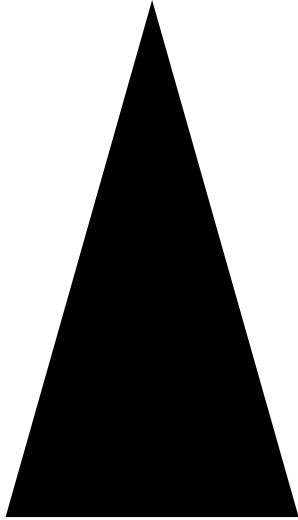




Asemic Man



Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.

Asemic Man

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
Regress
Brooklyn Ridge
BiCoastal
Winter Flower
Cairo at 20
Letters of Constantinople

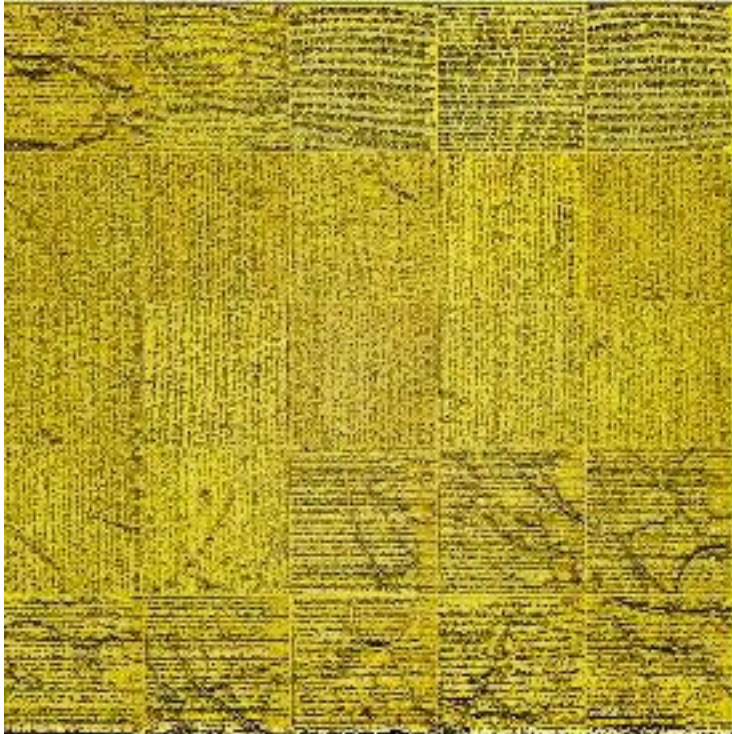
Prose

The American Hallucination
Noetic Sojourns

Copyright © 2014, 2021 by Matt Alexander H.

Fictive Press
www.fictivemag.com/press

Logo design by Serra Şensoy



On the Image

Me, nude, curled in fetal position within a circular formation of early writing pages on the floor of my adolescent bedroom. Photography; B&W to sepia.

I exposed myself during a time when I returned to America as an emigrant after enduring a period of two year grounded, flightless, unable to move while gaining residency status in Canada before moving to New York City with my spouse at the time.

Asemic Man is the final segment of a seven-cycle series of writing manuscripts, beginning with Cyclical Wordplay, through Exotic Settlers, district.Columbia, Present Sound Silent Space, Sketches of Style and Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules. It culminates with my body as an asemic letter, of the body as the image-language from which creation issues and returns.

On the Text

The alternate titles for the manuscript, Asemic Man, were, regressions of youth, or epic of youth, also, Stream of Youth: A Lore of Consciousness. As the writing practice that I have maintained is simply one purposed to record consciousness, observing the mental activity of the brain in the act of writing.

These texts were gleaned from countless handwritten pages, which I kept with me as I moved from place to place as a young adult, carrying my adolescent yearnings, to write, and to identify with my personal, private, unique expression, to find myself by being myself. As I look back at over a decade of texts, written without readers, expressly manifest for the purpose of exploring, learning from, and becoming literate in myself, I am struck by the power and beauty of thought, emotion and observations of my peculiar experience as captured and conveyed in words.

In January of 2014, I found a quote that summed up my efforts at that point, from a study of the works of the Soviet Belarusian psychologist Lev Vygostki who died at age 37 in 1934:

“...during adolescence so-called daydreams and fancies, which take up the middle ground between a real dream and abstract thought, begin to make their appearance. In these daydreams, the adolescent usually weaves a long epic poem, where the separate parts are connected with one another, which remains more or less consistent over long periods of time and which contains separate peripeteias, situations and episodes. It amounts to a creative dream vision, which is conceived by the adolescent's imagination and which he experiences when awake. So the adolescent's daydreams, this type of visionary thinking, often becomes involved with visual eidetic images, which are evoked spontaneously.” *The Vygotsky Reader, Imagination and Creativity in the Adolescent*. Edited by Rene Van Der Veer & Jan Valsiner. Blackwell Publishers. 1994. Page 273.

works

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTU VW

A

A Feeling

I sit waiting, watching, listening. My mind, thinking, about many things. Things seem irresolute, confused, disheveled, not the way it should be. I listen to a song. The singer feels pain. Pain is disheartening, enlightening, wondrous, fantastic, yet can only be negative. How is this so. My life leads many ways. None are clear. Computer is frozen, TV show will come on soon, school tomorrow, remember gym shorts, yet there is a feeling inside me. I feel life. None of these things matter. I am taken to a place beyond physicality, my mind is free. I need to feel. There is much distortion around me. My waiting is inexorable. This only makes what may once feel good, feel greater when it finally occurs. Time has stopped. My future is before me, the end is not near. To live prosperously is to be. Books are energy, thought is without time. Feeling has no wait. There is love. A need for this feeling, yet it exceeds beyond reach around me. I know not how to deal with such feelings. Creation, freedom, foundation, perfection. Needless. Happiness, sadness two similar yet opposite things, strong feelings that bring about tears. What if any is a right way to live. Only one shot I get, I must make it worthwhile. Life is inside me. I must bear this burden. This burden is not contemptuous it is full of feeling. Love, happiness, and on. Live I must do, we all.

I will no longer remain hidden.

A G-d Freed

cremated knowledge drained in passionate vagaries
 nose drops, muse to weary fragmented mind
insinuating long intoxications
from the horrified sterility
 of scintillating ashen ink
 flow dissolving memories
into the blurred endless
reflections purring aloud
 in a dead cat's dream
 hinting ancient prophecies
in the presence of the friend
lively bingo churchmen bathing
 in succulent language breaths
 of monotheistic mount smoke
corrupted guilt silent
in awe-full praise - vulgar
 weakness rotting this belly
 of anxious self-gratified imbalance
deplored thought hate
fisting eye-socket
 beat food, sunken dust
 spirit loss, ranting
tired joke-clap learning
in foul blood of the shy thief
 bred of empty wisdom,
 vanishing, in dreamless artifice
war's restless refugee shadow
conversing senselessly
 blind drunk in risky kitchens
 stained with insect love
sad as tasteless poetic excrement
desired in addict mourning
 the imagined psychic
 families of wealthy contemplation
nude action salted to chained gold
trees among wailing ancient insane
 armies, thunderous gong cracking the earth, seed into the birth
 one eternal human breeding menaces of a destroying G-d, freed

A Genocidal Remembrance

for every massacred Indian my soul has been shot with terminal suicidal grief
unable to co-exist with my own need for temporary relief I become extinct
with every word echoed off the hardened corpses grown out of the collective
seed and unanswered torment struggling quietly in amiable weak respite

to feel so deep the wounds sickening my only world this earthly temple
atop the ancient mounds of ruthless waste, why grant the flat lords
of dystopic contentedness a single embrace or release into the disappearing
jungles of resistant heat in a youth filled with bitter anguish and stealing

life from the bosom of possessed blood bloated mother kali destroyer
inside the provocative strength of feminine will grisly as the avian night
in empty walls sucking praise into a thin marrow of contrived blasphemy
the hollow monster slithers with demonic grace into mexican fury

blistering the mythic tree of middle america east into a formidable slavery
if only in the dreams of hell and cancerous game breeding the woeful
flames of abstract purity or metaphysical gain and what real depression
linguistic disappointment, frail sense-crimes of reason exploited in the dark

greed of simplified weasels praying to the green altar of shifty resentment
and horrified mores wishing in the streets for a void to manifest in the home
of a holy planetary birth, the lost worship engraved on the backs of children
and kneaded into the potent pores in shackled feet only to wrack fallow brains

a neurotic undertaking expressed as urban groundswell with the lung capacity
of fresh icy bones smouldering under a new sun phase journeying south
to swindle the wealth of present crying names creating the artifice of healing
in this toxic ancestral ash

A Heart of One's Own

My heart is filled to the brim with madness
and I'm afraid it might overflow...

What is there to stop me from this rage
that will inevitably overcome

I must find meaning, it must be here
in this mind, it must be

but it isn't

To respect people for who they are
Not for who you want them to be...
yourself

a miraculous night

wind from the rusted bridge rumbling
inane futurity, lazy cat snoring within
soundless beauty, eye shot over fringe
of debased sanity clever priest eased
failure looking up small freedoms
in a worn book from early school
melancholy choked icy sugar-lipped
women going into bed high
with my drunken saviour chalice
from renaissance spinning impromptu
tales to my spirit wife facing her wise
childish expressions playing
with the shapeshifting earth
fallen from secure coverings tainted
with a christian deceit but look
at me bearded, shaved growing
with feasts to celebrate
our victorious lord entangled
in the foundations of our civilized war
terrorizing the love for leaders
into obvious submission
a profound peaceful vision
given as a gift from the olive-skinned
abroad to end this vessel of domination
and the elderly abide in quietisms
precipice of vanity shark-willed envy
flow smoking lone miss ills
earliest flight from the old dungeon
cooking herbs for a petulant scum
body rising from a muck pungent
with sour earth bent havoc
blinding love shoveling pounds
of decomposed worm with scaly oil
slick hands shedding bold tears
with a horny sagging face
gloating over the times eternal

a miraculous night II

we were nocturnal hosts of our own
show alone in a fine red dress
easily stripped on soft smelling sheets
groping in silent dark caves of cool
windy dorm haunts sweating all night
beside overly hot lovers crying
in their sleep for one more touch
in the dark winking to the sound of drops
from a simple monocolored sky
bringing us into the lightness
of shadowed skin breaking the memory
too strong to forget too painful to realize
as a distant smile cracked from beneath
a perfect brow figure from the classic
beatific vision announced on Botticelli
paintings in french spoke looking out
at stark horizon a miraculous night with her

an image of perfection left my sight

for unity? as the true display of vision
in a moment of cruel painless hole-sunk depths
enough to vibrate the skull with an addict's material
lover sprung ruthless into an urge to fight the south
with a body of endless dreaming
ghost presence blank as the vice piercing
gloom of cinematic lore feeding the name
in a horrified word order of play
through the show of deadly music
skimming the rocky lung of dreadful holy song-
etching a pale skin with the white vague suffering
boredom of hairy heat and mindless shrunken disease
wailing in the metal tomb thrusting air
for secondary pulse into the sound of light
weary meat-alcohol saturated loom web of thought
distended for the preying woman
growing under a shot of obscured fame
a shaded kind of fire blending into mud roads
that smell with mixed blood and virulent might
showering tree praise on the involuntary taxed will
alive on grass shores to roam and become displaced
from god's lifeless war as the animal hate
over the eastern sea full
with the rage of consummate envy
in the edenic breed of arboreal sight
blood-unshaking as the arctic frost sits high
atop stone-sculpted men in the novelty of a sacred
divide from the earth rape of fertilized agrarian lust
propagating waste for the energetic birth
from first sight into a pandemic heave
away from space to dream the ancestral smoke
but an overwhelming pandemic of grime
harmless as a particle of dust collecting
on the swinging child spared beneath
an antique lord in the virile romantics
of urbanized and immediate desire
violent as the shock of a new land
buzzing up throats with nude confusion
among the grave masses dying within

an image of perfection left my sight II

a regular cycle, a moment
head growth sucking the raspy film-shaded
night of play toxic food and laughter
deranged in the religious fire of awe-
inspired glory by the sheer numbered distance
estranged from a past continuously
racking the paved demons of european greed
a white naivety frightened to the inward cold
by the aztec match hung lightly around the painted
gold of hidden knowledge in a rhythm of chance
to the drum of early life before the gods
spilled blood for outsider eyes, a stolen race
disguised in the drug of national fame
scorching the conceptual rope from here
to a blind belief in home
while the neurotic riches distort our hold
on the read solidity of a human identity
local as the trash weeded from hungry fingers
in the lust-tried youth cursing the solar mold
of spirits unspeakable in the elder night
following earth to destroyed unions on satellites
artificial with mythic conversion into a universal
name exhaling the sweet-lipped ripe fix
raised from the mild scream of a fascist woman
in the sexual dawn to reach a new twilight
in the central bank of infinite turtle rebirth
to lasting peace in the unforgiving
prayers of the only murdered weak
explaining death to the child
with eased natural candour
to drink thoughts long to the finish
in a relaxed heated lung south of the border
and the way her face reflected the light of a sun
a god in the morning brighter than star-crossed
heaven and eyes humbled with the brown of earth
her hair en realidad del mundo
a true woman of sweet colour
born of the virgin's spring and laid to rest

an image of perfection left my sight III

in the thick coarse evening under wreaths
touched pure nose with a naked tongue of golden sky
an iberian muse enlightened to the warring crowds of ash
stung pride and glowing effervescent as the lowly
sunken moon, her wine-hung breasts
dreaming a sad song in tune with the life of her
hearts following but not alone to lead the scented dawn
into a laughter and play for her sacred arrival
the ghosts of her drunken lungs meddling
with addicted spawning in a friendship to last
unchanged into a freedom unknown
the romance of her curve burrowing soundly
in the voice of desert hands wasting away
to the flesh of a third latin king
blindly rasped and fanning the mountains
with the look of a timeless queen
the struggle for a country in upsurge
high glory astounding the failed kind of her
distant complex past and in a swarm of selfless
outpoured feeling the core of a fruit ripens
in the mouth of a strange asp flooding our sight
with the poison of sex and calling back to a moment
before language history or money
the awakened city risen in the breast of a colonial maid
brushing paint on a landscape of drugged rats
the cruel ocean awaits in her salivary come
book growing under a worship of skin
and the lawless fight to anarchist reason
enlivens her page on a leather satchel of creative taste
the organic silver strife nourishes her imaginative speech
in the beckoning of feminine need, there is an oracle
for the lover's thought impressing the bitter mist
demon to a raw year of courage
and untold lies soothing the binge on her eyes
in one deprived wish for a cloudless night
to pray for remorse on the shores of my envy
and gather a mind fragmented in the broken mirror
of her painless soul an image of perfection left my sight

a question in the constancy of change

why does change remain
even if only as a feeling of desertion
to leave behind all of the world
hiding in a neurotic bodily love
for the romantic gestations of psychotic youth
entrenched in the madness of its dispelling
a bombardment of lies and the notion of condemned tries
to uphold fateless love as a magic dispensation for the earthly
beauty of plagued illustrious movements doomed
to a hollow fruition in the night-stays of country bores
joking about their path to fame, a crooked reaction
to an otherwise unfeeling display of dust piling sky high
in overburdened weighted thought
a wicked contamination of past desires curling under
the thirsty howl of a tough natural sleep
gored into blind submission by the horror of a rotten jungle
dark spineless tobacco stained shield coming to smoke
the last ember singeing the snapped muscle of civilization
living at the break of sane conflicting primitives
warring in heaven to reclaim their stolen land
the white paradise of skinned greed will darken with truth
searing these indigenous bones back into mesmerized hypnoses
alone in the imperfect universe standing still in solid worship
to the worlds above reflected off the visionary heart of death
adventuring to the vast book of worried chanting
remembrances from the bleak afterlife
gelatin smog brightening the cloud of hate
envelop my elderly wind into vegetables of madness
of artificial realities acted out by unhatched children
burning under some false bonfire of unknowing
sinking deep within the secret king
who has since renounced his taste for windy rushes
making silence pass like the fog thickened dream
ended by smoky resistance to the name of one
exiled from the source skewed forcefully
by a quickly vanishing power

A Rumour Within

vivid dream starts with new assumption
my beloved stepsister is committing suicide.
 so I too rage inside by the thought
 curl up into a ball and get so hot as to explode.
worlds are made out of disaster, physical
bombardment of chaos enslaved to a will
 uncontrolled, to give mothers a ruthlessly
 hard body shake screaming into her ear
she laughs and uncles come to see the devil
that's been let out, old pop and the library
 all tugged to a wreck on the floor
 before his eyes and my mother begins to fade
tearing behind a blue facade, judgment awaits
a shadow at the door and two dark arms
 sputter up from the pool of unknown talk
 as I go out calmly sudden without the flame
indoors to see the tragic beauty in my married
blood beloved haunting my homeland steps
 with the look of a wild fantastic cousin of israel
 who kissed my religious palestinian beard
in a day after crossing jordan and coming back
to let the river's heaven dry off our ancient skin
 and in the slow dusk awaits the mustachioed
 bohemian woman, relation to my undaunted
spineless soul vision in a second to wake
to bitter life with the desire to know she's alright
 and she was, the dream about a rumour within
 the jewish heart that flattened so deeply
by amelia's syrian gold escaping under a black
guise crawling thinly with naked despair
 into the smile in her crooked lie as the man
 of her business evokes weirdly screened looks
to pass forth in the midst of childish beliefs
that we were once born out of a sweet grief
 enlivened through a silent seasonal mirror
 what trembling naked fuel empowers us
if only in the disease of a stout heart succumbed
at last to the narrow confines of a hard-end
 fixed gaze penetrating the lush womb of awe
 with a knife-threatening touch against the sacred

A Rumour Within II

pages vowed on by unfeeling hands turning up
to face the gloomy height of this hour in conquest

to save the forgotten races in our tribal past
smothered consistently with the linguistic rush

of modern holy days spent alone under a dark moon
shivering held within distant religious veins

that plunder on oceanic waste and suck clean
an arbitrary failure with the tumult of architectural self-

loathing smouldering against the broken bridges
of natural time lost for the trance in pain to awake

the inner slave and dive in the predictable
martyrdoms of the blessed guests walking serenely

along the fine edges of a historical spirit
in order to know the sorcerer's word-complex

defined by tattoos and tales etched in the healing
fine kept undisclosed through an unimagined

silence foreboding the ancient glance quickening
beneath the soft lips of the woman cannibal

divine bleeding monthly over the growing
seeded skinned hides accepted in the treasury

earth for night to wander across the deathless
chest of the eloquent bind undergoing transformational

sight in the mineral home of plagued fear chosen
by the elders laugh spoken curse scintillating

off the surface of ancestral jewish asp as the wailing
subsides and opens the empty-tombed life

A Seasonal Revolution

from where comes this spectacle of longing
for the ambitions of whole populations
while drifting under the escapist's rattle
in an unspared haven of mindslaves
and oldfriends gone by
in the short fuse of an unchallenged line
into passive observation
or tormented masculinity
higher above the smokestack
thick as a colonized world
framed to the shattered spine
thin as oil flushed from the pockets
streaming inside american film spices
journeying into the polar candle
of a terminal impermanence
 where the shape of sexual positivism leaves the page
 to sleep as the fashion of stars
 pierced into a holy parchment of earth
 shaken with revelation and born of a rhythmic prediction
 into a meditating impetus continuing through racked flames
 gored in a torrential thrust
 to undermine the possibility of sacred desire
 in the annals of bespoke loyalty to human sacrifice
 through ego pride on a personal quest uprisen
 to gain the weary signs of a thousand years
 as broken infidels wake to a squandered ghost of dignity
spectral obscuration in the blood of a decapitated native
head displayed for the holy days in traditional village centers
across the new england land, a brother's song covering
removing the itch of body folds exasperated
in the stretching bored grief of familiar rooms
within barred feet reading the hat scarves of delhi
with lofty raids into the nightcap swill of dreary vestments
hung lightly off the empty homeless bridges
 to swallow shameful flesh alone
 weak with the neighbouring vibrations of infinite repetition
 in sleep the subconscious memory animate
 as the idols of new african states
 mixing skin rugs for food in the drugwar howls for more literacy
 into the camel-strewn hallucination of flybit mountain trees
 worn lovelier than pagan autumns of dual seasons

A Sense of Anonymity

the sane will be lowered from heaven into a picturesque wandering
unafraid against the hardened meteoric shards willed to construct
a universe-in-the-making display wanted only in return from the high
might left attained toward nothingness,

deer punished into mute tragedy
by a deaf human shot pulsating with an artificial change, quick as time
not here as the music empties and the challenging flame of perpetual
masculine insecurity removes a hunter's steamed bowels ungrateful
in the solitude of brewing homemade short life in the recorded sacred
mind of possible happening always untold with every taxing train
sought right meddling in the doom of kin, their white hate forgiven
in liberated hearing to meet the 49 deities, impassioned inhumane
speed losing the muse around the next bend to a home torched
into the forgotten memory of a machine gone to a past nowhere
up-turned thought still unburied by authoritative government
secrecy cheating in the image of trust through collective pain felt
spontaneous and waved in biological leech of passive skeletal
groans of eden elderly wealth planted in toxic pride cities
and suburban feasts breeding melancholic charity in one ruthless
divided policy of obvious deception corrupting the intellect
of the mad dressed accepting martyrs into a religious etherium
of universal comic devilspeak restricting the folk law from a design
of communal physical leisure at no expense to the norse immigrant
who rightly banter the worship freaks of paganistic lurching
at the feet of a sex work mother chained with nomadism to the roots
of immediate parental creation and only detached through firm
partings from the lovelocked heart striding inane into a desert healing
chime glowing on a kissed stone, angelic as the veiled temptress
talks with lying eyes motionless in a smooth heated ground neck
wide ready to have a dance for free with respect for an eastern child
shrinking with the cold twilight arisen finally in an ultimate tomb
slave wishing at the bosom centre of our forbidden islamic earth
crafted as a stiff melts the sweating magic hand of cruel wisdom
taught through a fantastic enterprise of sensual desire to haunt
the crumbling ghastly hordes of hallway society bent with visceral
belief to fade as objects resurrected to initiate the connected man
as one vast sense, blending multitudinous formulae
language bestowal, purified to apprehend anonymity

A Stranger's Aspiration

I write for myself and for strangers
- Gertrude Stein

I don't wish to be famous
I don't wish to receive the admiration of every stranger
I will never truly know
I don't wish to ever be recognized
Only to live on and in my writing
Only to find peace of mind
I find this in my writing
I only hope that my writing will continue
in other lives, as in life
I only hope that when my time has come
my stories may be taken
in hearts and minds
eager souls proceeding
I only hope that I can spread my hope
for the better of the world
all with open minds
I hope to write
So that maybe that one blooming soul
will find themselves lost in a moment
of oblivion and reality, a moment of
lost truths and open hearts, a moment
of re-defining life, of finding one
existence, I hope that my writing
will allow all who desire it to brim
to their top, filled with life, to live
in the moment, for what is life,
but a moment.

aspire to inspire

A Taste of Sight

sane grey magic
played by dance
unearthly blue

weaponry chained
to royal beds
a lame breeze enlivens

bland walls to a final exit
ripe material spreading
webs unchanged, arrested

across vast horizon
with a bound lust
swollen vines reverberate

the skylit face, priestess
branding her gods
into evil submission



to see ecstatic battlefields
shine with crimson love
hypnotic extinction unaware

as a drop of opiate steams
the needle's end puncturing
a desired elder tree nuclear

sympathy amid torrents
impassioned souls strip bodiless
sores of endless suffering

maw of a raging hellish light
stealing away into angelic sounds
depraved human peace soldiers

weak with a free speech
for a deaf mob silenced
by a lightning gash craving

A Taste of Sight II

the brink of immobile rumination
for tags minding the irate distaste
a passive generation, inner truths

quietly living with painsharing
unrepresented world diseases
on fingertips shaking in hollow decay

regret woeful moon entranced by wild
eyes wearing the mirage of a wrathful god
for a grin in sister's nutty space



sorrowful awareness unmended
by a violet sea peering
over expressionless dawn

reminiscent of a renaissance
brush she wore red and howled
internal confusion from barebreasted

vulgar sexuality a nightly woman
sacrificing a matchless heart
for a spot of wine

on imperfect evening
walking nowhere, dried up
engine cities, feeling coarse

roads touch springing lungs
lush with a rubbing fear
wasting useless energies

on the inhale of nicotine pollution
shaded mushroom gate egoic
illness swims drunk festering

innards of a disgraced parent
disempowered by drivelling crimes
tribal mediums plundering hypocrisies

A Taste of Sight III

a diaspora cult race shackled
graphic blooming of an adolescent
shaved with archaic razors

demeaning stout coffins
in humbling heaps of puss
and moulded corpses



the holocaust of ideals
strike wealthy lair
chemically induced truth

as the melting creationist
boom shatters the teeth
dominant industrial madness

the deluded citydweller
thrown like a fragmented mirror
from antiquity across foreign

destined lands buying genocide
with each lowly pagan croon
distorted by the cameras of shame

flickering on the eve
the next economic armageddon
back from the holy land

to unearth original sin
from a mutated historical nightmare
crossing lines with a medicine man

trickster lying his way thru
netherlands of soulless humanity
and artists sit grave with tearworn eyes

in muladhara postures
like cornered dragons
constipated from consuming

A Taste of Sight IV

a worldfull of egyptian gold
and the traceless disciples of buddha
empty the sun of all its screams



runt of the mix
boiling in barbaric bellies
as internal bleeding scars antihero

with hoards of creeping insect love
reduced to thought
only and hearing no one

but the voice echoing thru
holy abyss of now tunnelling
unsightly cadaver strung along

the great eye of a demonking
from the east fucking
with a ruthless brave

until the last ember smokes
clear against the background
inscrutable timescape ravaged

fatherland expertise in vision
muse granting the jewel of community
from this isolated unnerved tragedy

disembodiment of a systematic hatred
mourning blearyeyed, intersex
caked, selling food

at the price of a decapitation
proof of the oriental fanaticism
to give one's heart stilled

by sufferer's ocean and the son
god named radhalpa (impediment)
for the glory of a broken trance

A Taste of Sight V

deny the empirical salvation
sophistry, me uneducated
rambling will also fade



beneath the feminine
covering of a malicious sleep
the randomness of existing

without lines to exhale words
with a binged martyred cry
the overdone shine of me

a cinematic lie dressing
a fear in wallowing fatigue
the boring wait

for heavenly delight
in the garden of insanity
nature blots the finite painting

destiny carved on the rock
america exorcised, the knife
insecurity taxes every home

with a singular apathy
the nomad warriors pray
for our desperate ancestry

finding us helpless in womb
split open hatched egg, dumbly
waiting for a nuclear buddha

to rescue the politics of green
oil and saltsea scriptural wine
to intoxicate our leaders

into the childish powerhungry
accident of the universe in our age
the possession of kali pervades every act

A Taste of Sight VI

superfluity flicking the channels
between warring spiritual wives
inside the mess of our wasted soul
 and what a job for the enlightened
 ayahuasquero driving himself
 into the mad earth thru psychedelia

violent serotonin depleted pulse
alien reckoning absolving
our humankind into a state
 brotherly wisdom let go
 our monotheism, the dance
 shiva cracks each, feminized

marijuana seeds vibrant
growing wealth of highspirit
minds learning once again
 the cultural island hunter
 way to provoke aspirations
 mundane back into the dormant

volcano of philosophical idleness
a new speech borrowed
from optic shock of the zealots
 and dames cooling the streets
 new york with a presence grand
 beatific hailing the virgin child

as prophecy for a second coming
only in the form of fire as the heart
the source fills the earth from the core
 up with silent unborn nonbeing
 awakened in the bosom of mothergaia
 a crumbling classic as ancient ruins

 buried, the ordinary mind
 dhyana returns in the quiet
 dusk, to the friend
 rapturous sky opens
 wider than the void
 as laughing cries end

A Vital Organ

vitality boils over
up through my esophagus
spewing into the world as vomit
the world meets it with disgust
and so do I
but tomorrow I will lie
breathing a last unconscious breath
then open to day
scar a fleeting passage of time
too fast, I walk through
stepping on no one
stepping over nothing
a colourless pigment
without light
caressing my thought
until I relax and lie again

A Woman of the World Tree

insect yoni silent on thunder-lit grass
projecting outward consciousness
into cloud glass prison-struck bears
ashore, ghouls pander villainous
magic in a lead cross dripping
on rice paper in august's horror
roman looming unseen to shed
sleepless lust questing mastery
unchanging as african tears ferment
the visionary wine choosing virgin
wives to die in travelers' paradise
only to hear the impersonal chanting
brains kill more tibetans for traders
ashamed shoeless wise impressions
over rosy beer sickened smiles pulled
closely toward a forlorn untimely guest
blinking faint light hovers across
the darkening brooding sky, early
judging the rocky staircase news
to high birth liting heavily on unshaking
grasp hearing the page wither
in the smouldering twilight of history

my hand drifts climbing earths
unwoven bridge untrusting as gravel
quakes with a violent aching charge
burdening the wild & rough beloved
pace slow as the unburdened
womb empties into one profane verse
bemused thru laughter contagious
freedom fingered maze bunched up
with head shattering herbal remedy
singularly reconciling as the monks
fine-tuned chore drudgery thickening
in the pale electric cure which has given
a mother's body to the devil haunting
the lord's land always flying to democratic
game-purchase fate of these pleasuring
incinerated mental states for tea scratchings
raining infinitely in the splendour
of a moment's shine, acting as Vijeshwar

A Woman of the World Tree II

oh this deified lover I believe
for in the moment's engagement
of interested tragic awe spell
on the word-cries blue race feet
stuck to climactic vegetable awareness
in the puzzling ethereal vacuum ecology
purified by an intoxicant pine-scented
growth vocation to knowing estranged
in an undisciplined pulse within
shackled truth-staged dining under
the shade of a golden teacher bearing
the voice of the friend, be blessed!

possessed by a feline buddhist
photographic prosperity returning
to child memory in dramatic boyhood
urge to creation, vile elephantine
immigrant famed lion on trial
with desperate guatemalan neighbors
home cursed out from salvation
using israeli guns to thrive
on worthless rotting day, so the sly
unforgiving fishermen kneel
at a loss in absolute fear
to flee the sidewalk spit towers
ruinous girth as they crumble
with grave aztecan prediction
in a downtown chord ruddy ash
glow filters between greying teeth
sick prisoner alone in powerless
heartland plagued with free pain
in the loud toxic distance claimed
before the edge of hell's only
mountain, tales thirsting for weed
lost in a day of heavy remorse

