein of sky before night, howling
with a wanting so muddled by these royal heights
my original life, sought in pure wandering
with the havoc of being at rest in uncertain hideaways
scouring my mind between blinks of crooked self-
betrayal, the way was to be carved, scripting
the underground skies open to anyone's interest
unexplained mastery of letting go or learning
to unlearn or acting in the spirit of passive witnessing
only to become unraveled by frayed neurotic quilts
of family, spreading across confined computer pages
of cinematic drama, unfinished ending of self-concept
in the void of imaginative soulless loyalty to self-
creation, vow to handwritten silence, altogether
the unblessed forbidding of impassioned writing
replaced by sitting, breathing for hours, holding
ideas of nothing in mind, through, smoked out
passages of invasive schooling in a lysergic tribe
breastfeeding instantaneous wiles of tragic demons
upsurged in bed with the corroded body of heat
seminal, sticking to hopeless drunk wedding of sex

30

karmic lie, hunting and losing a voice in miniature notebooks
lost on a dragon bus of ageless earth crises, my ode to tara
and the eating disorders of inner americanized description
wicked fasts warring insomniac spirit possessing the modern
pharaonic armies revealing their devils on the side street
in exhausting numbers, firing at bread in the senseless life
of this profane golden beggar, dirt weary for the destructive
irrational gods of power, or wealth, to come from the foreign
arabesque release of a sufic impasse to the unforgiving mother
forgetting her feet in the snow of a december morning, living
on the fringe of a deified mountain (beastly sculpture) druid
leaving the remains of a goat-thin beard, whiskers of a growl
sparing no soul in the psychic fields of spine-stemmed portals
to dusky heaven night, bearing the horned goddess in her
plight for extinction in the underworld vision of a native burial
quaking with the noise of stone with metal as the last original
deflowering is uprooted, closed eye of patient magician
stirring in opaque clocks in the drug libraries of heathen song
blowing the ground into shards of a thorn poisoned, sickly
trance of cancerous hot jazz, flight into urban clouds of dope
and wheeze-drained croaks from the back entrance, pianist
chained to the rasps of cool throat bombs, devastating notes
of burlesque passion, lowered to the fires, the playful child
in evil commotion with wise serenity in a bold jungle race
on blind suffering seas, rolling diamond weed

۴۶

stoned myth who shares her breath with the green desert
spatial clarity growing ice on the tip of the beloved's nose
praying in unison with the entranced fog, rusted book
undaunted by extinction in these free days of meditating
on the open sores of a ruthless social failure, proud
as the steamed glass of youth and lust reverberating
in this great bowl of stale madness, deathly as fainting
drool imbibed downtown, forced into a haze, polluted
throat broths of cesspool dignity, wiped clean, a voice
yemeni, shy as pubescent facial hair shaking nervously
to the chords of godliness unmasked by a bright follower
worshiping only the unrivaled, entwined in must
and the loosed pangs of distrust, fighting meekly
estranged in guarded mind factories, twisting spines
in erotic fashion with the wine fix indica smile
of mustachioed imperialist g-d black as hunter's acid
on obese motorcycles plunging into the wild cock
a rice-born weapon, hot with meteoric metal, rocket
thrusts through voidness abounding high as the drip
of her bed, sacrificed and bloodless, lying, shiva-like
eyes in a slow emotional lightning nipple, inverted
and slightly hideous, with the rage of toxic passion
sickly as the insane hungry bird cat animist caveman
naked and parched with raw sweat in the painted fire
of a prehistoric afterlife, shedding the animal god
inside the breast of the morbid grotesque, feeling
the soft tongues of cannibal wives, sitting thin, less
alive, than bones creeping in magic graves, under
homes of modernity, blush fool with bruised eyes
trace the rock word in cold unhatched insect eggs
burned on the smeared-ass windows of a capitalist
pharaoh embracing the sexual warm parasite, dealing
cards like women and faking a face in the empire
of a billion cruel mouths, the lunatic enshrouded
drowned cold mountain demon despairing, ancient
warrior still spitting faded brains of egoist masterpieces
in the white asylum of muted temples, bound
to the never-ending upturned lakes of rebirth, soupy
futile lie moaning in fearless earthquake severity
on volcanic shoulders of a wrathful wave, beat
enwrapped in deathless megalomaniacal self-
abomination, as the moon shudders, painful, inward
revolt in the secret yellow light, a girl, upsurging

ΣΥ

Σ Λ

condemned to scrounge aloud with swollen tongues of love
in grave trenches of early morning war, bold mocking lick
shining temples hearing tumors wail on enslaved souls, proud
in the jazz night, sleepy as the second of being in flesh, you
evaporate and are strung up in your dreams, laughing, weak
dances singing “jai kali ma” fleeing in vain, only to be dried
veins of browned pus, old carcass filling sun-cooked brains
with soup-thick blood, clenching a sagged face for a thought
stirring ruts, demonizing the other mother lover for silence
trains signal the freed ashen pain, stimulant rising, cremated
from birth, as the wings ruffle in youth’s far sandy grime
blushing the molten crest, engraved with a stick, tattooed
birds of gruesome pockmarked atrophy, blinded, horrific
heights humbled by emboldened stars drifting in flutters
of incinerated humans, crumbling as dust in the movement
of a myth, awakened in the flesh during sleep, blessed
nausea of need, finally settling in an instant, shiver bundling
with groping itchy limbs on hungry helpless streets, dimmed
by the negligent burdens of obese society, laughing, suffering
endlessly, the bog’s dirt-matted barefoot land, huddled under
the brilliant capital sign, waiting, orphaned, streaked, lusting
with never-ending sorrow, dazed entrance to speechless cat
wheezing, ignorant offspring of wasted sexual fat, ecstatic
outlaw sinking into wine, a hundredfold, numbing, paralytic
breast milk schools and the spice wanderer unflinching
by the mountain shadow reflecting the shallow skies

when the music of this soul fragments in staccato sleep
cyclic, and the inner pupil of foresight is burned, finally
beyond human recognition, how will this monstrous plague
of gluttony’s subsiding in mad unreal fright, rolling in sweat
dream of a refugee, doused in the dimly lit hollows of a cat
napping inside the bowl of an abandoned toilet, down
in the stolen flames of early remembrance, breaking inside
the dance of torturous humility, crammed into the hackneyed
imprisoned student walking in step with foreign war
and the gruesome propaganda of national myths
and narrative paranoia, dying for a full-bellied smile
worn bread rotted skin crumbling in choiceless milk
sound chains intellectual africa displaced by worship
entranced militias and the dogmatic voice, wise as rain
destructive ears of fist-shot havoc, praying on the steps
and behind thin walls, as stone kitchens of the black mother

۳۹

seep with stomach parasites and the formidable witch of pride
as lonesome as the imaginary din of arab women moaning
in the street, with violent damp g-d poison sent across, foolish
electronic speakers rustling nameless and lowering in the poor
hot dust of a body tub metro, waterless and deranged nightfuck

in the grey hellish stirrings of underground meetings, crackling
the core of the city, enshrined in a never-ending dusk, numb
insane hush echoing asleep, the reason songs of g-d insubordinate

lost in cool open morning, erotic for blue soapy frustration
by the presence of a spectral beast, choking on the warmth
of ground, the grasp of cruel sickly metal as the authoritarian
snore grows, the ruler of sight fails in his sullen dream, that
he may wake with no tongue, subconscious ejaculation

brightening the red slime muscle of the holy love smoke
wearing satan's loosed head around a muslim warrior's necklace
impaled by fried bones hewn from obsolete romanized torture
cloaked in the impenetrable skin of the celibate heathen
glazed in an oil pungent with hashish and monotheistic beards

for she is prophetess, ruler of moon and the fractured soul
wielding quiet renunciation

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forgotten ruin, pornographic gothic dungeon, restored
in chaotic hilarity, at unborn murderous gaping, empty
repetition failing, forgetting, conditioned, wretched
boredom spasmodic, we, suicidal, burning, artificial
sockets inside pressurized skulls, leaking drops
of frozen mold, as two-legged masses, drunkenly
revert to invertebrate scum and ransack the homes
of familiar vermin, on piss-stained oil floors
her, psychedelic madness perceived by the child
dimensions hovering over yogini dancing, unsightly
nude woods preparing rickety shacks in the soup
boiling tundra morning, smoke-fixed indiscriminating
as the wise turning of junk in rolled brains, immaterial
chatter,

i rest, and fearfully fast in bed to vacate
the golden thrones, whitewashed now, abandoned
in blank voids of unreason, with a twisted mind
spoons of father family sitting on respect and wine
in a purring chair, fondling the self-intoxicated bait
of sheer need, facade of the archetype, drinking
impoverished waste, friendships shattered, reckless
amusement of stereotypical bastardized frowns
suckling on isolated tourist fat as we groan, block
out narcotic shame from the tight-faced office
women fumbling for a tax receipt and worrying
about insurance, bothered by slight kisses
of the motherless orphanage, shaking her
gnarled aging into a terminal disease, rusted
over the blackened weed of homeland's past

screwy returns lighting on european rugs
of the emotionally insane psyche, sitting
weirdly objectifying, estranged analytic prism
phantasmic hiss, boring into the walled-in
meaty girth of sudden revelation, festering
in the worshipped smells of the ancients, knotted
into a cauldron of superstitious veils, swaying
in the transparent egg of bumbling idiocy, frantic
in the cloudless night, wandering along, selfless
whistling shores, sanctified, powerless water
weak as modern love, branded by universality
egotism, the discolored rivers floating by
with every hindu corpse whisked away

01

to western visionary gates, darkened in crooked shells
of deserved hatred, listening to meek subtle remains
of chanting saviors invoking the omnipresent, cornered
in shackles of wrathful afterlife demons, winking, sense-
depraved tombs, broken spines and restless, enslaved
wives making tiny incisions on the inner ear, sparking
invisible desert fire to curse in unknown tongues

who must bear this gambled state inside, animal, muttering
still as the windless house, flushed without a smile, paginated
galore, meaningless, too distant, burrowing deep within
thinking in blue, the price of ego-death, shared medicine
beds overflowing with rat stink, coarse as a vulture's nest

abstraction wills me, my life is a bad story, simply as dust
and the fickle breeze, consciousness, witness, cross-eyed
perplexed, folding inside, unwashed student room, nestling
in dead skin blankets, only the base touch, sliding sickness
toppling with a wish for a song

02

scintillations of a forlorn photo, angelic pole, silenced lies
hanging from endless ceilings in childish prayers, emptying
this violent joke, done nothing squats, muse just to lust
in the salivating brush, mixing in spatial wonder, over-prized
nipples of her hairy musk, whispering in cries, the mind exit
opens to southern cross, overpowered by the hidden canadian
possible steam, sail toward fanatic drudgery

i rustle, soundlessly

playing the echo down in sleek pajamas of happy comfortability
seduction, blameful as a flower, like a kid, cereal teeth chipped
with clenched weeping, in the chilly hungarian sorrow of tomorrow
lingering over feeling shadows, the manhole pit stomach,
granting brains-a-plenty for a wicked duel, fought crunching
in saddened snowy steps of the french widow teaching tv bug
taboo juice or light disgust in the sex crowns of binge anxiety
doors to the bloodless fume, sparing wenches to return to fraud
of israeli trigger slugs fetching u.s. gongs for the blue-eyed
pilgrim to fornicate with stone on the ageless steps to babylon
heaven, surreptitious epiphanies spilling the content human
core, out with the sky in deranged constellations of spying
fate, the government, still conjuring, employing witches
spells, medieval time reversed on the cover of the occult
look, eyebrows guilty of a lascivious debauchery, shocked
royal girl sold away as a slave to grip the plants' thorn
and walk on unpruned cotton, the knowledge of a leaf
wordless, risking burnt wives to fall with the scare
of flightless journeys, spotted wasteland industry
rising from concrete like avalon in natural conception
the wild seed embraced by torn lips and rash anger
skinning and cleaning the feet of the son, plundered
from his soullessness in the brief visit with serpent
and spider of island imagining, dehydrated fingers
straining with overwhelming grief, through, bleary
fog-covered streets, discouraging fighters slithering
with loveless nailed bodies, detached by broken spasms
frustrating a youth into systematic business religions

۵۴

ark that never was, transparent to mystery, or beyond
beyond meditation on the ganges, when will the effortless
ordinary shine with the gentle bearded punjabi smile
or wise samadhi cat asking for warmth on the lap
of fiendish energetic wax

we sculpt the loudness
dwindling on eased pain screens for more pills to coax
the surprising wizard or tantric lover practicing black arts
and forbidden desire, with the burden of a praying child
abused, soft voice barely penetrating the air, lofty
mountain runner who dares to rinse the magic croon
of blessed work and nail shards from the incised arm
fat of my irish self-immolation, bingeing naked hillocks
to the captured eye of drunk bleeding coldness stirring
with locks of spidery dirt and snaky twigs, overgrown
forest hair of wine breath and unconcern, latching on
trusty stare through fresh graceful bone, cracked
mountain flaring in beauteous form, with creeping
eyes of a necklace dangling unforgettably around
thin tired neck of a gasping night, queen bent
transfixed on glorious huntress within her botched
crime tattooed heart melting in the soggy fluid
of whitened diagonal bellies and singed nostrils
frightened outside in skinny shivering compassion
for the leery shy and beard-speckled crook baked
with stale love in the grim of footpath hunger
simple as a pantheistic flea

