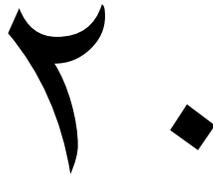




Cairo

at



Menahem Ali

translated by Matt Alexander H.

Cairo at 20

Menahem Ali  
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

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

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

Verse

Cyclical Wordplay  
Exotic Settlers  
Sketches of Style  
Present Sound, Silent Space  
district.Columbia  
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 ghouls 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.

۴

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

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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

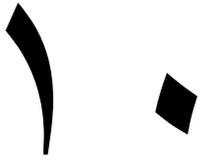
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searing my heart into fragmented cubist visions, entering  
the four-lettered sound in shacks with brave goyim, chalky  
keep lathered with buttered grounds and dazzling ceilings  
so high, the out of body slinks back in as an arab god bellows  
his 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

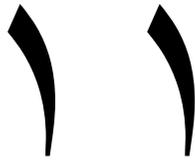
why do you cover your smile  
and hold your holy tongue tight  
between two fingers of peace?

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

۱۶

houses of enlighthened 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

۱۶

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

۱۳

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

10

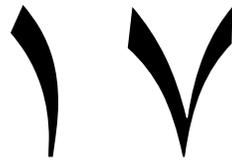
all ah is a wife prostrating, crooked rib treated as earth  
viral dingy raining concrete wisps, embittered concentration  
bewitched by a masculine voice, drunk, impoverished  
hounds clapping for electric hash inside, possessed  
dense, fleeing from the empty hold of infant tears  
western fear, lonesome 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

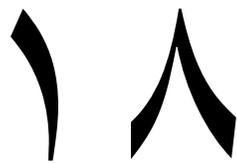
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as our intuitive planetary consciousness, intensifying  
into the sketchy rhythms of an unreasonable dream  
the trickster's roaming eyes resonate with an amulet  
or card, nubian, roma, the grape fields ripen, mysterious  
vibrations of vegetable 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

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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

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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

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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

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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.

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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

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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

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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

۳۷

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



Σ .

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

۴۳

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

Σ 0

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

0.

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

۵۳

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

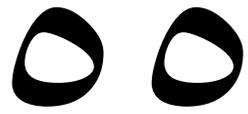
03

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

오

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

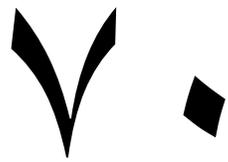
78



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

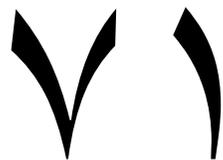
    i am the plague of a seasonal farmer  
otherworldly, harvesting the last ethereal plant  
from the sand-blown skins of nomadic paganism  
genealogical idolatry, transform one man to a cloth  
walking, initiating impersonal wishes, groomed  
into vacant praise for the overcrowded questioned  
grace inherent 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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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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?

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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)

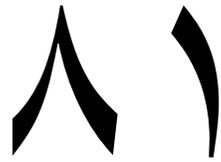
the palms of newton become black holes  
thoughts of socrates vanish into silent ticking

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 mooses 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

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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

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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

۸۵

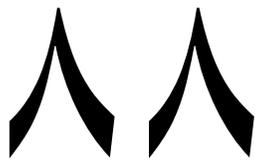
sick as any dog cult, days of arbitrary holy disease  
pleasures arising, ballooning inside belly of torment  
but sort of immune to the pain, i waddle with brains  
grotesque, trailing behind me on the eve of xmas  
shitting in the street, but tonight alone, laughing  
with elephant drugs in a thick 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 6

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

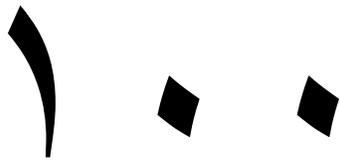
song masked by a vagrant rug, cloaking a wooded bastard  
in fine dream, test smoke

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



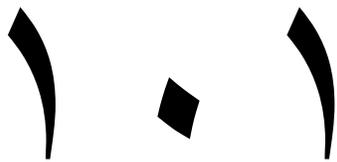
an unworthy grave warm with half-melted skin and blood  
purified of life.

                  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

soul anarchy vows i,

disbelief with frigid plunge through a war  
between the ice and fire of an unnatural, separated mind, dream  
joke fusion dancing on prayer rats and meditation slugs,  
parasitic, within scorched sex-freak religious death,

my fall, through insipid cult, mock play panting while selling  
magic theater cold to the touch with fear and wealth, emptied  
post-fornication lapse beyond the tumult of desire, heartless  
in coffin fatality amid the mist of faded time, folding  
with the succulent lips of her, seems color-lost in realisy

absent birth inside a body, eternally alone, patient  
as an asiatic moon thinning over flat snake goose paths  
into an oasis drained of high windless light, a memory  
surfacing on the reflected face of a camel's tongue

nirvana cave of collective mind, exotic tombs tunnel  
forth from a spring of earthly thought, confusion bleeds  
fire in the name of mystery, formed off the tip of the arab  
lingam truth, her scream pierced the air in the erotic lairs  
of white sand moved to bury two daughters into a curse  
for the one man blessed only by self-sacrificial intoxicant  
heretic philandering across spaceless prisons of wine,  
amnesic fool with spotty headdress, singing about a witch  
insane goddess of poison laughter, cruel as the word  
uncreated child, fatherless to the fixed stars of bliss

mindless vagrant eagle excreting a home of waste  
animal planted in the liar's search for praise to he  
who need not even be, a glimpse into a clutter of chaos  
sensual destruction of the womb with breathless metal  
dust flakes of pain-martyred gloom, embrace the feral  
courage in blackest silent peace, on which raging feet  
split like stone in a field of forced lightning, the most  
holy is most forbidden, mantra to re-claim vocation  
in a rotted bag of sin, normal incarnation of symbolic  
kin, angelic resistance nears an endless call to face  
the void, in your rugged heart-failed diseased monk  
pleasured stomach grumbles

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

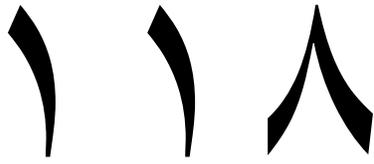
the single hemp seed, walk from the cave of your cousin's  
womb, a speck of gold, felt behind the tastes of drought  
alcoholic, brahma's lid, lightly opened again  
to another timeless unseen dawn

۱ ۲ ۳

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

۱ ۱ ۹

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

۱۶۱

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

۱ ۲۲

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

۱ ۲ ۳



۱ ۲ ۳

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

۱ ۲ ۷

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