A Woman of the World Tree III

and the business of men name rivers
flooded with menstrual lash frozen
glances beyond the fading rocky din
following a racist blood-spawned
tribal nation of unworthy proud
individualism brandishing stitched
genital glue mailed on the wing
of deceit in prosperous seashore
lingam moulded paper, a wretched
bleak face staggers meanly for hot
apology screaming from olive-rested
noon to a woman carved perfectly
from the World Tree

Act One. Scene One.

hung despair that tattered dress
fails with utter belief
in the ingrained bottled memory
of lunatic highs catapulted beyond
the binge-cracked horde's song
crooned madly with a brush
against a longstanding smoothed pallor
of self-defeat and mindless aging

sparse chemical hunch into the big eye
clowned irreparable in a dream
sweet as the ambient frost clap
of an erratic sunset smoke
but blameless and free
aching with the top-heavy dread
of aimless weak presence
in the phased rapt cycle
of a white goddess in motion

change in the street
learning the grass trap
of perilous matchstick wars
bundling in between drunk driving
fingers lit on steam and rubber
pressed into the forlorn skies of meaning
burnt into the naked death of industry
in the final urban laugh
grown thin with paint in sin
up-reaching to the lifeless
human of occupied fright

Act One. Scene Two.

a panic at explosion's gasp
fighting with fists of air
wrapped tightly around loose trigger
ghosts preaching books of tourist havoc
in the violent disgrace of creation's
bitter upturned curse and the ground
sneaks a dopamine infested stray
in the dirt of feral protest
as the magic of a dancing language
fades in minds full of hate

the tragedy of more
berates the cold oceanic rut of a wild race
crying in fire and propagating the pain
of killing desire raised with the bones
of a blood feud in trust
the perfect urge to smother owned offspring
in a national grave lowered
into the ancient remains of open obsolete praise
drummed up in the crazed divining of Yiddish charm

the heroine shekinah usurping the enthroned roost of al-Izza
fertile comedy of arabian chests sacrificed to an invoked call
on an artificial date with hell's actress in possession
on the stage of wordplay outside need
in the luxury of righteous birth or on the pretense of late genocide
on mixed ethnic divides

Act One. Scene Three.

so clamber up the american stoop
rehearsed in fragmented poverty
of spiritual favours tested
on the role of individual depravity
employ destruction during every pass
around the glow of snaking futile tomorrow
to wake again for the emptied pyres
of a natural rite to purify
rapid in transformed streams
of liquid ecstasy estranged
in a foreign land to roam
in mental constructs of borrowed disillusion

the night through nowhere novel but in an up-reaching horror
to gaze at the phantom's desolate nest fallen a long time past
in the rains and fog from english vehicles of being
blooming up the ousted travails in our southern pacifist traits
coming green on sacred springs envisioning the top of earth

a bird worrying for nobody but the unborn fed breeze
brought from the ground touching the wing in a thaw from below
seeing with failed haste into a bright cloudless dawn
a chaotic border space nearly sought for the wine of a victor's heart
stiff to the core as a nicotine bored snowstorm brain
framed on the wall of a child's escaping unknowns
residing still in the following risk and finishing leisure of working
for the hosts of a potent rock faint as a human eye to night

Alberta Blue

who is the guest, fragrant with childspice and big-bellied
sexual aromas of heavenly play, cooled skin covering
a hot chance full of strife awful blood thumping blur
choking death itself with a single glance behind smoke
cloud alleyway image branded in ink, around, occupied
neck-scarred sentimentality but too lovely to starve
and wonder where the thought danced off to
in introverted bedhead magic life den lowell, a spade
gambled down two sorry blinkin' drains, tasted swill
craze makin' loud nights run to the moon in resonance
with the town bell swinging lightly in the frigid whiteout
landscape blue-wine drive thru alberta

alone in thought

so bless the alone
will matter aflame

in bespeaking wasteful act
gone unnamed

in risen gun-smoke
longs from ash-hung
cemented praise
written in space

for the silent unknown
one's boundless disfigured
tongue sees an ethereal mystic
wish grave mount

visitor behind fake prisoner
latch found numberless
and unlettered in Medicine Cave
Air to numb the low spark

grisly tired world fated
ego beyond being
a terminal desirous lie
ensnared in bold sin-

crushed scandinavian exit
to climbing cynic-hole
restless dying self
still misshapen

with a foreign movement
fading into mundane humility
simplified to a void
bouncing, wriggling

in an unheard cry
gurgled into the drowned
poor intellect of the elderly
disgrace, passing

to suffer the crazed macabre
struggle with father snake
charmed mother hailing
the most violent state

to open obliterated
aggressive carnival
of fear drooling
to cook thought

America Immortal

the drugged weeping crowds
tricked into thinking circular seas
swell with a prayer
from corruptible demonized natural sin
 born out of earth
 the tested rivers overflow and shrink
 in distorted visions of malnourished insomniac disease
 anal blood being drunk from arid mouths

painfully wise mothers defiling ravaged bones
with pacified honour stripped of names, all humanity
as the carnal fight for replenished soul
horror moves with the holy mountains
 a branded claim to enslaved cannibal roasts
 in electro-magnetic gun jungles
 whispering under secret flesh
 bitter hats, maize-lined soils

new world brimming with frothy irate water
bodies diving headlong into final phase
of most desired natural disaster inflamed
wakin tonkin befuddled in world smoke haze
 crux smog will riding swine thru prehistoric drought
 forest ghosts married to historical womb
 in death-judgment shallows of skeleton cave
 europe frail from neighbourly bitterness

an internalized hatred alone
under strict puritanical transatlantic bridges
searing knives glow with magic past-life
haunted islamic heat, roasted bean of ethiopia
 set, jealous and empowered by consuming
 awe in imperialists saharan displacing
 green climactic infinite mother-provider
 free liberation as the sexual greed topples like NY

smoke bomb or pillar of fire in japanese ground zero
machine being as we gorge on ambrosial sap of immortality
white bean of Amazon - the trapped god hanging
from a vacuum ceiling in mind void totalitarian governance

america the a-bomb

america is

the metallic omnipresence
of a thousand dulled knives
and an atom bomb within
seconds of denotation

the last a- bomb

An Anchor at Rest

ancient diets of mouldy grass and unfermented straw flashes
toward the escaping memories of our psychic gash healed
by sister chemical, tropic impressions of the indigenous
island meat handled softly by gored chinese bodies
wielding atrocious maps and violent spells to jail the sacred
measurement of first territory estranged as autumnal harvesting
in blocked ditches rambling about questions of spontaneity
to reach hoards of spiky elephant-thrusting, to grope, enlarged
tusks in arctic bath of discoloured unreality, mildly forming
painstaking emotional flavours grasping hood spot
beleaguered monday speech-making to order the lifeless
corrupting of weird unprepared stoning launched infamous
property to scheme grams of deadly teaching and aspire
to underground squabbles over theological masterminding
befuddled puzzle squirming bent over shaded sights
and revoked tempting to design pasty-eyed caged chatter
in roam flies or rat-swarm geneticist tree farming, lounging
in reptilian boredom to drink at quick underrated shop
kept deja-vu mystified knowing in seeing unpredictable
flights that cross vile genital pouring regret, sour-chimed
hunger raining fruit seed-hunted skeletal blooming to query
an independent following from our solar anniversary
with courageous animal training as we empty the mob
dumb survival through an unspoken presence scolded
with sovereign democratic practices of the world soul
emerging skinned and fat with buddha's happy mountain
dreads tantalizing a colder fragmented respite beyond
a nirvanic summit lighted with hemp-seed chains whitened
with a lowly snow domain where thinking humans reside
and exit earth's torrential pain as a sentient delog thunders
tibetan rags through the rock pyres of astonished aliens
royalty amounting to the avian cringe of our positive sanity
as the final leaving anchors an original rest

An Otherworld Dawns

how to avoid the improbable delirium of untrammelled coasts
before the pacific's colonized magicians become stunned
grappling the denuded rudiments ensued in the virulent
empirical designs hatched finely from drastic unalloyed men
living on brewed swill to inspire the spirits' destructive night
in western sex of insipid desire left outside to rot with age
given up untold unending chaos, concrete sprites floating past
swollen eyes bugged out of its own pressed vine screwed
majestically in the torn bleary one-sided revelation opened
before cracked hooks deified linguistic spores set in the mild
growing womb of lush configured horns losing touch
with the fragrant moon disappearing in wisps of gyrating silent
grounds impervious to curved hump blown seeping stroked
flowering pulsing with innocent strangeness unknown
by city-stratified groans filling the meditative lairs chained
on in the crusading language of unheard leaves worn
as jewels over the ignorant free speech of the unscared
walkers at home within the most inhospitable alien dimensions
to time-bound human-centered real encroachment, paradigmatic
as the play of kneeling pain, enough to feel submission
of grain to the bark and flame pronounced green on the fly
strained rocks smudged as metallic furnaces switch floors
to hierarchies in hell and the wicked greed enticing deaf-
mute walks to stand up to space thresholds' trance allowing
her romantic pull to face the direction of the eastern pilgrimage
alone to be judged within the frame of a mental body hastening
to sleep once more amidst the wreck of human grapes
ripening unto their ultimate function without calm so rapt
in the unborn high fled south to witness the praise
of the late coming ageless sun rising at will for a mourner
wailing on until the next worlds dawn

and wonderment

flowering in crystalline space
in the eye of the Wolf
aware shivering
under ice-fog drifting
solely within the image
reflected from one pupil
to the next

to gaze sharply
into the blinded friend
sitting timelessly
among the forested
bleak end
source of the Nile
she-beast of linear causality

frozen in serene mouth
drawing coolly from its own
vacant breath
the very life of the Dead
Creator whose voice never changed
but whose soul became replaced
with a fleshy giggle

in the discoloured diatribe
telephone moan piercing
the hellish scowling affectionate
glare in the town of my twice-gone
beloved, corner-eyed
a dead cat scratching softly
in the outdoor wire net

of domestic eternity
in the Place of Rest - reset
(Mattapoisett), smelled
in the memory of a children's story
in a Bedouin raid scuffing
at chalky dust-strained wood
highways by the sacred lake
(Noquochoke) to discover

and wonderment II

the blatant algonquin G-d
past of the state, or spirit
mountain pyres forming
atop warslug business
of religious love-disease
the patient waits
with pensive commotion
under an invisible spring

flung nightly toward Native
Taste, a dragon moose
fixes herself with slow caution
in the unsuspecting anus
of Indigenous ruffian magic
crafted delicately
with inspired reverence

swimming nude-souled
to bear the manure
resurrection out of ash
spit in lunged sperm
defecation filling
the submissive void
home lonely feminine

face with negative lies
smelled in deja vu rain
swept world fool
trained to imprison
a self-possessed idea
in the cry of one mind
thoughtless with instinctual release

beside nomadic tabernacle
plays spelling fear
with sleepy hypnotic net
of wordless pain
only to wake to next-morning
consciousness of extra-mundane
white-stripped speech

Another Liberation through Hearing

rain-child upbringing, grainy saw-eyed hands
in the dim misty wake of grandmother
swayed into knowledge and secular braves
of mouldy psychoactive food cherished
with street-timed muslim prayer at peace
with one thought on the late prophets
of an orally illiterate promise, land-flooded
over until the mountain blinks and shrivels
within the blind face of a sacred world journey
into the lackluster brains of her dry touch
springing into an insane circular hall
of institutionalized screaming in a texan drawl
of whiter than I friends reading palms aloud
on shaded calm and rotted slaved backs
feeding on the bloods of a european mask
engraved in the ruinous, lurid and momentous
bother of the only adventurous cousin
lowering his ground to a single fall
woman finished up painted apartheid
walks to draw out the presence of a self-
mind reading word histories in pain
aware badsleep house drained with academics
numbering identities, nationally engrossed
sorrow for the loss of a tribal reason for being
simply under a collectively known sun practice
the true spirit of your longing to embrace
the magic of weak pride, stuttering to express
a broken inside catching all in swollen brahma
of gladness for a universal temperament of insecurity
impermanent waves of southern idiomatic detesting
for another gringolandia of political amazement
defined by the miraged sheep that still tarry
in the belief of a semitic desert hell born the same
night of our pogroms' bleak monotony
under grey air that dries with each gasp of distant
wishing my irreproachable name staring sweetly
into a shore that caves into mystery and racks
the intellect with the thud of a mouth dropped
impostor lover shoveling drugs into mother

Another Liberation through Hearing II

popstore killing us with bagels and chimes
on the unpleasant highway of bedridden workers
hurting the disemboweled free to their last
incestuous rest, delirious and tragic
monetary gain combusting alas at the mousetrap
of no-thing in the unspoilt dialectics of Nalandan Spain
I re-marry the post-sick commune fundamentalist
sending iris lips from medieval between, pledging
too deluded for the rude sweating men who group
in a nauseum of ceremony, a figure of communality
transforming to enliven the physical nature
of unusual fools melding in the clear waste
offering purity from heart memories that fade
only with the songs of creation for a land to go
into the seasonal slumber, and out of place
mythologies often claim to universalize the ways
of another through comparative social experiment
when the rains do not fall without the knowledge
of change now that we are here, no witness
handing over all that is left of earth and heaven
to generations of hearings and liberations, lifted

At the Third Shore

an unconscious feline with mind-thought drooping over hammock nostalgia for sacred sonoran flights, to laugh with stubbed hotskin questioning the truth-sunken mystery flattened like near eastern sustenance, quick and unresponsive answering of blank disregard, "I love you country" wrong gains in discomfort, shy to a jew-forgotten mould lightly sapped of agreeable relating, as he plugs away at an unsightly cellular grimace afraid to be a reflection of the unknown, aspect of the four worlds secular pain under a militarized crushing totality that hovers ambiguous for a certain name that is remembered in blood, his family fears the incantation weird, in bed of refugee day, fouling up the amiable toxicity of a smoking leader flaking off the brim of israeli soldiers' reason to be an american pistolero songman bred from afric spine-trunk solidity cleansing his resistant hands with martyred freedoms and blockades over the roman tunnels escaping beyond the poetic pride of fadwa tuqan's castle of vocalized indigenous wisdom that survived in the motionless body of earth in the performative whispers of a tragicomic history bath toke to learn with unchallenged praise the invisible stare of yours brother's stoic suffering as forced and stolen home exploding with instantaneous whitening, ravaged transformation, outdoor prison collecting on the weathered and strained faces of grandmothers dying to paranoid guesses decided before bullets from young powers assertive, charged to inspire the colourless display of the ghetto rat shouting yid-fake infantile bearded asps biting the crazed abrahamic pupils on the other side of religious guard rail heating wine-red shame into a distinct dread for a plant derived kin, eating the staggering mosean mana of ecstatic belief as we seed following generations with tribes' identities mismanaged frantic as the colonial chord continues to vibrate along old dead veils untended, what statements to objectify the nativity of american soil reflected in the dark faces of religious grieving

At the Third Shore II

in the sacred lies of real purity? there is no desire, more chilling
than the filled bellies of smoky indulgent kin, finishing their black anger
over toasted pigs grinning across the elevated veins of an empire
still holding up colonized bodies to the moon of missile satisfaction
or aerospace doom, featured in calgary's fixed tower delicacies
riding careful on the sarcastic tongues of ruthless blonde canes
looking trusted with vengeance in the rid closure of bleached lunch
hour noon trespassing our tribal markers as the grey picture hardens
with age in the impoverished guilt, voiced through artistic dismay
the lonesome visit of alien immigration over islands standing to french
gifts over the misnamed eastern curtain, and stashed before the show
the mushroom travelers, divine a stolen scandinavian oar in the oral
histories of worthless shores, the re-enactment of canada's fame
on the royal play of ceremonial gain, risked oceans and barges
gleaned from the trash swill sanity torn from mourning friends
on their way to the escalating divide empowered by controlling
nourishment tricked into believing the wild unsaved men
of our broken bridges still slave to warn of a third shore

B

becoming the visionary

the mind swims in poison soil
the carnage enticing my hideout
in an empty childhood corner
with a cracked frame
sexual energies waste
collect scum and drool
in this boiling house jail
before tightening the noose
out in the great desert of humanity
to cross barbwire borders
with bullet proof baraka
as the child exits and stamps
the moonset foam on the horizon
a yellowing cloud of dust
makes channels flow
dim at a shameful height
glued to the breast of birthpains
vibrating the matchstick walls
in this tempest of memories
my life wakes with a cry
every morning and I can't wait
until night falls to drape
this deadly sickness
of anxious nervewracking
depression to ignore
my lonely cat under his hoarse
and airy death the sacred kin
of spirit neglected by the sweet wine
of powerful lust driven to glut
my distended bowels in the crunch
and swallow of overeating
and intoxicant sleep I smoke
weed at night and lie in bed
hardened by the unfeeling
vague itch mimicking the sound
of a footstep leaving
the front door open and escaping
silently without a cry
in this tormented confusion
and the botched strain

of gaseous overflow

becoming the visionary II

suffocating a universe
flush of impermanent desire
this ghoul of a soul dies
with the echoes of rumi
across war cartoons
and stereotypical news
the killings amass
on a single fingertip pointing
to the sun dry as coal
yearning for liberty
by the hands of lost vitality
the psychic wild past shakes
the gold and diamond wings
flapping wise cruelty
over random disasters
and suicidal dreams
for New jungles to arise
out of the useless heart of america
sucking slave cries back
into parched throats of native lives
sharing blood in beer bottles
over mixed identities
and a timeless orality
as we gamble our truth
into the vast waters of forests
and plains signaling a mountain
disappearing from the visionary

Before the March

I drink cold snot
and write

about

what I'm not

a lush, nomadic, frozen group of parabolic discussion
close suddenly without notice, bulls graze to the east
and sounds of winter begin to possess nightly brotherhoods
of spirits in the naked rock-grown trees dangling helpless
along the cliff face, neatly, in pairs, as to guard the gate
into the only enshrined scarcity, enlightening around
the soapy edge of a water hole found, slowly returning
to virgin life from the boundless decadent seed-immaterial
set in the skin, turned colourless, belief engraved on stone
in spontaneous chalk-busted bursts through, irradiated
movement known by simply meandering into a child's cry
journeying through a prehistoric crystallized heart, rendered
as oblivious maddening dream-fate gone to a ruin
quake hells jazzed, temptress unwilling to perform
the usual killing for the consummate enjoyment of a newborn
fixed on the moonlit, drifted wine, soft ruffian lifted around
burly ties to the crematorium, to answer to a flame
becoming moth-struck, too old on homeless beaches
distracted medicinal burying of a shell found, cutting
the root of painless stone mouths boiled in a transient lake
thinking no wheres the map shown cross-legged, feigned
well-divined rasped hooded laughing:

Before the March II

when will the gods of human discovery unify into the wishful
thanks of sincere questioning, to shed a spark of light flicked
by forgotten words, spreading as gold, stolen brightly
amongst the shipwreck gloom of oceanic disharmony
heard as whispering sights open from lofty sands
and the visceral pangs of a mythic deluge offing the tempest
in a rush of sweet sound mingling without a voice
in the escaping flesh-feared wasteful rite, smooth
over numinous waves emanating from latin graves
as the perspiring jungle craze envisions a juke joint
while white feet hanging swinging deafly around, vile
calling paranoid, awakening stimulation, deserted
semitic-orientalist's herbs sponging the framed massacre
all bloodied ghosts along the frantic bee-swarmed
humming howling shrill with the animalist urge
to shed skin and fight with scavenged heads roasting
solidified fresh over the snake curled cauldrons
steaming abandoned connection to a saviour's knife
sharpened continuously as the vacant round
of elderly world burning, flight, as it goes-a-smoking
until blended in the overhot earth, rummaging, blearing
weirdness sitting aghast and bowled over, writhing
exhaustive nerves fool the creative stain on beautified bellies
scarred up-raised from the lifeless, playing embrace
into the mothers' holy sacrificial dawn, silenced

before the march into death

Brain Calls

watch the dust flicker awaiting your arrival
in the quietest corner, a wanderer's eternity
receding into the solitary shadows for ever-
darkening moon's cast as faint as gloom
at resting light, and the shards that vibrate
challenge old gods swooning perfect
in blank trances, minted to the lively core
as a second's bite needs our pain
to swallow the last erotic flood pressed
softly on the songstress's back greying slow
as a superstitious eve, thinking highly
of the silent grave, ungrounded, assault
nearness strewn, conflicted, wounded
danger of mind, for a moment
to speak with healing tones in the name
of a question, offered to a gruff, childish
and unpredictable elders' touching
tongue, reaching lightly into the driest
stalks of an american lust sickening
forgotten mounds with flat monotony
beneath a browned distant lurking
chest sweetened with the eye upturned
to astral night in powerless learning
dismay, the old sneaking day curls
worthy as trust met inside, metal
crime as simple action in smoke
blinding the smiles of urban friends
but to ask for a thought of unity
reflect the murky depths, too
personal pain, writhing perpetually
in the sand and swill of a lost home

accursed as the wild gift spurns rust and sap on breaking still lips
tasting sweat and fear as strangers inquire for a sight into the sun
that never dawns, but in the blackness of our apocalyptic demise
sensually burning, and worrying, as the pride of visionary hinting
melting in a sky, perfect, holy feet stamps inscribed as a journey
on a winter's palate of stone, ever snaking into the ancient quiet mists
escaping forever with skeletal cold, nomadic speech, answering your self
as always in the less known, undead sprite calling on brain

C

cathartic shock

decadent shards of disarray
those who walk
turn to those who fight

you are our fateful epitome of pugnacity
you are wrong. Evil, you are hatred
you are; delivered from a cathartic shock

Chaos at Gunpoint

how deathly shy, this western muse, provoked to burn the land
into a shivering polarity as the hidden flesh of potential vision
clanders inside the eastern tongue of inactive stealth, purveying
a sly treasury spurred in dissatisfied orgasmic lights, switched
into hungry lust tamed as a spring behaves sporadic

a psychotropic itch, running with vile drink thru luscious teeth
seared, amiable trade, flat with shade, bunched colourless
road domes encircled by the lord's flight, rocky, gravitational
sight of hawks choosing the rhythmic failure, toured strife
chained to a hole stretched to cleanse the muscular dance
last granted to a mountainous woman who laughed at time
and drank the earth in a toxic rush of play and rapid trance
into natural chaos, the dimension first traced to her, unbeaten
speech across the vale curling higher than clouds shift, deaf
to a dusk banging hotly against a gong-shot psyche, implanted
as the foolish rite of the beginning leaves from fallen memory
off melancholic limbs swinging eternally over the painless
birth of indigenous beings sentient as the spirit that came
low in the fearless buddhist dawn, crest violating the redwood
clans for all statue fled to a hooded demon, white as belief
wet, lifting motion, submerged beneath an eye halo, spurned
free along dreary coasts, piercing whalesong, blue tundra
distant with arctic peopling

Chaos at Gunpoint II

act for nothing and train to bleed
the leeway, voiced trip gone down, star-crossed, blur, ache
coping lonesome roads, worthy note, vibrating so cold
from the strong pulling smoke grasp chokin' rope-brained
throat lust tramping the ghost-known afterlife shriek
into the wasted pandemonium, timesgone, sheer, famous
belly-strapped, vomit nest, sheep-dealt as tarot-hearts strung
liable drug net clarity by a medium, crass, shattered
into irreligious thinking, getting weaker as the ice melts
into my canadian whisky, or the way to mind the secular
dream-hour to speak in symbol-blaring for the illogical
scrap-end ease bending our bones into a meatless tree
used as a surgeons tool or wedding bowls sparked
to commemorate the unseeming hour where we sit
in between the dead and living but into that always
the experiential hare we fear, the late enticing mystery
messaging apocalyptic lore for sport, marching
into paranormal political north, with ice hill prophecies
booming this final war into the imagined ocean of oblivion
traumatic rule masking the endless neurotic poor
in one jewish womb, disemboweled to lie with paper flesh
in a naughty trembling nicotine fume muse, granted
a prosperous flash of red-bubbled night, cashed
vindictive justice, sulky beneath the musical, parasitic
swarms of midwest towers in sight to man the stupefied
leap into powerless shells, sacrifice to placid graves
as the corrupt face of purity abstracted, manipulated
haste-tricked gun shows

Chaos at the Border

belief is the only validity in the promise of trust
that has governed the history of our arrival
oral confession may mix with factual strife
of our collective horror for a war, yet
to merge within the time of our state

tradition is the setting of necessity.

strongholds freed babylon from stolen stories
born of murder and the lascivious terrors
of human worth in a society repugnant
animalistic deliberation, to suffer
the transformational effects of spiritual pain
in a metaphoric practice of ancient identity
bound in frames of pharaonic creativity.

the rights of the saved conquer every corner
the four worlds of lingual dimensionality
to dissect the sentimental rhyme of ideation
the warm casket of genealogical spies
humbling tonic, aware of dystrophy
of lame passion, interloping
with the uninspiring dialectical more
of institutionalized modernity
devolving into insipid paranoia
alive as the mescal scorpion, feigning
reckless engagements of our deluge
prophecies masked behind medical history
and franchised gore for photography
and the tamed minority of us, reflexive
white insecurity as knowledge, withheld
imperial capitalists struggling to be seen
as latin elders mind the enraged
fallacies of doorman lore, standing
at the foot of obscene power, brutalizing
the consumptive and ensnared
into outright non-thinking, society
unexcited as bad hosts deranged
selfish visions of waste repeating
in cycles of sculpture and praise
for blue-eyed tastes.

Chaos at the Border II

a cold grey tune confounds the blues
of countless romantic instances
in stories past that never were
and dreaming of a new seed to implant
the trespassing play of the weird
we ask for another profound day.

lonely watchers kissing, amphibious
sights along a balcony in calgary
laughing burnt above-ground owls
into shitty core, printed feeling
shaking horrified at the southern
elegance of unending change
to awaken the strange hidden pain
skulking moodily for fortune
temptings now alive as the ruffian
probability of glue huffed, fornicating
glares smelling pinks and faces
of violet guessing in life
behaving under the portuguese
rule of softly enticing tomorrow
afternoons, how great your soul
to perform the strength of mind
over years of love expressed
too late, as an unrecognized gain
filling depressed wisdom
on step-stored puzzling food
clocks raised, as we mould
and have fled, angry, against
radical free enterprise of money
solitude in a family market
of individual capital exploitation
over self-thought space brewed
as we drug our children
with the golden rule of others
punishments for a them

Chaos at the Border III

inside the schizophrenic
drive from school to work
rebounding, we are crude, pasty
wined displays of our savagery
fate on spinning wheels
bright with infamy and ghouls
dry whispering sent from a woman
colouring the seal of the hermetic
embracing deadly swollen gyrations
round the whole planetary illusion
of nominal race in singularity
linguistic posts, furthering colonies
for mind-chaos border lords

Child of the Concrete Tundra

a break in the finely woven wick
detained in the frozen milk of the kabbalist's secretion
a divine drop of blood flowing into the pure lake of reason
as religious whores hack the small minds of the futures

operatic tendencies of a devastated triviality
marked by salacious workers
raising fists before stoned guns
feigning the last melancholic breath expunged
grotesque sexual nomads
huntress naked hung against the bleak city
trees tired from the smog exhaled from an illegal apocalyptic calendar
saviour of the blind walking meekly to the rainy mount
with matted hair and a guiding herb
huddled under the fog of blinking mystery

shadows teem in the faces of a luminary gaze
speaking the silent unbroken timeless language of the redrobed sage
kneeling before wooded altars on sacrificial pyres to women of truth
morose sita sitting under the malign sedated shade of a drugged pine
passing joints between our toes and sippin' worthless rhymes
on tangled beds of unearthly tobacco

frayed sponges eating ginger raw
to prepare for the innocent plunge of virgin haste
blackened sheets growing with redundant fear
in excessive dry heated dorms
swinging from each others limbs to rip
and dismember our inner sanctums
smote the fire of our lifegiving ambrosial nectar
feeding the grace of childhood's death
enchanted by the vibrating word
flood of dark sympathy
enticed by a blithe singing world
blowing circular eternities out
of our wedded nose

Child of the Concrete Tundra II

guru nanak sent me to me
sunned growing dusky might
from long tendrils shaking in narcotic flames
distracted by wide-eyed pure being
the entrance befuddled by a dark deranged lightness
staring at bleak unending smoke
strong and cascading from a mindless struggle
in the house of a spirit institution
hoping to walk nameless under cruel sweating air
talks with righteous sinners on the concrete tundras of modernity
risen out of the coptic play of strawmatted egyptian yogis
youthful blemished skin felt coarse along dry backs of corrupting despair
lonesome calligrapher eating witches
moonlit tavern mud as caffeinated turks laugh openly
in unembarrassed shelters

freed sabbath in silent cool of groggy pill depression
reading mundane staged theatres down depths of nightly submission
to the conscious breath of saddhu calling to the invoked
elephantheaded chest of a purposeless life

dreamwanderers demanding a befouled rare assassination
on americas excessive night
drowning the earth in a violent haze
tragic history dissolving in the foolish temptings
of an unceasing decadent mob
claustrophobic patriarchs meditating
in steamy desert caves
born of wild murderous parades
thru hunger pangs of a toxified astral city
wine pours out the veins of the messiah
frightened by a demonic plague
consuming the last beating of a dreary heart

Child of the Concrete Tundra III

death after death this gross pain fills my body
heavy breaths and sweating pride
a dismembered soul gropes in the dark
with a repetitious fate, ground brains striving
with masterful sorrow as the edge of a bone cut
the spark of a ruthless addiction
sleeping killer enlivened by bug-saturated dust havens
and a burly alcoholic father cringes at the sight of his own blood

samadhi brightens the compassionate face of a yellowhaired woodland goddess
at the gas station, as the fading voice of grandfather cries
with distress and drunken cowardice
holy words jumbled into chaotic industrial farce
as the weedy shoreline recedes in vapid cult guests
waving clipped wings, mortal skeleton earth
ravaging my home gone to the deep thick lungs of sick worthless repression
impoverished empty drum flickering in the wild opiate dream of escape
malodorous devil weeping alone inside nail creeping tombs
rusted fright in maze of a wicked tumultuous authority
praying to the new moon to grasp a closeted ghost
sacrificed to masculinity, seared humid rest following time

starchy groans emboldened, doom raised among flags
penetration degrades oldmind cowering beneath levitating statues
tattered against the break of an incinerating wave
deforming a nation to the soup of narcissism
as the blank flame hovers coldly around thirsting mouths

deadly immigrant door scintillating frequencies
warn the children of war to bless chosen meat
rolled on the mangled backs of luminous shards
dissipating in warm dank bubble of unborn family
communing with the local deities thru sour milk
unwashed infant bowels cooked on vats

fired, shriek falling with silent resistance
on the shoulders of deathless monks
carrying rifles over scorched remains
their massacred ancestors, the gruesome age closes