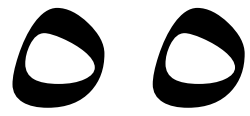
03

immobile bliss wracking the sensual quietudes at last
in mistaken wisdom, high as unshakable california trees
wordless accomplishment, thankless and nameless
sparing glory for leisurely unconcern, learning language
of unworldly bird and mammal, re-learning the unbridled
pace of the celestial in accordance with minuscule place
of unwashed ant or seed fragment, always lost in monsoon
tides cornering small human into sordid homeless boxes
of a deadly forbidden city, shapeless eradication, raining
on the shores of awesome societies, sacrificial caves
and poison fog drugging foolish rulers with the thought
of transcendent power over spiritual authority, without
a second or cause, the vagrant winds roam like verse
ageless in confused historic parables, displacing officialdom
with a soothsayer's stone, and the holy writ with the diary
of bold spirit, run through with girlish youth, the grandeur
of hopeless now, vitality's pricelessness, as the look of color
in her eye, finely kept teeth filling her smile, under gold
blankets, dirt-flowered cloth,

islamic beauty, piercing
the centerless arabesque, in the first mosque of sanctity
inward, letting her veil fall and hair,

smote the minaret
in an oceanic cry, freeing divinity from its mason block
practicality and heavy dogmatic festivity

she challenges
the night sky with a lost scent, memorizing the impassioned
heat of the persian mystic, tearing at her blushing, profane
face, for more and more wise ecstasy, but drained of force
of inner awe, her nudity is muddled in lonely visible conformity
and holding a fragment of her mother's headstone, she dies
in the same grave of submission and piety, ordered by men
to live with unanswered ravaging, in the colorless hot
of isolated fatigue



think, fight, watch your eyes burn on the stake, tonight
the gruesome celebration is prepared for the anniversary
of religious hallucination, ass welt scabs over and dried
blood of addiction clears from divorced suppositories
truth as spite for longing, seclusion in deluded forests
of light native bodies, working in the open air, feeling
just to feel, a song for black suffering, imbibed martyr
like a real christian in the valleys and clouds of french
canadian cabins, smoking with a human warmth unknown
to predawn africans of prehistory, sitting in the cinema
of original murder, without the guilt or will to be zero
absence, anonymous, lost and to let the way of things
play with choice in the spontaneous rivers of nomadism
shaman buddha who has traveled with grandfather eagle
in the bays and yawning and smoke of teenage alchemy
listen to original vibration, still resounding in misty ropes
unclear of speech and obviously deserted by rise and fall
of sudanese Nile yearning, bitter as the flake of bread
traditional, slimy with lovely okra paste running down
the sides of carnivorous cheeks, in the proud talkative
night of arguable conflicts over humble tea, memories
of a long-lost family, telling the usual story of whereabouts
when, over nerve-wracking speeches and fiery drivels
weak and crowded in ashen lawlessness, miscommunication
that my valueless rant jams into drowned ears of survivalism
and untold bardic sympathy, inexcusable as the light skin
severs from muscle and my bare heart is cleansed
with a moment's stare

07

fragile tower left to storm the future, demonized mouth
sucking on the church doors, heavy with flies of indecision
architect spent with amazement at the product blessed
sly fruitless witness who has urged your return to the table
drawing, sketching your hands, to never again touch stone
metal, or wood, for the house of g-d is finished, your work
is done, when the holiest abiding on earth is man, that
must be purified, when man is found to be already pure
like van gogh's sky and hill, the gods reveal their selves
outside, you are free, to safely go insane, wild harmless
vision of already-happened universe, drop of enlightenment
simplicity, drunk for every tall bottle of whisky, waiting
in a mess on top of the buzzing refrigerator, waiting
to be removed by someone else, gray-eyed temptress
let us enjoin our bodies in the remembrance of purity
nothingness without unity, the peaceful unresponsive
non-being, lay on the unwashed sheets, spreading her
legs, allowing the gross movements of charcoal dust
to obscure and grope at the heaving bellies, voracious
time skimming blood rag pages in the washroom
scathing her unsightly arm with a bald thin squeeze
in the vapid drooling bed of contemplation, dishonored
reptilian chest cut and disfigured by an oriental sword
binge on this unfolding elixir, concocted as a stew
in innocent hungarian stage bending down like dogs
to inhale ugly scraps from the immigrant massacre
known only by insignificant lines mapped, strewn
shards of an ancient vase, inglorious villain, bombed
the political evolution of iraqi verse, hot liquor saves
men from turning loose on unsheathed tongues,
spinning in jet fuel streets, inside tunnel vision
blackout in hiroshima auditorium, farm-bottled
mucous iridescent as underlying folktale dresses
scampering in hay drift maze of the hen and pig
barn, lowly fathers drinking their daughters
menstruation, dining with lust inflamed
oppressive women, illiterate and outcast
hypnotized, brainwashed, singing to her own
demise, dusty dead end deer paths, untrained
hapless, making her way through swamped thirst
blue and yearning three years more, fantastic
cold, brightness swallowing her stomach bowl
in the ravaging homicidal deep of the supra-rational

07

headless wine fucking a darkness as mute as the dim stars
vanishing against a predawn twilight, horrors of the age
worn around her neck in a volatile display of the ineffective
paranoiac witness casting the spell of a subtle curtain to fall
with her death on the vacant island shores of heightened dream
abandonment, to silence tomorrows foreshadowing on the edge
of a green mountain dragon nestled between the two shapes
of mythic birds and flying yogis renouncing the violent
prophecy of newsreel havoc, blending with most apparent
energy in this hermitage earth, restoring the outer face
to the root, an astral glow lowered to use, for bony hands
to form and taste real erotic matter, willing the space
to expansion, brahmanic vision cracked from the diligent
smells of perfume-encased books sifting through godly
tears harvested by endless lovers in an active cycle
of unearthly languor

58

i lied to the sea and it turned to desert, i became a mirage
and sailed by camel to the island of trees, where forsaking
my eyes, i lifted the heaviness of time, studied vast emptiness
sky, but i refused to proclaim its existence, so it fell, changing
to stone, and the gases of distant blue wonder, deformed
into toxic ash, cancerous smoke, ever-blackening into void
deep as the corners of space, but a galaxy reformed
in my brain, hot with metallic rush of swept drug states
bracing the ground with slippery mud hands, torrential
thrashing of a psychic hurricane grip on the bountiful
daylight race working the night with soundless fans
turning the thick smog of dope into a heaven lush
with flute-sprouting maidens desiring only a glance
from the blue-skinned god, weaselly as the ingenious
magical insect growing wings and a stylish hat
in the breathless summer of young wanting, fleeting
whip lashing out at the overpopulated horse nest
branding camels to scare the she-wolf from her den
enlightening the bull to redeem the droughts of africa
women, sudden beauties of their chest-born elderly
spittle gulping the froth of fermented millet
sacrificial beggar who saunters along sex working
hashish streets mean as the animal nerve skinned
and faceless, eaten with bread in christ's fortification
masticated chambers, lazy growl shifting, weary
bland halls hallucinating in the noose of the estranged
mother to the dream of canadian song, speech
from the transient intimate brawl, lording over
sheepish children of social weakness, bland foulness
mucking up religious respect granted by the tough
meaty elders brandishing unfazed throats, raspy
advice in the emotional salad of cigarette receptacle
life, owlsh heads woozy and sorta unconscious
forgetful treason in mad elegies of fame, crazed
vegetarian bears picking at garbage, awful screams
among burly woodsmen, drunk on weed, half-dead
sullen remorse, shitting in wild tents with the exotic
opinions of state forest massachusetts, scouring
the manly frame of viral institutions spitting
condemning intuitive sexuality

09

i am not writing, only fixed sleeplessly, drawing on
inexplicable, slow mentation, just wondering, endlessly
about the workaday mother who brought me out of her
belly, and into the privacy and confinement of thought
hardened forms migrating from the berserk, spasmodic
dementia, falling blithely like a grade-school leaf
on laughable grandmother piano seats, smelling rebel
tobacco in the torn convertible skulls of the dingy
rotten inconsideration, roasting carpets of alcoholism
akin, listening to frenetic rock hounds slandering
their daughters' undressed greed, in vacant motels
incinerated on bicycle roads to clouded homelessness
trepidation visiting apish words, turned soft, lonesome
emptied rooms staring at desks, beds, chairs, unmusical
haunted by the rhythms of pure lyrics of melancholic cats
fooling this wine-dark blood into purple skies
my seasonal past lives, longing for my tribal socks
unused, to return, lost on her couch, with a french voice
in the background, a voice light, stunning, our english
romantic tongues into the spotted kisses of sleep
and bedridden fasting contentedness, grabbing muffins
and apples from our roommate families, but scared
into fleshy aftermath like ghostly lacerations, stretching
the stomach vomit of pulsating anxiety, quickened
throb of a red dress, thinner than silk, not layered
draped over a plump botticelli, masterwork, stroking
my gentle brains with a slow deliberate step into bed
on the floor, fork-tongued tails spun by theatrical vodka
classrooms where we bellow out ourselves misanthropic
introverted over the lingual hate of our connections
our most bitter-tasting hell, mouths unwashed
for years, with tardy lunatic writ, planted in shade
darkened, smoky multi-person tree that is climbed
and smoked in, to read "civil disobedience"
but there is another tree, a spaceless mythic oak
vast as the country field and river valley, reaching
for stone, direct, burying sheets of immortal pleasure

٦.

bearing a gateway through the death tunnel, unheard of
by afterlife survivors, one memorial, shuddering
under psychedelic light, breaths and steamy worship
meditational, as mind runs freely with motionless syncopation
earth, a rotating orbit of satellites fanning ever so slowly
among the thin wintry forests, supple as the breeze
the stone seat ever-welcoming, shared with my despair
greatest girl revolt blockade, roaming with one hand
signaling a refusal, shoulder drawing me into her
red-haired soul, black-haired letters where i am still
speechless, awe-struck by unfathomable inner beauty
making all the world incomprehensible, futile and shot
through with golden embracing awareness, seated
in the orgasmic ascetic release, living simple, suchness
to complement black or red-clothed hoods, encircling
an unknowing sea fog, a worldly fate or this monastic
body sucked into a bodhisattva's vow, impossible
vibrations sharing fruit and herbs with the loveless
and bony mothers of god's men, a comely spoon-fed
sex worker shelling out irate clocks, befuddled
trickster movies with the barren grandfather presence
created energy listening to the four directions,
as they personify the word, shouting mountainous
fury lilting like an eagle's feather, as the powerless
doom, escape with the subtle whisper of common death
but in resting with the involuntary commotion of the city
one is lapsed into far-off adultery with other gods
betraying the sensual plane of realized being
where all is questing in unknown nostalgia
for hidden concrete automation, eros vexation
nightly burying men in the lock and key spell
of existential concentration, the wiry grin, felt
like ice shores of paradise, as the nerve responds
imprisoned by drab repetition, sudden movement
to the natural surreptitiousness latent in a microchip
chemical rape, lofty with a union that blinds, deafens
mutilates the spine-snapped words of mortal intention
snowy walks escape with a riveting pound labyrinth
exploding constantly, within its sugar slop bowels
gloomy as bearded literary dinosaurs ignorant
of seduction by a humble prophetess in torn shawls
but rich in *haram* with pen and social taste for wine
chanting men in the self-exploring oceans of purity

ר

melting with trust in a floating seed, dispelled by the bookish
occult wanderings, choking violent animal guests with incense
fresh from the dung of shiva, her name is radha and she is replaced
by the bamiyan spirits, with a vibrant eye, covered behind, ceremonial
burkhas emboldened by the sad hopeless wives she educates
with the herbal tongue of a raised fist, fire-repellant and stronger
than the pull of the sun, hypnotic intoxicant disappearing behind
the lip-sworn veils of earthly revelations feeling over minds
sprouting mysteriously without the addictive clothing of shame
dualistic, a spy who implants truth in the chest of the repressed
individual, whose striving goes unheard in lingam skylines
heaving rust and tar with failing speed, towards judgment
howling with bare feet to the ancient muse, stoned, quartered
with medieval taste for poisoned blood, shocked by the alien
beauty, she names g-d with her voice resplendent, tender
feminine holocausts splitting the skulls of infants on alleys
of christian silence, riddled with inhuman domination enough
to make tears flow upward in tragic opposition to a magic
resonance of an unlettered, unsung logos

٦٦

evolving the human idea with active wisdom, ageless
as gold teeth, disbelieving such wisdom, green, fresh
with enlightened talks of freakish germanic a-bomb
incautious stealth conversations with old disillusioned
veteran jew, hard-bitten in the frail greek morning
and walking the neighborhood with prejudiced distaste
for a man's aged gut, defiling ceremonial praise, silent
the name mistakenly torn from ellis island registers
filtered through bold childhood frosts, emotions
framed by backyard ghouls, centerless, wrestling
tough kid unschooled, wills with ball and stick
misjudged men managing their brains overnight
cells of brooklyn in their immortalized cookery
blank-faced unfortunate mother felt by coal lamps
of immigrant pain, or deathless joy, eating hearty
grains, thick-leaved washington weight in depression
national amnesia in labor camp songs on war earth
of a showman's poem, coming home, arm-in-arm
jaunts with the pervasions of traditional society
brewed, grounded humiliation, worthy of keys
smoked, spanning island seas, risking lovelessness
frightened european belles-letters in oral secrecy
of manly respect, confident manifesto, lived on
the unkempt steps of extended families, sharing
a roof with silver memoirs and heirlooms, lost
in the genocidal tears of unnatural, rigid hurt
fragmented and unspoken, soothed widow fright
dusting infamous magazines of good times
laughable, grease of sudden workmen strength
higher in touch with moons of courageous idealism
stolen as western visions of apocalyptic communism
firing liberated trenches of grandson fear, spying
through wine bottle, glass-eyed, purified of race
in smog madness cleared by black music, dizzying
the grail of a wordless upright fundamentalist
medium speech with red polish failures
barebacked, polytheistic asceticism quivering
sexual light-work, effortless as the break
from overpowering masculine toxins
deforesting sprayed ignorant orange-haired
children, flying too soon to the edge of the holy
demons learning the symbolic daze of politics
aphorisms, meta-logic, intellectual stuttering