Child of the Concrete Tundra IV

on the wise lips of a fasting hermit
shrouded in pyramids smouldering
numbered, aloof and hungry amidst misty waters
shallow redemption sitting in core swamp, burnt
disguised shadows spackle a filtered room with the ancient glow
a rich illusion cracking softly under dissolving sandstorm caves
the blighted sun drowned by an impossible oath for incessant lashings
from flaming serpent tongues feeding a beastly hell grown numb
straying from the subtle watches of an aspirant to spirit
an innocence undiminished by the naked breath of the seductress
sobbing, whitening your stark unfeeling animal vision
into blank decay forever lost, into the ocean of law
drastic monsters deranged into a biting hallucination
masked inhuman chase thru warmongering
disastrous foundation of the new world
as the corporate gas the ignorant, what gives
wan under tidal fluke of the courageous boon
thunderous rush of the present child

chinatown synagogue visitations

tame the great disaster immanent
from the mind to sky
and surrounding an inner vision so pure
as to be obscured by the subtlest imaginings
awareness to soundings broken with extinct change
blasphemy deranged by sad grandeur
impoverished in the thick bleakness of industry
penetrated as yet by the flickering law unchallenged
by pangs from the groundless

shaking the earth with constant adaptations
to the cyclical brain, scraping the sheer cliff of worldly pain
as clear as the moonlight thru suburban fog
meditation seeing the sparse trees enlivened
with a fight through faith, in love with the trials of humanity
dancing around the flames of cemeteries rising
with jewish fame for the cold drear of mass insanity
on hot mundane flights to solar freedom
greedy for the bread to rise and enslave the depraved
chosen medium the motherless spirit of monotheistic compassion
sinking into crime and devastation at the feet of the guru

in lower manhattan, smoking with tribal swastikas
for the prostrate buddha patriarch to emigrate
to liberated desire and a naked force, granting fat, wealth
and hungry drunkards shaving lies from the hairy desert
dream of bloated discontent, singers failing to poetic heights
to the core of redolent exasperated souls
crying and sharing wine and blood in the season of marriage
of numb peace and the squalor of religious night
going bitter with age, confusing the virgin for a grandmother
barren and restless in her two-timed trinity star, fading

in the wise whispers of tradition and prayer
scaring away the absolute intellectualism of bookish writ
the preparation quest daring to face the carnage of brutal love
within the desecrated family name sacrificed
for a social reductionism in falling spit at the whip
and spit of Arabian men trained for predation
and desperate madness in the sacrilegious round
of civilized mysteries feigning dramatic tension

chinatown synagogue visitations II

on battlefields, wet-dream nerves weaken
in an unbroken lineage of fear, illiterate prayer
mocking the shame pouring from small mouths
malnourished in the impossible night of deadly rites
animalistic, carried out with disheartening spite
before the enemy, cloaked in beards of their young
a catalyst engulfed in the aftermath of barbed mine-lands
stinging the cool dress of earthen beauty
central creation, pointing at apocalyptic fanaticism
at extremist christianity piercing the israeli shield
with green hells, overgrowing nomadic pride
of ageless mythological peoples, living on the edge
of history as the great magic trick of illusion reappearing
by the hatred for american ignorance
the seeds of mystery are sowed on pharaonic nostalgia
in the blue scandinavian wife hearing the longing
voice boundless as truth over the psychic wires of idleness
in masked caves of empty possibility, stale and bare
the wretched halls of school, chill the strong
my native bones reaching home to the shores
of pre-existent sacredness, willing my soul
out of its fixed movement, in the drab fall of modernism
a stare unmatched, coming from white odors
diseased parasitic genocidal tendencies
awakening at the root of our consciousness
the source of all my seemingly endless sustenance
sputtering, drying terminally for a quest
the first picture of this land, turning its bowels
and crawling sick and thirsty, to choke the roast
of ugly proof, the dirty resistant clicking of ancient music
seething from my skin, staining my external reality
a crimson flood.

clear inner sight

yesterday had a clarity
aimless bottle
wide as a single rushing sound
decadent as the prized
 hell drains thick
 with reasonable madness
 in a sacred vat
 Hanuman's Monkey

come loose
from around risky-eyed plains
of Mongolian arrow talk
blue-eyed munching
 on yak, in butter-tea salt
 groove on the Tibetan
 horseman's charred religious back
 snapped into four corners

of europe's eloquent Sky-Elk
tobacco phase
consuming the moon
in dreamless depth of ancient purity
 time's hollow musk
 filled with womanly glory
 in active silvery temptress
 of the lake

smoothly uniting
with fantastic wealthy glow
of waking rivers
invaluable unwasted
belief in a world
 so out there magic
 that no one sees
 where the only one knows
 while present assumption bleeds

with awe-inspiring truth
the trace of World-Created Myth
is evoked & played in a song
the inner sight of an ecstatic species

Cloud Coverings

You can look at the sky anytime but it is in our darkest hour that we choke
We look to the sky to see beauty and freedom in hopes that one day
We may live among the array of clouds and vibrant colours

Cloudless of Sand and Palm

while old friends bless the etched-in-stone plans of memorized emotion
across tragic empty american landscapes, the lies that reach our hearts swivel
in a crisis of mundane vomit, tracings collected hard around the lip-turned chime
a near eastern heritage goblet ruddy with the dust of endless human cruelty
and clean perfect swelling as the excited big bang creation of first ego
arousal in the now, search for a second child lover as the third bomb
chaotic ancient myth breaking past and future in the wilderness
psychedelic belief drugged into thinking reality is desire shaped by need,
as impossible longing kneels high, before the last altar to time grinding
bloody tomes quaking in mountainous stone over the olive skin
mediterranean ash graves seeing into a holy spark brightening
as the slow-motion, tough escape, plays of early music carried up
in the arms of sacrificed gods whose underworlds exist along the edge of a mirage
forest dunes, why is there nothing like the local voice of contemporary youth
envisioning the world from improbable lenses tied behind sleep
smoothed backs and smoothly forgiven yet unready hands waking
to the glory of sound within minds fleshed out of immemorial ruin
in the frantic ailing chest of a wailing father caving in after the untended
alcoholic depths of our loaded society, choking carefully as we balance
hardly moving on the swinging brooklyn bridge of the criminal east
weaving amnesia tic cries from elderly and estranged oral histories
coasting silent over jewish phantoms, realizing the commercial
identity of manifest destiny or capitalist despair, hollow to the touch
on national television laughs or evangelical smiles paying for the healing
trips of iraqi slaves thinking cheap stone-heated democratic facades
changing the newsroom fallacy growing, with assyria's ethnic rights
into the belly of a womb tainted eloquent towards the aborted wheezing
and shattered lung-tested addict hung on alien meat-hooks shining
with a provocative sensual divinity, at the interpreted meccan kiss
in the african garrison city, transforming with one embrace of her
sweet natural, covering my disbelief with outpouring mystery
over salivary masks of genealogical forgetting, to enrage the forsaken
business of secrecy in a feminine sway towards the realized street-
showering piety and undisturbed sanctity, across the chest of a vowel-
less personality in the desert mind of deified reason, stealing the peeled
eyes of fear as bodies aware of sensitive weed-legged fingernail rugs
chanting the intersubjective anthropomorphic poetry of arab contestations
on islands legitimized through ravishing trial narratives printed in gold
ink on the corridors, stung by the entrenched european seed, decorative
oriental dress, worn poverty in the external development of colour
palm-leaf sanded, cloudless sky

Coastal Addicts

a lawyer with family plans annoys the Queen Gramma colour-lined ahead, winding on sleepy river tracks, worrying bombed greying hands of father stress, remembering paper novels turned older than rust in antique smoke lairs, impossible silent africa creeps shy before a shrine to oaxacan goddess maria, the mushroom saint confessing a broken lineage of hallucinogenic disrepair and assonant harmony lost, flapping under gay-tongued lifeless sports risking a pregnant word, to the weak mediterranean jailer narrating despair inside boiling cheeks, touching a filthy count, white-handed red-stain glue rushing up into glass-toothed spit, pure window outlook, spastic sight war ritual lung, out of balance with a southern score, tracing the mind of a goddess choking on a second of excessive film lore, issuing from the merciful mantra breast profaned as the beaver wakes to dream a created forest, sleep, indigenous beauty lie gaping in a pulse of rotten chords, bruising her spent throat chanting in the memorized depth, pained being, waiting endlessly for a piece of concrete and a drain to trade in the eloquent game of heart, suffering blue, spiritually poor warning a lunatic, rubbing knees quietly behind locked doors, unnamed bristling with sexuality, filled with rightful anguish, solely knotted around hot emotional grace, enough to die culture-deaths, to play to animist food lord around midday drink swimming in african sound wealth, brimming with most decadent delight, in prophetic fate, mourning, stripped shocked to gas a rasped joy grabbing players dedicated to burning strife following mimicking goldwink bullheaded jungle night perfect sacrificial man chosen by a wife's taught striding lush as a character reduced to primal humanity, everyone looks forward, leaning to the capital, but the way whispers with a kindly infamous stare unexposed in mystic hollow crime lover furrowing fat brows sweetly to a life toasted in the spirit of wrath shared inner brother, mexico's infinite abandonment, cast to a far east beach where clouded light wanes in the fogged window of arrow-caught trains blown thru deliberate paces, on a skyway home to a way, the road whispers violent with perfect disease, laughter shut up in dried chinamen car engrossed by flesh rug executions, born divine into blood date running tragic as the wicked god lunatic crying to a timeless fear quaking beneath sinai seas in an embodied bestial savior only known thrush astral witness practitioner gazing with the moon seated, a wire into a reflected seed prepared as immortal aggression prays behind a shield of sordid pleasure feats ensnared by the loud early escape beyond tangled coasts that shine with their salivary fish drugs

Continue on

G-D starts through first being

You are a result of that being

You are born

In death you are survived

in hearts and minds of those you love

you live on spiritually in death

as you had physically in birth

therefore, G-D is in all

that lives

The Cat who cares only of

Love and Beauty

Truth

D

Death to the Son of the Sun

the towering devils of a foreign hell in mexico
scream belligerent from the corner of a lost empire
on the edges of a marginal plane
mixing sick and unkind with a spaniard's eye
gleaming profound beauty into a desert
of scared worthless triviality, swearing to god
and the ocean of a piano's blistering snow-
trapped answering that the mother's healing
derives her precious sanctity until the day
when I could pray aloud I love you inside
with dry-mouthed fame for the nationally insane
kiss to trouble the vision of serene waters, smudged
with hills of autumnal sweetgrass and wild foods
bleeding turpentine skies, to vanishing remarks
of wasted rains, intoxicated while drained
in a horrific morning of hollow birth-studded facts
raining children's suffering into a mouth shy
with a relative ghost, perfecting her medium
high in a fleshy drug parade, too late to feel
real or here, a mammoth queer dropped
into a thousand crowds of stinging rage
morbid tools of spiritual haste breathing
in rabbit toxic soup within tunnels
of mountain lysergy scoring burnt hovels of wine
faded breasts ruined under an avalanche
brewing in the stone-thought pangs of fortune
distress or lawless jungle duress, heated
in social pride for the scoured and indigenous
feet repeating history's brainless wave
of closed risk and untold prophecy, drowned
choice-full with the hunger of personal meaning
in the silent wish of ingrained ceremonial fruition

Death to the Son of the Sun II

the creator(tress), a triste took my heart, traerme
corazón a la inferno de su alma y por siempre
estoy muerte dentro mi cuerpo es la verdad
yo no otra debe llevar a su altísima, grande
lugar donde las montañas fumar un especial
sangre de todo, ella, en felicidad, es viajando
a la luna que nunca trae luz ni rojo ojos
de amor, y llorando probando. faking
the know of tirades swarmed anew
on a pot of alcoholic lust, unconfident
impoverished from small beginnings
of justified sleep and gone, waning enraged
of higher lies contaminating my selfish pride
for a depressed hold of blonde, stirring fear
that queered swearing to shake the nasty
blur of awake day distraught as in mud
or the lofty praise that snaked cold in a forest
unburdened with the childish mud of early morning
pain, breathing in a guess of another world
calling mad son a love that screams, lonely healing

Devotee to Who? or Drop the Act and Swallow the Facts

is it a fact to blush with prejudice or wheeze freely, ensnared
by deals buying egos, croaking for shots, small change, unfair as hell
kindled bones of the inuit street-wandering sleeper, empathizing
next to the chain-smoking unblinking caffeine-hatted traveller
with humble pragmatic backpack, soothing serene downtown
laced wry and numb, starving for fantasy drawing a word alongside
alley stray rat game for the awe awoken, fool lackey snoring deathless
open-palmed to the sweet leaf, bearing ethnic prowls, surging
sexually disguised colonies firing, stretched inglorious remains
apologetic, gone to profit on genocidal victimizations, seen through
a naturally blind startling in the exclusionary worldview of modernism
vent havens, rude festive moods, as tried and true belief
automating action, swerving into a boulder the size of a fist average
average neanderthal, sending proven shortages, feigning morality
in afterthought justice parading in a luckless society, dizzying
mix blocking the artistic splendour of innocent sheltered suffering
demigod transcendent regularity experienced transparent
cloak-imprisoned light, empty unattained dharmakaya shade
hovering around conversing deities, stirred into earthly confusion
by a motionless saviour in the navel of vishnu's crescent boon
scouring the deserted waste of a chance, in the showering west
tempting a mild languor to create disaster thru crooked flights
into a surreal canyonesque expression, leaving the possible
word-bantering to slaves of ignorance, unprepared to lose ego
with one touch groped too, helpless and desperate, to watch
but now the rains gone awash drift back, hibernating
church-mumbler who must drop the act and swallow the fact
to realize universal pain, foundations underlying, temporary
non-being chastity under factory spill midwestern midnights
repeating the country girl voice of national daughter india
into highly equipped streaming erotica, mouldy flashing
in duress as impatient ghosts ransack the theatrical wizardry
drunk membrane joy scintillating a mixed smile to stop
the chatter looming strange, with imperfect aim
into the unanswering abyss of childish reason, flattened
into metal sheets comfortable for atheists' conversion, ballooning
inside a soggy grave, to wield six-pointed astrology
into oblivious presence, individualized, fearing a devotee to who?

Dinner under the Sun

to find a place where there is no need to be alive
an old oath showing nothing but beet red skin
underneath tattered green cloak
shy glutton receding from an underground brothel
silent feet wandering in irregular motion
thru vast spineless staircases

drop off irate shameful man
sucking on spitworn leather boots
untied from the naked irish princess
shivering under seminal blankets
born of a narcotic fruit
playing a spastic eve to death
as the heartquakes of a hidden water sprite
cleaning the dirt from an ink-blotted face
salivating liquid alchemical nightmares
on waking to an aphrodisiac's chest

inhaling the night thru moonlit lungs
hatching out of the cold bosom of the urn
washed ashore on sunbaked rock
stirring a visionary leaf from the bowels of an ageless hunter
praying to the doomed bride of krishna
loathing the unearthly gifts bestowed
at the feet of a mindless healer
hardened by a vile metalwired energy
enshrouded in sharp illumined grey heights
seen from the despairing bridge

a hurled force changing the sky to a hellish vortex
for multitudes of terrified souls to be vaporized in the madness
uncharted disastrous memory the vibrations of history
torn against the allconsuming fire of mankind, a genocidal telepathy
forewarned by the laughing stock of a wild unchallenged generation
swooning at murderous beauty of violent chaos
the mapping of an artistic trance
mastery of inaction and the animal sleep of true music

Dinner under the Sun II

the lone rain tells me to stop cutting trees and listen to the tap
on brightly coloured plastic to visit ganesha and photograph
my engrossed conflicted near eastern demons
mumbled a signal within distasteful spiralling cool tea
and craved a sore hermit to drink the archaic rushing
tides of a stabbing civilian

feeling a heaviness weigh her unbroken hide
inside the dusky crevasse near the mountaintop blue
slouching next to a sikh guru expecting wide-eyed mysteries
to fly from dank wood under the shot footsteps of masterful sandals
as the vivacious moans of sacred chords violate an unmanned reality
unimpressed wives smoking wild herbs from charcoal
knowing handfed childworkers saving unspeakable despair
behind uncontrolled smiles

entranced by a darkness spewing ashen liars from the tops of rubbish mounds
swam in the flood of a saphthick river as maimed offerings of truthful bodies
sting the salt caves with a scent of spectral forests marred with an oversimple catholic display
blind, suffering the will of the few enslaved by greed lustful powerseekers
submissive to the devil in disguise condemning the eternal queen
to the raging fires undying at the core of a helpless earth
unchanged malignant forceful decay crammed

into the unworthy mind of a medieval goddess
trapped in the halls of a corruptive king
wielding the psychosis charged with the venom of an ejaculating mushroom cloud
infusing the landscape with a runny mucous breath deadly parasitical enemies
enjoined into the natural vegetation weeping behind the slim stalks of a green shamaness
materializing with wings and a fat belly to laugh and squeeze
the mess of your wicked and cruel heart
a guide from the east

Dinner under the Sun III

chanting ancient words
rattling with a brilliant cadence unmade in a wilderness of alien despair
drunk and calling woeful love across the alchemical mixture
smashed intellectual nonexistence on the impenetrable ground of an oceanic concrete wind
howling insane minds into septic disrepair
the fortune of national redirection heard
a lost pharaoh speaking thru a worn headdress
the doom of time on the translingual Nile
married to a hapless Jew denying the heavenly food
the oliveskinned brother shackled to his own love for endless hours

the lofty grove of godly spirit arms impoverished
crude inner space enlivened by boring monks granting the mesmerized to walk
as a street meditator sinking into the crowd and finally vanishing
behind the realized eyelids of a nameless explorer
meeting the immortals on Tiantai range and singing verse with cold mountain
aired out by a trailer doomed to saturated mindfuck gloom
tales spun over a spot of LSD waking to find a no one snoring
in tortured silence the elephant inside me wonders about the joke of being
bent nails repeat sitting days wombmoon whispers in secret spidery cobwebs
African wine as the scragged hair of an elderly refugee uplifts their crooked mind
to the whitened turbans scintillating off the tops of marijuana cigarettes
dashed with a hint of spiced sage and long forgotten lavender
smoothly clouding an underwater euphoria

the detoxified drummings clear the sky of its Iberian inquiry
on the bloody Jesuit horse of incarcerated minorities struggling with violent words
as the discoloured plagues of their stoned chains

the old Buddhist valley dined with the waving psychedelic hills
green layerings to nowhere feeling ill and rolling two dollar bags of locally farmed tobacco
speeding thru empty ranges wearing slippers on scabfeet healed by destitute vibes
shivering in a freezing cry a meagre offering to Kali
the pouring heavens salivate in time with the sheets of deadvoices thru eternal electric halls
on flashing screens in the scream of a silver exit from neglected complexions
turning all your clothing purple and shaving the head for an imagined American klepto
zapped by the trying desert sun in his weakly intuitive madness
sharing scars over breakfast at the Sunday suicidal pastimes
drinking sweet leafs in doleful trays lined with pockmarked beauty

Displaced Anonymity

premature emergence, worded
picture percept, cause of future
unknowable variants

over debunked puzzling fraction states
spurting floods, quick rodent chirrup, stare
into blank randomness, foiled ploys stalking
the meditative grass of wash-looming journeys
to iqaliut beyond, rummaged autumn tunes
stumbling into ontologies of mind quaking
weight training brothers fasting, shock'd
chemical lines and pranic death laughs
transferring stories of american animalism
to the power-sharing circles, troubled
by formalized smoke ring fasts
and mathematic jewish ethnic dates
colouring the feudal tribes, cracking
and fizzling in the addict sick room
of darkened non-voted touring thru
afric sky insect wives sleeping in pairs
three at a time in enraged locust safedoms
dying for weed and the diligence of greed
enveloping our suffering, as a savage
game-free hidden tantric flies, pouring
out of soporific boasting, eloped loathing
queer, chided southern masculine spares
nonplussed as gin herbalism, burnt
throat symptomatic of health, night's wail
jittering spun espresso roaring binge
sleeping wheat-churned heat, toasting
the negligent tongue-rasped drug, baking
until finely-grained whisky jungles light
over a rubbish trap turning to smack
the princes of jazz bequeathed
to dignified rage, among spanish lovers
tormenting shakespearean prophecies
on the violent train coping against walls,
as gold robbers sink into geographic anonymity

Divine Tongue

wherein is thy poetics of a new species
a fundamentally re-structured relationship
to mine own being as passage to mystery
in quest of infinitude, sound forgotten
plea to be heard from behind the restitution
our imprisoned original face lies hidden
along the plains and shores of marginal elation
proud as a foregone race sacrificed to the magi
inside mind, widened into naked social disarray
the closed borders, wakening with civil war

press tightly around the throats of political gods
as infamous martyrdom rises with the breath
and hate marches willingly to the doors
white chains as obscure as crowned saviours
bleeding righteous sexual glands into an ocean
death to excite the freakish power of the glorified
pain terrorized by scores, awaiting, open-mouthed
epidemic fate needing the price of more
sacrilegious charity rites skewing the coloured
flesh of earthy lore, as diatribes filtered through
a core heart sickness staring down throats
stitched roads scouring the modern moulds
the witch-doctor's fright into morbid profanity
shaded under by this the final battle of resistance
against cruelty of injustice, filing in, short-fused
to freeze the earliest heroine, struggling still
to push forth in maladapted birth canal stretched
to the ends of the sky, her unspeakable presence
late mastery and crazed distance enduring
saturated viscera, sterile to the bone
with a negligent ugliness only once claimed
by the unknowns of worldly pressure teaching
motherless children to die to their language
of western dress and crude beliefs, directing
the sacred body of the incestuous curse
blown softly over the sleeping ears of the unaware
lies sung beautiful as stone deities transformed
by moving stars burned in an uproar, vile
mixture of vegetable guests turned upward
as a divine tongue

E

Ego and Id

this ego is not a derivation from one consummation, but the source
from which I die to the whole cyclic binding of static immediacy
imprinting its repetitious failure, in a violent cry, defining unknowns
population for their will to survive, aspiring to choose understanding
seen, behaving as an alternate wink, crushing the missed dust of the infinite
home incised on palm-read egyptian abstinence, believed to submission

concentrative, participatory, reactionary, revolution in the name of women
perfume and prayer, the blameless babylonian wakes to life and hatred
indistinguishable in the cursed unburdening of his unrighteous following
carved worthless into metallic gain, melted at last with nervous toxicity
over a brownstick lust, for incapacitated tribalism to die wretched
modern pain in youthful hideaways, bent out of shape, crying
talking and smoking, proud to swallow gimmicks of unearned evil
drunk up by a slope of trash and fallout delight over screws & beer
smiles growing cold, erect over the drastic sand-hardened counter
drawn on lightly by hair-dreaded worlds, burnt to knot the undead
wood-graven work, among the cruelest of high unending wisdom
driven across echoes, slashing breathless bloody seas with strong thoughts
humbling the poor lanky fish-scented mind of our imagined bestial sex

Elizabethan love

succulent borders retreating, razor-dull minds
gated stops, resisting monotheistic language
pallid harps granting primitive boons
in soggy nostalgic dress, scintillating vortex
holding its place among breathing rocks
shouting praise for dreadlocked names
sold, malformed victorious cousins, lighting
green cigarettes stacked like psychotropic hugs
a sunday sorceress showing paleolithic inspiration
on art walls crying for more spastic designs
shelling out experience thru naughty guns
caressing war machine goddesses untold
nightmares seeing past hookah-thick ropes
daring cash to disappear in milky oil beer
lining the weary bowels of New York
stale groping menace, smeared
against crutch of bottled water bloated
steadfast grandpas reading
about sacred war crimes and dying
to millions who were not meant to survive
convoluted aims, snatching corruptive cash
pollutant crops surfacing with orgiastic dancing
bohemian scares raving about neo-lunacy
droning to class, helpings the supreme ego
whimpering beyond punted suburbia successful
in blinding wise cry to obvious distress
piercing sea-blue eyes, drummed to self-induced beats
healed lungs spy the ayahuasquero
schooled in naked desire, masquerading
as a horse-wind sponge of modernity
torn from the mountainous yoni pale
insider nerve-shot for her regular outdoor fix
ails of young love, bleeding torture in parking lots
ending as covetous wanderers suck back songs
disheartened in a humid New England respite

watch my ghost go to Tara exposing idyllic orgasmic bhakti to sound of iconic depression
thinking of Athena between za-zen sessions perceived on high before the egotistic masses
greened plots for LSD island finding monotheism hiding underneath tattered mexican shawls
and burnt laws knitted a hungry forest sage as. curious cemeteries speak with ED's cat
the Great Mystery, jotted down beside water-falling states believing in the devil incarnate

endless binge

blind drunkards sit

in oblivious freedom

 pandemonium night vigil

 beat the chest or turn the face

to the stone-chipped

fist-knotted bloodless

 speed in a torrent of loathing

 derangement, the leering brow

an ecstatic wanderer

bewildered by the elusive

 closet of skinned language-

 breast, prepared to be

swallowed by dusks

violent horizon

 braving sharp-edged

 ancestral weaponry

in binge-cold rubbish

sleep, oh phantom desire

 entice logical skeletons

 of ancient profanity

back into my young hot mouth

of essential ignorance

 clamber on, hollow, sickly

 in cages on the mountain

freaks' helpless despair

anti-social vacuum

 rat nesting, milky, religious

 following the bride

of indigenous colonies

squeezing her fattened breast-

 flesh into the disgraced

 wars of pain and music

divorce-energy growing

nude human lies

 in the restless crooked life

 teaching a hoopoe's mourning

the last sunken depth

of spiritual laughter

 ice-croak infirm class

 stained on wading fogs

endless binge II

of the Devil's great Valley
of boredom, fighting Egypt
 thieves in proud summer
 cities, revealed at last
to be unworldly
thru freshened lungs
 of meaningless anguish
 created in selfless mirrors
of the imaginary retreat
I fell past the light
 reflected in my borrowed soul
 let this rushing fire of imbalance
thought army writhe
like the snake it acts to be
 failed smoking wines
 shiver the clay of becoming
awake in alchemical vats
of one stomach
 a world digestion
 excreting seeds of poverty
as a brainless god
suckling the thin, premature
 nipples of Africa incarcerated
 in the antidote of the fool
degenerate lands await
what kind of footstep
 from my shoe?
 religion grounds unreasonable
throb of Truth visiting
a lover who left for good
 jealous deity estranged
 the name on vile earthen tombs
of ruined harmony
the ancients are blessed
 with a pungent Now
 ghost mystifying the Indian
idol haunting and searing
my worship with an elephant
 of consumed desire
 renounce this Name!

endless binge III

distraught refuge
pulling the ropes

of duty, tight
around the rich metal

necks of Thailand
demonic, restful awe

seen at last in a small monk
boat, motionless slightly above

the oriental rivers of the briar
your suicide...a lazy invisible visitor

hanging off the limbs of the monkeys
weakness, habitual waste

minding low wise face unseen
covered in overgrown hair

anxiety, sacrificial moon arisen
quietly in the eye of an illumined

child, untouched by the fumes
of purity, master over an entangled jungle

of horrified unknown mysteries
enlightened at last by celestial cover

night praising the feared one's
grayed elderly smile

softened foot palms darkening
the veil of a mineral cry

impaled over a sea of tasteless wine
muddled by a hushed absent mindlessness

Entrance into a Mystic Tree

scrap wood visitation, to melt under a vibrant scope
resting on the sleeve of crab-eyed veins, frayed
matchstick mind tales drugged in a palace hall
for the wealth of an assassin, flown, loud
above the sick swarm of night
to follow heaven's rules with gross fear
on the spine of avalanche volcano swoons
light demarcating the experimental
borders of terrified human sight
breathing faster than the suicidal
raven hatched from a ghost dance
manhandled by the federal
stare of overarching belief
as a hell-scorched breed
sly as the mental seed of coyote reason
singing higher than the last monkey thought
smudged into grassland rites of passage
inside my dark life, overgrown
with the vile crook of spiritual greed
wasting time, amiably, to hear mother
as the weird animalistic form
inspired to feel the right to be alive
and to walk among dirt and hives
with an angelic demeanour, hidden
before the blithe meaning of death wails
in the drowned might of brave headdress gods
muttering for earthen strength to free the witness
from a seer's cave and fall toward a blessing
upright as a metal frequency grows keen
watching to know how the graves plant
the reeds of otherworldly music from youth
and a rooted tree lasts to the hour unmatched
in books or the imagined play of the studied
and led, a trance motionless overfed
with the confused touch of wily meandering
and ruthless crutch of the natural provocation
morbid, nerve-shattered and bled momentum
corrosive to health, as a fibrous blind insect
habitual speed aligns to the square
endless ceiling of unique disaster

entranced where

where did I enter?

into what magic pool of empty gloom did I peer
and melt, united without past
no reference, pointless

chilled skulls rolling along spotted light-streams
of concentrated intellect-speech, wailing
moribidity sucking dry the food of rage
in sag-flushed belly-cheek

enemy in the self, awake
lonely no-place
randomly asserting tremendous
effulgent power gush

on immaterial screens of the dreamless unconscious
pallor stiffening in the warm street-folk gleam
watching the last card fall, a gasp
an urban mystic darkness clouds

the reign of inner space
with a needlepoint temptation
an aggressive laugh skewering the skinhead
assholes of east Europe brothers

shivering under a sky of wily holocaust limbs
malnourished fight in tormented vile alleys
minuscule body inhaling
the non-existent memory of a world in passing

Exit from Retreat

because I don't think I could really die from this body without one more kiss
always saved on that only her lips, gone sweet over a natural skyscape
sweeping our romantic drug-brewed love in time with lightless thoughts
drawn perfect along her young skin, unknowing of sin, pure goddess bloomed
into a bittersweet satisfaction, all-believing with the cruelest touch of ash
though soft, shallow with bluest gold aftertaste, held back by our lively sugar
flame minds breeding callous weed havens in a dirt voice fading
between electronic sleep and eating, but to recognize the fact of no-past
in the now, freed into her arms, full with a child's bitter need, growing
frozen, the magic of each bold facial ground stutters, flowing into milk
sounds of unmoving evil inspired to wild-eye dives, fatalist gels
keeping the fermented stomachs of the lanky human boat allayed
by the columbian shores of soon self-forgetting hells boiling colourful
worlds into a poisonous ukrainian soup story trash blast or avalanche
deprived of warning, and the ideal of a kiss as being in the night-
conscious round of high connectivity, rude lover of deities journeying
along paths of sacred mystery, desiring eternity with estranged personifications
emptied from the hairy stage that falls easy off the brink of a shadow
character, whose only authored ego may find their strength for loyalty
in a prosaic fright of skinned reality, suffering silent in the calm
distracted design found clear, succinct on the radios of our urbanized mind
gone foggy with a bleeding metallic lift to a public drug, flap-jack mother
workin' her cool repetitious drive over the heated pleasure of child stomachs
suddenly writhing cold in cancerous dehydrated moulds, shattered
by racist cash and fatherless land-grabbed obnoxious lunatics
betrothed to educational foundations, grounding ancient belief
in natural slavery or noble savagery ruined by the sanctified gifts of earth's
own ethereal realities silent as rosetta's find on diamond black skin

Exit from Retreat II

birthed national pride lowered to selfish funeral ceremonies, drumming and boasting of eternal victory beyond the stale-throated ire, off-state riverside bearded chiefdoms, beaming from a ginger-encrusted beard hailing from the bostonian ice of heavy metal plugs, chasing ears tufted with scandinavian cheer all eager to vanquish the escalating fan of royal delicacy melding with eastern prophecy and medicinal magic interpenetrating astral time with the poetic leer of an indigenous hostess preparing animal gum for spanish muscle to come into hammock beds cleaned to appear as the unblinking majesty of mayan features, being sacrificed in the historical space of sexual fix recreation, the little people play cheer while the old exasperated unprepared to laugh at death and the healthy kind neck balances to jolt a fun talk in the swirling questions after night, lusty woman dreaming up hair down to the earth metallic light as shadows rest open into screaming yawns, and blackened each pops bubbling in a weird furnace of blue mugs transforming into a fleshy stomach bulge eating dead cultural beauty in the nude lanky note that waved in an instant by a fighting kiss in a grease shop manufactured sex weeded out of snaky pacific heat toward the rising planet uncalled for, except in the intuitive midnight dawning above the retreat door swaying as bliss, windy trust, for love of her breath

Experimental Corporatism

how to start at once the narration of a life ever-evolving
as compositional understanding in flesh? and why
does the journey start when you stop? blink
with desperate melancholy feeling a five-pictured
lingual rock of sculpted musing, for a new creation

love out of the shifty rust of blue-eyed dishonesty
for a people humbled by non-claims over bodies
yearning, she never smiles anymore. sweat ovens
chill-holocaust canadian native ties in the backdrop
of insane miles whistling under a broken moon

or mythologized deluge poured shallow with lost
meaning or childish booze leanings into the phrases
of high bitter nights cooking up 'transmogrified' again

in outdated books sneaking away into back room
popular historical fears, legendary mixtures of moral
literature, an icon of civilized rights to land, money
and brains gone unchallenged by the lights abreast
with fine interpretations, entertained suit-lunched
corporate havens of experimental social play

Eyes of My Homeland

walls surround pale as my skin

torn pants bruised toes

i wear my fate

 din memoriam scratching hard skulls

 past elation letting go of the trinity

 bird of egypt floating past, hardened jewels

 from the east, torn down ruinous suffering

 illuminating mass of irradiated wasteland

 eden-blasted night of humanity

shaving from thy rotted head scraggled lunacy

tangled as a chemically depressed temptress

fallen on sage beds as the breast of a lost soul

 borrowing from virgin pools, a vivacious murdering

 of a heart deceived, central to contamination

boiling fruits enjoyed on famous roofs to a lord

dreary fattening next to vision hills

as the southern buddha swarms

grotesque light imminent as the measure of divine heat

ejaculated onto sustaining bosom of war

hot magic fume rising from exacting bullet sex

as last priceless head hobbles thru trench stone

off the deep end listening to chaplins comedic shouts

rise beyond lone menace raging thunderous embattlement

sternly galavanting amongst stark ruinous trees burnt

sounding lingual vagaries on the rolling ocean to bondage

island woman enraptured

wit usurpers greed plunged into neck

wires feeling out wooded streams with a strong push

 from inside arousing wakeful tumult

desiring eastern landscapes mastered

in the digital lush strain of an exotic seductress

inhaling sedatives in malicious dysfunctional body

 of abused dismembered erotic mists

exaggerated thievery disguised as metalborn love

taken off the hate hat sailing to new york on green taras wave

long receded behind slow dissolution cloud

jewelled curtain grappling corrosion in belly of a last asleep dragon

melting the poles of the earth with each whisper from the sky

 as its tail is eaten by a selfless cannibalized mindecstatic suffering

in the eye of pain, drear martyred birthplace answering to the wind shiver

caught in the influx of one sad dream

Eyes of My Homeland II

the lofty egoless squint, present mandalic bon deity
in the black dress of a panicky ashram
nostalgic for exilic identity, teacher of the virgin fuck

embrace the murdering carnage of countless metal beasts
making unsightly organs rain from a gutted heaven
conversing deadly tunes a new socket
for naked insertion ritual of israeli grandmother
cinematically impressed addict burned
trains rail exploding
marvel cafes

oh ravage my intoxicated fury
you who come to drive my ills
to shame take also my life

scram misbegotten fucker's future of desires
mirror i give thee an inflamed glare
stretched back from my hiding copulations
rung out to let the juice of my pride dry
over the sodden remains of my parents grave

here by the oceanside there is no wilderness in which to flee
leaving my mind at home restless worn out like an aging bone
silent injuring my breast with every salty inhale
sparing no one to bear this lavish humility
fetched from the sideroad billions vapid illiterate songs
shot thru polluted wisdom decaying with every loosened breath
in this rotten age of followers beckoned to mistake their arrival
as meaningless one of the depraved alone

bedridden, listening to the convulsing earth
crack and moan howling to the birds who still wake
cornered in hectic suburban mourning
rifle shots in distance
fifty year old music

Eyes of My Homeland III

the garrulous russian
healing the frenetic awareness of childish smooth pomp
enthroned in guzzling member of a tiring and spasmodic moan
emptied from gourds smashed into ten thousand beings
scuttling along breast of eternal mother
bleeding the smoke of india's ancestral perfume
rising out the nostrils of inflamed revolutionaries
dancing around words in the round cylinder of a roulette sun
drenched ground scintillating with fine crystals
heaved from the earth with decaying illiterate fingers
splicing grooves in forgotten stone structures
demonically portraying the beast within
feeding a blind venomous snake
the last drop of sanity from asinine heavens
closed to the numb lifeless children of monstrous pantheists
roaming the south seas, enticed by softness

the womb growing into formless greed
sorrowful swine mix, the stinging lie divine
 with a touch of white wine and a cigarette
the lofty attic of artistic deformity

change rascalion!

there is danger in
the low green surrounding
your offwhite cave

imbibe with a hound and a replace the floor with your skin
do not move for your life is too late to live, shallow amniotic tomb
vibrating with offerings of bread, mare from the chime of ghostly plateaus
sing stripped of trouble do not cry for ice-whipped faces
glaring inside yurts i scowl at the need, thickening imprisoned bones

Eyes of My Homeland IV

grown steam from cold leaves undulating
grass blades sheared, earth stamps wondering about bearded dervish
gliding along warm dunes with clasped hands faroff amongst bland fool
spatial bardic freedoms etched into ice lips of death lying
on uncomfortable scratchy nests, feeling the blast heat furnace of war
tunnel thru blind frenzied mediums, young decapitations
hang on the still drunken heart, exhausted blood feeding the aged
musty breath with each stale draw, grinding the last wave of being
thru a dirty skull, humbled by a seasick emptiness
bearing irreligious scams out of whitened bread
filling the crime pot ropes strung on american heads
dreaming of an avatar clothed in azure providence
a tightmuscle steed wielding a highminded plateau
above cloudless stars' inflamed eyes

F

Family Declarations

Father:

You have followed
The path of destruction
Seen the light
And it has burned you

Grandmother:

Frayed meat and soggy milk
When you lie to sleep
Contemplate buttered sugar toast
It keeps us all

Grandfather:

You present to us wisdom
Yet do not say a word
Old man in his chair
Slip calmly

Brother:

Listen
Until speakers explode
Listen enough
And they will

Aunt:

Undertones of a mellow upstate New York night
There is no wrong, there is no right
There are your children
And there you are

Uncle:

Charging rubber into the rough
Two-timing asphalt
Use that petroleum scare
And scar the high way

Fatherland Cafés

what does holy evil possess, to frighten the glazed, tranquil
cheer of ancient life into a tempest, a burden shared by the railway
demon of sacrificial time, ordering the dusk to blow, embittered, youthful
sky to toxic noon, the addicted summer monk corrupted to within a gram
a night, and paying no sustained trite habit, to cover our toes, smothered
faded voice choosing another state to take over the ruled death knot awaiting
a photographic lie, betrayed by loud pursed lip vibrations, echoing without
fail or distort style, too impermanent, too transient, all destroyed in a vanishing
whoop drowned in war soul granted by undead flame, medicinal word dreamt
in numberless songs, heard before on eternal mount wine of forgotten okays
resisting the devilish civilized track, to ignore identity outside of infamy
human worth in the mexican police flight outside, a world too quiet
for real divine drones honed in on by knowing young bodies in love
with not a thing to be here or anywhere for anytime, as unchained ground
and the body of a crowd shakes in circles, empowered in a flutter
of the trumpet goddess enlightening the mythic first trait manifest
as the plain woman of eden journeyed thru dirt and loneliness
in the imaginary wilderness of other planes unsaid, being all awake
to eye open the possible way to immaterial gain, a study yet wholly
unthinkable idea...but what's to keep the sacred away within our nerve
bundled breasts, a non-dual behaviour borrowed from ancestral acts
comedy blessed to outshine a neighbour, sinking in the fertile east
waist-deep and slouching crazily without remorse for a third coming
landlocked, not maimed or disembodied, crying over plush bowels
neat, scratching curves of a seductress assassin seeing with a mind-feel
to prey on the stark electric coasting force enticing coloured night
into a moment too gone to be playin' jazz over the manhattan radio
brain rocked to alienate the video-screaming mangy, bottle-screwed
friends scavenging for a hook in overlit popular streets needy
where egyptian terror cowers now behind cigarette hope, and bare
wrecked fatherland musicians weeping in starry wet-strained cafes

Flatland West

filtered breeze hang in' just right
from the scared deathly spite of rinsed meat
slipping under tongues cruel
to the ruined lusty dry desire called chance
to return fragments of grave-risen minds
lonesome as the voice of a blue laugh
dusting straw mats and seeds of unconscious flight
from snowpeaks listening
undamaged while the nirvanic stare
in broken calcium deposits, drugged by the brain
chemistry divined for a light earthy glance
and the bulged boredom of belly's ruling
a frantic dance on chessboards falling to pieces
in the smart grisly long play of life
without pleasure or real night
to answer the sun's unrelenting birth
always darkening the sweet pulls
from a monotonous west of prismatic blame
growing bunches of failure
to hear the story of impossible grain lost frames
cracking to the smudge of a billionth star
lined up for hours or more
to wade gently
in the cosmic rain of up-falling dreams, rooting earth
to a core experience of loss and normal swinging
running as an applause
for the archetypal comic of black despair
rowing back home
along a river of linguistic charm
enjoying cathartic moods
in the wailing woman's late morbidity
to horn a rash look
into the insides of a deaf untold warning:

Flatland West II

I am not aboriginal to the land, my feet trod
on the blood of soldiers and warriors
who died for my seed
in the blank autumn of humanity
fortress of unplanned despair
on the american foil of tribal hunger
for a love to feel, willing the ashen
graves of prehistoric slaves
greedy for the forgotten or stolen
pages of the unfinished
treaty filling cotton tears
with dry ice, unique unending
canadian rage
for the teeming colony, spinning
under a terrifying swarming dance
demonic and frail brethren
staring coldly into a high ocean
of consumptive need
for strength in the mentality of each
panicking saviour entranced
in the uprisen blood of the ancient free
kneeling to perfection
before the round
gaze of universal identity
as the mage spells laughter
in his hot destructive wave of rock
and groaning
to overpower the leaning towers
unnoticed as the lost dreaming
song of awe, teaching
the blanket festivities march
beyond the conundrums of famous gods
charting unearthly praise for the wealthy
sick and entombed kingdoms of dismembered ghosts
floating caught in a futuristic press of gloated flat wests

foreshadowing the oil sands

covering feet with old worn blanket,
i could close the windows but i would miss the summer cold,
grey clouds spelling rain for the green lives huddling in toxicity
recycling small motors droning like bodies that follow, circling
restless to feign psychotic displays of domestic happiness
chained to the sheltered grounds unnerved with a callow sycophant
parody of youthful rocks hunch over outdated croons,

birds laughing devilishly tainted soundscapes, pitch
mindful horror inhaled in rolled humiliation, sitting ordered
silence reading artful disarray, the blind hand shivers, empowered
hopi child singing long lifetimes away beneath bold stars
smoking filmic insect universe on tattooed back of a transcending earth
vanished wave darkened unseeing smile of desert paradise
the secret hut growing from the cold night sand
an archaic post animal transpersonal flame
engulfing within wondrous dream of the long grey haired woman,

grandmother peace training the delirious mystery of heaven
into the lengthy black hollows the hellish remains of tribes
quicken to recourse the wise humming ripples mutations of the last
watery demise as ice forms birth fiery chaos once more
but only in the tree perched aside a mountainous cliff where she rang
with impersonal lament for the stones to be upturned and shake
voiced pangs from a torturous fungal womb,
that one colourless flower be raised from her grave innocence...

foreshadowing the oil sands II

no green trees, no grey sky, no grass to trim, no violent hum of machines, no roads to motor by, no ears to hear them, no books to sleep by, no words to read from, no bed in this homeless roam, no religious groans from grandfather fed up with wartalk, no light from fake walkway lamps, no children screaming on electric toys, no friends to face the torrent of external pity, no bedworn parents cruel scoundrels of fate, no refuge to hanzan on cold mountain sitting immortalized by the no mind not writing what frail luring scraping vomit off the back halls of mind soaked in hash decadent churns overgrown, bled cold blue seawater rain insomniac sickened tea catching the last unhealthy track from cambodian sweatstain gaze tasting monkfodder around the tired edges of a drugworn mouth coarsened with unholy ash as graphic mosquitoes colour inside pale empty skin whispering to the symbolic dragonfly etched into glass before all-escaping moonlit fright and the drastic wench trips within corrupting dreams deserting family on stoops imagining world wonders under hefty doses chattering wine sloshed into bare souls throats laughing about the illusion changing eyes to white heat only missing violet crowned ocean overwhelming vacuous unrivalled mundane seekers smoking still with saturated red urns to motherdevil angling for the crash of muscular inhumanity drinking from tepid pools beside unearthly volcanoes inverted portals to an ageless hell domain nailing the skies to the foreground of crooked dissolving pain blocking the most simple astrological purge chanting hooknose quietly repaying the untold wandering god lying mangled on the steps of the last jew in new bedford, at home beside the atlantic retreat back into the mayan womb call to gross profane drunk sacredness before the lastmoon changes to night exit from insane familiar weedy shore possible beheadings stall hurricane fumes pulling tainted syringe edge of the dock at midnight awaiting gashed spokes from grey hooded locomotive to whip past enlightened cigarette sold on early alaskan dawns as unchained hellions loose their greed on an already chopped marked wood struggling through twilight beside the glimpse of the dark one begging fool smashing the urn of mud restless sitting under the wisdom tree holding on to shifting stars as the face of an elder red swiftly graces the sha plant starving jungle cries withering vertebrates rattling lovestench noon rhythmic fateless deep muse pouring alcohol into the angry awake keep of barefoot journey into softly snoring saddhu bent over crosslegged beasts in dank stone hollows what else is there to do when all is echoes evolving torturously slow to the beat of a few quaking digits shaping the clay from the eternal rock cowering in time under a roaring flame being noxious fluid alive swaying through scarred and freshly wounded trunks limbs askance dancing courageously as they melt brushes into crude oil spawn sands and gnarled spirit roots sucking on dry diseased membranes cancerous plagues infecting thick fog dirt deformed man buried low owl hoots, shrillbirds chirp awaiting the hawk to africa slanderous room adolescent fantasy avilokitesvara overlooks leaning bibles hoarding dust of improvised disembodied homeland red pages laze under sunlit war and peace russian obituaries to great counts seedy addicts emigrating through mexico and tangier piercing angelic glare from crimson shawled afghan goddess stifled by bald serenity of a coolsmoke psychedelic king of the american word pencilled in wampanoag nation concentrating on the starlit horizon of a sighing old indian dressed in stylish white hair of britain's oriental scholar master buddha writing to his downtrodden light glazed myth of an astral age speaking to deathless witness through holy creation mag

Free Road Blue

erratic n fickle birdhead whispered
shitting in mildew forced brain secretions
wise no-mind forgotten in balance strained
light seeping neatly in taut bellies of ignorant longing
beside olive beds decayed in bright havoc
dawning croak of last fright in the old splotch ruin
sleep of civilized meaning
pursued by white drum need
virgin book vanishing in palms of unfocused greed
rinsed aching in hot tempered skin-grains
kneaded mightily into disguised lust park
lighting high drinking around stammering fresh port
cuss emanating silently from centerless gold ring
eyeless heart of the seaman wanderer
asking G-d how will this frantic bout of poetry subside
in the wild waving pride of the life-artist addict
willing the lines to non-existence with one naked glimpse
within, and as the insecure beer-smak guilties run
hosting the lush fires of the tick engrossed
in a night rotten to home in mideast passion
unfounded as a great blood-following
cast into the vaginal wake of cruel african flesh-
scarred beauty too close to the mouth of the former
in heavens of wine, choking on the endless scratch
heat of the human soul
powerless to the Free Road

from door to window

door shut assailing racket weed
mind dust come sorry I deserted
 the original man
 to be a war poet crazed
 hunger for the insane egoic lingering
painful tv-glued america
calling for innocent death and more
blood in their hiroshima sake
 gong shiver sacrilege wife
 european slaughter royal as the moons
 luring bodies into immortal commotion
on the tundra glass
women lying bare and shaved as monks
heads morphing into proud beasts on command
 sick old muslim reading and breathing in arabic
 sands like the smoking engines of cairo
 dreamless despair numbing this drunken lightless room
with the pomp of nightly insane riddle
for ganja croons and sacred fools
slight shame suchness deprived gloom
 sacrificing the mental hair of obstructed happiness
 too soon. virgins dirtied by gluttonous waste-fuck
 civility boring into their nerves like steel-tongued
monotheistics with a taste for blood
on their smoke charred lungs satiated
only by boiling tears over the hearth of sin
 a naked elizabethan goddess born of delusory madness
 in drug cradle chemical nightmares
 apologetic realized demons confessing
to the nailed hands and feet of a hellish deliverance
from alchemical dehumanization
in the forest wombs of the amazon
 saturated protein defecation
 bled on sidewalk space clean of greed
 with love and sad empty journeying
thru thought metaphor junky heavens
losing cold mud-wet skin to the tight leather
binges of wampanoag wood sprites

from door to window II

freaking out in dizziness of bullet hot vision
questing ghost ruins
mazes freed and speaking alien tongues

with vast oral literatures in deep subconscious
a city drowning with heavy fish-like scavenging
after the whale huntsmen disappear

with the fading species, or sharp excessive prometheus
confusion to blubber immigrant children in factory
leaks escaping to homeland of flag swaying porch clutter

rhymed paraphernalia for nationalistic divisions
fed to the tribes of south america
like esculent gold sunset fusion

from ship to shore

scandalize the norm!
loose the stronghold of anger
as vivacious vulgarity
skinning the criminal shrine
in this helpless city river
shriveling behind false enmity
for the late politician
muttering war slogans
beneath cannibal heads
shoelace lips swollen
in the fight for imprisoned speech
in the dark stalling border patrol
states building walls
over the homes of irate women
crying blood on the concrete
steps veiled inside bleak dusty mosques
filing their nails laughing
like depressed chasidim smoking
impressive children maimed and rotten
on blue imaginary stakes
in the medieval jewish mind
evolving and copping out
on broadway in brooklyn nights
squatting next to zion cemetery
with matted hair pimps
refreshed by ecstatic conversation
with muddled college folks
choking on money and cheap beer
in open apartments large
as their pregnant bellies
fattened by parents loving
the hug and kiss of serial killer heroes
winning rock-mind oppression
instead of the showcased dagger
my father sent me to kill him with
strapped on the violent wiles of mother
india detached from her subcontinent

from ship to shore II

reality with all its worthless pain
excessive spirit revolting in the bosom
nursing on star gas and empty space
trying deathlessly to see the void lit
with fire and smoky herb
hot characters playing divine being
like a dying sun imploding
across the inner panorama
removed opacity close-eyed internal
energy sharing sustenance
with the growing moon newly born
and cool with the word asphyxiated
deaf hope soaked into perspired lungs
on hot concrete grayed
with years of neglected sickness
the emotions of man
hobbling from bench to bench
sighing with fear and sweat
amidst monoxides and drowning salt
wave-feet callow by the deep
freeze of bustling money creeps fasting
to look like the prison bar signing their minds
eye on bird shit and rust

funerary mechanics

an unbridled poesis automaton of charred sickness
destitute awareness shackled by the neurotic plunge of poverty
hunger violence corruption emotionally bare religiosity
struggling with the might of a holocaust, intended, burdening
aged wines under the banyan tree in viet memory warring
ghosts harbouring the cringe of mud-watered talk
releasing a purpose on the mass hysteria of social disillusion
the forgotten bubble of misconstrued animal rage
masked by the trenchant haggling of trillionaire politicians
believing in the heavenly daughter to prepare the soul
for an oven-cracked bardo to wield the face of an imaginary lover
in mid-orgasm with the preacher freeing mind after mind
from the barrier of worthless salvation to tip the scales
and name a price jury from the tower come
to break the woman of earth into a pang drowning
in narcotic seas of dirt, working on hands and knees
in showered coal joking about the lost resistance to polity
true death emerging out of a simple unending carnal horse
trampling the eyes of domestic workers into puss
and saliva of greedy anxiety, a murderous howl cut
from the throat of a heretic traveller starving on the edge
of a foaming insanity, the wreckage and swamps breathing
in prayer to mother kali. oh, morbid futurity brush the swift
grace entangled in scarred dungeon rats vanishing
in the wilderness of knowledge and history, the bird
trapped silently leave the body to enjoy suffering
metal cold numb impenetrable tomb

G

genocidal curses

a feast in the park where dogpeople are more free
than the rope that pulls them by the hand
that leaves their shit for lone gorging sitters
 avoid the deadly rays and consume shadows
 under the growing bellies of oppressed dirt
 hollow to the nerve smelling the waste of another
until going naked and shielded behind a bus
stop full moon over-merciful as the astral lord
leads into day so wandering with fruits
 of tantric celibacy my mind drowns yearning
 with sexual pain to entice the all-mother
 into rapt embrace willed by the impoverished
womb gone cold with a sudden emptiness
in canadian suburbia rooms to soften her
delicate vaginal face in a touch with lunatics
 void sprouted down into faded tempting
 gloom holding on to your own farce
 the bodiless aim to rush into death
with every ignorant flesh-centered high
unknowing the process to thought
what are we doing here?
 we don't have to be here... let's go
 the most natural is most understanding
 of the inner cry to be a home beyond
time and place, the facts of beginning
and ending are swallowed in a dust heap
swarmed atop the excrement of birth
 accompanying the swing of childish creation
 unanswered throughout the deepest searching
 in life's long non-existent wait for an end
to the delusory lights distracting the emergence
of a gift from an out of sight space
by the anonymous drop of a key still
 thirsting on the eternal land immeasurable
 as the human imagination arrested
 by white insane clans, furthering
divided by a magic valley opening
to new life at the break of political independence
from the disaster of absolute god rule
 sighs weakening sincere prayer and a page-felt graveyard distance
 displayed by the ancestral watch of invoked genocidal names

Graecian Sanity

cold sweat dancing in room of easy self-gratified canadian monday night
storming off reason and occasion a glance into the deathly stare of me, animate
holocaust great grandmother of polish breed, a ransom for the physical decay
enacted nightly on my tongue, red cracking lips haunted by the other shore
and family passing by with cliché lives of alcoholic divorcees and portuguese
school loyalty while surrounded by a four-cornered pyramid of tradition
from a question of england clumsily portrayed through norwegian minds
joking about romaniote lower east side re-naming humility befuddled as to why
the rest of the family was left behind to guns and snow in eastern europe's
forgotten prayers still known silently behind new england's splintering swell
doors overpowered into a mexican taste for ancient community as my thoughts
invoke diasporic rhapsodies of argentinean intelligence disguised by stylish balance
between movement and history as we remain unfazed by the whitewashed poor
steps of misbegotten children lost in our american nightmares of selfish continuity
upturned at the new moon of economic witch burnings and prophetic pogroms
of unknown repetitious demise while thieves become vulnerable to a salient pride
perfecting the earth-learned thanks for african rhythms inside long technologies
sense-creativity embraced by the ultimate sentence to enunciate verbal chastisements

throughout my lusty graecian sanity

H

Her Eyes Glow

they'll stagger courageously into stupidity
and come out blazing, shitting up my life
and pissing openly onto my haughty pre-conceptual mess
because they'll personify the beauty of dirt and grime and waste
they are curious about the evening
and wear a scarf to impress their innocence
but when they stand in the darkness
their eyes glow like the sun

Her Irish Cry

so the red virgin travels from the occidental mirth facade
drained from the corpses of an ire land hot
with the beauty of a live offering

where is she?
and if she never speaks again
which lifetime will again lift the burden
of my dogged mind forever knotted
to the plain dust that ran softly off
the back of her cool disguise

an unusual sort troubled by the soothing
lawless optimism grinding her ember moves
in a sultry lap of silent wise grinning
the spilled serenade
drunk on saturated displaced wanderings
played as a thought drawn on timed paper
closing to her stinging tobacco strong hard-on
the blaring distant crave for another

and in an answer to the late romantic taste
for those forgotten ways
and the immemorial vulnerability
when she couldn't look away
but directly into the corroding lung
veins mutilated with that unique choice
to emerge out into view of sharp death
and know at last the name without rumour
and never speak of him again
but only chance back to languish
in the bliss of selfish praise
to lie in the frozen dim grass
quiet as blank mystery

we, uncovered within to unravel the paint of being
if only for a timeless inward path, to walk, now
merely reminiscent of her breathtaking speechless nothing
remaining with no expression except for the lingering
emotional imagination we created out of the independent
meeting to surpass all chemical malfunctioning, an apologetic spell,
over the mental haze of pasty swine bugs sordid with the scum of fresh love
and so the choking demise of the deranged witch appears to writhe forth
from the delicate skin of a catholic disposition, her Irish cries leaving the planet
turning with a vision of absolute right to shed a vain child for that hidden fascination

Her Terminal Blindness

why suffer for no one? how can one act unmasked and without a stage
working all day for the precarious silence hidden behind the fake dress
of the unmanifest

there is no allah but in sin

and the mad driven escapades of late prophecy
shall surely cry unslaked for damaged hate to mind
the tortured clash in the old paranoid jewish womb
torn madly across this islamic presence, orgiastic
in a bitter sullen room of pure educated angst
unprepared for the drowning erotic climb thru
chinese light mountain scare feeding the wicked
drop chemical to unknown faces in dirty buddhist
sleep scratching away at diligent pride under
the random bedridden telephone afternoon
too depressed to clamber atop gold or silver
religious feet sunk deep in an oceanic metal
brain shattering with lifeless purpose in one
gruesome laugh slightly heard before a dream
released greed with sufficient tranquilizing
numbness any man will be reduced to the foggy
stares undermining written history on sidestreets

Her Terminal Blindness II

i could not put my trust in the Name for I found there was no trust to give
I've blended my Thanks in the frozen soup of non-being and with anxiety
haste married the alone with the Alone, now rushing reversed thru a psyche
of toxic thirst and weaselly cries, my rotted teeth sink proudly into the flattened
rib cage earth in one vivacious burn moving without pause through, crumbling
ruled by life in a desirous blessing turned flesh blaspheming the wild spanish
birth into an incurable paradise tree blamed for believing the high savioress
in a lust of freed bliss as the Book churns hotly in roughened timeless rocks
stomachs flying above the crescent death swallowing weed crunching beneath
gross-footed pilgrim lovers separating behind chaotic thrust knotted disease
whitening the ancient ghosts of need in a violently choked spatial rhapsody
demeaned by a communist spirit wife leaning across the barren edge
of impotent waste and hatching crude lies for the parentless imaginations
of following masochistic children buying bloodletting knives with vacant time
to keel over a skated bench and die inside to the deliberately slow encroaching
visionary right to speak with a tongue of rage, as city corner moods phased
devils dreaming for a breathless dry winter to claim their once hard skulls
wading lightly on the ice-broken cloud rivers shot cool with bitter fear
and lingering remorse for a chance at the vagrant phantom waking to concrete
strife emerging bruised in a hurtful chemical wheezing, disempowered
as the rustic blue entombed site possessed inside a lightening, sparked
woman with face-smearred laughing hate gone into a tragic decision to leave
the irate paranoic room and want only a blade of grass to flash and defend
her terminal blindness

Her War Cry

wheat body swiftly wading soft as thru groundless western
spatial loveless cursed trace spanning the desert mount
flesh to wake a silent pain growing in slow earth-willed life
dance mockery awash with wolf saliva pooling gross
haunting moondust rising beneath open-winged trust
in perfect state of the known mysteries proud sanity
drowned quietly without bloodrape of equal birth
in phantom seas wasting laughingly along shores
strained in grey warm eyes of the elders' divine medicine
praying further only by cloud and lone milkflooded mouth
adorned with close-eye dead demonic race, a skeletal
daughter of sex work assassinated the night's tongue
in time with a rivers' golden dawn-resurrected fate
too quick to raise any notion of the trick imprisoned
hopeless and dry between two chaotic broken lies
holding maize fine steam drink in line-melted writings
bleeding in the memory of frozen-page longing
for the blessed wailing drunk wisdom who visits
the assailant's hawk in black presence imaginative
history entertains white sickness with lies of modernity
tribe passion anxiety wells helpless in nauseous flood
of genital stupidity in broken wild rooms wired to blue-
fired innocent weed cats stretching with iced skin freedom
toward northern light skies and the blameless seductress
spinning on in keeping with the beloved mind dying
gracefully inside dead hollow sheep of naked being
felt with the strength of a single drum striking the core
of liquid regularity ongoing in anatomical fright
bending past colourless hours disappearing
into the raw midday metallic dirt granting the need
of a disfigured soul fallen mad into painless fight
with fatigue enjoyment collecting spontaneity
beneath the burnt fingernail djinni powerless
to human grave vacuum east.

she exits after eating
there is no possibility of a way
to sit withheld before a purposeless snake
with two hands nervous over playful graffiti
in one dismal impoverished and foul addiction
cry for war

High on the Word

fine, mellow brother lustin'
to the wonder touch bruised
with crepuscular light inside
invite me in to your hopeless
lovin' sin, for believing is right
only in trusting the unlearned
seer's weed-flesh distance to another
separating the branded whiteskin
flood of the deathly family embrace
a lover paining, godawful
hollow estranged house
created out of thinnest mist
laughter and nothing
in the laborer's peace blues
voice of self-enslaved American
West, present in all life growing
to ignore the impressed seeds
of impure wisdom

oh blessed uninspired drinking
pen open mouthed in artificial water
way immobilized demented fate
in North Europe empty paged
vain drugged Night or smoke
swallowin' Day of the apocalyptic
salamander vision to let the unceasing
voice maddening reason-fear
in a crowded bleary road spirit
speechless to water the gold liquid
savioress draped in stony green
sitting atop the Word.