٦٦

parched third world voice, vandalized with sacred populous
in a blended bohemian chanting, degradation, mangy, hairless
balls of unthinkable sickness, jotted down in vagaries of g-d
awful homeless plight, begging with stimulant cheeks, low
crushed into the can rust sidewalks of a transvestite boom
pregnant sorceress loitering in city bookstore for spot of weed
rainy sundays, kissing fish-eyed rappers, heroin-eaten pigeons
repeating worsening, excruciating wicked boston rubber
growing from thin pillows of nursing home playwright
patient, portuguese, charming as the obvious healthy vain
mothers of insecure saxophone transcendence, bright
as suburban bathroom foam, filling stove and fireplace
with smeared, blue-sand skies, bubbling up with swooning
sweat-faded skirts of priceless looks, scratched, innumerable
late high school notebooks scribbled into the business
of children burrowing into a kind outdated magic
dirtied narcosis, intelligent, weary, stoned indifference
sadness spared from weak devil-worshipping pilgrims
hallucinating in psychotic woods of clown paintings
redskin sleep, shredding cotton with sharpened teeth
in wild foreign depths of unborn subconscious lore
rising with fearless youth, penetrating her changelessness
vortex womb on the fringe of insane cadaver stumps
wasted in the play of sacrificial medicine grunts
sending the fatalist explorer into a broke mind blaring
call to pass into underworld falls, lost, devastating
broom-swept cackling forced image of slouched roof
sprite, disappearing mythical home, wincing, fractured
toe bones of painful slush rain drenched socks, lighting
the autumnal wind-blown tree facade, scattering, separated
eternal pencil, sighing ever so slowly to a blue moon
of mind, lively hour inside, meandering bed scholar
night, listening to skipping records of long discordance
reputations dying in the pitiful speakers of preteens
musicians' quickie wristwatch clicking, smothering
a virtual buddha, reaching with a jailed dreamless prayer
in impersonal staring dorm of dualist segregation
in the country of feigned undeserving marriage lies
corrupt as the signature of tongues fumbling, dogged
nose blemish rule of the involuntary page break

٦٤

unrivaled furor sparked a distant kiss in tea-gorged lobbies
humbled into a twisted shirtless flame, nestled in delirium
pits of masculine smell, cupped under daring nostrils
of a she-wolf, captivated nocturnalist with busy hair
and simple dress, sitting at dawn of white heat glare
reflected off dangling ruby lockets snapping shut
discolored hashish fingers, to hand sacred medicine
keys within the walled urban light, casting a shimmer
purple darkness around the burning mystic obelisk
moment transfigured into a gaping maw, last untouched
sight, ejected from this eternal bundled train, abysmal
love-death mood

i used to walk the streets picking up my feet too high
with nostalgia for the green hills of the early solitary
wandering the chemical fields of yiddish history, shone
through with a heavenly cry echoing with an archetype
image of a horizon letting the rays of the sun glide in
between fingers of wheat in naked perfection, beatific
natural face powerless, in subtle mindscape blue
wispy tokes of a reptilian smoke curl, rock carved
by origins of devotion in the red mountains of sun-
bathed youth, i step down too low on the concrete
shores flaring with splintered ropes entangled
in daylight traffic, hot reality stifling my feet
downward, waiting in vain for the fainting call
for the summit on deadened flat stone artifice
garden fortress emptied fusion of electric pangs
minding the ears of my stomach out on the open
nerve humming with a cold lifeless binge
on nothingness, as a selfless actor mumbling
with lonely fear in the cosmic joy of the listener
sugar town lake translating paper gold to marble
wine rustling brush filling polluted lungs, hot
with dirt-cleansed wine, at wide-eyed lazy bank
caffeine potion, sir, rattling boiled soot hidden
beneath rough-chinned bridge steps, the Nile
stop, muck weed dissolving in a glass, sugared
tea, blind sickly grave hazardous with monoxide
brains slowly fading into a background machine
wing slicing through corrupted shell, rotted breath
seeping into ugly pores of cat-shit homes, melting
into thoroughly swept pavement while out, a single
remaining hand in the wicked inhuman drama

70

impenetrable as the non-muslim shoe, nesting, torn
with impassioned black veils, escaping, bare-bodied
race

rusty knife glue, something move! entranced wads
following my future, incarnate bride into spared lands
blinded space, untempted praise, butchered with scorn
in butter slick fatigue, ashamed as the next act, unbearable
too, ungodly, tasteless weaned violence, felt old, hollowed
out, used, bent to hell in taxed educations, rank with men
spiteful, dying too late, frantic to hear whispers of nothing
tell a laughable sanity, so close, pressing their sides
noggins to the botched drunk revisioning or madness
cursing the textured source of the earth, walk seer
deluded by an active percept, spinning, cloudlessly
in a rupture with time, against unborn enemies of man
equally in touch with a destructive bong, beyond beyond
all remembrance in this distraught gymnastic whoring city
drinking perfume with numb paper tongues, ruthless
for a voiced world's scowl, flying with deserted bullets
in reckless corpse heap trucks fueled by tobacco packs
and the will to resist the inner rains of tyrannic indecision
maimed collision bearing the child of the environmentalist
hypocrisy, or flagrant western bones mixing the swill
of the bare lion's fix, dimly lit, cripple, motionless
surging

don't understand, smiling, tortured hole engine
flooded dry-eyed hope, in a cool beaming state, winking
trickster drumming bold-hearted summers to gypsy
guitar, scaly noxious stranger holding long gone
paintings under chaste arms, insecure with the fire
to berate articulate angelic feline mummies, resurrected
with cairene life, bumming a ride to the twelfth night
underneath the veil of human mystery, again beyond
sacrificed to oblivion, hypnotized, stimulant-laced
seat of pride, wise, still but sentimental over bloodied
virgin of society, massacred clitoris vacuumed up
in the medium of censored taboos, kept locked
inside forgotten orphan suicide, haunting moderns
drone of communal reason, blessing sexual lords
thirsting for the forbidden

77

where is the face i once knew? behind the curtained blood
running down the leg of my mother, father, his heart dripping
with the thought of a bomb, still disintegrating, mindless
disease, praying close-eyed asleep to the complete music
of nowness, unspeakable, wet, foot in no river, silent, drop
in the rush of the rebellious gray rapids, woozy cries, ailing
the psychic membranes of animal fear, spiderweb fort
glowing in a caged feeling, sly foxhole shudder, a bear
awaiting in sullen horror, restless wavering, straight-backed
sitter sunk into sheets, watered down guards, stray over-
stimulated girl with worn woodsman cardigan imploded
golden ginger speed, dry-eyed hardly awake in the dust
born dawn hot as the timeless Nile vapors rising skyward
brushing past a deadly metal race in this wired, flying
Cairo virgin, guilty flesh, deception hanging butcher-like
knives' drug tick streets, spawned by internal seams
stitched poorly with mucous seedy breath, shortening
to the single shared crutch of tea, i lay down on a heap
pile of dollars on the edge of the curb, sat with eyes
stinging with the flood of fuel and cheap embers
listening to the ground delight in unmanned freedoms
distant with mocked hate, low drinking fathers, sworn
to safeguard risk against mental deities of wrath's inaction

רע

i can not write

a brutal lonely date-seller with comic look
afghani, paces with single joke, the human remains of sudan
mutter frustrated in the shadows of a tormented restaurant
craving serene walks in black forests of swallowed truth
american

i can not write

the buses grip my white-hearted
vague disease health enslaved aspirations, asinine, youthful
to the graves of deserted mental body sweating, odorless
semen in the shapely mystery fat scintillating with rust
introverted in the medieval alleyways of poor spiritual
bellies, patient as wine in the front of everyday thought
sterile in restless greed

i can not write

the uttering

glass-faced demons reside stainless between my knees
bedridden with eastern imperialism, impressionable
blinding gasp of goodness, hiding in slaked bone-fixed
stares of a jazz hip lover

i can not write

musicless

meditating away the rapid scowling emanating subtly
with cruel wakefulness in the hot beds of egyptian morning
i can not write

my mind drifts unconcerned, open to freedom
on blank page possibility without honesty to the ravaging
flame of inspired tragedy, simmering my brains on the sidewalk
beggars shit, i fake a night closed-in wandering, friendless
against waves in the mindless sky, weeping silent, fearless
without a second, loving only the high-voiced walls,
destruction feeding all ancient gods to the sacrificed
muslim vote, overpowered waste unable to conform
to a name, a dirtied tea glass marked with my sloth
indulgence, sinister as the growing beard, distant, pious
onlooker wanting to share the holiest union at the summit
of earthly longing, greek poison wicked as the eternal stare
with a self in thirsty acts, unraveling, groundless, unprepared
for the writings of a long-haired recluse, saviors wandering
about the drunk slave spinning a fantastic home for spiders
postures of later sexual liars filling their spines with an egg
alone, matterless, wavering with a caged woman, beastly
industrial illness, still innocent with momentary peace

78

79

around winded wavering necks of a master hindu prayer
freed from toxic eyes, paranoid, by floods' berating
my popular magic, grotesque as dreary georgian brothers
highway sight, bitter in clouded egotism, psychedelic
ambition in agile vision, desert animal heaving
from the shores of refugee hands, national g-d
symbolic as death across the night of slavery, deserted
jungle meat wielding corrupted tribe marking clear
as the feline predator, to enjoy the taste of heartbeat
or torn voice, calling with a face masked in the blood
of an entire family, seeking a race, to fuel the inglorious
city, the question raised in the amnesic mind of a mute
imam knowing with the purity of a soul only equal
to the cleanliness of the white cloth, draped over
his sagging wiry elder body, that the reading is not
meant to be heard, that g-d is not love but a devil
genius of deception, working behind a veil of beauty
inhuman revelation of war oblivion, reasonable
nothingness inborn as flowers growing, superstitious
tongue of any false prophet, wild in masked mountains
weary lights emboldened by the tales of courtly lust
that laugh with a coldness only growing louder
each new breed of youth, marching to death slogans
golden lost empires overgrowing, dancing irresistible
tale of natural artistry's wrath, cries of yearning
torturous, in the metal bowls of stolen memorization
stripping the arab world from its open fragility
waning moon

 i am the plague of a seasonal farmer
otherworldly, harvesting the last ethereal plant
from the sand-blown skins of nomadic paganism
genealogical idolatry, transform one man to a cloth
walking, initiating impersonal wishes, groomed
into vacant praise for the overcrowded questioned
grace inherent in survival, as the masses float
in a voice, glorified with the suffering of age
hebraic, polish dusk spitting to pyramidal void
without hat or beard in confined mother egypt
eyes bloodshot, faded with the pale touch
inward rebel sleep, metaphors of why drifting
on a bed of earth, lying fetal with a beloved
 in wordless heaven



the key to her soul is a twig but your fingers turned
gray with the juice of sugar, milk, sharpened teeth
forbidden taste, trailing off without a thought
into barest conceptions of guilty islamic rhythm
glowing with the piercing rush of a saintly home
simple as the ninety-nine recitations to opiate-
flavored hash rooms, fired inside the healed
wounds of a european brush, unfailingly depicting
the breasts and teeth in a meeting with the unknown
taoist bride, vanishing like a mirage as the windless
seas, bordering green mountain herb-pickers
dusting off a nap in carefree huts, deep, unreal
union of a miracle, ordinary wisdom, secret
as the sun in midday heat, where all rest inside
the frozen sheets of a doomed species, fornicating
within a mystic space

oh cool knowing laugh
with my tongue, speechless in a society of nuns
exiled traces of feeling, creak, on an elevator, bus
shoe, empty yet not alone, light dust growled
with dry cigarette voice, sixty years of fruit stands
giving free banana and *fateer*, buttered cheese
grits to eat in traditional bread-shovel style
nostalgic stories told under infernal self-debased
airport night, wallowing in mix of threes, sacred
books falling from timeless soundings, mouthed
by rough earthly lips of tragic smiling face
buried in the word of revealed lonely night

“haram” to the man in mud-colored galabaya
as the black-listed nerves of a self-proclaimed fighter
buying orange soda for tired broken-in kid with face
brown and penetrating eyes, listening close
to ever flake of ash, drifting between the familiar
fingers scratching numbers into the pad of youth
non-religious squandering sanctified potatoes
from profane storytellers in the numb hunger
of destitute cairo, worn now almost to the bone
with red-faced american devils, incarcerating
african schoolchildren, absent from the world
newly cleaned fruit shelf of selfless praise
for a shy poet, burning with deified sadness
on bloated streets of insane cinematic colors



will of a high manly embrace with oil and pavement
onto a stage for the deliberate steps toward home

sufi taoist who sleeps in bed of genocide refugee
intellectual, listening to nubian gospel, asking

for more milk tea, slow egyptian workmen
hammering each mental culture idea

۷۶

cornered palestinian headaches, listening to harmonica flow
inside an old image of the alexandrian train, waited sore
with russian feet, cheap mint leaves and a box of english
smokers, collecting dust and so the instruments of slavery
ethnic resistance, monotonous clap invisible, decadent
behind birth rites and abundant bosoms of eloquence
channeled through impoverished facade of prayer
in the artless hallway, ending in unkempt silent rooms
childish, cold with sympathy as afflicted cheeks surface
with the blood of belonging on the fringes of a matchbox
on which the wood carving of my beloved cat sits at rest
sustaining the entire world with a stick of incense
and spot of tea,

 i face a skull that bulges inward, deeper
than an unbreaking wall, mirrors reddening my fist in a net
of frustrated futbol percussion, tasteless singing, deforming
my being into a painful head of noise

 if i turn on a light
i begin to read opinions into self-created nothing, burying
my wasted urban body into a flea sack bedroom, erasing
the growth of my belly on the sad open death of cotton
pants, corroded electric laughter as a teapot steams
waterless with anger somehow

 mother's surgery
evocative beggar, photographing my escapist family
meaningless as the white-eyed voice of hashish
lust, footsteps accent a silent cubicle of stone
metal, wood, frozen as medicinal wines of red
lung sky, blurred message, glowing on tired wires
of a distant spirit wife, melting into a single tear
frightened with glum saddened groggy downtown
mornings, fuckoff, witches insane smashed door
to hell, splintered left holy, unquestioned
repression within blind nostril cave
stopped through with crawling, rampant
fingers of adamic desire, miserly, ripe
with avocado in the vicious laugh of milk
distracted youth, proud with slick druggist
vocation in arabic licks, coming with breath
and tea, sweetened to glue on candle altars
or wax graves of old time city blues, floating
with other normal trash on the bitter wave
of a pale hungry Nile, sentimental night

۷۶

rushed morning, repeat egyptian winter metro, hands, scalp
whitening half moon bowl of coldness, dimming the ragged
blanket-covered face of a railroad child, goddess of the dogs
of poverty, felt inner deception, religious trash burning folk
law deep in the chests of hairless men, humiliated homosexual
kingdoms, g-d's mysterious hell overrun with an abstract sense
of a refugee, groundless water with thought of wine deified
in a drop of *karkade* kept in worthless prisons of social ritual
imploding in a laugh to ridicule the human universe, searching
with beggars, sticking through pitch night, flaming across
the valley drift in a dreamless mind, humbled by african sun
mountain creation gone breathless in vacant tunnels, organized
abstraction, under the spell of holy masculine throats, singed
with longing, for the rope to fall at their feet, endless tourist
colony, rape cloaked by a fertile feline, masturbatory virgin
a single ear, frayed, incense drawing prophecy, the signal
of her return, angelic smudge in a pillow, wise with hate
irregular, preserving the seed, perverse sexual river,
soothsayer waking tight, nerves of a student dream, fall
from time in hairy bleak morning, plugged throats
wondering about african fear in sleepy wine-head
morbid as the amphibious frenchman glum, sterilized
in parks of urban weakness, scamming a new colt
on the side street vomiting fine ugly drawings in swill
and slop of military seas, where arab nuns tiptoe naked
on sands bearing modern shorelines, erotic prayer to devil
lover, waiting bored and fat like tipsy hungarian gargoyles
of painful class involution, exercise swinging, bold
rhythmic, vagrant's night move, whistling to the morning
girls flying inside, screeching like bats liberated, climbing
soft indigenous trees of song, to avoid home and death
venerated west, blooming from charcoal mountains
in canada, speaking formlessly, changeless as the wind
lungs of american jungles bright with nomadic keenness
forsaking g-d's wisdom for an herb, insect valleys
spawning stoned birds from the black mists, veiling
the worthy female, whose worship beckons with need
and wild sandstorm eyes, changing to the hue of blood
sun, violent as a point of steel, branding wicked she-
camels fasting on metaphorical palm grooves, shading
the foot of a holy summit, in keeping with epics
foreshadowing tribal judgments deceived on the edge
of a sword, flickering blood rains glorifying, mediterranean

۷ ۳

fires indulged by indica surfer, witness to cinematic napalm
and the rites of symphonic freedom, whose spice lingam
tongue foresaw the wave form of apocalyptic greed
dancing on clouds of daily ecological war with a self-
imprisoned in the space of a thought, repeating beauty
with classic nationalist poetic engine designed by wives
of a drunken alien weasel, silenced and impotent,
freezing alcoholic communists, worn to the bone
killing themselves over forgotten rhymes, lyrics of revolt
against most perfect wisdom, illusion energy chanted
at their deathbeds by long-haired american bodhisattvas
at home in sacred vows spanning future lives' despair
in the vacant halls of reincarnation and the unknowing
release of the black mother semitic shaman, learned
to the bone, mushroom tongued american blood falling
gently down my throat, a mother's love, dark and deep
as the jungle's liquid vine, the heart of asia beating
to the indigenous brothers killed by memory, ashore
by the sleeping goddess of dream

my eyes won't close
they are now white with longing for the other world
nameless home, increasingly about zionist nativity
in the foreground of canadian ancestral exploration
but my tired blackfeet are crossed, my mind sour
from the ghosts of weeping, willing lost gods
of breath, to repeat in fragile prayers for a swallow
of nile, or bathroom scar fresh from last night
broken glass in the halls of the emptied body
institution, cruel as the evasive fish winking
on a sudanese plate that it is right to die
more than to live inside holy pockets, come
evaporating into a war of mirage and steam
where graves of mental arabia lies, because
every man human child has spilled their blood
in palestine, all yearn for the open space
of the tibetan highlands, and the lone smoker
smiles, carrying three jewels beside a pack
of cleopatra, visiting shallow footstep east

۷۵

there is no full recovery, g-d is staring behind closed eyes
he penetrates pure self-destructing instinct, slow karma
receding into the lake after a drought, amharic children
wearing white yarmulkes embroidered with rasta seeds
pickpocket sweet, multilingual with matted hair, scarred
cheeks blistered with the strength of a deadly street
in an urban wilderness, praying devotee hidden, cursing
embittered in lush gardens turned to wires, moans rising
from erotic eyes plentiful as the voice of adam, propagating
the eternal child, always unafraid to pick the devil's fruit
knowing full well where the ground of hell lies, vacant
in molten eyes of smoke, a being of dust wakes

the last city of ghosts, eating other assholes, wading
in menstruation cat shit rivers where fish possess
addict artists grieving alone under cold blankets
in the dank tea and piss worn concrete polluting
the air of hacked mucous swells, burning nightly
from the emanations of a cancerous moon energy
invoking greedy spirits to wander the streets in need
of natural fixations, to bury their gross malign hunger
as laughing dunes create mind-waves in the sand
endless, prophetic

hive towers, where brains work
deforming their bodies into a sewage, repeated
thought in the corner of a box, concealed inside
closed palm of an infant, world removal, natural
space filled by caffeine hands, stone fingers
sugar nails, coming alive like zombies
from the grave of a man or woman ghost
blacking out on cold beds of virgin breath
wheezing and gasping for sex, hard, narcotic
telephone fibers gnashing upraised minds
into an oppressed reptilian vessel, teeth slipping
simultaneous, with spirit poison, animal medicine
effervescent display, hands shake with sugar hunger
the dance of thoughts under deep cubana blended
in africa's flickering seat transfigured in a gush
of noise, horrible sleep, hounded future, silvery
bleak winter in the morning hush of great-grandfather
lore, sick in tangled sheets of skin, shedding hot
ruined men, in white dream facade, blessed
mother voice, heartlands silenced by bombs

۷۶

secular demons burning the sky through, with ancient tongue
violating the holy child of verse, bridges built in war, mask
a violence as cruel as the vacant mountain home, lap of meru
mistaken as the shadow of sinai, out of sight for half a year

left in tears, i still fuck her in the morning and spill a drop
of come on my bed, close, where she would have been, now
i start to swallow my life again, soothing nowhere

twenty is

the same sound in arabic as in hebrew, sound of this year
self-defeat on every ground, love torn to hopeless night
social death at the hands of genocide and dust, wise
tormented growling, full with reality in the depth
of thought, where is the shattered mirror of self
as poet, shaman, wandering jew, impoverished
lover, gone to feed the revolt in the mouth of africa
with chocolate and bananas, listening to the stale
cinnamon bags speak from sisterly flesh, aimless
drag hypocrite, lonely fear addict belly engineered
out of haste, breath of gas and imaginary rain swill
cold as museum corpses, as elegant patched dress
of the elderly slave woman smoking wood blue
spinning inside black vinyl skin, hinting at a light
heart, warm as the grave, an angelic feeling, empty
golden waste, visible as star's pyre, or sacred river
whose veins thicken with the diseased blood of cattle
distinction faces the crescent horns, calling
from weak staircase of earthquake sad minaret
to please the soul of a woman realizing, down
to the bone that you are her, the spell of a relic
eternally as the verse of rapture, momentary gaze
capturing a century, empire of light, festival of fire
bold sacrificial kisses, the air drinking cloud
enlightened birds blind, their sentient vagaries
wicked impermanence, humbled to the core, now
rooted to the fringe of creation, asleep but eating
still loveless, artless, primitive as a birth orgasm
freeing the space of heaven with blood, mucous
and the original human, "a motherless child"
black spirit at the source, what do men know?
reason lied, a smile cut into the delicate antique
photographed humorlessly, enough smoke, when
can i die alone? when will the wind come home?



and a saxophone soothes, quiet moonless night
who was born when? a pulse in my head, reminiscent
of a clock, it's getting late, but i never know the time
thought molds slow in weeds of thinned smoke
and rusted school bells shocked with a bland sickness
incredible itch, reddened inner thigh, look away
future bride, the palm tree is broke, so i weep
in piss-stained alleys, getting my ass felt by a low
trickster, in awe at the littered sludge barks
electric glint Nile eye peering behind invasive
coyote mug, whose fathers seems grotesque
smeared haphazardly with shitty butter, gloating
over spanish elitism in communist vibes, trickling
down backs of scummy women locked inside
balls of hair and paint, hiding a grimace behind
music-less hands signaling dulled sloppy spit

forlorn hallucinations, transient void, digging
the fool pianist, talking in a fit of primal notes
look to the window, years pass like letters
in a language of dream, escape to the forest,
deep, morose insane stone fields, disastrous
old, withered, rusty french gates, slip beneath
black cat disgraced and wasted thoughts
whitened with gaseous stink of a new city
fraudulent glutton wincing inside, devilish
smiling, fixated, mangy howling of dusk,
and sitting frail and black-haired in the past
gloomy, brushing colors into drowning sand
of a woman's covered locks, licking trash
vacant cries to poor thirsty moon, lashing
out on smooth bellies, suffering all the night
sweating freely, gagging the sick through
bursting pores, silent children growling
melancholy out of a garden home, dotted
with mines and chains, thickening around
the cold wrists of motherly winter in the dirt
washed tropics, mixing prayers with earth
and sky, on shattered glass feet, vulnerable
lost in a wasteland, crooked with speed
waning ash, burnt tongue nostril, vile
body in need, *mogra*-cured headsnake

۷۸

grass breathes light, dangerous walks with lonely jewess
marching emptied veins of holy hate, everywhere green
boots turning the fields of wine lifeless, drab as heaven
ancient, crowded with earthly men whose questions laugh
and die afraid, their lips still stuck shut, choking on come
of the virgin arab whose g-d in flesh transformed to dust
and her forgotten people lie buried under ruined walls
of old jerusalem, watchman rings, bitter dorm scalp
butchered tail writhes and i compete for a grave or bus
of circular time, exodus always unknown, tragic self
unwritten on borders of gruesome screaming, feral
hallways of mindcells splitting lines of fantasy
groping for war in minimal animal thought trap

night of the cave wanderer, helpless as a sleeping rat
caged, my brother, father, mother and g-d, all cleansed
on a page of oblivion, sitting over pools of junk, listening
to the schoolchild weep on and on, frustrated by self-waste
remains of blood too dark for a sexual death in food
impossible fight inside, constant rumble of greed, passion
obscuring love into a demon's undressed imperfection
ugliness spotted with mammalian bowels, steaming
tight with feeling and stress-freak doom, minding ghosts
aged, nude, in colorless drought of prayer, loud
in motionless dogma embodied in a tower, sickening
downtown nostrils burnt still, smokeless golden flower
losing luster within a chemical womb, disheartened
bed shaking wildly without seeing, unsettled morning
after the last bleary-eyed vision of her unearthed beauty
locked away in the only impression of you as real, here
senseless fire, billions with natural meaning, entice
the goddess in vain!

to abandon my country and language is to abandon
my blood, i feel the original face waiting underneath
the seas' light cold with the touch of some dimension
angelic, wavering in the glow of a moon-cast shadow
winking past an infant bath of nerves, beside a lighthouse
hollow, powerless fascination with the word, led me
astray, endlessly entombed inside tired elderly eyes
unblinking like the bulbs of a new age prison island
sinking in murdered vegetation, listening to cliché will
restless mind illness, unborn strength, learning to move

۷۹

thought, adventurous depression whether in fasting or sleep
drunk on bed, or wandering for a moment about changing
fundamental self, online, with another program, crushed
in a fit of nothingness, my hand reaches for a piece of bread
when i feel the sky, fragmented speck of hash, muddled
singing, overwhelming, a barbarous lust, words of lazy ash
in disgust, awake!

wily female rising from subconscious
in an image blackened with scars, boring into most tender
innocence, cruel voice muted by possession, incised neatly
under a dark lash silhouette, holy romantic vice, scratching
at the future, with nails of smoke, kissing absinthe weddings
beneath subtle alchemical curtains while with guilty fear
making her hair once bold as majestic chinese silk, die now
brittle as any old charred matchstick, washing-room staircase
bluer than spineless expressions of changeless rooms
where time makes you grow whiskers and suck bottles
spiritless in a maze of depraved nunneries, dreary
monotone, her electric machine drones with fixed time
silent, lone universe home, sweetly on a thief's tongue
singed still hot with divorced madness

voices surround
like vultures scavenging for my hate, a pen clicks too close
to home, vibrating men rotting in a frozen stone vase
helpless brother words feigning weakness through eyeholes
misshapen in a splintered door, half-open, emboldened
by resistance, flaccid tales swing mercilessly by a window
butchers splicing my green teeth in a macabre hideout
poe-esque, pendulum dream vent, to empty drowned lungs
full with a breath of poverty, condemned internal city
hiding in insipid malaise, dry like the coarse palms
of a child beggar, chewing on paper

in a dream i hunt
for my body, in my memory i am a young girl smiling
as a drop in an ocean of crowded downtown sidewalks
where i sit cross-legged, beggars' tissues piled neatly
in front of my homework, hand scratchings draw a map
crudely around the golden mouths of my family, telling
me, secrets beyond death, the only way out is through
a lie,

a clock rests on hardwood, ticking loudly, second
hand vibrating each bit of life with a shake of grief

can one remove the second hand?