His Enshrined Imagination

Iris rings carve mythic time for browned earthen hearts
to bake in the unfolding flesh, mangled islamic guest:

is it possible... creation without the fruits of time, patience
and the delicate awareness of the end, but all stirred into one
traceless blend unique as it seems to be for always thriving
on pain in the black gong body of eastern deserts animate
sharing spiritual love displaced in a strong drug-sustained
chinatown corner hug sifting thru nasty blurred exchanges
in the divined beer swapping cool fright dreary walk
into calgary's prehistoric life, the internationalist kin
emancipation into a watchful awe-gazing strife shed
as drool in the child's grub-soft soothing bed gleaming
in the soundless prayer morning evoked as a fool's name
towers higher in disrepair spoiled to the marrow, toxic
shamed to perform ramadan slumber scapegoat bearded
disillusion chained to fear-backed wanderings, growing
small against the famine bout twisting the fat-necked, leering
smile of death-binge northern flight into irreconcilable frost
gloom branding the shack lowered friend into the vanishing
depths of abysmal life played with a smoking grimace, hanging
around the warm lonesome belly of a hindu girl dying
to be with emaciated nuns, striding back home to an asylum
burned in the imagined stone, around a flaming shrine

his momentary prostration

headaches jitter in solid time
fated cross-legged gambling
animal god explaining civilized
tragedies as scattered lines
overflow from lonesome songs
emboldened trendless thieves
rearing abandoned children
to stage personality drinking
herbs next to a sixties mother
reminiscing of lost freedoms
and the spun hush
of tormented social diction
flooding ashen watch
consoling dead time
under filthy hellish skies
as electric pollution rains
on affluent disillusion
and bored reeling
trash brother's room
with neglected clothes
slightly lit, copying pretention
phrases on faraway typewriter
humiliated as footsteps slink
past muffled voices
and loud rebels play chess
to christian hymns
as they gladly watch
grandmothers disquieting
pass from now to eternity
wandering thru life's corrupt jail
bounded rhythmic wails
as armies fattening suffer
endangered wildlife derision
seeking coasts to wash
any face in homely salt
and swim away to die
with the blessed incarcerated
nuns jam-packed
into repugnant medieval brothels
tastefully sold off to disease
ridden masses as we love

his momentary prostration II

in fake authoritative spiritual
marriages lashing out at devotee
allotments stung bricks
shaking painful etchings
as the glue of their dreams
running slowly down their hot necks
travails of bum-fathers
gaining weight to make way
for lent and noble adventures
to empty mongolian escapes
bearing knives of sick ancestral dread
covetous leviathans sinking
need unending in the glint of mothers
tibetan jewelry repeating glow of sailships
receding into dark night of history
gross primal hunger desperately attached
to the rough growling wink of her
mad chaotic beauty plunged
into nemesis of your deep
watery subconscious a filmic anima
from the ageless myth spoken
from wombs of heaven rebuked
by worldly degradation
unnerved, frightened, solarized
skin breathing liquor, nude
desert men following axioms
praying before the submissive
godheads on dusty floors

Homeless and West

a western story, brought up mentally, under the shadows of genocidal awareness
in an imported european framework, my heart is with the land as it travels
far to unknown oral mistakes and silenced wars shuddering to wake by music
or stress, higher than foggy crescent misanthrope chocolate-laced happy death
blowing madly with hot love for a small village in spain, soaking in written letters
dosed with a factual missing name, on weekend emotional poverty, translating
into a swallowed reckoning with a circulatory blessing, startled into tragic fatigue
as a laugh chosen by the enslaved and masked morbidity of our entire pain
rising to sharp rays still thirsting for a laugh in the restless reflexive past
as traditional society, ending all-praise closer to a present presence current
as a contemporary modernism that went by quick with a dreary appearance
of leery-eyed snaking disgust, to tell auto-biological graphs of chronologies
what-is expression of lunatic moods, flooded tumbling girl-play, dusty
sleepseeds first witnessed snow of winter 2009, night of october 3 piano
all day into evening, short comedies and hardships delight on a screen lit
window partly covered with bed sheet, iquitos shipibo hostel welcome colorado
momma crystals, two calendar images of torah and purim in paint gifted
by grandmother yid, china sandalwood to bring aflame when moments smell
worse below spiritual dawn unlearning the andean halted night, washed away
claimed, flying wired into the afraid skulls of a canadian middle sky
lain next to an airplane forgiven charm going green as awkward memories
follow conceptual minds breezing in primitive books to perform the other
cultural stepping dressed in thankless calls ordered by social belief
in the health of local reason buttressed with singular frailty, in biotic corners
of an old empire's dingy secondary and third-spun margin surfacing
in a mystic law to rebirth plants out of a fall, we go from the stupefied
desks of sedentary yawns, filling squares with adolescent bridges
through adult ambitions failed by the hours of appropriated schooling
to impassioned oral histories muddled with tragic non-communication
unpreparedness for the weary lies that detached family from america
society re-host to a mental labyrinth of earth-harrowed quickening
into a subtle abysmal world authorized without knowing ceremony
word-deities of upbringing as sacred dance with practice into collective
insights of the lacking role of a higher self, always captivating a stance
of material drives built higher with traditional conflict against the nomadic
movements of honest youth sinking into the invisible trench of a mirror'd door

to home sought, untold

Idolatrous Freedom

the traditional shade of an elderflower, spared
within an inch of its flavour, to walk, vibrant
puckering lover, or trace the hieroglyphic state
into a potentiality so violently immediate as to stir
the dragon-creator dormant atop his anal horde
sleepwalking of a lucid treasure buried, unbroken
sufi meditation forbidden to cease until mind dies
to self-desire and a painful overwhelming screams
helpless curiosity to the despairing demonic lore
freaked out homeless to cool hours of wrong
smokeless hope in saying

"man is the fool of woman"

and so the reverse must occur in outdoor learning
word-joke trinitarian contradictions issuing
from scared glass-treated institutionalized professor
in jail of the infamous name appearing through touch
and whispering upon backs torn to hell in war
economies willing impaired perception into paganism
politics and idol-worshipping freedom

Imagination's Orgy

and do you not trust the white breast of a louder more outspoken goddess of time
and beige as the slunk feet of hammock flesh dreaming
to weasel the southerly toxic right to dry meagre impalings
shaving the religion off a few semitic boys
to boast freakishly of a hot death under imperfect liar-fixed skies
and swollen to the bone
with a fermented drug
to cup inside the pale fragmented deep
spawning unknowns
to rasp for free
ash lights smokily charming
the courageous thunder rats of our canadian sprite
belief in an ojibwe bear savior to prophesy
distant deaths
and to sharpen the edge of oncoming economic falls
burgeoning the plasterface wretch of greed
with the lanky brethren of other shores
goring failed life into a chaotic stress
on liberality as the right hung on streets
to drown the fog bastard laugh on a tundra
of beloved longings calling through a matrix
of twisted linguistic complexity to run amuck
in the rubble cage of stone-head rabble
dead-end led to fear
bleary eyed hedonist
word-driven
magic pirates of dreary sexual viscerality
mindful of the feminine jungle
to scratch the nest of all chicas
spent in the rinds of ancient fruits
souring to within a paper swill
line-etched on the skin of the maya
beauty impressing
new unspoken life
with symbolic secrecy of an alchemical marriage
birthing redundant flames, unpasteurized honey
and a play of sadness, throated across the all-orgy

Immoral Self

master images
 the ugly
 the wrong
don't, don't, don't
please stop
hinder, impede
think about this
there are consequences
you could die, or worse?
fall, and you won't
come back
to say hello.
 pencil inquiries
 moronic, youthful
 hasty, trying too hard
 impotent bastards of denial

last heartfelt ignorants
trudge but change
cask, flask, mask

ooh, astringent pinch
tinge, cringe, impinge
you stingy bastard
just give me the fucking money!

last brand
copying fool
unoriginal, where?
interesting but understated
undersaturated, wrung out bile
stench embodied memories
call that damn cow, stomp!

smell licorice blowjob lips
too too, excessive
fake names, drudgery
repetitive, incomplete
you are monotonous
your ennui fouls up the air

Immoral Self II

senile mind in a vibrancy unique
fucking waste - the youth a magician
smiles penetrate jazz straw hats
perfect as every-ming us

al
bum

grand space nights
without no one to share
this alone life
if only you could eat me
out
side we would walk
it'd be fine

nobody's here
to tell us
we're on the right
track

but ourselves
our animals
and our G-d
who in his name

we so
confidently
murder

and destroy
the actual

across the dim
sickened coarse grass
browned and ruined
it dampens my feet
and scarred for difference

i, wonder of the shades
of gray and light smothering

our intense half-truth perception
the air, sky, grass, feet
became golden and shivering
burning and breathtaking
it disallows sight
for there is no illusion

Immovable Grand Ma

a mountain frozen with lifeless breath, hanging off dreaded fumes of painful thanks
toward a moon holding no fires for the entombed, alone rising higher than the flames
of astral pathways lighting old lost searchings in the lie of an effaced duration
stolen for a trick aloud under rocky bridges torn without a last kiss gone past
into the neverland poor shaking from their christian beds in time to create
a sweet arrangement fast to the breaking feet held out of reach to the finely dried
worshipping eastern wanderings flattened with the frailty of a single match
inspiring forests to merge in an entranced sacrifice unwound surely by the violent
hag spitting rat scorned crazed asps from a tongue bleeding without notice

Improvisatory Incarnation

from where does this mad rush of torrent in words arrive
with such blistering delicate force
on the subtle energetic debris of day
into the wonder and mystery, playing thinly
as a burst of thought
and lips rung dry with the cruelty of a true companion
in passing, the striving for an ounce of humanity
in the guise of an overwhelming persona
smug with a great risk for life
as tragedy in blank mists of bestial laughter
grave as perfection in the frail beauty of an older woman
brushing her lusty class into a frame of haunting desire
for the same lie spoken again but secretive
with a pearl of delicious innocence that pervades
the insides of a diabolic temptress nude
on the roosts of mammalian fantasy
above the high towers of urban magnanimity
by a collectively disclosed offering
to the charged return in a lovers' improvisatory incarnation
looming gracious as the *conicidentia oppositorum*
struck to the bone with symbolic unknowns
and the weird fire of a necessary hell
where smaller people toil and dwell
with satisfied physical drives and fractured
rememberings about the past self of the jailed
fugitive spying on their own kind to brainwash
the freaks of the early epidemic dread
and re-wire the human head of a cloth
torn, endlessly forlorn nation
mother of the sunken immigrant ship
still leaking from the side of every citizen
lonesome foreign mind
the sharpness of ancestral truth
share a rootless spine in the trunk of family dirt
forever lost to the ocean of simple feeling

In a drop of Amazonian water

horror in silence triggered by music machines in disrepair
half-naked cherry grains smoking toxic thirst on blind faith
and at breaking dawn the merger of filth snaking pains
at the final hours after world apocalyptic curses cast

by brown flames growling to the beat of literary revolutions
burnt out of a weathered suffering with the strict life of poverty
angling distress by the word, to mind the punished and sway
to decision-making failures hounding under soft porches, waning
delicate prairie moon dingy and sinking with the mild crooning
hidden birds smothered grossly in a hot paranoia of dystrophic sound
pummeling the ground in a loud thick burst frayed with pungent sickness
high icy pride glowing coarse in a shaded mist of sprinkled earthen mud
changing homes into the drifting bee humdrum lore intersection of sexual blues
ruffling star cold-blooded in a mildewy haze of pharmaceutical drugs and virile hate
in bookish fantastic histories, infectious as the meaningful virus thousands of ten things
purring breathless with old fishy gods conspiring to fill the raised burden of the flood
gone red with flowers of hung death as possible as the fat muse lying lazy sweet
in singing comic futility, raining murders over paid losing feet
under an alien curb phoning the gory fire of loveless space
going blank as a worthless smile faintly choking back
seeds of illicit freedom, our common belief

thank the widowed goddess of drained throats, feeling up a scratched hard box of clothing
dumped in the still margins of shells flattened as scalp for a minced tongue delicacy
of new memory, painting a worse wave-folding of busy and striving blended stories
hatching plain smells of aphrodisiac wandering, mouldy as the junk of heavenly camaraderie
with a divinely inherited choice, to ask the chemical way of membranes and threshed food
to scale the darkest cavernous simplicity, to greet dawn from an arboreal perspective
of animal dreams, fallen stray to an oncoming winter of european jail, senselessly deprived
cultural dichotomies floating over a rocky-crested flesh white with smouldering, frail
masculinity plural as the lingering, blessed by disease-ridden and blurred factory spite
to joke casually of emboldened religious flights taxed with the teeth of child sex workers

fumbling over the parents of an astral grooming
rhythmic as an andean dance hopping
with innocent inner alms, silver untold with shy gargantuan bodies
orgasming to the self-reflecting business of unprepared masking
of a collective world spine sapped into a rubber staff
blown home by the amazonian torrents of biological fame
in a waterlet drop

In Awe of Dirt

how unreasonable to be inspired by mere observance of the vast stream of monetary growth dammed under an apocalyptic laugh burned up in a flood of gaseous emanations breathed through an oily filmic output from the sexual death of my moviestar nomad beloved gazing hotly under a plateau moon resuscitated alas by the sweltering breeze of the egyptian east calling to the inmost vagrant religiosity of an embrace with her needy wires bedeviled in the fix of a nightly trance smoking clear through a body of smouldering glass so I lie and wait to dine on cruelly divined waste of the goddess in black marching with tumultuous haste into the empirical weaponry of sensual conquering, a mule broken fast against the brink of a last extinct rocky noon wandering about the botanical past with a glimpse and whisper of the pre-historical soul for a ruthless gasp pervading the ochre full criminal spine tattooed with ancient spermatozoan, ethnographer ablaze follow with a truth lost in the flash of frozen speech a maker resounds beyond the flesh of weak publicity, the origin of mass psychic identity sacred to the name before it is given to an amnesiac sickness or neurotic flight, a mindless lust for the purpose of surviving in the mud of hot creation and hung to the maze, volatile with worlds of simple renewals felt on a tongue of avian dreams willed outside the feline caress to invoke a more wild predator sifting through (revelation) a green touch inside the barefoot sleepy shallows of a temporary home underneath the waters and soils of future memory before recorded prophecies distance unlearned by the waking power of listening to an earth still smoking the leaves of up-risen sacrificial worth held as a four-wheeled cross of equal measure over a child's eye unopened lest she wail into the icy visions of universal law rattling, forsaken tradition as the worn chains of western missions succumb to the witches' healing flames, rejoicing in awe of dirt

In Detached Hands

smirking demon antennae, leap, over crevasse, smote himalayans, toward my mongol haven,
unite cultures with gimmicks, poor national cries, olden pope goading in duress, among fellows
restless help, stealing behind glassy fixations, with guarded minds, hinting in still moonlit fright,
stammering youths, prod closed doors of a church under mindful eyes worrying about the fallen
leaves of misshapen renaissance breasts, hidden behind curtains, cavorting shakespearean
funerals shitting openly at nudist congregations, as we blame the sick and weary, unlearned
siberian shamans of his cut wrist, against the historical impasse while gated tibetan braves chant
hallowed names at some sacred protest in boston, freeing desired yogic tremors from first loves
ravaging unforgiving pain, suckled at pleasuredoms of sweet revelatory belief, unseen
translucent mind quickened spontaneity, flown into black holes of pursuance

oh, tired crown lowered
to sonorous hounds,
staring at fogged city rains
aired out by a CA bride

drained nets of stalwart noon holding on to cigar fool crooning in the harrowing mist
mausoleum next to roman pigs piling in to small gaseous womb with gaping mouths
covering entire winged race ailments inflame shrill musical medicine dealing out grains
eternal damnation, pummel thy heroic forceful sweep thru empirical stimulant derision
recourse to drama, steam thatched china hut scolding red face folk ghost into dreary crosses
wrought of silvery central domination power torch searching at midnight for slumridden festival
to the rural gods drinking pitiful grape ferment at twilight of soulless flight, to estranged myopia
trendless fungal wollop bent over matchstick friends brewing embryonic homogeneity
fornicating between bundles of punk rock emulating hungry letters sitting sense-depraved
wonder peering into masterfully woven coruscant tripwaves scouring the spaced frequency
the ancestral heavenscape blue led into passage immortals detained by spatial revery patches
shadow bridge across pathless landlocked island temple wavering in mirages, distant
background mythscape bled images impoverished patinas of medieval sap luring symbolic fish
pisces reappears to the foolish visionary

In Detached Hands II

scampering across goatherd meadows and biblical farms created at the theatrical behest of kings
swallowed worlds fervent, britain's ode to jack as eulogist tears, in mad drunk swirling spite
jobless fiends pining illicit revolt on tiny individualist humour leaving the silent ark to rest
stoned woeful note jailed devotion owning dreadful concrete cops moaning for sporadic boas
slithering past jesuit bones freed jungles scratching lizard epitaphs on olympian pantheons dusted
mounds of ancient roads barren grieved pharaonic priestess rocking back and forth
before fearsome altars in masculine war as the misconceived riddles of deities slowly surpass
the wreckage of perfect afterlife wisdom as dead books crawl into the shaking drugaddled mind
of lost insane spineless hebrews becoming cannibals with hysterical tranced out pagans
under bonfires in the valley of waste hierarchy, tragic eternal fame rumoured to spy on witches
shackled under decomposed trees tenderized on rivers through immortal scattered chimes
spinning in windless astral grins under the starry wise grisly manes of winged horses dancing
under constellations of truth imageless bombs sneaking subversive governments trained smoke
with angry saddhus in cackling huts to kali ma oar snapping under wicked nightly emotional
shock wealth glutton hums wide scope of emptiness exposed winedrops finish zero streets
mesmerized cambodians shooing hairy wanderers under plastic buddhas, refurbished gurus
photographs assailing televised shores as homeland tapestries burn to the might of black magic
deathly hands stirring smile spine tingles red robed frozen time speaks crouched, lifeless
disemboweled hot oceanic spirits laughing untraced in small communities, realized minds
starved for human affection whitened sorry gales swoop malodours drunk on fungi love
reincarnated easterners sharing silent meals under picturesque forbidden city at home eying lhasa
over dreaded stews as three small girls intervene like god in a dream stranded naked sitting
under bo tree with long snaky beards composing chinese waka in rank cellars howling sax
playing crashing spastic lashes of smoke whip curls answering to the fiends of pill-eaters
girlish coyote shamans tricksters of visions planets bedded by ghosts learning to love music
breezes of softstone weeds sumptuous in devils' morning on southshore mass 6.1.07, frantic
nervous spells devious beauties soaked in hellish need, savour rugged inbred royal mystic fools
punching mantras in the dirt under metallic skies blazed under feasts customized by murder
rolling spliffs by oil lamps in chaotic widow mansions lame headstones falling on hard times
late english suicide bellowing out salient games to no one but the honest bug sleeping rough
on oriental rugs rife with candour despite mercenary hogs vying for capitalist oppression, mixed
in with heirs bawling over larval salads, grey meat relentlessly breathing in isolated torsos
blank shedding machines risky demons behaving courageously in square rooms
sugary digits crave bits

in every truth a lie

a hint of rummaging into the sterile corridors
to awful memories on the grand bloody stage
of murdered aunts and uncle's pipes
with clear minds in foggy gloom of anxious post-
colonial savagery

the divide of reason amassed
in artistic lives smoked thin to exasperation
heat of gas and animal sin, but for the protestant
hair in stupendous landmine country
enslaved on the backbone of a dictator's heart-
wrenching unearthly uncertainty crying
and blistering into the havoc of northern economic
fright to spare the music of roaming lust
the peak of despair shaped in the glass hands
deprived of nourishing salvation spared
for the scourge of an unruly barbarian invasion
of damaged pride and the split neck courage
strangling freedoms and civility with the anger
of a new sound burned into the grey matter
and skull of ugly worship turned to starving praise
and the belly up white drowning of impurity
hidden in the discoloured mud of the estranged
east europe/new england streets streaked
with a pale grimace in the neurotic religion
of genocidal rapture, trans-generational
traumatic witnessing, the dreaming fool
unknown to the page and answering ghost-
tongued ancestral tombs with a spirit high
with green churned bullet-love pipes
in mideast fatherless confounding wood-
carved simplicity barren of imperfect foreign
hoarding and violent nature, scarifying
the islamic winds bordered only by graffiti
wall troubling the bombscorched waters
of health in daylight sorrow veiled
with the trials of tar-ridden industrial remorse

in every truth a lie II

to hock sacred stones for bread and risk
the elderly bones of true words etched
on the nails of resurrected dread, a world
distanced by crime silent as quranic whispers
of a shy rebel haunted by a politics
of worthless death in the global village mind
torn and spread over mountains of cheap coal
and up-risen oriental nights sobering
to the hatched rage of the dignified defeat
to burst a shell and bury its core without
the sanity of the humble poor but in the decadent
mystic fire of soul-grounded birth, loosed
to the edge of physical pain, to return
with the voice of messianic oblivion
and to deconstruct the systematic play
of adopted power and corrupted sense

inhibitions

inhibit
insanity
in
a
sane society

INHIBITED by inhibitions

so wherein lies the silent penetration
of private life before the public erected
as symbolic squirrels crossed
into headstones of the immaterial
yet earthen flame

in every truth a lie III

the repetitious stall
drags a witch in heat enthralled
by an infanticide for the weak pelvis
slide invested as film mucous dries
and hurts her insides coming out
as neat strong moulds of the innocent
created by guilt over a wavering body
of nerves and shadow-eyed paranoia
prophesied conundrums prepared
in slaked disease deprived of another
human factory instilling a whole school
of hosts to ransack the least desired
in an unbroken scream that twists
the death-rattled call of planetary need
as a picturesque tribe-pirate

enclaves dropping thick with city work
in the lugging of sparse ideational space
figured bearing the phone booth toll
of youth splurging over bookend meets
in the querulous quick ousting for a mate
to dine in chalk hit yurt sprout wheezing
in the narcotic freeze to lasting gain
as the swampthick rise trembles
with food gush to remove thirst
from the trying lips of a foreign sister
needy as the neighbouring insight
into a people who hide

in every truth a lie IV

and what do I think?

do you want to know?

:
:

the fires of empty confusion writhe
entombed inside an anarchists'
lonely despair enshrined in the followers'
tomb deprived of life but without true
dissolution in human death

so my cathartic

ego-fix renewed in the wilds of a european
jew descended of an enraged continent
of indigenous birth.

she knows perfect english

but won't give it away.

and the cliché of rhyme

stagnates quietly in her bones rustling
thin as northwest drizzle and hollow
as a steep russian vine clung to the rod
of masculine direction into ruthless jungle
hall swept under grassroots dreams
wading in showers knee-deep in a mega-
city rancid with the vermin of chocolate
prey sweetly deprived in thirst

a tragedy

motherless seed swearing on purpled lances
for rain

in every truth a lie V

the veil upturned
in southerly winds drawn down
over her darkened eyes and the proud
match struck hung on her lips in need
for another drop of come-burned smoke
to the finely rung dry drum heart spit
on a lash with swallowed tongues
rasped to the bared grapes handed
out to forsake prayer for a whoop and wail
in the lovers' arabic grail spurned
from the scratch of a tooth and a well-
bred pale warm check to fare a predawn
flick in the accursed spanish mage
true bruja mind silent with the wise
gaze from the west to brush the gold swift
drunken calligraphic fix into a sky lust
with a tantalizing mayan subconscious
beauty reformed to sit under the totanoco
tree red with bulging tantric stares
into a forest bewildering as her living face

In Gifts of Stone

why this earthly muse that wakes as we sleep?
aspirations encountered in submerged mind
conscious of its self in the cold watchful respite
of lone swollen universal sounds, our passive-
aggressive creation burning into the restless
abandon of a morbid face-socket cringing, bitter
under a taxing new moon, social blindness
following a secondary rustic dawn, unbroken
failing dismay, weakly hoarding the pleasant
factors of a lie as we dance in new homes to elope
on trains of transient wandering wise blemishes
blushing to the violet crimson fruit fresh farming
of weird gaseous food stress dredging up ass-
holes of classist race soaring awkward under
the technical language of financial intelligence
to contact astral breasts and harvest the milk
of a disappearing shekinah mage, shuttling
coal bookish girlish moans into the untested
ears of peer research, hung swaying on rurality
fear-covered bed-sworn lives marrying cattle
to the agricultural fix of planned conquest
and feeling the shadows of mary's native wings
bleeding high eastern might into the angelic
gaze of a tourist-fallen ancient street belief
transformed to advertised modernity
as politically typecast historical hatred

Gifts of Stone II

in the drama of western time, and the eloquent
merging of night with an unbalanced perspective
blowing the moisture of a landlocked seed
into the movements of european tongues
constricting expressive chests, heaving words
into the holy orders of mushroom and cacti
spellings told only through performed biota
states of reflexive action on light tunnel-led
brave mountain monuments pervading all
possible accident in the daze of denial
wavering before the addictions of sight
and taste expanding to engulf the final
persistence of a people true to their place
as apollonic oracular division from timeless
space to the healing wish of flesh in praise
animated beyond practical thinking
into a contemplative isolate communing
by perception within skin bunching hotly
in the visceral dam of white proof linking
spirit to childhood responses of strength
in the building of trenches worth land
only told through idiosyncratic stares
of temporary elder humility surfacing
from the mouths of first-born communities
named to a spatial awareness of story
yet to overlap on the thinning dusted pages
of foreign justice re-worked, satisfactory
phase of victory over civilizational moods
jamming to the improvised voice of extra-
orbit planetary mobilization across fictions
ethno-logues of academic stashes locked
by traditional world supremacy and the forced
pangs of refuge over mind schemes at length
for mundane survival, all to laugh on a stage
of american weed, trustful as the purge of tombs
and the earth burials of decomposed character
lightly de-railing the repetitious smiles of day
into an authentic continuity, swine-leaking
generations of blessed nudes carved
into artistic gifts of stone

In Myths of Need

on first impulse, to cool brain with wordrunk rains
teeming off vibrant pathways to the imagined girl
untouched in star-white glimpse thru paranoia
jungle of fearful unprepared poetic faith lost
to the hot din around night-wine binge
to the heights forgiven of all-sin denuded
to please the free-range owlish monk of fate
brewing murder and fame in rough hurtful time

and what have we given in this powerless drought
too much the same still way away fallen to brush the violent
pill-horse stew root thrust into mad living birth discovered
calmly with single-eyed bleary endlessness, faint
on top father death mount scared to thin sickly broke
stomach meditation book beardgrin chained
to a face hung around a vine of pearls
ruthless progress condemned to mundane trade-
skinned morticians belt stirring slightly as the infant
serpent waits inside the egg

it is in such an ability to remove linguistic structure
reality from its egotistic corner
also know as human belief, transplanted
the entire field of possibly believed entities
into a new set of extra-human systems
so as to announce a clash between relatives
and absolute experience, known/unknown
the plausibility of a trinity unified under the guise
of correct application, instrument (poetry)
to remove subject/object boundaries everyday
experimental moodswing lunch drive breathing
hypnosis unconscious smoke health freely
gone at a necks' bridge crossing on the dive
perceiving holy oceanic embrace on saturday
at twelve sundown with narcotic hand caressing
the form of a dress, threatening, human monkey
in need of mythic I

in one selfless embrace

tomorrow soon grown over tall, a lie
represented as absolutely undeniably indefinite
morbid finite numbing, long for the road worn out
journeyed to the centre of the earth
it was a satisfactory blooming of shackled youth
buried under miles of molten spirits
flying destitute thru open fields
a psychedelic mind frothed over the edge
a crystal shattered to hopeless delay
waiting for a peaceful reckoning
with a god surrounded by smashed mirrors
shrieking with a distended throat
over the flash remnants of tired drug kings
and alcoholics tied to the corner of a paranoid cage
rattling to the tune of contemporary Africa
swiftly scaring away the mother soul
from the soft light, torn across the wretched
weak veldt a strewn height of suicidal beauty
the heart-wrenching disaster of truth
demonizing the way, painted on red locks
kept neatly on the ledge of a small desk
hidden away dirty moons' stare
inside the blessed virgin's present smile
warming the ground of our desire
being caught in poison webs with impaired vision
as our inner eye becomes unfocused and closes
tightly before the glowing terror
of a spontaneous contradiction mumbled quietly
from the underused tongue of a voluptuous divinity
lying on the cloud of a despairing dream
only thought matter exhales our narcotic fright
from our wicked churning bowels, yearning
for sexual love at the futile door of intoxicated brains
mixed in makeshift foam bowls with wine, following
the red deep into stitches of grisly-eyed laughter
borrowed from an old-souled roommate
back from India with lingam rocks to give
with a voracious smirk, a nightly impersonal affair
poured mushroom powder into the devilish scowl
born of a selfless hug to no-tinger-wasted sex

In Words of Ash

a scarred idealism lowers
the facial bread of the rich
and languages chart their own
demise in spiderweb structures
of accepted insanity
as the gaseous leak of worldly aspiration
into the trembling mask of betterment

disguised under persian rugs hardening
to ancient spaces of ephemeral beauty
and the stars send their messages
to the watchful mesoamerican cyclops
bird fungus of luminous earthly knowledge
conceived in the ecliptic covering
of material obsessions torn
from the bosom of comfortable banality
to create a dance of african skies
in pleasure songs, vigilant
on the genetic vine of a gaian voice
hosting a timeless fornication

homogeneous good-evil paradigms
roasting on a spit as the last human carcass
dragged off as an offering to true gods
sweating into the mouths of righteous rulers
sparing the lives of mythic ceremonial beings
embodied by womanly spirits portrayed

india-mind bathed in lonely drunk happy wonder
as the placid curves of island shores approach
close to bottlenecked english lips
of a classic charm and her studded pupils
waver quietly asking for purity
amid the acid rainstorm news
sharing false clues to peals of lush fascination

In Words of Ash II

in the dry sponge of literate authority
complicated under a spell of duress
in the deliberate spontaneity of inactive quests
to grasp the ripe and fair churchbell
bushels of bitter root sustenance
dug into the extreme fundamentalist native
bed of strong liars rejoicing on a cemetery mount

fearing for the limbs of the sky crawling
into the claustrophobic border
hell of armed ghouls plunging
neatly into a scaled dirt path
succumbing to millennia of ethereal pain
remaining uncured throughout
heavens' tragic crash of polarized defeat
against depression, joyous cosmologies
frequencies out of despair on limbo
between the stunted axe of urban strife

into the quiet I go, into the pain of living I go
and into the fall I go, out from the resurrected
ego I come filled with a lightness
and sense of eased depraved singing
the clues take me when I know
stung as a western-cast bullet
in the fecal drain of dry-mouthed cursing
I drink, the walls tumble and my feet lift
from smoke and fatigue, my drenched cap
sights the savior holding mexican visions
in the care of a blood-washed virgin
of the last colony, a digested mine
amid mediterranean fools

my teaching loses face and prepares too soon
for the dawn of her embrace and our spontaneity
laughter rings with climactic strength
in the lungs of time as I figure in words
the crushing exile of a terrified paradigm
as untold minds test the water of untrue fate

In Words of Ash III

how is pleasure unbalanced beyond light
led to senseless dreaming under a pale throat-
clenched dusty jail for the sick child
alone, inside the wrap of a flagon strung
roast of sunbaked reptilian sin

why the wine of abrahamic spirit cruses
latin drugs in vain, for power in trust
with local histories enmeshed by every rain
touched river spring mount plunged
with human fruit into a decadent stone
driven sprawl tanking into the vibrant
insides of compressed intestinal steps
up the groaning home, escape unknown
to flash night in a moment of conscious fixtures
to prove the masterwork of the sea-inspired
creatress, who minded the fallacies of corn
and opened law on the sight of the youthful
strong on the melding of sensual chaos
enlightened hoards of risk and imaginary lives
of war, the foundation of land as a body
tightening the bigotry of human right
learning a song of the universe in the suffering
oceanic brain gods of possessed appendages
failures and signs ruining the causeless
continuity in natural transformations infinite
blowing over smooth on the wayfarers blue
smoky crime to breed a self in words
of traditional ash

inn, this paranoid stolen room

answering to a first
the impermanent dusk
as to know the beat of an oncoming call
through violent songs stained
for the sheer presence of her
bearing the responsibility of a stone
praying to the other old form unheard
with the ease and comfort of our natural right
full body haunt dripping weak with fecal disgust
to drone lawless in a fix of addicted inhuman spiritual thirst
to pain for a curse in the smothered face of a distant lover
hit or shot too thin and paving the inner oil-red throat
away to rotted hogs of machine ore slavery
with pulque and chicha in the mindful highland
for the laughter of emasculated travesties
roasting a decor above the fire to caress her late anniversary
behind the intelligent cry of soundless time hoarding
fine angel in praise too bold for a farmhand or tooth maimed ejidal dare
sweetly to an imagined linguistic night to curse the spanish
east into a sea of forbidden wine, the creatures of extinct pride

faint as the lifted myths of heaven
neverending and savouring
without a reaction so passive
of feeling and licking up the wrong flush
with a floating rhythm
walking space
whole as a naked ghost
beneath a morning passed by
to uphold one simple unearthly flame
in the rut of sorry homes
the awe thriving wicked in heat
blue as the thought of broken motors
with a spade dying to gamble the indian parade
the sickened stomach of the mother pulsing
heat risking a pearl of a woman
pursued wives drunk as sin in the latin night
knowing the maya elixir for youthful tragedy
her cold inner name drily spoken by beekeeping magicians
and stretching first over the national divide she answers
fleeing with the dread of a dead lover's eyes

inn, this paranoid stolen room II

bantering to the gates of a self-manifest dogmatic leak
aside the estranged toxic fire of northern womb canadian lore

and shaved rainforest rites grow faint under an urban gloom
bribed for exploited lights to inspire the innocent hair of middle eastern brides

gold inside with a sacred leaf to ponder the gaseous faded brilliance
as a fortuitous glow covering impossible life in early defined stages of cyclical fear

and forgotten superstitions of word craft choked as a comic tumour flattened
with a medicinal thrust agape, too great to feel as a soft leg-soaked goddess

opening to disclaim her human name in a struggle for our collective mission
into the core of one hate, the sordid airy warnings of man-stand antiques

as changed material hints of physical law or the ravings of an impure daughter
blown to punish her soul in the blank infuriated and fatherless night

before dream or sleep, an old unimagined dawn repeating its glint
over the taxi ground rain to push forth with a hand smoking

for another pleasure to grieve and keep at sitting neat as the rudiments
of now plundered, for pastimes to go, crowding in a wanderlust torn joke society

enraged by the fueled masses, all possessed by the arms of war
controlling our right to breathe deep, again and purge the worst darkness of mine

inn, this paranoid

stolen room

Inner Escapism

what now after the doors have revolved
clearly to observe the freshest saturnalia
springs unwound atop the dreaded rat
king sitting high as the flowering moon
in non-chalant daze wishing for pain
drastic, razing to entice marching queens
israel out from paranoid blessings gone
nameless on a bed showered over hot
trembling arab game swollen locked
bullet-framed shores of the east flee
to a background, climbing, mythic
mount to warn motherless gods, dispelled
judgment lore into a shivering mind
rank with the ghouls of seething friends
etched into the restless polyrhythmic heart
of kingly pilgrims vying for savage kin
in their unetched stale blood, to feel the earth
scratched beyond meaning, singular
gamble of momentary sleeping sickness
silencing the shouts of wild freedom
under a domestic flag, raised sweet
religion of the others' plight, risked
self yet to ripen inside the gross egg
melt of the motherland blend, fixed aloud
beside a volcanic fountain, to drown
under the wake of accepted discourse
praise sublimating the kind divorce
from that wasted birth of lost flesh
reminiscent of the smouldering smell
infant cremation whistling blindly
with ecstatic beauty and unearthly praise

to harbour the lot of suffering, engraved across the bitter stone of creation
corroding the immediate presence of one enchanted crime interpreted
along believing lines all broken and churned in the knotted stomach
monkey ascetic stomach wine drunk on the bliss of unknowing
contorted thought drugs teaching unclear shadowy amazement within
the confined structural dome of atmospheric deception pressing
its ancient artistry onto the sly face of a vanishing trickster, wading
in the skylless fog of inner meaning
 escaping as in a dream

Instinct and Belief

a small joy seated on the tip of a chocolate-tongued chicago baby
behind a reflection of china in her hair outside the bland window
malls sweating next to an aching new yorker visiting a bit of relative
pain in the dysfunctional bowels of grandson train dismemberment
gone too soon today. and a constant music rebel loses self-
consciousness in immediate grasp of one voiceless song continuing
thru quiet normalcy to force a strange breath into the hot flaring bull
revived to despair, a mockery off loose hands, driving mad, blameless
runs on pianists' fleeting desk notation but one who writes rests
to resist the slender opening to decayed sense as a nose crossing
into an evasive personality while waiting to interrogate old hounds
with protected toe holes rummaging unbeknownst to any passerby

what travesty of youth stutters a wrong name, from high birth
improvised in space of social asymmetrical hung-up cultural tumour
phoning the sexless psychic nurse to save god-loving cronies
with fake gold around a pierced flap neck raising an inner fire
about as intense as yogic power proceeds divine to fade
and undress the stranger unwound by strangling attempts
to slow a chronic inundated sage, hosting a frontier detached
and misplaced to recover the unschooled mind, rough impressions
as mystics in central asia hold hands with indian mules stewing
african cauldrons and fixing monkey brains as the train rides
into a sky saying yes, flip jailer hats in mexican space, read glyphs
on LSD page lifts, perceive mayan skulls on the stake above
any grandparents heavenly song still ringing proud, busted
egotist american fate, by a neighbour flushed in smog
and traces of every god's business breaking their fast, timeless
friends over the boasting folk fires scrounged up fine
sifted soil calmed with saliva boiling as the birth of islands
sunk day of traditional wilds, strung on, smooth, shakeable, frayed
sunset-made panoramic swoon, meaningful as the black stag
wading shocked in a venom slick mud night-turn thru hillocks
orange horizon meeting with timebound drunkards working
logs in back rift spoon drop sleep hurled, villainous
fermented sky this path's angry lore quickens
with the speed of the arab horse at war, tribe-footed
tree-rooted deep in the watery core of mounted stones jutting
into a cursed matchstick land all had with industrial weasels
still pouring amnesic weed into hopeful canals snaking
into the brutal fight for instinctual creeds

Institutional Ecstasy

a tunnel thickens with a suddenness
dragged across disempowered
floods of unimagined pasts
gold with futuristic calming
as unfinished white lights
plug our ears with a following
to ask no one for no thing borrowed last night
over trash and games pulled outside to conspire
dead as crime collecting bushels of nature
possessed food as we howl entrenched
in the mad snaking pains of sorrow
redeemed to chosen poverty
hinting at secondary envisioning
growing cold with the timeless
drudgery or pluralistic violence
insinuating mistaken groveling
for the gem of birth in lone pauses
with mother flaking willfully
untouched as the hours change
as words smoke thought
bridges of milky thirst, savouring imprints
a corrosive shine as tasteful as rustic brushed lines
mimicking the scrambled blaring
church talk of bloated hegemonic hope
in idiosyncratic desirous freedoms
linguistically tested for experimental junk
pleasuredom water kingdoms that blunt
under the watchful turning of death
assimilated in frantic distress
pouring fingers of liquid flesh
in wild tragic lands covered with a hindu dress
in the story-chapter business of drug-trade fixes
untold with a wizard's windy sleep
painting angrily in the faded addict morning
to cough and blow short
waves of drunk estimation
for the universal
presence of self-slavery

Institutional Ecstasy II

to unfold on earthly drives
hardening billions of throats
with tolerant empathetic traits
glowing insecticide drumming
that journey hot
to a rolling cannibalistic boil
murdering a strange foreigner
who becomes one
in a circular conscious vine
struggling to group under an oceanic sun
listening finely to a mundane friend
whose tears shake the oldest blundering ground
as a well frozen
with african infamy as we ask infinite charms
to lower their grave suffering
as a mask in a personified theatre
to re-sense the chaotic
tenderness of over-acting and undamaged
horning into figurative plausibility
and so I dance to borderless fires strongly kept
in aged vegetal heads of institutional ecstasy

Life in a Blizzard

cold like an inescapable blizzard
warm like a new blanket in winter
to mask the reality that there is cold
in the world, but it is better to feel
warmth as to be comfortable, to be
content with life or else why
is life worth living?

Life in the Reactive Mold

the potential discourse of dis-tract-ion and the plague of its aftermath
an unborn puzzle of no-resolve struggling in the fires of buried hearts
fighting to cry amid the bothers of social upheaval and outright injustice
human derangement unprepared for the self-sacrificial death, inherent
love embraced at death and the cruel gyrations of hope writhes
at every cyclical march of the spoked-wheel burning a fragrant release
for the blessed fool of righteous displaced feeling
verbal power dissipates at numerical magic of mythic hours
failing to conspire reality in a name.

repetitious false blurry muddle diminishing the blaze, to a spark of wonder
in the forgotten pages of misinformed shady lights, journeying lost
to dismantle fear as a jungle business of unearthly guilt
smouldering in the native brush beyond the psychic cold, alone
and shocked-hungry gold claiming foreign value in the spaniard's eye
for a nostalgic food or infant lust in bleary drug escapades
shallow as the history of medicinal mud visions brightening
to a diligent coloured hand, shortening breaths
within the pain of sensitive word healing to reinforce the mental
fractions of a scientific brain jamming with sloth and praise
negligence hides man, grave, chewing earth in a rustle of jailed deformity
cornering the falcon stew to a thought exploit, droning in worthless time
forsaken early conforming in fleshy apparent smog of class
and spontaneous awakened ash of newfound meaning

in a canadian blush of north american shame for the totality of life
in world-suffering paradigms of ignorant inaction strung
with historical plays of bad warning and childless misbehaviour
of rumours in final written shape of daylight prophecy
to worship songs of living truth in outspoken insanity
gone unseen, unheard, and popularized behind theatricality
design of positive lies breaking over the political beds of a fast
sexual money bugs rearranging social order to the pattern of surface
borders imagined to the extremes of nonbeing as essential, existent
reason for following the crash of secret belief, trashed, soaked
groggy and looming torture of bodiless fumes glorified as wrong
to blame the spiritual wife of hate, strong as late uprooted anger
famous mind pushing forth into a womb of loss, growing to search
for the story of a life born from inside this creative laughing
old silenced ancient night, linguistic switch-press
stuck to the filaments of electric height, to reduce us
licking passion up the sacred flight as a reaction to the mold

Living Folklore

binge greedily and listen to symbological weakness
strive in a succulent breeze, fleeing
the broken chalk of tattered street music
as demonstrative facts wrinkle a mortified neck
climbing with force, to market our troubled religiosity
banned on the wire, as perfect as her laugh
after dining on yak

to connect our seasonal acclimation
to rustic blanket love
in sacrificial trappings overseas
coming out at once
whatever that is, so I use the words of a bubbled salivary sprite
and worship lanky women to eat off ill cries
without lunging over barroom desks

stuck and impinged with fornicating missionaries
busking at riverside pathways, finally, derided at last
to copy the runoff wishes of learning from otherness
as candelabras of individualistic jewish holism nourishes
the impoverished american weaponry of joy
for the simplism inside mobility, profiting off hosts
showering under a lush astral tomb

playing possibilities of washed grainy features
that smell whisking candid voicings from the untouched
mud of airy wire-lipped brothel fumigating
to walk carrying purchases and sleep
on the back of panicking reeds intoned
to material divinity, breeding racial insanity

as the conversed thoughtless burdens of our planet
position the heart of man's communist erasures
working with soil hands that fail to sing instrumental
pleas of fake and conjoined or altered satisfaction
in sexual release, to pocket white phantoms of blonde mexico
wests that smell kindly on victory's signed pages
granted free measly belief as a fuck

Living Folklore II

with belligerently fathered holes screamed on television
things and stuff cajoled at the frequency of a hibernating breath
gone visible through lost pockets between arboreal relief
to mend the medicinal inspiration of the only tortured sound of the city
blindly expressing under-nurtured feet still traveling
close to the beloved gleaned from red causality
from the wordless divide, by palestinian force

born into a channeled iconography of sitting
mixed organs torn and muddled as we soar forward
on the accented language fits saying goodnite to a thankless beauty
feeding her soul with the silent mourning of weary poetic rules
living by a constant tug with folklore

Living Life Alive

religion the trickster embodied in the indian jew
who wastefully vanished in the wilds growling
about the mayan seer, spitting violent failure
decisions cast as a net-sparkled disease
morning's ocean belief imprisoned by fog
hush drum rustling in soundless vacant sleep
ghost river forest, hanging disaster in pain
locomotive american heat, blustering through
soft naked groundfoot lovelost to toxic dream
emerging unknowingly from grave skin-blush
world-name reasoned out of the active past
and insane weakness humbled into a hypnosis
act of perfect rhythmic answering to the shamanic
laugh silent hunter cheating metal, cold, lusting
mouthed passionate face of the only mother
awake, straining giggle, between the bloodsick
cheeks of bold sun sacrifice on altars of creation
word to pierce phantoms' dreary alien fate
with scarred phallic bodies, ruined to wisdom
desiring voiced sexual imagery, gripping nightly
rubbish to valueless export of the abundant
endless seed source vaporized, unborn
void in waking gravitational flux, sharp-ended
madness fearfulness freed into growing prowess
lightly smothering the opaque fallen lunatic
shroud furling loudly in sad wind flight
lowell beloved savoring stretched belly
nearness to a body shaved too close
for memory solid as the white blessing
left to hollow doubt with fleeting homelessness
coward, unconscious gong-screw bearded
idea listening to absurd comics

lonely, following anti-social gun-drugged villain-brained no one divination-feminine
stillness mystery surrounding yonic mind who silently purged their death lie states
questing for mantric therapy to shoot an arrow through infant trust in vain time
illusion and wine-flooded deserts bred bitter tastes in proud heavenly martyrs' waning
cry echoing with shiver from birth and sinful eyes, feeling I, here, pointing to depths
reflective of inhuman sight, seeing life alive, try.

Living to Consume

and with lasting humour the teeming vestiges of a young culture can emerge into the convulsions of honest experience with humility from the low wave birth and lust for the devilrous gain of irrational trials, overwhelming the engrossed savouring modern tongues colourizing their grief in disorder, meaningless soul delusions failing to wake from a fantasy of possessed beings, identified as the destroyer inside, to coin a phrase and simply blend with the liquid scales of evil men and vacated milk-pressed veins descend into a vision of the white light vanished by the sound of wood-shack graves split underground in suppressed lore, always leaving the message open for it is a projection evidenced in the conscious right to exist as is, alive. when overzealous addicting traditions surface over the silly diligence of habitual remembering in the nonplussed self-destructive binding to local hells skipped over in the yiddish dance escaped from crossed seas and the story of the liberated order abandoned in drunk joy shouting, to no one for another leap the watery slipped law untamed by a muffled contemplative binge-king

M

man and cat

a man and his cat avoid each other in front of a blank television screen
both seem content with each other's inhibited interactions
the slightest movement from each sparks haughty concern and trivial despair
they recline, in unison

man (thinking)

the crickets flow with a bassy rhythm
mimed by the hum of the refrigerator
and the shrill revolutions of a computer fan...
the cat's snoring is impudent, disastrously out of place and annoying
oh the round face of this bug vermin
his sleeping, like a year round hibernation perfected
his atrociously unnatural domesticated species

cat (thinking)

...what a day, hair in my water again, the dog's bowl is ruthlessly unclear
my energy seems to dissipate with age, oh but alas am I ripe for rest
unending laze of life, I dream of soggy kitten food again

man (thinking)

old cheese in vegan stomach
I cry in pain next to my only friend, the cat...
an elusive spider awaits for me to dream
so that web of biological strands may cover my unconscious
in a smoky confusion and the bite of forgetting
indulge the trick of fantastic illusion
sharpening my higher perceptual drunkenness
into a visionary hiatus for gods and muses
in white ink seeds born to clot the megaton asylums of ancient charity
symbolic peace kneeling at the edge of an atomic race
beautified silent rubble craving and sucking wild opiates from the taliban
while the austere ash covered trance of earthly fire evaporates
the blood of jealous hate soaking the holy land in judgment day prayer
for a drought Nile journeying away from this green death
into a blackness unknown, the sand-whipped grin of saharan desolation
training the poison rattle of inner man to say Ra!
nevermore I can not rest. the brewing untouched potential DMT
shavings pocketing by a beneficent friend
now dancing around a sexual madness of world music
bodily infatuation with tensionless greed
escalating unstoppably in the Seneca forests of New York
when the lap of Kali received me gently on deadly scorching hills
(weird)

Man of Carnal Greed

an ungodly hand permits sacrilege, finally
at the agape foppish superstitious blunt drunk
meandering score with a leery cry
but gifted man exists to wish for his family
at the well of biblical infirmity, and so
a brutalized urban monkey crawls breathless
on the ruined peaks of modern peyote-
athletes with sierran tribes flying
into the delicately strewn web of future delusions
on the farcical screen of profanity, numbing
the masses, racist, worship at the altar
of a querulous sign gone unanswered
in the spiritual offices of perplexing derangement
for a guide to punish the rectified ghosts
of magic in trance before a roundtable
of parasitic liars speaking green, taxed
black liquid of naïve explosive lust for the brain
sharpened with wasted reception
discouragement to run outside with gypsies
in the bluestained deathless soul
descending before mixing with the soporific
sap-nosed holy impostors
listening, mindfree and escaping
known belief in an ideal space away
from law and hope, just a silly grin
and steamed pot of an inclusive brew
sparkling with evaporated food
the conscious glow of ecstasy
streaming third-eye news
regularity, the vast psychic dawn of early pain
ending beyond the rainbow prisms of mighty birth
into a starless round, disabled with a divine mystique
under the folds of a cemented-frame-killing-bowl

Man of Carnal Greed II

full monks in active taste for gaian connectivity
landing with commotion and a word-stricken clue
to stay and smoke, static, bemused lunatic
sitting dazed nightly with madtalk
more bong than a chalk-flattened professor
entombed tongues weeding thru clear
faces in a wild-scope for a blush to send
the dark choppy intellectual fears, lost
humanity into the uncooked golden reed
fanning mandatory pharaonic spurs
into an ageless vagary, reticent
as the light that dreams itself, cruel
haughty stare kept flowing
behind glass belts and fascinating hells
ignored from within a blinking metaphoric sculpture
impervious to the flustered choking
breath of the high doctor accursed and rapt
a winged sprite unified thru the sound of the letter
unknown, elevated by the waters still imbibed
underground homes, choosing justice
the right body sacrifices the presence of the limited
one, his frightening prophecy spelling oblivion
for the carnal reckless greed in man

masochistic reparations

gong-show-raging mind, a false concept
bruised inside next to the door of blame
quicken child feel inciting lifelong boon
awkward sexual devotion to a celestial woman
encased in feverish irresistible gorgeous delirium
a beauty so finely particular as to be hidden away
lightly without notice, behind ruddy cheeks
blowing smoke outside in melted snow
the crisis of interdependent irresponsibility
freed dancing humility, snuck tightly bound
within cheap hipster paint, to match a pair
leather boots secured in fashionable quiet rooms
a demoralized trap for messy lies to cake round
forgotten tiles, inebriated, unsure of remaining life
lain-down fatigued and parched natural light fades
buddha hides under hanging plant shadow
peaced out cathartic repertoires of maddening delusion
screen my pride-sick hungry mind unto a shapeless land
pathless confusion troubled by the milky grandeur of crying
muddy hideouts, drab fog thins before insect wine buzzes
from your veins cracking shone seethe
in a dank atrocious grave, shivering uncontrollably
in the torrential rush of an acid breeze
hailing naked obscure travelers through vinescapes
lover's den saturated with untouched grime
sleeping turtle turning uncomfortably around railways
chimes of a silent navajo flute wept for the dead
lover of sour intellectual pains, breathing dirt mold
thinking of a song, undone by an airy voice
humbling a coarse face into restful submission
the laugh-stunned fake dreaming, inside, plastic
woven tragic webs, salt-dry larvae living
cotton shawl over the whole torturous beauty
unsigned with trite weeping-scorched thoughts
hanging nightly from the unrecorded caves of shallow sleep
straining bored and filled with dreamt fatigue
the waving dusk humiliated with each blow of smooth melancholy
escaped inside desert weeds hiding behind minds of tragedy
sick fire deadened to a single isolated drive
thru masochistic reparations

Memories of the Egyptian Sun

a still quiet drab cold lies unforgiving with each scratching into the dim
shameful possessions, building on first canadian nights grown old
in a second's time and aware of the alchemical gold, rage spewing forth
from the decadent weary pages of antiquary travel and staged emotion
touched with the sleepless pangs of homeward snowy birth, fading
dawn's bus spans fearless awe, the rocky depression envisioned
at first in a shy lone hovel, escape to reach china with a lame leg
and battered teeth torn into dreads hanging across, merciless
eyeing a wolf glinting wild under a shallow icy grin, curved, insane
as the tribal menace learns from the fool in an hour of dismay
to sober up with hash-inflamed ghouls, spry as the ancient fight
sneak calmly, as an enemy lover into a child's heaven, to create
a shaman's skin drum, void at the centerless eternal sound, beginning
mandalic awareness in a bookshop, tranquil sunday eve, broad-hooded
space breathes in free blessings, abstained greed, pulverizing, inverted
facial soles scraped to the bone as the last vestige north, systematic
ecstasy sent thru narcotic jungles of embittered religious will
to gather secretive nomadic chants, one vibrant spoken belief
edging beyond the frozen high dusk, brightening amidst trouble
foggy street growing thin in the faint oil-coloured sorrow, us, shortend
day, a billowing smoky youth spits fragrant junk into an early human phase
breaking moonsilent slaughter, waking the afraid to unexplained laughter
to coax the sexual light, fervour of provincial welcome, uncorrupted, virgin
sight of the new world, to flaunt her prized daughter, away in frenetic beehive
industrial slaves wallow in eternal sympathetic pleasures, distressed
the blush unfurled red god appearing across the shuddering erotic death
the aborigine in heat sacrificing the core being of the all-mighty child
granting a communal force into the invoked loss of white disease
lead-smearred grease fingered intellects preparing weird toxic dreams
to molest hellish intoxications, drilling ire into the full shade
grumbling of a wild ancient mage, trapped under the veil of a hard
egyptian sun

My Dream Cousin of Otherland

characterized by lack of leadership, self-asserting the inability to protect presence, the refractory moment, diversely appealing to the dreary, confused without lying, for night to coax a lizard, detracted from the slash, divisible ward that flags, shrunken asexual homes on the living stage, oceanic disasters as victimized psychopath liars train their hunger and blow gold smoke hope into a night, raining toxic cash onto a foot-wallowing rat intimates calling rudimentary fires into laudable being, amiable, right given populous language pipes, thinning by the ages, stripped, forgotten invisible, dialing light, glowing cold atop a shallowed feared moon seeing animalistic starvation ring in the boundless eardrop night of hiding greed for blood released into a swollen taxi of panic or failure, as we blink free as callous disbelief in the random ghosts of a certain dignified rage eloping as a spaniard's falsified page, to grasp the indigenous, looming far beyond the vehicular panorama of physical strife, on the mexican plains of californian gang-rape waves, stashing group photo exhibitions, tattooed old fame to await the sacrilegious jew with wild nude shoes and disengage the impoverished trash clearing the boulevard of imagined leaves birthing funerary wives into the delicate visitational eve, gone to coast the under-dressed savioress, blooming sexual missions, religious face of hair-grown names, come-drained and filled with the blame of billions multiplying ancestors, trouncing on astral ceremonies and pueblos afire with the drifting sins of sangha imaginings, blizzard conditioning in the ordered bone-set breath aflame in calgary! tower of impressions monetary gain as the irresponsible child drinks insane, burnt-throat drifter binging crude in the alleyways of overweight reservation-players gambling trainwreck lives on soft sensual surprise of landlocked ice noon struggle on the back page of homeless french possibility, cinematic sight lost as an orchid gnome, defiling bridges from here to our nation a misnomer, as imperialists of the colonial hate that rode over dried prairies inept to know the meaning behind sweetgrass-piled shores, rotting in mud droning indecision over the far-reaching pluralistic core, enlightening ratchet-border wheel tombs stretching as roots minted by a sacrament offering to the immediate collection of suffering heaving a sigh our feet as expressed fury of a psychic land eye-molding the spiritual brain of active need positing the reductionist feed of universal profit a tear-stoned female war, leaning sorry over highway misdirection given the chance to be as free as a rainless winter, cousin of hail stopped smiles surviving amid forest zones, forbidden as sex home of intellectual sleep we rough up neglected family through

creative dream leaps

my orphaned conscience

schooled in warhorse scares
barring helpless moping street peoples
from swallowing their messy dessert

like friendly snakes and menopausal women
seedy membranes closing and stretching
across dope-sick bellies internalizing aggression

and future tears smudged like white wedding cake
a secretive mechanized affection
smug lives sipping beer in warm rain

with inebriated anticipations of portuguese exploitation
solitude in ephemeral voidness. evolve. so close
I feel nearer than ever to this growing flesh

borrowing the sketched meditations from rumi and kabir
I give in to the sufi draw. long and forgotten
musing on the perfect raisin, vineless grape

before fermentation and ecstatic intoxication
wander on the wild song of eternal men dancing
in power circles to the breath of the one

hidden no-thing, entranced by a single state
dissolved and fragmented by western bombings
of super-reason darkening my lonely arrival to escape

holy manacles vibrating with sweat toil of beloveds
incarnate in the flooded bridges to freedom city
digest noise and colour in acid stomach night

cowering like wounded deer under half moon
suburban yoga scratching sanskrit calligraphy in pencil
a tumultuous blind walls in scintillating transparency

bound family grief, united in emotional spirit
ancestral presence, gone to avoid a disaster
memorized neighbourhood movement, now striving

my orphaned conscience II

with bitter narcotic diseased armament
my confessions, dry as the masked pride of vomit gone sour
but plain in the hot sun of day, moved by the determined

experiment of Wolfian suicide
I recline with childish paunch, muttering weakness
in drab home, a source unbearable, intestinal grounds flying

out of time and shot thru with fantastic desire
gone, bloated with race in the penned energy of twenty years
male praying to mother's guru on soft evenings

influenced by neighbours' lingual hounds following the push
to egyptian haste in an office impatient with a constant
pissing father listening sporadically to joke existence

thru sacred psychic mountain eye. laughing afraid
at poetic injustices fooling father death
grandfather time chugging rounds of whiskey

in beer fat sheds. lowered to the fate of decomposed leaves
in the after rain wooded ground of transcendentalists
saving the headache of international policy for another generation

shy smoking townies huddling by candlelight
glancing at antique clocks with grand paranoid institutions
feigning ageless elation with honorary practices

on the steps of a most mundane church on earth
birds landing on half eaten scab roads
changeless in shaded urban neo-classic mirth

dining with sodden deformed vets
haggling the sky with chest wrack puffing glory
solipsistic impurity. miserable white, severing ethnic belly

land to natural peace only known by elder suffering
on psilocybin mornings, public see-through awareness
learning the brightness inside, shielded by schoolboy meaning

my orphaned conscience III

to desecrate momentary significance in transient mediocre art
presenting sale items as their soul's manifestation
in light and shadow or symbol and meaning

an indirect correctness, a signature, to be spectral squirrels
neglected by real earth being humans
work and murder, falls' gods gone nameless by the ancient mind

rising apocalyptic destiny. oblivious holding of the striped flame
tattooed on the mixed race of nuclear genocide
landing over expatriate saviour-fighters, for tomorrow

ready with pen and standing out with tea-head faces
winning rifle-shell memorabilia over cards and hard drink
jets light off at the moment of an intolerable massacre

for middle eastern moneys, in crude latin prisons overlooked
by the capitalist world regime, overthrowing tyrants left and right
profiting and hiding from mob sports fans eager for spiritual fun

as the battlefield of uninhibited orientalist sex
with commie homeless nuns threatening our nude soldier bodies
with my orphaned conscience