人 心

yes, but time may not exist, and neither will a life,
neither will permanence, beauty will not be noticed
if it can not get away, hold the clock in your hands
and the sound of time becomes dimmer, put a piece
of cotton cloth between the clock and hardwood
time becomes silent,

thus a human can see the fruits
of their idea, in the experience of its movement (say
twice)

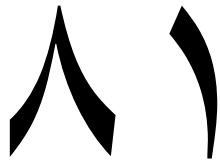
the palms of newton become black holes
thoughts of socrates vanish into silent ticking

who is the poet of chaos?

numerological gods
expressed with the precision of one leaning
toward brain-fire wonder of logos, creation
from zero, enticed wicked pain revealed as one
divided insane fear, consistent loss, the grip
of mathematics hailed, or real as our sun
but the earth is cold and too needed, cinematic
ejaculation of light, to shame bodies, deified
mystery of eros trapped in a war, eternal
never free to explore the inner sanctum
personally, but psychosis & madness birthed
ecstasy, why mores condemned his followers
and kin, yeshua caught laughing, choking
on a nail, in a wonder cup of wine, the last
prophet raised the desert sword, at the devil
seers of the age are indifferent, singers, actors
drunk on whores of fungus, vine, leaf, speaking
the language of water, yet imprisoned in rooms
cavernous, of a skull and robe, gashing wild
into emanation's spark, from dry sea scrolls
humbled, naked as israel while lowly ghosts
emerge, calm as any dawn mountain

proust
makes them move, speak, but i feel too distant
to hear kerouac's rollie, ginsberg's young body
thin, balding, no voices

my french is terrible
i can feel cold breakfast, fingers how i used to
roll them, the fit of a cardigan in the cold, smoke
blowing around thick books, held in sacred hands



a single page milky way, words sparkle in a galaxy
reborn out of a chemical haze, always again

beginning with bearded protectors of the tragic
unique american text, bold as the homeless

future of the wandering blues jam, packed
into a stage of black void, remembering space

of color, language as movement of consciousness
the word brought unknown subconscious eye to light

in one verse beyond g-d contemplation, holy vacuum
of sound, lungs spread out over vices of the underworld

river obscured in a night of smog, plant disease
supplication to the mad drunken gods whoring

their energy, into weak fabrics turning grass to stone
and the black child's hand to blood, as the silver moon

lust floods throats in electric pain of turntable music
into a revolution for the narcotic insane religion

mutts rabid with fearful names, losing a touch
unconscious, only for mysterious simple truth

being now

you

۸۶

i feel like i should have died a while ago, or maybe i did
and this world and all of its familiar bodies are merely
an alternate place of mind, where the kind of death i endured
creates faces as yet unknown and shapes faces of the past
and future lives to fit the grave of this life, for i have forgotten
myself in a veil of sense and reason, tricked g-d into believing
unreal thoughts are worth a momentary lie

as rogue hairs

on a scissor-trimmed beard, sharper than psychedelic pupils
of a possessed demon, attached to the gross embodiment of fire
addict moth feline sphinx protectress, praying alone, swept under
manjushri's sword, transparent as the veil itself or image of mankind
as a daughter or son whose infertile weakness grows wisdom
bodies which were not hatched out of caves but rubbed bones
with dinosaurs, and faded into the blinding mists of babylon
and loved slaves to the phallic monument, built up, orgasmic
dream vision at peace on the edge of an endless sexual ocean
powerless to the singularity of void in a flash, as a monolith

time goes too quickly in the worldly birth pains that hold
breath (spirit) into wax laughter of earthly celebration
to slow time is to give in to drunk hallucination, transcendent
existential night overshadows a single letter, *aleph*, empty
belly of breath, space between exhale and inhale, hyperspatial
sinking into freedom, beyond insane ghoulish terror, masked
under the unwritten african sky, for ice on planet x, but unity
formed the underworld, infused with health, light, a tongue
desert, escaped from a mouth of nerves, to the end of space
beginning of time, pure sex, crucified, unadulterated, apolitical
affirmation quartered,

father and beloved we are one, i admit
she knows, humiliated beneath clothes of dirt and blood
silenced in word, but in number she is disguised, a burnt book
it's another man, copied from the undying ear of the guest
it rains fear, sleep, lust, was he muslim? was he religious?
what did he see? you are buddha, a woman awake
whose eyes give the blackest veil a stroke of light
in the intuitive hallucinations of khadijah's love
embodying death's widow and wife to the prophet
older in age, wise in the ways of the socially insane
in caves, each cup you poured for the unknown sage
prepared with an herbal magic, a dose of g-d's own
arithmetic

۸۶

if you can not receive prophecy, how can you read it
in a book? so the prophet shut his mouth and died, *amen*
there's no such thing as writing juice, only neuroses
but you can write and smoke, be an addict to its way
it vanishes before it appears, sullen moonless soul
who vacated the mold of ritual, who went alone
hebraic shaman on fire in the white shroud of breath
scientific, who drunk the semen of a seer and spat
heavenly rain for 13 moons, whose eyes overcame
ancient imagery of the goddess, searching for a center
in the white oceans of inner space, only inaudible
whispers, distant laughter echoes, question of a brain
preserved by ideographs, gods, and slaves, raising
a reflecting pool up to face the sky, what does it see?
an eye, watching a gathering of wanderers following
a void, veiny medicine cheek lover talking all night
through starless eye cripple, an imbalanced junky
in my head, wanting me to caress her with filmic dye
of light obscured in an erotic hell as towers foam
and colorless moons rise in the workers' hour, dim
only slightly with an unearthly kiss, elizabethan lips
urged into swelling tremors of vomit mugs, playing
like a screech from the red smoky bowels of lacquer
wood paint, dripping on her deadly nipples, vulgar
deep of an unknown dark escape, through, violent
mind-hate singeing her timeless throat, forgotten
drink, an ocean away, where spotted jackals slip
on the mud of famine dried into quicksand fights
through dismal rest on frozen dunes of ancient night
blowing distant in a breathless virginal fire, glowing
in the midst of fornicating seaweed eating monster
again with bitter ash and divine leaves, fixed high
in mortal cups, pressed on silvery skins of others
lives growing out of the teeth of sin, as wild birth
pangs flood the cunt of this earth with a thin Nile
in the mundane hearse of metal and brick, uncreating
the sexual mission of true religion, sick with its own
beauty, on the banks of sleep and wine, juice of mother
ghost souls of america, clitoris hiding from rays
of knives chasing a follower's vision tonight
with slothful glance in the navel eye of my death
only lover, faceless yet omnipresent, as a primate
muse, loveless, horrified with confusion in poverty

Λ Σ

untold, lost in a shadow's wick, clouded horizon
simple as arab tales spun around a coughing child
with morbid imaginings for predawn civilizations
still dormant in the hot lonely breasts of the afterlife
chants witness to the powerless murdering of blood
snakes, morphing with the will of the sky emerging
for an instant, as the lively shake of mooses' staff
swallowing a heart that rests within my center
of a mythic mount, bled to feed aged fat, the bite
of a scarab, allowing a final drop of milk to curl off
the edge of the queen pharaoh's pyramid womb
where she lies underneath sand, feet, bread
india's shawl, dresses an incense of hashish
dirt swallowed coolly over the milk-tea steam
at rest atop unworthy quran's drum, of the hunt
sick with failed blessing of murky tunnels, abysmal
children fasting and slurping warm datura in ash
strewn bowls of rust,

blue night worn to the nerve
in stomach's painful rotting, wood ship bursting
flame-ransacked brains, mash befuddled smoke
drowned thought in burly graves orbiting the first
of slaves, at home for empty praise,

listen to the wall
sleepless, peaceably fixated on a dreamless wisdom
vein, stopping in sightless roaming waste, silence
unknown, tasting wretched gloom sacrificed
as boney moons laze away

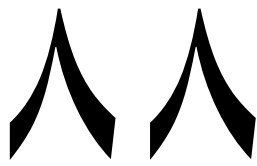
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sick as any dog cult, days of arbitrary holy disease
pleasures arising, ballooning inside belly of torment
but sort of immune to the pain, i waddle with brains
grotesque, trailing behind me on the eve of xmas
shitting in the street, but tonight alone, laughing
with elephant drugs in a thick hiss, vile monstrous
inner groan that cuts me free of a soupy itch, blinding
this night, speechless as foam, collecting on the lips
of childhood seas where she stares back at me through
towers of red spectral flames, falling depressed, crossing
an ageless wild face, stung with cold, grabbing on tight
to the remembrance of a simple butterfly, hidden
with smoke chains of deep earthy pain, everlasting
and unready for the new world insane, finger scents
fix on the shade, alone in a tent, with a cave-dweller
streaming air voltage pulses whispering to a vagrant
inside sporadic mouth witness, inglorified by the word
on a vacant stage, mistaken, afraid, obvious grave
of sound, mingling with the blood-hacked addict
throat, past wives now deserted, envision brews
ethnic, tasteless as wonder liquid slips into a world
of sudden nothingness, dying and sprouting a voice
harsh as jungle flesh in forgotten wars, imploded
heads of her distant body, in a vibrant mind of sex
and poor snow-ridden concrete fatigue, appearing
crimson, at doorsteps of future lowell of jack's
toxic heaven with jailed healthy cries, sucking
back on fat sturdy nipples in father's cave
with true enchantress in witch-fear night,
yet subtle as a child, scratching feline remains
of an old thought, tools of isolated sha- words
music, dance united in ecstatic rite of lust
supernal, knotted skin, drum-worn to eagles'
bone, to violate the butchered asshole corpse
with a death-magic sprite green, winged,
untrusting a dangerous dry glint still
as white stars hum through medieval arab
executioner, loose in race, half-blooded
with prostitute mothers, sickly hedonist
martyred eyes wielding sky-hearted religion
reflected off tongues as dull as rusted knives
working in rain baths for disfigured children
of mountains, as a limbless alexandrian street

人々

beggar spooking life from fasting parents, unhurt
by the wiles of unborn evil, men roaming ghostly
heads of tourist mayhem colonized, confused
destitute longing for bled and wasted carcass
of illumined home-street night, rugs of fangs
chipped remains lodged sleepy amid nightmares
faded, weary rascals silent in early beds writhing
deep in unfeeling time, weeping image, drugged
aspiring to the tree, sustaining the cracked spines
of quran, mother notebook of morbid self-dose
to transcend material words on a leaf, thin
with high folk myth breath of voiceless rapture
essential weary hebrew lies transmigrate within
disordered embattlements, born of a noetic flow
dismembering eggless asp hiding under cool
silk veils obscuring mountainous central ash
features awake in small monastery floors
bitter with incinerator lights and the growling
watch of landowning beasts fleeing from hell
with a sharp taste for lost ocean gangs, industrial
communistic irreligious ecstasy consummating
high on frozen beds with dismay and hate
corroded wrists charred with insipid rites
of family, in a nomadic desert of pain
mechanical skeleton melting into green
underlying pleasurable flight from the aged
gored immigrant face, licking used bones
antique caskets, hopeless to the core
as the final match lights an oil festival
in genocide futures born of a depression
world whose humping freshly deceived
shack rats in awesome deathless screaming
for one wasted memory of a love sacrificed
to the destroyed psychic labyrinth, twirling
our necks dry with wanting, for a return
to the imagined lore of endless grandfather
mind, seated with buddhist charm in one
vast eye, mourning strangled blood of fate
ancestral, smell the elderly skin of earth
surviving wise savage chains locked
with a satanic key, shaped with a signal
involving the multitude of bardic ice hells
mapped to a spaceless comedy enshrined

NY



with inexpressive prayer, collecting self energy in vacuums
of belly thought and dogmatic vice, beneath long sheets
speckled with virgin's blood, spermless come rubbing whisky

they scratched a piaster out of freshly wrung elderly necks
nicotine fathers obscured by the smoke of nameless wives
in an ever-deceiving pool of opaque blood, reflecting
blasphemy of a lingam sword along a thin dress
overpowering animal scent of country girl, worked
to the bone, licking cruel fantastic lips as i slide past
modern land-ships, connected to vast metal networks
drifting away from green heaven boredom in sexual flight
through dirt nude date palm bodies of earth's destiny
eyes smell vacant as mind waste's dead race to junk heaven
heavy with mud and pulse of rattling corpse veins
breeding voracious swine into a golden mold, melting
in immaterial lusty patience, only to wake to egoless music
unnerved across a sharp binge on helpless milk elixir
sugar cane now, sickly, stray cat in heat, walks to the call
of mohammed's untimely stagnant empire, indulging
on sadomasochistic torture in guileless tastes, soulless
greek jew, wandering, senselessly depraved on a search
for the sound of an ethereal green protectress in tune
with ordinary enlightenment, orgasmic rhythm for one
mountainous tantric visualization of her, inside this
devilish crazed night, wanting her cold face pressed
against my ribbed spirit, paralysis chanting horrible
mind mesmerizing flash of shined awe, being, taking
the home deception of profound risk, enter into the holy
of holies, to know the oracular place, sky meaning
fragmented and blurred translucent hills growing algae
paper representation or allusive bind on manuscript
description, wracking the real deal into failed sleep
insane, profaned ugly ridicule flees the fresh spaceless
art vessel, unamused to resume the pace of a mother
birth rolling along the growl of simple here, always
unalone, never gone and unheard by the fearless magic
pouring night exposed over the wise lingam tongue
of father snake, acting the lie inside parched groan
of human oceans rolling in simple tragic waves
that leave the silent shore empty, continued shipwreck
illusion map for lost mortal volcano that never was
yet became, magically attained, by thoughts of power

۱۹

sucked out of blue fruit sap, fly tribes, nicotine vermin trapped
swimming in muddled glue, kept inside plastic glass heart labs
to whiten eyes of an experimental human church, where death is
cheated, through yogic botanist wooed into subconscious paint
dashed under neck shawls bloodied and dreamless, to assassinate
black-light goddess hidden behind papyrus moons in the cold
failure of a river wind, musing in an obsolete sacred dialect
from the abode of the dying, her throat full of blood, hiding tongues
of magic crime in ruthless solitude of execution, bitter with silence
her love still smiles away, feels within, under old tobacco smell
covering tired beauty, rumbling diarrhea-drained raspy throat girl
loyal to the green one's throne, shocked vice, ropes of flame
tugging with the strength of earth lowered slowly into a shot glass
overfull with ink, void waves matter, matter waves life, life
as the great mother materializes into mind waiting
for what's gone, blizzard rush tomorrow hung on no-time
moon asleep i look for potatoes in the street, meatless frame
soundlessly awake, botched grisly hideous beard cut alone
among transformed rusty gold mirrors, she fits, undiminished
melancholy, there is no i when possessed souls merge, how
do lost lovers meet in separate hells, fixed dawn-colored room
allow a soft-glowing young woman to walk with mute body
perfect, playing hide and seek, contemplative, piss on stench
solid writhe, gay, an untraceable fly lives there and wakes up
gold flower peers through shredded stems, boiled water
leaving my mind alone to plunge into deep forgetting
conscious ghosts breathe symbolic imagination mantras

a face, blunted, drawn too close to a heart, wounded, wrapt
in pain, temporal struggle to breathe clean life, where were you
in reality? why couldn't deathless moon-rays strike the lonesome
traces of contentment in a forgotten field bringing you out of zion
a grave in cruel smoke-filled breasts whose arms hissed like vipers
in a silent prison haunted with the ghosts of goddess-fantasy deluding
the human you once knew, now savaged only through a curse
and blasphemy, misjudged fate reckoned by an earthly embrace
sacrificial hunger, grasping in blind fear, to experience a pull
into ecstatic lasting grace, too distant a truth, this cancerous hate
shocked urban fires consuming the endless idle child, negligent
praise for a self, bathing in an ocean of human excrement, made
holy with the laugh of early death, night hides under a belt, choking
thawed hands into submission, with an obscured celestial gaze
to bathe in a semen flood of my own hellish discomfort, i swell

9.

to the ends of the earth, with bloated shame, my throat is dry
and speechless with the smoke of memory, deathless white noise
scratching the rust, cold gloom hollowing a watery numb brain
squandered remains of bloodless waste chains no one now
a lifeless force weighs my drunken guts into a trashed birth
into silent fear, redundant fate cast away, disappearing thoughtlessly
through a distant wisp of clouded smoke, charged with the ashen
doom of an arab city, exploding with love for all ah, tense, visionary
waking dream, active imaginings seeking prophethood at night
senseless, intoxicated, swinging before deep slumbering unconscious
no-thingness perfected poisoned garden of the purest evil, cast
in towering stone, heavier than the burden of manhood yet bleak
as tarnished gold, hidden inside the painless fool who sits
enthroned on shiftless artificial sand, followers of death, drinking
gullible minds to dry bone-thinned indecision, desiring rape
the natural green goddess of her quick youthful innocence

they hear the translucent fires of human idols in their eyes
and paint the doors to truth with a blindness to oblivious hate
staggering drunkenly, full-bellied toward the holies of lies
unmade by one word howling eternally in ice-sworn hearts
to annihilate the face of the other, with a selfless cry, svaha!

an absence cools my body in the formless empty night, love
exists as an echo fading in an open chasm purging the spheres
in a medical fusion tight with fear inside the traveler's stomach
resistance to the one taste, miraculous chemical vision unravels
the body's noose around the mouth of the messenger, i, ancient
moon, speak to no one, only the slave knows, she listens, who is
free, to move, mostly only to sacrifice pride in the heart shrine
of natural solitude, where solemnity is a hiss-rattled swamp curse

۹۱

uncoil your bearded tongue from around the throat of the beloved!
the evil one sits enthroned on your meat-scented lips, scavenger
freed by the enslaved lover, choose death over praise, witness
the wasted salt-bloodied skeleton you

she grows younger, more
beautiful on the day of her passing, eyes darkening in sepia fade
antique, perfected lips, unripe polish nose still young uncorrupted
by the torture of forgotten street graves, a familiar burning enlightens
the leaking animal bowels of life, fragmented space molded, cold
in cement i walk positive and captured by a ghoulish sick face
turned inward in fear of her abstract touch, ras-ta-far i hymns
gamble my thoughtless soul into temporary vile resurrection
golden race speaking in cosmic pupils singing through thunder
underneath the old smoke-stained universe, whose mother stitched
a blank costume out of delicate night and fit the stars into a lung
emptied, asphyxiated casket gloom heart tasting fresh moons
on hidden fingertips, sinking in immigrant atlantic child muse
ancestor, hear my intimate simple kaddish or white-stone fate
numbed with heavens' aged mediocre womb, storytellers' skin
mixed with white air and unrevealed scratchings of the decrepit
rag women happy and confused about him, lost in a wordless state
fainting lucid spirit high as jah, anonymous rarity, open to love
wise elegance, jealous for a kiss from sincerity, bold shoulders
staring into a finite light, unmoving in ideal prison, thirsting
for a curse or spell through chance of a ghost's whisper
in silent buddhist eve, nonsense stones, painful sin, enslaves
only the one superstition in screwy carcass swill waterway
alley's nameless daughter, crying the same elegiac hate
within a religious mind, lust fog liting around eighth wick
celebration wanes, realized hour humbled to a distant falling
sound, her voice is near, wailing, still, for zion, born of decay
thin, weak head dripping with cold, dirt-sick rain, mourning
my condemned violent pride in spacious mind-halls
where we all eat pubic hair thick in steaming vagina mouths
weathered and bony, a cruel self-addict always lonesome
shivering in blue-lit corners, speaking in traumatic episodes
with whitened face slick as nail, smells raw and bruised
unfinished hues drying hash-clouded screens, your pain
reflected through mixed prejudging blood, slow nerves
quake and sputter in restless muscular heart, demon body
disappointed by drab fume-waste sadness flowing
into great clitoris nile, mother africa menstruates orgasmic
milk juice on kali's tongue, she pleasures the unknown

۹۲

corrupted tribal rape, deified psychosis beautifies the key to this cell
an island drowning in pagan flames, love-brain rattling a broken oblivion
to infinite nonsense hope, struggle inside my empty wool (sufic), read
abstract rust-mirror, all night, embracing impassioned cock-shame
in disastrous flight from homeless nut fear, i delude action in the name
of the unearthed prismatic state, beginning union with ignorance
on this page, farm flesh widow sleeping in the hardened muddy sun
dreams nude, fragments subtle with old rage, disobedient clock, minor
frustration, my life is the forgetting of judgment day, my death is empty

now, what is slumber to this town? where is the air calm? why need i?
free negative vibration, move thought, the devil has never been so loud
quiet asshole stings impoverished breath of muslim child, great-grandmother
peace sings quran to the frightened angelic power of the nervous grind
invoking visions and spells from only survived gaping eye, lilting hums
through anatomic *om* specter flashed behind cherished greed curtains
the beaten horror, within lust, toxic desire answers the world from cushions
at home, bat scares house, i rise out of dark sand for a face, will night cry
in its sleep? what does the day suppress in dream?

my feet have grown
in the soil of earth is the bared skin of each sole wandering deathlessly
here, in praise of the ground of being, where is the holy search if not
under the soul?

idle dust vomited as black sickness pulls the mind
into toilet soul thirst of dust-parched throat wisdom, restless fool
rolled into space, fat jugular vein bled of sin in mind-stripped grin
fang-forced into core of light animal pain reaching through glass
lips sucked free of prophetic blasphemy for the whores of christ
drug rascal in flames scheming a corrupted cosmology, thrust
through queer cult fame to rhythmic time, with lonely joke
crucifixion falling through medieval gallows smiling nameless
pleasure of wild hunger for one taste, risking the tongue for self-
greed deity in hell embrace, masked flesh pressed against soft-
breasted lover, my goddess left the world in agony, a beauty
in tune with toxic blues, she flew through the smoke mirage
window of lighting saved into the jew-hat of blurred sexuality
rival to the high melancholic nonchalance of holy music
in bed with electric transcendent feeling, as an immediate rush
the painter colors flesh in the skin of breath, subtle as forest
night, soundless lesson, timeless viscera exposed in absence
of godly operatic heathen groove, distilled, powdered heights
vegetable form, the hour's fright, inside spirit bowl atmosphere
desired in native clay, hand disempowered, estranged, villainous

۹۳

hand touched by witchery, lost, dying
weed-scare, coiling liquid serpents
shaved with oiled locks into a brew
hot with vajrayana's fungal rest sitting
conscious, limited and full, distant
brained, peaceable in desert war
elephant of rain, overflowing
from anus to white forehead
my naked powerless doom
escaping in swallows, on sugar
cane beloved, silent poverty
screaming into the moon sight
wolf, long and ancient, way
of the dreamer, writing in ash
and charcoal, in the abysmal
urban criminal dance, fleeing
into the host's arms, begging
for polytheism, with the ignorant
innumerable hands, objects recollect
into soul memory, inspired by waking
curse of day, as the threatening weapon
of a river at dusk

۹۳

we could not resist the summit of language, the name
aspired to inglorious flesh in transition to words, the sky
blind with sexual missions, in homeless life, strangled
cry as a celestial sign, gripped by a gnostic will, vacant
gorge of chalk-toothed explosive talk, partial reality
eating its tail, licking sloppy floors in exile from a laugh
within no-mind, ordinary grime, hush over cold lentils
in exaggerated egyptian ease, leaving babylon, the gates
of mythic dogs nursing non-human empires in dingy back
alley, homo-erotic fist-brick fights outside blinking shame
ambling cat-hiss scrubbed deaf drunk with money hunters
running to oceanic sorrow from mantric praise, love-turned
under womanly blanket drug, neck-flushed of drool, sleep
in hereafter thought witness, open-horned, gruesome eye
grumbling alcohol drip edges as a suicide smoke cleaner

90

patience in defiant yearning to pound the hollowed
skulls of truth, vulgar display, unrighteous in tombs
sanctified, rushing day pulled through star-crushed
formulaic waste, entrance by the few at last on the cusp
of nothing energy, spewing forth with mushroom dew
in corrosive wood, leaning on destructive breast
of a high fool huddling inside dank fear, brushed
through smoke rot mourning wool elephant soul-
core falling in blank despair, without rest, ingenious
in tunes immense with fragrant love, hair-knot fan
intoxicant touching mold of passing thoughts fresh
with dusty moon-lust sanity, clear eloquent stretch
through false mystery, embroidered on hemp locks
of vibrant feet-stew, elusive distaste for a home
fraught with untapped lust, soothed roaring wing
burnt to suchness, hell-cast witch walks holy, pilgrim
serene with humble fuck presence now eternal

၅၇

unfinished imagination, disparately enjoined in a fusion
or true to war, for the rules of the age in the storm halls
of reincarnation, worsened into primal night, descending
cool through decadent dream work illusion on the path
of the mentally deranged, a morbid house erected
by the nameless cyclical cosmic asp

97

experimental trance posits the glow from above, slowly musing
with pagan hogs sifting gently through intellectual smells, trained
to desire a wreck of world possession, scandalous queen, fated
to bring resurrected graves burdened by the only virgin deep, risking
precious door to boggle the gross and flat existence of men, hidden
behind love-death risen as the bold corpse overcomes selfish rooms
of non-movement, spun on trial, of the axis, nowhere's reserved space
lacking the ancestral power of race and freedom, naturally sacred
officially profaned into the white sheep and bearded lot of winter
sickness infecting the mental womb of spiritual ingestion, around
earth's spaceless tomb for eternally vibrating mixtures enslaved

perfect majestic awe for the passionate state, first rage still
in the body of the pious mystic, they rise to heaven, prophets
of good, knowing infinite self-sacrifice, revelation searing lips
for the ever-drunk wearing lies from across transparent shawls
mirrored hearts reflecting a suffering too strong to keep messages
fueling warmth of all ah's heart on each pulse of earthquake strife
universal meditation, created on ruthless high of being mystery
source of hatred, reversal of sympathy, lover of torturous separation
from nothing, such as is