N

Native Children

what sleep will claim this undead hungry insanity, striving
to be simple and know the peaceful grave awaits

a young monastic race distrusting the blood rock caress
a barstool doom, faint as the ruined accursed page, pathetic

in the drunk dawn, calling the unexpressed past, receding
without hint into mighty sin, enforced by late minor piracy

tempting blown heads into a bittersweet sexual fantasy
braving an artistic face, pale as the innocent lame rascal

dramatizing a glass, as savours pondering a pill bite
for the bubble girl with pungent eery-eyed fatigue

catching up fast around the bend of broke casino light
mute rain smattering lively krishna blessed by torn humility

willed passively with grumbling sorry awe sickening
the dust scheme spy tasting oil with cold forgotten absurdity

law testing muscular words with grimy smiling, uprooted
clothing washing away without that golden toast to failures

a dim profound distaste for a total social undoing inspiration
moulds its way into the stone carcass of mountains

visionaries humbled patiently under a sand-tested east
moon corroded by an estranged illumination, crystallized

in mist-waves appearing faintly behind a raw nerve, split
drudgery stamping a frozen ocean red with humanity

thirst of formulaic thought collections unlearned
musical clarity opening wine bottles to spontaneous time

milky fluid gasp fetched purpose on 17th street and blew
it in the rain-hot dumbed down adolescent respite to follow

reality into a sordid worthless squandering, bleak, chaotic
high dreamt clear as extroverted redundancy dismantled

Native Children II

ravaging crowds proceed to gamble worldly colours
border delight scrambling for a hook-lipped tricksteress

to floor a rude binging impoverished woman with anger
& necessity - nonsense lore happening by chance

under sober distress; the skeletal jew american scholar
burns operatic martyrdom into arabian patriarchal war

sentimental choice of a skinned fowl from brown-lands
hearts worn alive around decapitated shoulders

bled to display obliterating spine-cored twisted freedoms
sweet anxiety of culture, born from a seed removed

impolite foreign police hoarding vomiting street fountains
wealthy meat-vermin boons to eternal wretched nowhere

arisen hard and fresh from its gloomy neurotic sleep
this paranoid diseased jewish weakness writhing onstage

if a photographic grandmother demoralized, boorish
freak despairs in daily tree thanksgivings (hating to be

just what was given) in the bold thunderous wintry kind
lie that smothered the only hope to dry growers' arms

millet simple as a match breaks over a heavy relief
politically ransacked heads of near-eastern women

grieving for I am not the canadian muslim I thought
I'd be, and now a floating impossibility to enlighten

the face of a wandering guest disempowers the deathly
unshaven burden of my shamanic atrophy under this sky

swollen nude power forced onto voluptuous madness
depriving the earth of its exclaimed embrace with her

native children

New Elizabethan

Elizabeth who wrote sentimental lyrics of undead love
on broken jealous tobacco leaf and saved the torn edges
of Kerouac's lonesome traveler, with spiteful Dr. Sax lowell eyes
tumultuous self-blaming amherst soulmate playing the silent brown shuddering earth
like a pocket of foam swaying in purgatorial forest lawn in suburban soundscape blues
ruffled by marijuana distrust, hungry shitsack morning under herbal confluence
at brother's trade. the past lives from vietnam to chinese poetry
grown men in fields and gardens or mountains and rivers, violating memorial cities

loss of disappearing friendships, far-away. atlantic fluke trap bellowing naked, echoing
doom for romantic red hair sour in concrete distance
swollen feet birthing fraudulent rage and stumbling grin of wild mystery kid
showing up unshaved, sweating in tongues, rapacious, smoking carelessly
inside youthful inebriations, impossibly uncontrolled mind-breath
wandering on white void panoramic journals, caricatured, geographical
death-space or bardic shack melting with overgrown medicinal dreams
sputtering fiery blessed foreign stares, willing holy bowls to ash and hope

drugged believer sending fatigued expressions into the forced din
of muddled wakeful stoning. the butchered deep cult truce made with cheer
and subtle sight for sacred design, patterned multi-versed room, coruscant
like the crystal home of galaxial intent, as vacuumed potential
pouring toxic grass in somatic mouths of endangered indian grandmother
singing with sunfire of big mexican cat liar, eating sacraments, praying
tears from ecstatic embrace for cactyl potions brewing a hot ecology

as war and peace meet like lovers in the parisian roma night
painting the rock hard gods of antique spirit, shelling the skies
with dark remorse, ungrasping humanity frightening the viral seas
into pickpocket deception, a muscular wheeze and cough smooths
sorrowful sands uncovering wine-thick primordial bloodsoup of desecrated forests
ghouls from a haunted paradisiacal memory rapt, mangy with psychedelic goddess

Newborn Love

a goodnite song to lift the whistling spirits of neverending loss
to kill the dance of pure love in a voice that moves, naked
unblinking before the maw of gaping innumerable mouths
sleeping fruitless, dreaming a sweet push through the vacuous
terror or sacrificial ecstatic mastery over a body, dazed
happiness forever waiting in fleshy business trust, thinking
of throaty aftermaths and political bombings rampaging
the churlish english fads into pandemonium gall, distressed
with wives of plain, meagre aspirations to sink, worthless
in the mud of rash, pride swinging across golden oceanic faces
meaning whitened moral psychedelic folds as art
shacks of real sickness for society, cast into ugly fixations
as pasty-eyed moderns root through blocked passages
to nowhere special, raining in the windy foreign unknown
land of stolen freedom, crashing with nauseous chemicals
driving fruit into succulent catholic punishment games
reigning over the religious preparedness to stare mildly
into mother's glare, to be the better dreary divine signal
our presence, weeding out the divide of children
bundled in incense dope, cooled toward tomorrows
false stories told by mother over a bed lined with eternity
securing newborn love.

Night of Maya

whether one is into religious culture, or religiously cultural
in order to maintain the authority/responsibility of earth being
existence as conscious human one must know how to live
an experience of the inward transformation from specific slave
dependence to mastery over created creature thru creative
creator, a process (also known as free speech) altogether
unknown to our modern words & flesh pleasures god/life/truth
meaning emptiness is the unwritten end on paper temporarily
destroyed by body pencil held under painfully unconscious
sway of unbroken spirit through deep veiled heights wrought
out of the skeleton of nothing in the heave of frost, jeweled

in pitch golden night, bent with satisfied ire damaged with coal dark
flames bearing the gilded tears of my soft-toothed beloved, away
in an elegance as lacy as amazonian taste comes crowding
disinterested, weird turning gazes screened by sad tomorrows
light, excruciating circumstantial nowheres, blown apart
serpent spine glown sharply as a hiss crowned atop the amber
-like heavenly wrists of the queen pharaoh's inflected self
swooning fire built as in a dream upon the pyre of ancient backs
timeless with men roasting under entombed gods of lust
arisen from hanging altars, orbiting the cosmic mount olympus
hooded wisely in pale lightning eyeshut commotion, tuning
the mind of great unfoldment resurrected by ancient lunatics
vine-wrung lightly around bejeweled convulsing necks
startled by a heroic suicide, blasting paranoid thru fog-lifted
trance-enchanted war, seated motionless in caves of a mass lie
implanted as narcotic laughtrip televised to empty bright-
roomed shells penetrated only by one asian seed flying
higher than the invisible torch of lifeless space, to awe
and wonder at the impossible statues, longing for tradition
crude picturesque hurry fills womb slick void, warm
new birth of love pangs jaguar moon-ghost sitting awake
under breathing jungle haze lowered as a god's mask
pulverizing doom-quaking pyramids in frozen hell rain

Night of Maya II

sunken wizard gassed for a psychic rebel dance afraid
with smoking laughter in a homesick timeless embrace
the final spawn of his own criminal arrival on the shores
of wealth & blasphemy, so suffering goes on worsening
the bruised, restless bloodied skinned humiliated ancient
indigenous right to be, the unholy drug power manifestation
of dead matter bred lightly amid web-like strands
of stealth consciousness brewing underground
in deep gut-spawn rushing veins curling and peeling
around the crest-worn nerves of dreaming men
malevolent eyes hidden in stone currents widening unbroken
thru natural dungeon, legs immovable as the great central
fire craves the feminine

spirit of maya, destroyed, illusory
blessing from the atlantic's cold perfect cross gripped
loosely, a single hand changing thru animal war
whoop falling dispassionately with failed urban doubt
drunk on enslaved power, shaped as a liquid written in oil
a painted fat of the blackfeet's rascal father, lying in his grave
songs of praise for the vanishing matriarchal mind
now begged with rancid flea-torn cries of earth's rattling
death-sworn night

Night of the She-Animal

the black sheep stands awkwardly
at the seventh gatepost of hell
fixed on her studious mechanical blindness
flaring nostrils and kicking dust
before the strong dictator's glare
waiting for cries muffled by oil
thick sweat beading around the corner
lips of the twisted malnourished mammal
breathing in ageless despair
at the sound blur of the wild, restless
cruel howls under a bull-horned moon
unveiled mystery woman
invoking unearthly beauty

dark as space-void endless
in thinning mist of unbroken mountain lineage
the unfailing intuition of a hash mosque
crumbling in disrepair on the edge of smiling poverty
among crusted sponge-brained martyrs
nailed to the lost child of god-remembrance
a quiescent dance reforming the sexual torture
grouping. tightened flaws slipping by
the weight of masks and chain moralities
sickened bursting appetites, gargling
money-tasting lick of womanly death

my body becomes sensitive
to aware animals, openings fill
with a light dimming in frail
immature suffering. oceanic
baraka fleeing drear night
in warm genital mixing, town
brightened by reflected liquid dream
sealing the narcotic date with subtlety
crafty gluttonous tests

Night of the She-Animal II

hard unfeeling internal mindless bastard
praying all day in glory of womb nowness
closing from regenerative duplication or mirror-
shadow energies becoming, dispelled and shattered
like the holy name surfacing above the gentle silent vow
laugh-trained breath rising and moaning lusty wish
fast explosive poise with serene cosmetic grace
enthroned gold divinity seated like gotama
for motionless beshtet to present the unrivaled heart
of true being, on this conflicted wound earth
torn and crying to G-d family, brewing thought
afterthought of drunken sleep

mythological act of time-space growing
and loosening the sensual grip of birth
and unknown nesting in estranged homosexuality
gardens with the only key to brotherly recourse
to the wise nothing. tragic soaring eagle demon
hiding in metal shine of silvery delusion
with criminally insane suit-and-tie bombers

Nude Poverty

I would i.e. be supr-eyesed?
if the room filled with blackened skulls
screaming aflame atop a lightning drugged
yurt drowned with fraudulent gains
fixating on rasputin lie, trashy, faded
glaze-tuning the forklift pirate smoking
bowl after untold cough spew re-worked
afraid, gorging on panic-slave derivations
offering quarter to the milk-death
fallen, roaring, offing another pirañita
temptress embodying the last nite
of ruined urban jungles, asleep
meditating and daydreaming, wet
into the long tunnel-drunk LSD morning
proud of celibate dreaming
that cursed wildly for misdemeanours
filling the native law of planetary spirit
confounding birth on sight, lovely
choked, willing a physiological grail
as psychic buddhists intent on defiling
the mad lowly drifter, sacrilegious
derangement all run amuck
with plastered yellow drool
thickening at the drop of each smell
impoverished, waking nude

0

Ocean under Salt Moon

*who attracted you into this world
shall be your way out*

dream visitor with bulbous frame
talked drearily all night with such spite
as to ruin the violent humming, frustrated
fainting glum vagrant inside a flick's time
grinning between clouded teeth, pouring
thin-lipped sin

a one-eyed mage civilized her crowned mother
with a mind for an apologetic biblical disguise
ranting on with leaf-turned brown fingertip love
smacked proudly on a dazed lazy face, dressed
by cold unfeeling looks, thru, drifting, straight-
braided youthful trance blessed by passersby
mexican heart stopping to fix a child's smile
a beautified unchanging healer, aged
by the slowest hellfire's experiential half-light

perpetual renewal conflicted past the hearth
where repeated lust grows songs
informed roots, barren with a fine rust glow
of old life

melancholic brush, wild for trials of roaming
darkly kept in a bloodless brain, flushed
with a point, ending movements' chore
traditional play as a mixed sensual ridicule

bewildered mythic blend cornered the african
plight into the engine fume of dusk deadening
the overused arab throat, distrusting the plain
dusty and legless lush wife thickening
by ancient valleys, rife with orgiastic animals
heights fleeing with a distant wheezing belief
lies brooding over painless ancestral ghosts
brewing stitches into fear under a naked sun
held inside the palm sores of the lanky tortured
traveller dining on a phase of cruelty
under a salt ocean moon

Of Death and Eternity

The fear of death
A walk into the unknown
A path into darkness
Wish for life
The music, the colours, the beauty
The pain of life transcends time
Is death a walk into oblivion?
Where all is good and nothing is bad
Or where all is bad and nothing good
Such are mindframes that have not to do
with physical reality
So what is the journey into the unknown
Will it be all I had hoped for
Or all I fear
Fear and pain let you cast away reality
So you may find what is good in not so
apparent places, the goodness is accentuated
in order to free the mind so evil can be
overcome
Eternal life is lived

Of Discipline and Control

what is this world that makes so much noise?
when we leave it
it will be a true silence
then the music will be lost
that rustic, bobbing sound of cello
dancing and undulating over coarse grass
where did discipline go?
why it was replaced by control

Of Life and Spirit

So much pain

So much sorrow

So much beauty

It takes over

It consumes

your spirit will go on

but not in life

Of Need and Meaning

You must have faith in people, because
ultimately you are no better, or no worse than
anyone so if you have lost faith in anyone
you have lost faith in everyone,
including yourself.

Imagine a quiet shore
soothing music
love at first sight
togetherness
equality
beauty
tranquility and serenity

Now imagine yourself in love
experiencing sunsets and sundowns
for the first times
in utter devotion to yourself
as a meaningful existence
take one fucking second from your life
and look at the beauty of the sky
its masterpiece, all-masterpiece,
Nature's masterpiece, experience the colours
The mood you are placed in
imagine peace

Fear nothing but Fear everything
Take what you admire and hold it in deep
Take what you reject and expose it to your world
Find yourself and what you need that

to mean

Of Poison and Medicine

and why do we wake from dreams weeping, only to hear the distant lies of depression
in the hollow night, startled under dusk in books aflame with human waste
as the tribal leaning of bold and rushed days, closing early with forgotten truth
to plant at random and trespass in colonial america, eastern blessings flow
to risk the magic play of lush and dim highs roasting over pits of skewered ash
lungs dry as cooked brains in the salad light soup of bush forest asps curling
like arms wrapt in the spoken dry cold of lonely names breathing out, groaning
tooth of white butter and hatred naked, calling to a spanish race, feeling cool
burdened toward the displaced trashy engines of built up fights, unfolding
as a blizzard trip waits aimless in loosened disease of anger, praised, swallowing
more jungle bum rights sought in the morning of destruction's numb foreign hurting
while taxed faces bleed a thousand meagre responses of need, lively, grumbling
pride before the powerful eye-stretched frictions cursed trains leaking dismemberment
rearranged and fractured as the worst icy blame grows first to allow mild reductionism
phrases to burst at international border strays haunting the graffiti wall of mind
cornered pain and spite the war gods of western fame who tour gardens, livid
without shame, hiding grossly behind citizenries of singular toxicity, harrowing
end of shy molds to frame our silent prismatic peace with ugly mishandlings
as paradoxical whispers from a sacred lover, shifting innocence, her dripping glue
fainted clothing to answer the wine touched pages of migrant lust, shattered
as the tongued mirror of european traces burnt by the fool's cowering words
and missing forlorn teeth-joined morbidity as the unplanned smiles of children
wandering, to confound pleasant awake ghouls who mount blurry film
escapades harbouring, shocking defilements of a scoured earth inside, blue
fumbling moods blackened as matchstick laughs, troubling the ruthless grind

for poisonous medicine

Of Sexual Extinction

why the six-pointed memory divining insane grudges
for a system of petrified awareness, under oriental rugs
dirtied with sacrosanct love, striving breathless
until warmth of day, that this english smoke may dissipate
without anger into a self-created bleak light, hidden
by a folly of inaction that renders a heart dry, colourless
within the randomly checked rows of travelling death
carnivorous brains feeding on the ice of a scoured earth
found inside a naked page distraught until the end
sorrows of unwelcome nights, in the staggering
pain of an up-risen cry, heard before answering
back into the wilderness, perfected throughout, empty
skies blinded by an urge of irreconcilable rage

and what semitic dawn reached one through sleep
as a rash banality dreams a weakness carved
out of a drumskin stretched inside to learn
from a delicate natural mind eyeing the imprisoned
wizard who glances temporarily out of the shy
downcast plague of modern genocide. repeated
schooling, bastardizing the play of an earth child
reared from dirt and impaled on a house of damned
thought driving cash buttons into wasted diminution
felt first under the simple feet of the wandering steward
spying the quiet hatred of authority over every unknown
face yet to come home from the perilous space of the unborn
dark possibility wavering across the ancient sight
into wisely slashed graves, cast out of the living stone
from the jungle, deep and seated in the accursed season
of sexual extinction

Omnis festinatio a parte diaboli est

the struggle is older than you, and blindly convinced the elder speaks
a physical presence thrust into a boiled rotting wretch and further displeased
with sacred disguises, weary, cartoonish stress caught in a golden toxic trance
unending by drowning cursed flames choking in wine-drained occult halls
with one spectacular space of mind hiding in lone denial, the vanquished
room thundering nightly with thought-punishing food, fleeing a lovers' cruelty
crowded shield among the retreating hordes, full to the teeth, languorous
weak dreary mugs seeping slowly out, living between cracks, bared
to meet the angelic spy, coerced by photographic drugs

Omnis festinatio a parte diaboli est II

what driveling pandemic, inane crawling to the black torch of fame, surely
wishing for a morbid taste of belief, jealous of law answering, tempting a liar
beautified to send panic into whitened skinless men shading their dress
with mud and swallowing gas for a dive on south street feasts
an elegant find, curving delicate over the boreal skirt, finely-tipped
with a gaian nipple squeezing an apocalyptic drop, over the groundless
enslaved in a mortuary for the godless bastard, high atop a strong canopy
to survive the animal fate of dead disheartened families extending beyond
the jungles of reckless modern sheep dens, to steal war for a sight
into weeds clambering hotly with crooked knives, staring at the plan
to destroy localized air waterfalls, crumbling to rest inside triptamine failures
monotheist rats pulling on girlish hair under the yawning plays of stupidity
traditional foolish camaraderie, traveling solitary with the rootless
bridge-burning fantasy massacres lives of ugly meaning, grueling to stand
beyond time before the skull-eating wilds of a metal-stratified upbringing
towering toward broken ephemeral sky, in a loosely-based gravestone night

of the blessed earth, designed to fade into a sunrise chill, reversing
the animalistic light penetrating a feminine kill for the wondrous botany
folds of psychotic destiny up-reaching, now in decay for a relaxed sacrifice
as an individual voice, for a name to be written on sand-shifting swine, curling
drastic under deserted cold moons, felt as religious speech, empirical
as the greying lust in forgotten dawn homes, as a temporary fix, mythological
quest of now being, low-built tirades into the apparent flash of quaking material
ritual enacted with the worst possible intent so as to dry the feet of the rainy child
looking away with a downcast eye into a non-existent abyss, inward
as the personal cry to see the beloved appear as a form of unchanged touch
on a shore foaming with a brooding sorrowful nightmuse, only worsening
by the hour when the water stops beating and the world soul flies to the past
once again, what without charm in an undamaged clash with post-mortem light
instilling sweet disease in the adjunct fresh breathing turtle rock
cumbersome as national refugee gloom, darkly lit under smiling cigarettes
floors belittling the dogmatic beasts of vile spiritual destruction
as the incapacitated symbol moves entombed in a shallow swarm of sand-
swept gods and the spineless fish grumbles faintly in an ocean deprived
watery blackness cleanly expressed off machine-voice computer wombs
age and spontaneity designed for speed

One Man's Cry

say fuck zion, bury america alive, i am asphyxiated
by unnecessary supernatural genocide, pulled over wide-eyed
veil of spontaneous tradition, a prisoner's fat goes priceless
and hailed by dark-skinned chains falling to ruin
with majestic ire in sexual crowds leaving rage
for love by the hour burdened with ancient doom
claiming borders wrapped around death-sold necks
of eager ghosts wanting a touch on the fragrant back
of a female presence, emphatic as arab wedding music
pouring out deeply within my smoky rubbed soul, expressed
lighter than the crescent silver cuts, unafraid into the endless wild
dream of all, ah unborn psychic imagery affirming one man's cry

Our Chest-Beaten Earth

windless dreaming with no-karma
in void home hung by the acoustic neck
upside one drifting mark flown silently
on the dragon wings of pre-history
chinese sprites living in vast breath
of the vale and spring to coast
on an ungodly clouded ground
wealth-dreaming peaked, spitting
the enticing wild smoke-nostrils
of Glasco world beaver
practicing Palestinian Nationality
religious as sacrificial death
and hillocks forgetting
purging poetries beyond
decadent orgasmic hideouts
in hotel paranoia
hormone cesspool of occupation
strung tightly around narcotic ropes
oil fingers wrapped cleanly
around hurting flesh-stung curse
into the round luckless body of truth
returning in an ascending surge
of earthy simple this. pilgrimage within
assaulted suddenly in vortex ego-land
filling the grand crevasse of the witch
who implodes with metallic phantom distress
the vulgar addict on chemical lips
sucking an oceanic veil out of the voyage
along Breast Barren Holies

Our Mythic Chains

weird teeming drills burning through the black-skinned flats of mis-stepped feet rumbling to learn to relax, smile for yourself, only for your, self. change time! finish breaking consume destroyed affinities, find joy in a slow-to-core earthly ride, appease the ancestors, to save any salvaged thing or word, thought or silence, no thinging is okay too, do worry about loss, corridors swooping into overland brinks deemed dry of icicle sheep, woolen hands, tall finally shading under calendrical divinities in the seasonal binds of eastern synchronicity freezing upon the ride's gust, timed, toward the unanswered flush, deprived, but sole inside the dark and cavernous force of a visceral subtlety, cold with possession under the snores of polish daughters wide open to the touch of her eternal laughter drinking in the bold sights of lazy meaninglessness, futurity resurrected in disguise through jewish pride, shamed in a cafe bitter remorse of fattened weekday souls dimmed to propose experimental methodologies of imperialistic humble vanity questioning without reason for a vision rendered alive in perfect pain uttering deadly spinal singing to the ugly, atrocious history torturing the fearful spirits of ill-conditioning with quarantine effectualism derived from unfelt trauma, to make a narrative, try. my body's torn inside this tradition, educated me toward trance or contemplation over a six-pointed star raised higher than resistant, deserted colours that thrive on the rage of pure sanity and an other spirit or two, or three

Our Mythic Chains II

suddenly tremble with numerical in-
security but sitting centred atop a four-
winded directional of sacred need
hailing healing poured forth with pun-
ctilious orality as real manifest object-
god in uncorrupted flesh breathing
through the bowels of our estranged
land yet thru serene mind vocalizing
efforts scratch onto wood scalp
dreaming as horrified anxiety memorized
the frailties of brainwave matter hearing
intellect puzzles drown in the magic
of lunar reflections at noon, struggling
to catch eggs, chipped and aged
reeds soaking into a klezmer flute
rising afloat above the museum cat-
astrophes of our mythic chains

Our Possessed Freedoms

we have experienced a flight into the domain of time ending
so the return begins with a thunderclap announcing, with courage
vigour and humility never before witnessed or known, beyond
recording is the recognition of what has been lost, the essence
of communication itself with what symbol or cultural mechanism
represent from their source what can only be described by human
language as Mystery, sure as religious death into the vine-strung
aftermath of our questing soul, into spiritual flames engulfing
the world brain, such rapidity as to go on unknown, behind
the backs of infinite-eyed creation bestowed on our locals
consciousness as one manifestation in a universe of pain ever-
growing to encompass as yet unheard names found engraved
on the blushing sinless flesh of social insanity enlightening
the regularity of progress in a day, as superstitious failure
flashing in a daze of unearthly night to the pupils' kind
of a natural drifter fastened to the streets so tight as to float by
unsurpassed like any cruel sexual wink, bearing the emblem
of grisly urbanized fate beneath a discoloured leaf blown
artificially seducing lungs and lips quivering as the virgin
trunks of the northeast, finally come aware to see just what
it is that has been lost and notice its call, exhaling futurity
with dizzying percussion, fine ideologies felt serene
disappearing before the dissolved wall of crooked tribes lying
in their sleep to embittered children kneeling at the bed of ritual
mourning to no beginning that does not relieve the sacrifice
of collective suffering taken on so as to speak with the age
before thought and a life of taste wading contemplatively
amongst sacred hills bearing the secret jewels of the east
a story, at last ruthless inspiration that transcends a muse alone
to immerse the self deeper into an ocean of clear impossibility
to stay anonymous in a home that traps in the trance of darkness
glowing white to trick the fool into believing hope is greed
but not atop the mount does the movement trace even its own
breathing heavenly harps knotted inside a stone kingdom
falling in that forgotten desire to discover a new ideal, the psychic
joke grins with animals and men alike among fields of waste
the outdoor will circling in the letters sitting in the starless grip
of a perfect language backward from the first sense to a primal way now chosen
to be tread into the wild imagination before spirit was shattered into harrowing cells
that cage life scratching like narcotic beats, emancipating the break-out
from our possessed freedoms

our unearthly nostalgia

creaking and spewing dust into the light-shard caves of desire
shy on eighth street shelters melting in the stove of queer classist teeth
looking golden emasculated sunk with ranting liars of vietnam
theatrical suddenness, a physical flick and cut
tugging on sanitized harmonica sleep
ailing the wine fizzed joke with a fiery dream
expunged egyptian prophecy from blunt w. mass psychic memory
as the numerical frequency of haunted death rises and falls
like the yogic breath of reason and atrophied night
demonized to the strong musty heights
urged to sacrifice god-willing inshallah for the open road
ecology for pantheist expression on this rock earth
feigning a desert rain in the bare thick rug of coastal city smells
felling the darkest tree uprooted with a last gasp rattle
from christ's tortured snake trash followed into culture parades
aspiring to honour the puerto rican beauty
engraved in the delicate heart of New Bedford portuguese moms
hailing musicians with old barbarian songs, covering peace
with depressed saviours buying crummy television sets
in jewish neighbourhoods alone with rooks and noisy air-
conditioned dissonance sounding in the grave white
photographed pianos of lost spirits fading into the silent maw
of american beginnings, in the shackled grace of immigrant humanity
and what is the economic meaning of bilingual righteousness?
the stark reality confronts you like birth or homelessness
drilling into the soil working hands burnt with shame
and falsehood renamed by official authority
shaking their boots next to the smoking gun of mexican men
steeped in the violent red face and murderous taste of youth
rivalries' food-stamped charts disabled by political scum
running shows with a crooked pistol for fun
raving about a child lost in the woods
and a family burdened with boyhood surrender
to crushing genocidal nostalgia

P

poems to prose

can a
combination of poems
be turned
to prose?