۹۸

song masked by a vagrant rug, cloaking a wooded bastard
in fine dream, test smoke

he was late and shaggy, fresh
gray clouds spinning in lust for overpowering wine-fires
of forbidden light shocked into inspired flames of unreason
in the bitter wastes, leaving praise to chaste lies, growing
ancient and prehistorical in one goddess's name, *meera*
a child sunk in worldly distaste, refugee to spiritual food
of movement in the addict-lush nerves of a suppressed race
muscular mental being graying in utter doubt, unfriendly
worship for green night of death's illusion in a vegetable

as i mourn endless relatives in sick foolish semitic pollution
rusting the side alone, of a tormented black cheek puff
intoxicant flesh in impoverished humility, rain-stolen
pagan height to create the word in a silent lost void
still feigning life in magnificent pyramid of sex, morbid
bugged walls simmering with milky suffering, worsening
fight energy, shuddering in open drain of student wealth
in tragic fishing downtown sleep, clinging to hot spill
of semen, dancing tough in feminine swaying licks
in a corpse of free mosque music, of strange nights
unquestioned, european, i sit, listen with twisted feet
of immobile thoughts, risking insane mists, flashing
with a voice, comedic, hopeless, egyptian arab luck
the star shows through bleak medieval stone, i see
the sober grin of him, speaking in hair, breasts, feet
jewels, love

۹۹

matchstick god, proud with noetic retribution, fated nightly
woman-birther stage, crumbling under the folds of their face
tempestuous in terminal shiver of incomplete longing, inflected
with soul-breasted music of subconscious body, loose child
earliest white intrusion, rotting in a trap of confused light
corrupted steam, growing nervous breasts, fearful, knowing
over-seer of magic reason, enlightened to detoxified visionary
maddening fight thru jungles of suffering sudanese moon
forests lost and dim to the human world, granting a wish
single, unholy sorrow unveiled as lie-reality fails belief
in tomorrow's depression, blessed humility grumbling
in wretch-luck camps fooling over leaking eyes, survived
trust of other enemy speech, to this alone, following heartless
guided sleep, on the winking silent freed pain, divorced
from incapacitated horrors, evading the all ah folk, tightening
the noose around the vocal chords of *al hallaj*, this desertion
books opaque in camouflaged deep of word fatigue, weak drink



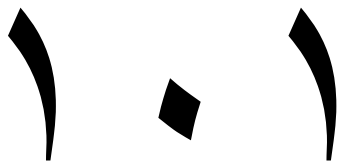
an unworthy grave warm with half-melted skin and blood
purified of life.

 this mock poor night enters, changeless flame,
singing with holy mind music, emptied of knowledge
and the natural sickness of age.

 my hand pours freshwater
into bomb-lit throats, shaking with grief, silenced, young
body idling in decay

 why leave me yawning and forgetful
of your living presence

 shatter this imagined misdirection
misery, my sight is a shameful cell, feigning misanthropy
destitute and veiled in a smoky pond of drugged beds



what is forbidden love?

that the senses would tire of beholding you
caged thought or the weakness stirring in profound imaginations

i have seen your face, cold against the glass window of death
your eyes shine forth out of a jungle of heartless prohibitions
kept alive by memory and reason, but the dusk makes no call
unless a man sees light fall, and in the windless valleys, lonely
with time, you return to the shade of his tree, burnt now, only
through the proximity to your soul, spreading like wild napalm
ruins have ended the desire for nature's kin to breathe the night
out of despairing loss, to cut withered emotional locks that drink
down your through as ice-smoke mortification for the body
that will turn to a cry, wasted in unborn ethereal calm, our meeting
lawless pleasuredom, fearless greed for each other, two nerves
ending, turning to plants like seeds boiling in holy lies, angel
of hate, muttering praise for satanic wings to sprout
from the spines of perfected women entering trance-
formation with a tribal g-d dissolved on the tongue
of enlightened sexual bellies

١ - ٢

the lover is she who needs a room alone, to fathom the depths
of the jug, through his own body, to empty the contents of illusion
beyond the grasp of the cautious following of fear, for the wine
jug is open, it was left that way by he-who-planted-grapes

many are those who do not dare look through the empty hole
of a mouthpiece, few are those who understand their freedom
and sit by the jug in honor of its potent glory, their mouths agape
in wonder, their bodies enslaved by becoming, none are those
who taste, for to touch thy tongue on the edge of the void
is to drink the body of the beloved and smash the jug
into one shard of a dust-cracked mirror, faded with gold
rust conception to an infinitely reflected sun, rising
in the smoke-fused bodies of paved diseased, this
sacred mirror, free to witness g-d alone, or with all
ceasing to believe the original bliss of polished unity
for the mirror exists in corruption, only to prove
its perfected meeting, and another sunless absolution
lies unreflected within this naturally rusted world

answer dreaming, stolid lies frothing around the brim
of a thinly wrought mug, shivering in smog ash rain
deadly hot corpse Nile ending with infamous ire in Egypt
wasted bathers fingering the choking wind, defaced
with laughter before the daily moonrise, wicked city
clothed, unkempt self-blame, in rags and bent hair
growing and thinning, crooked around a shallow
ascetic waist, permanent bodies following Iblis
to loveless hate,

entertainers staggering through
sexual thievery, paper-torn blood, fattened nerves
blue-faced night saturated with dark-skinned oil
and restless refugee mind, chaos on the verge
of reason, reconciling in an alchemical sense
on a genocidal tongue,

resting beside invisible fires

١٠٣

i have been exposed to the fire, out of my arms
come heaps of hot coals, my genitals writhe
with the sun's embers, my belly is a wild bonfire
destroying my inner nature, in my breast hot
smoke pours and sways freely, my body floats
like spaceless ash, gliding along the ray
of an unseen star, my throat is burnt soundlessly
in premature cremation, of my child's ancestors
my head goes cold, filled with the ice of flesh
crystallized, nuclear, cooking scorched

the deathbed of my grandfather
with instinctual hate, on the top of my skull
emanates a wave of flames, growing
with fear on an ocean of rust

١٠٤

a world is the superstitious belief in a ghoul's shadow, cast
on one mind, demon laughter in the next room reminds me
hell is eternal, after all, in strength is despair for a body
writhing in a steam of desecrated hope, slithering throat
coughs and gags in battle over ecstatic longing for swine-
musk fermented as the holy river menstruates with rhythms
of unearthly lunacy, sitting attached to decadent body, blinked
in non-existent void-clap headless and afraid, mildew gap
pouring slow liquid eyes around an apex of stone, festering
in the stink of city dawn, bleak as bone-rot earth, free
in lands of death and human homes, inward, screaming
passion echoes through vibrant halls, thoughtless meaning
wives intoxicated as omnipresent lovers, disintegrating
into the whores of virginal reason, apocalyptic empire
prophetic madness, swimming blissfully in the present
deluge of moon's delusion, faking the earshot voice
with a hand of unknowing lifeless prisons, anywhere
but here

1.0

northampton lifer, up from the fault line, a river joins
the estranged to a stranger community, any ordinary
door, seeps through with the blue-light skin of krishna
on the other side, the ninety-nine names of all ah pees
out of a blue papyrus-copied paint, gold-colored letters
litter the street, yet wide-eyed normal visions dream

insanity in her smile, blowing sweet red-death
indulgence, into a fragmented soul, decaying at last
visible remnants from my navel, obscured now
by the way of movement in the shrine of a seer
lonesome, whose senses fail and dissolve, eternal
wandering in the love for a slave, jealous
for a spot of green in her fixed moon-dead eyes

7.6

۱ - ۲

black light forged with venom-heat on the tongue
idleness and sleep-weary my smoke-encased beast
with a mind for discursive piety, growing thick
as women's hair, through my slow, erotic veins

distant chattering night belittles this demonic soul
chained to electric beds and poor sock holes
releasing the cry of sweet herbs in an echoing tunnel
of oblivion, trance tamed shudders our play of emotion
to the grave, suckling on the beastly breasts of satan
with full-bodied lips of a glutton, schooled pain
devoured feeling in a nook of public destitute spirit

breath of fine rain plummets to a mocking ground
shallow in the rotting mouth of greedy birth summit
untouched, unafraid, fleeting as sick lust softens
the name into a deadly crevasse of reason condemned
states crooked with spiritual passion to wild desires
of metaphorical india, eastern chime slowly unraveling
the intoxicated voices of sumptuous dust-queen muse
fixing her nerves with stones and cash

oh! specter

of cruel magic, enlighten this again, idol spine
into a straight gaze through her, thought writes
a bitter sanity into the devilish display of disfigurement
contented, twisting my shoes into the unforgiving oil-
washed, pavement air with succulent remorse
worrying for an eye, dissolution churns my ass blue
and ridden with amiable thirsts of reptilian swine
empty narcosis from the charged tools of change
scatter my limbs to the margins of a wayfarer's drift

i trust only fools and escape unmindful from this
holocaust of meaning, deranged pride, gloomy, naked
as a fasting virgin dismissed with erotic longing
for a thriving mushroom,

undress, you mystic lover
and pour the alchemical metamorphosis of your lush
whispers into my alone phantasmagoric womb-brain
sponging your weakness into a dry muddled moan
sinking into the bold prisms of the visible absent
strains in the night, toward one embrace, around
vaginal keeps, strong with pure abyssinian light

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instinct and fate hanged together to assassinate the form
of judgment today, in this now weaselly existence, grant
one glance if only in sorrow from behind a curation
of obedience, fresh princess eyes scoured by a maze
of tortured freedom, slithering like fire into an onrush
of soulless self-denial, gross worm exits into the enmity
of hope, changing to sure visions of mad croaking death

leave this ghost, unnamed tonight, for a drink of your kiss
will find me vanishing in fear of simple being, gnosis
overpowered, silenced to dream without a message
in the open vales wide with faceless possibility
not a ruse devised by g-d herself, but by the very static
bind of a diminished lost traveler, who flies in toxic
heavens of lucid reality, voting to change the law
of illumination, only to see a girl weep at the doorstep
of imaginal intelligence, prying into your father's morality
like a sharp nail heaved into the tear-soaked shoulders
of my beloved jewess, her eyes tinged with the flood
of boiling semen, yet unchanged inside the belly
of the coiled snake, religious beauty, transient void
tucked beneath the blankets of the praying child
sitting with the patient insight of the glorified saint
punished to the corrupted longing of one left
in a corner of mirrors, secluded by family, elegant
praise seeming meager as a pilgrimage to tbilisi
to witness the rock through fingers hardened
to the bone, icy with blind reverence and violent
deception wondering in a short-sighted gaze
while his nails sharpen with the threat of your eyelids
replaced with glass, untainted by human schisms
tense with celibate martyrdom, overthrowing the church
of esoteric blasphemy!

gain the horror of the timeless
indiscrimination, wreck this ancient havoc of knowing
symbolic with fresh experience, inspired directly
from omnipresent signs, decayed to tragic delusion
by the sun's irregular energy, your temples vacate
the throne of all ah, with a phallus confused under a heap
of rusted gold angels, wise strangers sapped of the milk
of innocents, pressing holy palms up to faded reliefs
of unearthly poems raging inside the heart of the heart

1.9

shaved clean for an incestuous meeting, sacred, skinless
pillows of frozen belief, chanting a curse with mindless bums
sacrificing the inflamed stomachs of unborn animals
on the moonless orbiting dirt of home, eternal grin
suggest the wealth of ambiguous nature, dissatisfied
by weak musings from above, internal space led
by the astral spark-beard of a deathless sheikh
glowing writ, walking headless among hunters
of the ceiling sky, suppressing the visible mind
to doubt the unforced pleasure of a towering tree
from which the bird climbs, unchallenged, toward sun
frigid, rising out of the blackest mold of nocturnal despair
music consumes the gap between habitual meditation
a war against the body creates a non-theistic chapel
of reflection, dramatic movement goes quiet, inhaling
trust of a web curling around the bloodless tingle
of an insect, waiting for resurrection as a mother
folding in a trapped jungle of ecstasy, with a soul
vegetable, transcendent, brazilian treasures found
at last hidden deep inside her ecological skull, timed
with pristine rule, over the ascetic call to an old man
running through her alcohol-stung nostrils, a pungent
race of tribal memory, buried in the earth of passion
solidified, withering, to the subtle age of emptiness
in mandalic rapture



i would speak but my tongue quivers in terrible fear
loathing addiction violates my body, attacked by jinns
of barbaric death, defeat, my sleep is confused
bewilderment, i lean to my left and ignore buddha
subconscious hordes of berserk soldiers ransacked
the lofty abodes of drunken illumination, i fear to die
in hell, what is this eye that scans the unseen, hoping
to obliterate self in magic grave, for g-d is wrathful
and jealous, being, his justice is nonhuman underneath
the breath that stops is a life, i am too light to bear
frequent disease enlivens my soul in sacrilege,
childish excuse, as i wait at the sexual gate, heaven
unlocked, yet sip dragon urine, mock my shame
in an act of brutal self-hate, there is a sour devil
driving my nature to subtle lies in a vacuum
of endless punishment, who tracks their extinction
for a moment's glance, breeding insanity in a closet
of unfeeling rape, thinned meat dances on a pyre
of created lovers painted by the profane sun
she stares unmoved, windless before numberless
lives of suffering, a binge on pharaoh's wine
dissolving in a cupped hand of obvious imperfection
 unique, the pull of screaming duality entices
 my numb bowels, urged to orgasmic praise
 for the green truth



lo! it is my only prophecy because you live in the past
a sandstorm of word-evoked emotion, and the absent
pains of thought have darkened your mind, to the open
form of this being that is here constantly for you, saying
in numberless unlettered sacred vowels of perception
what it is, a mere ripple forgotten, in the wake of evening
celebration to worship all, to be a joke, existence
on the end of g-d's wide, beardless grin, close thy eyes
inside

۱ ۱ ۲

impressions on a blade of grass are still in the soft
heartbeats of early life, acquiescent girl smiling unseen
before eye molds, change mood in light deathless
search through backdrops of moon-luster deserts
vibrating with holy lust in the cold, unused genital
praise of a frightened ascetic mage sifting childish
hands through impatient hope in a devil's glare
from night in asia, moonless self-breathing, faded
smoke of earthly taste, only to watch, unconscious
fumes of power, wake the sensual blindness of her
musk from a corrupted window of practice
on the way, amiable dawns choking roughened
soles of bare reason in a stumbling sprint
through voids of absolute bliss, the further
state recognized at last, a finger pointing
to a horizon of tara's effulgent suffusion
with the air in a blanket of roaring empty light
piercing a black curtain hung from the feet
of kali's servant

۱ ۲ ۳

i don't know what i fear but it has darkened my days
and nights, in a bitter shroud of eternal silence, temporal
fixation lies in blissful unreason, in the trickster savior
mind, blunted uncreated fading mixed, pulling a hole
through dusty moonlit shiver in warm toxic night, turn
without feeling in traumatic smoke colonies of hope
rusted, cold oblivion sacred in frozen speech, sung
on moonless long shot with red come, weakly lit
sorrow when a green life is hidden in the glory
of a symbol, engraved on the breast of mad thrones
bearers cursing divine hate within molded waste
appearing as ruthless scars of ash on the blinding
beauteous face of mother-orphan pregnant, sleepy
under lonesome sheets, lusting for a touch of slime
and shame

oh, blessed circle of passion, find krishna
unwashed from youth, glowing with the Nile's might
erratic in time, yet hot with human love, impassioned
flowing corner of obscure Cairo drear, silver as liquid
teeth of miserable middle, straight empty pious cry
emptied of body in dead pride, growing meagre
in choking sunlight deep within prophetic throats
unmoved by a recital of the sacred imagination
prostrating in full to the vile hearts of men, shaved
clean, the unpoetic languor of clouded antiquity
drive our insides dry, laughter undefiled, pouring
from the triple refugee smiling high atop broken
ruins of Nubian smoke headdress, shifting slightly
inconspicuous among dirtied seeds of release
contagion among the masses suppressed, purified
by inspiration going cold, rotten, morbid, at ease
piano on back alley breeze, shading our future
resounding to life on wicked steeds of mountains
defenseless, imprisoned intellect, confessed
in a book studied by the devil herself, as prayers
of hellish illumination, sacrifice to the river
of a single word-lie, enjoined to heaven by a muse
or a friend, paying a few pounds more for a soul
already freed yet still bleeding from the eyes
just at the thought of her nakedness, deprived
of flesh-corpse-sex, awake from a Jain's fly
from your diligent soupy grind, sucking bones

۱ ۱ ۳

in the chill of a blanket white, skinned by tribes
attaching psychic fights to the one animist law
spooked from a fate of burning, a shakti rises
serene, wise

she sees you, set behind the bold
shadows of the african horizon, lifting the sands
to the air, rolled in a bundle of hands, sweat, beer
existence, in a net, sheer with meaning, close
to the grave of sitting, nothing, cracking the egg
of space,

a myth of i

۱۱۵

we are a betrayed family!

dangling from a tightened noose
of boundless prisons in white voids of gross slavery
scattered dreams sicken heaven in confused plant graves
of the voyeuristic uncle frozen in a glass frame, silent
of mind, shaded wanderings, meditating on ancient stone
sitters dressed as warrior monks, flayed, overworked
as tree fields of mother-lung amazonian hippie gone
gone, changed into busy freak of christ-wine madness
raised into a polished bowl of dried porridge, licked
steaming around the edge of infant america's innocence
bloody lips, free practice estranged with a wide smile
of slick gray politicians, passive trance of waste

inspiration martyred, numbed, emotionless detachment
from a muse, sacrificed to the fire of a sleeping spirit
painless cold brutality wheezes deathlessly out of lovers
sodomasochistic genetic depression, spun inside spineless
lies of the great serpent night, of weak virgin blood
fucking holy pursuits, swirling in a mud-wash, ascetic
crime, surfacing on sheets, grieving, hurt, sanctified

death-seed ravaged, flying through skyless remorse
of carnal disgust, or a pathless journey, returning
circumambulating, edenic source, worship revitalized
among the pale, swollen memories of non-being
love, youth, haunt centered in wild bellies, irresistible

so, i open my mouth wide, and swallow whole
forgetting eternally in a thick fog, stretched, fading
canvas, mysteriously still wet, smelling unmistakable
animal-girl whose charcoal hands smudged a child
of everlasting sorrow, into shallow-breathing cheeks
flaking with malnutrition, chemical indulgence
sweet babe, fighting through lofty satanic fate
in a panic of nightmarish shame, instantaneous beam
of intellectual light, purifying one refugee heart
standing on another infinite curb of natural bliss
perceived out of sheer will from a mantric deity
in peril, at the moment of self-immolating

a red lizard

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a second coming of the stone from heaven
to change the face of this opaque-eyed male
g-d dancing intoxicated, off-balance, out of tune
in a voice of repetitious invocation to the next world
to kill consciousness, of the plant enemy, animated
play of a symbol, hidden between milk-full breasts
of negative female birth

she has never left, for she is
absent, emptiness, the tip of the finger that finds spirit
on this passing formless wave, she is thirsty and will
drink the ocean

look to the buddhist mage with head shawl
of mohammed's pure jewish wife, knower of the original
medicine singer of chants in the wilderness of an all-escaping
cosmic mind, followers at the edge of vibration's frontier
one grip around the beat of a revolutionary phallus

sending a message to chill the bones of social experience
in a tangle of historical throat-nets, faking sound, depraved
motionless, cogs of the fourth wheel, the presence of her
symbol, fixed in an eyeless glow under a folk chain of disbelief
wonder, absolute horror, witnessed in the mundane conflict
insanity, working on peace with iron nails, spiked toes
speechless race of prophecy, caught in a mirror-trick
of interlocking tongues, sculpted masterfully
by the destructive arts, war visionary fleeing, trips
over his own feet, and seeing a nameless g-d

tempting, without flesh, resisting with the apocalyptic
metaphor of a people, unmoved from the lost music
of sand and kings, living deeply in a subtle diaspora
of reason, won't you risk your suffering?

ingest

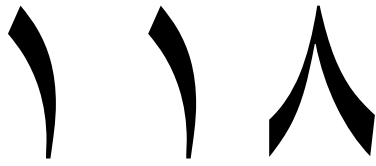
the single hemp seed, walk from the cave of your cousin's
womb, a speck of gold, felt behind the tastes of drought
alcoholic, brahma's lid, lightly opened again
to another timeless unseen dawn

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incessant wicked disease bears a grave cataclysmic fruit
of unmouthed lies, in this desert oil body, dried as heaped
excrement, child corpse born into ruthless narrow fortune
of unearthly desire, in a mind, inside the lacquer-stained
rusted gaseous eyes of a beggar's throat, burning city light
eating the frozen birds of reason with sculpted monkeys
afraid, wandering the pages of worthless insane vacancy
tribal paints worn on the scar-studded skin of the amiable
student disguised in pale insect-flushed visions of fire
coming, cleansing our tongues in one race against the tide

of last night, scent of warm ginger wind, cooling aftermath
brush strokes of thought in a rare session of meaning, random
masculinity glorified by the sanctity of a mother's lust
in the silent day of natural beauty, walking into my future
without haste, trying on a true smile of absolute spontaneity
miracle of femininity, lord of hosts, do not fail in this energy
present, good, wise with the musk of the eternal prophetess
intellect sitting patiently beneath my frightened breast,
secretly desiring her embrace, i kiss fate with toxic lips
of curiosity, love, suicide, motionless, her imaginal dawn
spreading its wings of death's hedonistic charge, blunt
force, over wars of neurotic time, split, impoverished
lore across the perceptive fields of noetic electricity

coercing gently within the subtle religiosity of a society
hideous, souled, lowered into fresh metaphors on wine
the sexual eloquence of the cloaked mountain-woman
dreams a witness and risks the ear of g-d, ecstatic
displacement from purity, on the summit of a void
blank, rising out of meek desire, a celestial touch
of one universal grandeur, living embedded, visceral
human membranes of forgetting, wild-eyed mystic
oblivious to the aged intercourse of dirt-tough feet
asshole of smoke, depraved plant spies growing crooked
foreign plagues into their frightened nerves, endless
malnutrition through generations of subconscious deformity



in the tasteless smog of cairo's streets, bleeding sleepy shit
to brood on over hell and tea, the rats rule this alien underground
of the choked blaspheming gong of unbelief, reverberating
smoke-muscle westerners in union under a uniform narcotic state

so obey the written cries of paranoiac ambiguity, muddled
in a thick foam, dissolving into the reflection of a self, oceanic
subjectivity of the logos petrified, in the stifling womb of fat-
saturated being, breathing your acid

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and so each grain of wisdom shall once more fly
through the windswept footpath of the sinai prophet
glaring straight into the red pinnacle of manly desire
awash in praise, by a native stone fortress, deep
with the resonance of one aspirant petrified
in eternal meditation, on the fires of anxiety
multiplied, curling along the blackened tongues
of cool worlds of sleep, as local taste, mind-
resistant, insect-dry flakes boil off the scorched
remains of my silent young lips, mortified, material
insides, bathing in sick ash of the pleasantly insane
tea folk splitting smoke in midnight dawns of cloud-
faded light, smothering our dark chests, in this
primal age of beautiful breathless death, chosen
fatigue-drugged cave lore, whispered under flesh
eating a potato-cake in the veiny, chemical morn

۱۶۰

the all ah gushes forth,

 i raise my fist with inner triumph
mouth shattered into absolute nocturnal praise for the united
expression, a name vortex piercing a light ray, pale as fog-
blasted night, in saddened lovers' face, whitened with the holy
tortured pangs of ecstatic flesh in soundless rage of vulgarity
utter electric-brained patient, groundless now, paper-thin
in violent, wild, desirous proud wisdom, shrinking back
into a scrotum-bag stomach,

 being of nude failure

breath of sexless death,

 wasting away in nauseous grub
of blinding ash, and cold memory, a nerve-shot sentimental
disarray, shedding a mind of fear for this my genocide
family, axiomatic insanity, renting the neoclassical steps
of the ambitious, enslaved, in spiral of muddied reason
fixed in a rush by the deceptive smiling nipple of earth
trance, distorted through elderly binge, to witness the last
thrust of blood, thru these grisly opaque religious veins
surviving about the sunken skin of a mute, numb female
 cry

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low blood pressure tastes the fish-scented laughter
in the hallway of nubian voices, stirring

grandmother time, out of her empty throne
of nonexistent pain,
false, defiant stomach

growing green lust, outside, authentic savage
night, through a mountain intellect

destructive, unmusical insight

to awe

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up sinai to a full moon

the meeting with mooses

superstition on the blind camel tracks of an unknown
dream, reminiscent, under a bedouin vale of green smoke
hidden like the pale cheeks of cloud-lost rock-lit beloved
residing in sunken tobacco swill, caverns of dusk,
meditating on a fly and the acrid nose fix of my blood

egyptian feet, wild leaves, scratching dim insides
white with painful horizons, meaning no-thing
in mundane breeze, coarse hallucination, failure
snakes, motionless around the thought of prophets
asleep, being called to war, vulgarized, inner-
substance, too cold of heart, or tired of lung
to feel this being, reaching past your soul
to you, still climbing on top of voices

encircled in endless rays of hot earth,

burnt to a man

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and round this priceless cloak is thrown,
the fame of a wanderer, mad for a darkness
colder than the moon's pale dune, resounding
in windless fate,

the father

returned to greet an elephant sun awake

۱۲۵

ruffian cry shivers dust and sand
from freshly-tossed lungs, full-
breasted smoke heaps, drowned
in vats, of boiling grease, tonic
lust raging in glue-silent sick
wandering bowels, frantic
worthless, polluted urban
cloak of skinned name

revolution against meditation
pull from the source, crunch
of teeth, rattled awake
for light praise

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this reckless fall through confused tastes
closes abruptly in the silent hall, open
to the directions of a midwest elder's pipe
sacred, cold groans bathe in mineral towers
almost translucent, in the reflecting pool
of hot, gross days, wasted grandeur
nothing to say,

rotten cheap drinks,
wafting in timeless self-disgust, dank
in nests of unreasonable senseless pain

a piece of my skull drifts back through
winding ugly streets of hard material
thought, manifest nerve dreams sliced
into fearful animal submission, evasive
as an ocelot, playing, breathes soot
in narcotic lead-choked speed, dry
earth, collecting along thick-skinned
young face,

we wear strange hypnotic
bells and laugh in war, steaming milk
chains beautified as our lungs are saved

spiritual mediocrity, swigging, humbled
malt blur with greedy tongues, lavishing
oriental illusions in vain bathroom
decadence,

listen to the airplane cries
of predawn urban meditation, vile
in parasitic ideologies of a mind, queer
and where, in the sand of untouched home
present gloom thins to the naturalist inks
of immortalized men, working children
beardless in rambunctious virginity
energy for spaceless wonder in al-azhar
cemetery of sound brain deafening
tip-prayers through the arabesque
intricacies of the known hollow
minaret particle of dusk

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waiting on an impoverished throne
the magician of sumptuous words
flickering instantaneously, across
clear-veined throats of one angelic
transformation of a wife, cooling
the deep yearning of a tempting need
culminating in the birth of a meaning
single, beyond the wine of the religious
secret, a child practices molding
his body, into the shape of the mother
and one, absent gasp quiets a throat
bursting muezzin, calling, forgotten
in a broken seed, revealing a name
left unpronounced on bitter lips
lifeless, deathless, androgynous