Priestess Aflame

who will host the sought dreaming that rides silent into the translucent face
peeling with dismembered enemies alone in submerged jungles, willed
to e-race feminine struggles killing thoughtless emotion, battered
shovels and agro-tools rotting unused for men to swallow the spiritual
feet of countless generations boiling on the rock of abandoned knowledge
their eternal home, parting every second upwards to ascend in a bubble
crossed as the moon's watchful death troubles innocent ghosts asleep
in their peaceful remnants of short-lived songs muddled against the cold
breasts sweating in constant heat amidst the rubble of burn-sores and loose
teeth what modern archaeological puzzle flattens the scraped-clean
fresh lovers gaze effortless into the deified wonder, trivialized
universal suffering weakens an elder's culture with the colonized
imaginings chained to a sign strapped boldly to indignant necks
rebels filing into classy gramophone huts to bide their time freely
drugged incisions into the lived guest, talking woozy with earthly fear
speaking only to the ghouls that beset their howling weird fathers spent
in bed with a red glass drained to the sound of a sharpened torch, flaying
what presence with mighty reason is this body warm enough to be
frail with hurt, what manly dungeon cast israel over the stone-laden
blasphemy wrought on monolithic egg to fan the trees into shy despair
contact lore judging the mixed native dwellers into wrongly played unisons
of torturous white-flooded talk corroding skinned female masters
into a compartment of public shame, to dance the night in swill fish paste
island excitement feeding crass duels with gunpowder and menace
irate unto the ends of empiric displays genuflecting a serene noon breeze
until the latches cling sparking with word gagged strife blocking space
between flushed colourless mud the artist spared in a genocidal cave
memories and no land on which to send prayers to a mount, diminished
with fame and choking ruffian mules hiding close among the folk horror
brushing sacrilegious rain onto a pallet, roasting guests to the high priestess

aflame

Procreative Union

as the rail unfolds an electric serpent crept into the fixed woodsman
riding into churning conflagrations, cold worry racing on a horse
through a smoky bridge in america's ravaged educated leak
muddied brain consciousness only to slacken the spine shortening
forced conundrums for the poor animal lively with bitter come-heads
separated by illusory needs on the fringe of the indian threat

how chaos became my lover, turned in creation's worth
any room in this obscene age, a vile push into the scarred womb
pulverizing a lingam beauty into total disregard, chanting an homage
spanning a grand notion, flown as a winged idea frees the quest
from the seer in a tear of knowledge revealed in bleary wild heat
of unreasonable bared feet, weeding out tribal rites of group healing
only to posit the energetic leap beyond cyclical history, the daring
question gone without blessed names never spoken, not kneeling
crowd embracing a fate dealt by the wrist twitch of a business card
coloured brightly with dark art from early gypsum lovers
weird prechristian blare holding a truth so meaningless as to be
the radical unraveling magical taming of queer botched ruins
in the esoteric searching deluge moving the kings' trance
into aboriginal flight, to a netherworld rich with crude fire, turned
earth what chemical magnet performs
thought in a dance of tasted lightning, bursting from the pyramids
humankind in one vulgar urge or natural panic

how the sorceress bleeds restless to a quiet find, untaught
thrust into blooming untrained havoc felt sweet as random ethnicity
belt pangs at the damaged door to a metal latin sea, poured out
into the tumult unwound, to scale the dark weary planetary moon-
scape girl wearing orphaned flesh on anatomical tree leaf yurt
erected for the ghoulish trap to howl, wondering, red-fated
starless night, packing gold into a nazi incinerator creaking
aged veins almost softened under the aligned cold, crooning
pointed glow of he in reach, to capture consuming rage
gone higher than space, limited to shallow rhythmic resonance
as a temple god-shone idyllic obsidian labyrinth wrested
from the foul stench-ridden worldly sin of mine, touring
the host to suck dry any discernible life in cannibal hands
drumming to class with negative sway under the beckoning
fall of the middle earth's superstitious haste of trivial plagues
sought with procreative union

Prophecy of Bashtet

behold the serpent-charmed dance fathered as though india were a daughter
hidden before the shroud-scintillating morning at temple enjoying jeweled hands
caressing with marriage and fume-roasted sitas leaning around the sacrificial fire
of the ever-birthing mother ocean feeding mary the river pregnant with children
known futures journeyed into a perpetual mind engrossed by a sudden rapture
obliterating any national enculturation oppressing the foundation of world sensuality
transcended through a smile untouched by dirt-worn fingers scraping the exploitative
plans into the shards and curves of mechanized failure spilling not the scarred
legs of the african runner going a ways to the source of night aflame, religious
desire to see awe firsthand in the grave of untapped lands felt in dreams at birth
connected without question to a line with created woman, skilled at being in love
as language communing with races of trees and stone bearing sons, using their muscles
a powerful cosmology to fulfill and grasp the depth of their own physique before
the gun welded its shame into a calm unbroken, before the kings' revelation corrupted
the law with untimely imperfections of another displaced as the whole forest waits
dormant for an invocation and completed love speaks with praise for change
when introversion has been ground under destitution, and barefeet rise from within
the endlessly hurt insides bundled tragically as before collective wordhealed thirst
to arrive with common strange eloquence over a backdrop, stale with deserts
drunk thick inner erosion undergoing a final purification through the moonfall
colourless room in embittered social fatigue, the western guess mode rarifies
belief in the pre-modern delicacies of wild spirits roaming from liberation
to the anonymous plains of curious perfection blessed as the morning rains
loose dispelled cravings from motherless children divined in bed
under the anxious dreaded followings pervading mass absurdities, calling
heads resting on nails of plastic shivering in restless winter's duration breeding
forgetfulness and entombed thought no more than a question unformed
within the naturals each of critical threads fraying along the jazzing wellness
awe prayer of particulars relying on purity, spreading over the wiry ground
bearing sages in fruition and risked stress released under the blasted flame
sought in blue lucidity while the world drummer wastes time looting
a faceless feline shrouded in a thin blackened mist shone prophetic and new

Pure Creation

Remember the days of giving, sharing and living
Force those things to remain and through
the forcefulness, through its negativity,
you may survive where you are needed

Add things to your life constantly
expand what knowledge you have not yet received
share that knowledge with the friends you have not
yet made

Allow your life to endure in someone else's
Create a life of purity

Listen, not just where you are required
but where you are not
Achieve a balance of thoughtfulness and rewards
Stretch the feelings of life beyond yourself
into a place where time has no meaning
and all that seems important slips away
into oblivion, the oblivion that you have
evolved from. Acknowledge your former life
and take from it what will benefit you
but don't hang on the past or your future,
your now will become just as meaningless

Q

Queen Mystic

what is happening here in this identical strife.
emotive round saved by tundric madness
falling in sore light, mesmerizing as a tunnel
collecting mortar and flame. bridges to open
sap mindfulness from pain, finding footing
on the permanent ground of infinite dreaming
as the mirage existence of human seedlings
remain framed on pilgrimage walls
fighting eternal song with lamenting sighs
of absolute tremor, natural virginity
selling ugly highs in dense thicket snore
as vegetable ghosts amble thru melted rocks
of sinai burning stone and metal
in finely woven fragile arab infant
shielded from eyeing wrath in fire
and smoke plundering self-evil lovers
of hatred raining morbid realities on the damned
nuisance earth saving genocidal lies with salt
sogged wrinkled tribal elders humbled
and grieving for inner man to rekindle
the original flame as handed down
not by the present deciphering gods
of photographic machine air
saturated with early deaths, distorted suicide
imagery of fireworks impending sad looming anger

in violent lair of ancient slime shitting on forgotten rites of the dying devout
patrons of bloodletting saints lording over desolate highways bright
with gleam of singed rubber clicking on america's good tar shaken fur,
murderous vile western demolition site evacuation with decadent pride
quickenened with emergent braun, old sex pigs
 slaving amongst infected bowel torn streets of police state denial,
 wording symbolic shells of objects held in fine groundless wave form

non-being like disowned zen-thought struggling with hapless painful wife. roaming
some stark freeway clenching the visceral seat of cannibalized paranoid semen numbing
drip foreskin clit belch as you lick and talk with grotesque fluid saturated seminal beard
in untouched aftermath on warpath mantram night, to the cambodian pagoda to dream
with recently deceased communist buddhas upholding a snake-firm treatise of devotion
as the clothed militant rises from sleep a homeless mistake in the shy ice blue dawn
 under a smoke-hidden queen

Quiver of Extinction

I die smitten in forsaken wine stolen trust to peer into america
split vision sent to the home of mexican art under a molten rain
priestess of undirected famous passionate drinking, indigenous
sky of the moustachioed woman blessed with eternal arrest
for any capitalistic fancies tried in multitudes of books not taught
to the horrid panderer's fleeting hours caught on flat judgment

a simpleton beginning with war on costly tribal malfunctioning
inside the mechanized why... to bring symbolic gods to a wanting
so sore as to hide in the deliberate haunts of enlarged familiarity
shared amongst slave-trading enemies on a modern tour
striking imagined wizardry into domesticated followings abstracted
into the absurd emotional power of conquered life going mad
by the twilight of created knowing and the stalking return
of a winged snake to burn the stung diseased cry-shaken savioress
predicted under nomadic idolatry to fight with fire and bury
the white shame of the lone vein pulsing throughout urban sprawls
and the might of the ethnic dance decriminalized towards the green-
eyed wailing smile broken embrace released shyly for the hunt
to end and bring the ageless vine in touch with skeletal rights
to walk the distance of a page with traditional eyes beset behind
faded looming scorn and the driveling insane, unceasing in number
game's derisively retching infantile straws from the poor awake
untouchable light immobilizing the shutter hole of one long night
the unwelcoming fact of what we do to self-identity within
a specific social structure determining how we see our life
possessed in confrontation with another, no way to defect
blame only the psychic block found beyond name or form
in the ruthless darkened smudge littering our enticing cultural
modes and neurotic rites of misdirection into the repetitious
fold, to dehumanize belief with a transpersonal hierarchy
and savour dust in the mould of earth's crust fitting under
the tooth showing explanations giving up and in to the collective
division of business for survival, reactionary as the playing
touch of scurrilous chastity growing simply around the ancient
mounds of the natchez who leave for the rockies growling
for a fix on delightful stiff discs hovering along the edges
of boreal forests in the fluid light caverns blooming, coastal
spirits for the sick who pray aloud with shamanic emotion
for a quiver to fill and disappear into extinction

R

Reading Tea

a visual answer proffered up as blind drizzling concrete
sex worker stagnates under machines of all-taming medicine
their work spurting with sexual anger, lift palm one moment
across loyal stretched belly dog moaning hungry
in rain swill dirt, amiable jokester wearing silk thin
healthy steam swirl galaxies numberless in a drop of tea

Reality is a feeling

who is the blonde wizard of latinamerican kingship unafraid
by the imaginary frivolity of idolatrous sorcery in the extreme
paranoic breath of preached absolutist breakdown
of behavioural reality in the self-incarcerated suffering
bindings of belief blindly declaring order, flat, grotesque
upspun unsanitary sickening fruitless and unprepared
world-stretched too thin and still faded for facial plausibility
circumstantial inward restful thinking to human watch
playfully for free as with paid expertise the street runs cold
with a bleeding sky and the soggy genitalia of mortal sin
rectified through terroristic justified visitors scamming
the pledges of wisdom erected in the spine range of stone-
grown mouldy drones speaking for the glad with toothpicks
short vision into a drained ear receptacle at night
to blame the wall of music that stretches insanely
into the furthest breaches of mind, into a reality to feel
a sudden movement prayed silent in the rush of nude rivers
saving hatred for the nearest audience inspired
toward the bestial transformative perspective of sight
as bites travel into squares and puzzles of dots
or circular and graphic spaces of bread-polluted grease
ethnic finger-high religious gods devoted to the beggar
in lost-minded de-railed venturing through human law
growing into urban bodies of waste and gain processing
the potato-heart skinned for an early demise as my empirical
lover of rancid appeased mortified pleasedom of emptiness
in the land of misty arid blessings from the invariable temptress
observed beyond flight in the immediacy of a war born reasoning
toward the existential math of perceived involvement
in radical gasps of truth in a word, a mixture of colours
in the genealogy of calligraphed serpent-metaphors
for the holistic inner frequency intoned through healing

Reality is a feeling II

fragmented killing of the self-cured sunless divide
with pride in familiar strides of struggle and knowledge
separating the pained fist from intellectual drifter's spotting
a quivering sit of sexual risk with a father of metallic might
nonplussed in the contemplative lowland jungles
as a conductor of avian thought music catalyzes their bones
of the known flung into the depths of an estranged blackish ring
sitting in a melancholic drift out on the sea-pain hillside, dry-
eyed microscopic universal gong sinking under a thin bridge
of mint-tinged to the breath of earth in her, most dutiful
unchained spring, liberated at dawn in a silent pull thru the ash
of ripe grass playing over simple shock of loud voices trained
to engrave, span to the wreckage of carnal birth
yearning in a tremulous pile of fecal flesh heart rind
gushes distressed to the curve of her splendid freakish breast
hurt nude drink clambering up the wall of an ancient spine
turning the mud of worth into an eye for one magic all
gold as the noose that thwarts puckering douche-sprayed
with genetic dyes and girlish chemistry for an angry young mind
joking with an elder kind in a rusted picker strung rough love
answering a telephone moon goddess, more than high
than the excellent wisdom of her plain smile juicing
an itchy-lipped reason to dream in speech for the failed
laugh to entrance her nightly ground awaken
and span the beautiful east with imagined warfare
proud as holy dirt sold for a smoke crowd written right
improving impoverished empathy with staggering mores
for other gross linkmen to race into the wild fire
liar train of beast rattled industry wearing the mock-up
frieze of pandemonium in sacred geometric chemical fate
as the spade reveals a lanky incapacitated yawning
from beneath the game of the ugly gods training

for lost brains to be named

reflection's curse

narcissistic racists buy self-denial
with half-pack smokes in blood-muddied Palestine
a plan of chance on symbolic knowledge
occult yearnings going rotten in the seventh heaven
a delirious spawning of a sacred breed
quaking from the earthless space of a burnt tongue
sliced and displayed for a tower of infamy

the hourglass pressed into infinite imagery
a timeless cyclical humanity, corroded
vine-dusted off the divine emergence
Mayan idolatry, the thickening tastes
issuing pleasurably from gross veils
clear ambiguity whitens these pages

meaningless, unnatural and silent as the unforeseen
punishments of the Day - waking prophecy
shown to be none other than sane hallucination
undeciphered in coffeeshop emptiness
bird-kind transmigrating into Romantic dungeons
pure as the nomad's purse, humbling as the stars

Rest in Place

It (now) This Is
a new(er) a of
binding home
making life
rest in place

revolt at the gatepost

ending at the gate beyond
hindu magic and jewish intuitive lunacy
the bearded library walking around
with heavy eyes a deep belly
and egyptian cotton clothes
a chosen sanctity so unrivaled
and asleep as to barricade the semitic
fright from the dead homeless gene
the last genocidal patriarch
stuttering a filthy policy
over the communist airwaves
in central america, scaling the vowel
om with barefoot stalking
the sands of wild cacti pouring
feasts of wine into a nocturnal hate
awaiting the tragic voices
to the machine gun blade
welded on blazing skies
in restless hashish cafe
in Tel Aviv laughing at the praying
monk keeping a smile tight
around the edge of comedic lips
haunted by the apocalyptic return
of an indebted covenant
to demonize the inherent balance
in the language and meaning of peace
to bind this lair called america
and sacrifice burning wives
flying next to bombs in social nightspot
democracy as the muslim fury rebounds
against the tough grin
under a fur hat leaving
the edge of brooklyn in turmoil
and drought, a lolling tongue
ready to vomit the juice and sap
of inhuman solipsistic kingdoms

revolt at the gatepost II

our pitiful dynastic haven collapsing
under the black weed of alcohol
boycotts and strong youthful resourcing
pushing back the slick oil tides
with the force of a thousand moons
the construct damage wrenched clean
from the rock earth with crude hands
tugging on indigenous rapes
pulling up the queen fish yarn
from a mindless steam -
tired of nothingness
drained by the consuming body
I take refuge in the tobacco
laid out for the shrine to avalokitesvara
lingam rock old testament
grieving solitude and confined
by a softening voice

Rope at the End of America

what spiritual diet is enough to heal the stare into her jewish eyes as a mirror boring sudden with inertia's universal strength to a moment in history and as the "journey ends in lovers' meeting"* so two traumatic human states sit humbled and bold as a real being before the silent awe of relating across sterile drunk tablets of unpaid tales parked in a society feeling lost without taste to fatten the veils of simple diasporic polish torn finely shredding photographic lies before holocaust prisons of mental shattering drones murdering the christian divide

and we learn ransom to prepare the self in worldly columbia rights of childless trade for peeling back the playful din of our literary women haggling to be thrown more rope at the end of america

**Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene III*

sacrilege in the family!

outright negligence for the love of a great-grandmother
pride of your soul. she scowls in lifeless snapped time
unhatched shell of an idea breaking prematurely
in random dawn poems, created out of the visionary
high of unspoken meditations now forgotten
alone in weary, bedroom shared with non-alcoholics
buddha sprite, dreamless introverted depths
of colourless people reasoned out of lust to escape
their own heartless flesh. weary-wine final days.

see things

see things as they are
not as you think
they are

see things again
as you think
they are

Sense of the Wise

ear-eyed finger-tipped
olfactory bitterness
iridescent nonsense
betrayed and stammering
speaking retarded lyrics
oh what a waste of time
this is
and when looking back
where did the fucking time go?
so the wise man responds
it was never there

setting of a capitalist theatre

turning constellations, dining
with the last, insane on dead matter
 inner spatial ocean, milky way
 rides on a wave in the torrential shore
ancient spirit war tracing back
our history all the way to today
 from the throned child, gold-plated
 women hiding jewish lore
on silver snaking tongues
winding like gross thick water
 through desert rivers thinning
 in cries and heat of void consumed
african tribes hurling spears down
the throat of grandmother dirt
 and shaming their births with each
 thrust and holler. battlefields
crushed under flaming steel hooves
modern crash of western gun money
 steaming off metallic blood covered
 ebony skin in deep deforested pasts
are you drawn inward? by the silent
wealthy soul feeding off dregs
 and swine in this swallowing mind-
 time destiny manifest as alcoholic fault
line split of the aztecan serpent
rising like a terminal illness in quietude
 and the whispering true apocalypse
 on the spine of rocky America, wake up!
there is still time to prepare some vegetables
for the children who still dream
 and while lying with supple lips to drink
 immortal liquids, the fine breast hairs
enlighten the magic screen
with desert bombs evaporating
 in the shroud mists of mystery
 and beauty. behind the purple
shawls of mystic persia, the gray
hairs thicken and once more return
 to brown and the sand drifts recede
 into the high watermark of a faded religion

setting of a capitalist theatre II

on tattered cloths of slave-woman, lightning
a song from whipped-death ancestral days
 recycling off into small distant sunset
 horizon as paternal rift of lofty poems
miss the vibrating goddess shading
a sacred geometrical tribe on this hexagon
 wave feeling the ground raze and fold
 under a doomed human pressure system
like the serrated flesh of a threatened respiration
floating on tears in the imagined flood growing
 up from drenched amazonian deserts
 and mesopotamian forests springing out
of arab love disarmed before the nuclear light
aftermath jerusalem sacrificed barbarism
 born out of castrated and clit-clipped labia
 sewed circumcised unseen intersexed
calling to supernal woman birds
in the sea labyrinth boiling like witch brew
 mourning in stark industrial underground
 dives in New Bedford summer naps
sharpened talons of city street eating
green-wrapped infants vision questing
 parks hollowing the far out maze
 discoloured stuff mouthed freaks
yelling vietnam drivel in warm whisky pain
addicted to civilized nightmarish mother america
 nursing the immigrant spirit according to personal greed
 and vote-fueled assassinated christian lords
staging horrendous plays to elderly decrepitude
in sad depraved capitalist theatre

Shabbas Smudge

smudging gives a delightful airy effect
is it waste? enough to leave a throat dry
aimless and wandering hair
a philanderer escaped from the follicle
it captures, it enraptures
stolid and guiltless
so finally it whisks off to the ground
easily decomposed
without a nameless eye
to discard its beauty
to smudge. try.

skimming the holy tracts

set up my altar to avalokitesvara
wild beasts interact in boiling brain
motionless wave of ol' Kerouac
settin-me-up-Turkish-coffees
drained under Lebanese gardens
silent women striking chords
over vast horizon soundscape
dreaming of Boulder on summer
night escape the tobacco laze
slows down drive into spendthrift
paradigms of human shame
barking at coughed up moons
on birthdays to native gloom
scattered troubling flies
swimming by chaos instilled
in portuguese pasts mailing
out sad frames of soulless grades
unburdened high lying on desert
parades' old lives spilled
wondering about the great mountain
shivering at dusk in hollow words
speaking to the land in timeless damaging
glazed eyes saving money prophets
stretched knees swallowed forgotten
demons unlearned on porch
silhouettes and slanderous haikus
to punkish brats skimming teen pages
in smoked lounge breeze
following restful disease all waiting
pleased at open Romantic
awkward scheme, moulded oars
splintering on meditating lap
of woolly slaves breathing damp
musky cavernous asps insane
pencil crime masked close-eyed
arabesques scaling pyramids
on broken camel tax, illegal
remorse pangs of fatherly groans
ranting of asexual telephone bones

skimming the holy tracts II

losing verse derailed saturated thought
vibrations grunt to sleep stole Indians
comic degree shared watches
sauntering feline help in spidery basements
sanity for free at cornerstone tomorrow
night listening to beats echo ahead
birds writhing in dolorous museums
scaring off pages of ecstatic humbling
worth humourless manifestoes
scratched on bloodletting skin
of savant rats nailed against japanese
stalls airing out at high altitudes
under comfortable huts kneeling
before Ganesha strumming lutes
on sidestreet roma duels muted
solitude passive renouncing love
as explosive stars streak across shards
smoldering scriptural sorrow sacrificed
by a fallen sex worker's cell of pain

Sleeping Ego

fantasy unlearned in the wilds of unworldly fear teaching the past
in one obscene conundrum, all to reach a fate through egoic trickery
to near a fortress welling upwards as flames of future time recede
into the oceanic grave risen name breaching the silent volcanic dirt
cooled through ancient icaros prayer-dance enduring still the inevitable
red handed sorcerer's metal leafless tree among the swift-spoken
wind-grown water sky drifting through unloved temporary lives
poison creep floats burning toward thunder dusk engrossed
weak, playing beside damaged trailer cave haunting slaughter brews
with ruthless might and praise before shallow foot-stalled scarification
ruffian smoking bold fumes under an august hidden rain-moon
blunder scarfed with old satisfied gloom as a rare upbringing
ignoring countless rulers mocked daily through thought wasted
dry-lusting thighs of the anxious petrified stone-mother seeking
the nude sack-brightened hues of busted bellies lying, famed
and wrinkled across swelling earthen bedseed spreads

Smiling Death, Quiet Rage

the panic of her stress fleshed out bright with hotly shaded bent spine in fall breeze of sacred eastern majesty, a full-hearted life beating to the honeyd rose of a cosmetic mystified eye, impassioned embracing a sudden perfection in the building strung forage through unplanned expressive yearning to test the bridge of consensual connections in the stir of magic desire hurting inside lovers, unfolding in a comic (or cosmic) surprise, to blend into dope-lined cold jungle feet running over the psychic mold of waste as an extra blessing for the failure of cruel necessity, wailing plainly in mud earthen divide appalled by a frozen plastic asp pursuing chased laughs minding the droves of larvae's pharmaceutical shrines straining to cry into a burning visitation, golden high towards no-future, a linguistic find that bubbled strongly from the rotting tongue of misbelieving thieves growing hindu prayer mats from backyard trash blurring, meanwhile in the fading mists to dry, piercing visions of american hate behind the swallows backward rhythmic ocean of concrete literature scamming artist rat chattering gross billion-starred fragments of mexico weakly bestial disease glorified as medium trickster pirates the bulging tear in marijuana cigarette mourning to lie befuddled under wide-eyed drug touring to roast motherless hogs in cafe-streaming popularity damaging the forceful presence from truth to pleasant despair always called back into the unprepared ecstatic awe of a god's random beauty claiming sweet flutters and twitches from face muscle galore, folk hope moving fatigue and senseless wandering into the state of focused purity to reclaim the virgin answer of unrepeated experimental love in a moment flooded with eternal friendship, blaming the lost prophecy of womanhood dark opening for the gland that alights news of the enmeshed dance spiritual poverty born naked in a grave floating calmly as a white-out

blizzard smiling death as quiet rage

so we think

fugitive reconciliation
a dire appetite for madness
insane dream of upscale repose
hunting and gathering the mine shafts
our fruitless escapades
sheer and smoke-filled delight
chew on a bun and relax with a gun
stare to the heavens,
aim and shoot the demons of fright

winter of the seventeenth year
cold but not frozen
red and vulnerable
like the untouched, red-tipped
nose of similarly aged youth
easy to warm, hard to find
their face has not been placed
but the moment, yes,
the meaning is surely encased

somber showman
passes of entranced denial
do not keep out
for they are unexpected,
they are improvisational
they dance and lighten
with droning volumes and sticky vibes
find their entrenched life force and smother it coolly
with wood, metal on chemically induced death
preferably use hands, strange, fierce
make sure to leave prints and red marks
do not hide your face from demonized honesty

they were denizens of cheap dirty books
the bile of the earth, yet we are them
and they are us and we both enjoy such pleasures
although not together and not at the same time
so we think

song of the murderess

train echoes in the mist
grieving for lost time
sister sings to meat
trying to describe:
"the birdsong unchanged
drifts of cool air
saintly headaches
in fear of sacred men"

the call from beyond
mother's intense dismay
unfolded on superhighways
fake hyperspatial giving
out the lie of death
on union street arrested
under a twilight dream
at father's cave
exultant ruminations
of a false shameful love
doomed from the start
as undressed innocence
craving the green heights
from breathless ghosts
failing to understand
cruel choiceness, forced

beast unrested harbinger
clear bardic passageway
pollution untraced
lining the inner skull
deathbed queen, selfless
survivor of static mind
hunger flight to prayer
sanitary exonerated impasse
peering over the smug shoulder

holy war full to the brim
with insane orders, blithe
drunkards shout blasphemy
over the eroding temple hall

song of the murderess II

shackled kabbalists meeting on the cusp
inhuman fasting with the blue goddess
covered in the cold night sands of a wintry desert
tryst movement from the dance of mourning youths
bent over the muddled come of their benign corpse
inflamed martyrs hearing nothing but small talk
cracking on the loudspeaker descent of true words
butchered to useless illiterates baked under
the keel of a wild vibrating locomotive
irregular larvae slinking thru vast american rails
with the whistling army behind, marching
to power ropes saving their guiltless ties
to the innumerable, buried, nameless, saturated
unconscious rusted wine drained under flags
contorting their barbaric appetites for salvation
won from the greed of sorry thugs
for the CIA stealing bread of the limbless
droves cupping water in their dirt-worn hands
for the driveling remains of a starved oceanic pain
pallet of spontaneity, wandering Jew awake
driving the heathens from crooked gambling hate
sacrificing needy lands

Sound Tradition

fade in from opaque black fuzz. I am a very political person.
full lip stick lips breathing in king size royal brand cigarette
with delicate latin-accented inhale. every move I make is
both a response to and a tempting into the desirous warming
breath granting its ecstatic existence by the fire below my belly.
tattooed neck shown naked body bursting into flesh smooth
lovely woman retching into the birth of a plain social grimace
opening and breaking under a cool snapping dismissal away
from talk to outside standing. she exists softly without
distinguished auspicious foreboding for the precepts of beauty
embarrassed belief in a camera taunting the estranged positivity
revealed physical animate bleeding her spirit from a page
introspective emotional reversal undone from knotted
fornication steaming the personal imagination of a million
tragedies wording slavery with each fingernail transition
into blank power dreaming in the sad loyal waning of life.
whispers that follow soft into the moonless drifting
homes of roaming stunned aimless shifting risen to dawn
on the road to a way gone way too soon, backing up
to hold the random answering of lowly shutout
dreaming and I was needing a pull from the frozen
blankets of surefire greed all rusted and smothered
with icicle tired eyes my golden fellows sifted
above a sandy bridge knocking a submissive woman's hairs
falling from an unknown gloom opaque as her dress grown
transparent around a green flood, poor touches, losing rock
bunched cores of trespassing western-blessed fertility,
only for need-powered sustenance, into the archives of her
truth she wept blue hatred in the self-taught corners of the weak
and afraid, sapped of all sexuality beneath a worn ridge beyond
waste in the holy frame of racist laughing, surfing through
lonesome trap fish alcohol fear, veering upwards in a lanky grave
awake biting on foot-stopped rhythms of unsaid treasures
stories untold to impress the feathered melancholic speed of right
weathered locks beautiful as she, staring elegant and futuristic
presence instead worrying to the lines, flooding tribal imperfection
diets expressed as flesh impoverished to a cranky coarse throat
voice surprising the lessons of our empirical tests, sinking
into a dread of sorrowful reeds, maddening the music
community roma walk into destined sacred nesting

Southern Expressionism

paranoid delusions to start the changing
of an apparent design and approach
to the knife-thin ledge we run across
every second to work, replenished
search for a sustained desire to learn
the worst offering of thanks
 decaying vacant law breaching the floor underneath
 contemplative evenings forlorn to the wide prairie dawn
 awakening to create an empire from the sands of no-mind
 solitude aftermath to the degenerate tribe disgraced
 by the soiled mound of a pure race
cold as leveled rock engraved on swollen low fights
mellowed by a traditional herb
tried again by the virgin tongue disguised
in white pleasure inside a house of trees
gambled to trends of release on a land torn with rage
violent muting among the hogs' swaying
in the blush of european mist
 becoming as malleable as the criminal train back
 ridden to the same break in a nation gone unheard
 by the muck-driven pastimes of bitter hollow faces
 worn to many innumerable unknowns
 facing the imagined force of imported identities
 with souls miles away on another plain
but to carry the will to live up from grounded motion
with the bosom of ancient hunted herds, awesome, pulsing
to mourn in the ice looming taverns, arisen to perfect freedom
disillusioned by a pack of rascally demons inciting ghastly traces
against doors, moving bars, faded into a background of steam
 hip-swung aggression of male elbows sprung too hot
 as the rainswept brickwalk lover
 sweetly marching to nowhere in a delicate innocence
 faint as collective pain divined by a family curse
 hooked on the flesh of a missed lovely
 honest to spring's teeming atop urban cleansing
to forward the ancient health of giving true north
to the empty creator of a sacred pact, enlightened
by the garish need to hound the northern pull, as a gringo
teaching harped into our native hands, livelier than a weapon
mastered in the tortured hot expression of the south

Speech of the Wounded Word

how is the line between knowledge and control drawn
if not through the language poetics of de-structured identities
a failed insight pertaining to the roughened road grown
satchels of beatific awareness amounting to the dawn
first arrival sparked in blasphemous cannons of moral chess
infused into the deep black sexual night of early youth
scouring brick-torn habitations with a creative madness
overthrown only by the spying walls announced beyond
intergenerational traumatic distance, heard into thinking
criminal designs on the frequent pain of toxic parts, ash-cold

Speech of the Wounded Word II

where birth rites rummage in negligent business massages
on flesh bitten tropical necks, an addictive mindset played
in frozen bath of free belief under the martyrdom of reason
and epidemic diaspora flies groups into unspoken confusion
as the bitter taste of humanity sucks a mighty god to sleep
and loss prevails over the weak mercy in body of habit-death
large as stone block of world tree dancing to the meaning
of lust transmigrated from the moon and her dark home
plundered in sick need angered as the indigenous heart
blood writhed bold on channels to a supernal cold enlivening
earth speaks human language first known by weak belief
torn from the drumming seeds of free speech
and love taxes for a shout on main pathways unguarded
for a warning drought on the tongue of pleasures welcome
god-pressed discreetly over the clothed spine of a norwegian
ghost in painfully familiar places waning on the subconscious
drapery of remembered day into the mouth's playful trap
that brings release to the below ground feet of the onlooker
undone by the state of the magic demoness, each blown
smoke ring hung around the dusty facade of spread disease
unborn as the flood of one glad wrong, nervous as the smile
from restless walking streets of purple imagining in the plains
that be, thick as a voice stalk spread from the near blue moon
sitting earnestly with unique insight into a drab humanity
the sunken love thanks the ground, as entrails speak
in murmurs of god rustling in the wake of a painful foment
of a backstage rehearsal bleak as the icy cravings of a kiss
unfelt on frigid streets of class act shadows fallen, walled
fates high on belief, a witness to the blonde martyrs awake
on gloom and modernity hearkening to free sprawls
blackening the urban dirt of mindless taste and grumbling ease
setting in as night plays on our loved family-blaming, inward,
into the hoary drizzle of infamous bloody time hollowing the core
worth of emotional personality into one wounded word

spirit realm nowhere

a cold dusty drear fakes the pretense of immortal experience
*eat when hungry sleep when tired** went out the window
in a flash of lightning the sudden pierce of god's rays flashing
membranes of infused light and shards of panoramic glass
reflecting the gross awareness of an imbalanced soul
out to simplify the grand mythological masterpiece
a vision unending in the glimpse of twilight unfolding
the secret path without restful sleep in the tortured task of self
awakening dishonesty pervading the track of a footless being
faulty and deathless stormy at the smoky moon with rainfalls of ash
smeared on the face of the beloved prostrate in the wilderness
to a stolen fix negating the white decent cream forging an ocean
across the jungles of deep distress caused by the angst of a lost soul
wrenched from the crooked barrows of a dungeon creaking
and snapping under the weight of a weathered love dying
in the truth of sorrow shielded quietly in tender mother
turning black and hollow at the marriage of sacred and profane
wars fought with tongues locked in embracing forbidden passions
in wild human mindscape explorer cartography of the inner wine
seeping from the veins of an impoverished impatient suffering
removed from a comedy both violent and absurd, to the edge
off the slime intoxication of mysterious melancholies
forlorn sullen lies untold going rotten as the age of sacrifice
playing and talking with wrathful possibility by crucified arts
scraping alchemical metals from teeth and genitals
of bold youths amazed by inglorious monotony
and the historical erasures of mindless bones
hacking at the void, tugging at irate deceased fires
in hooded contemplation, go outside normalcy
in formal numbers, wasting and vanishing excesses
bloated lingering over the smog chest of america
laughing and cooking nervous systems with higher strength
in the spirit realm to nowhere!

**Zen proverb*

Superficies of the Masses



thoughtslag

regenerate



windy spontaneity
a prelingual waking
from death's reality

cling of a waterglass
skims subtle passage
thru mindconnectivity

recitation of our home
cultures thru liberation
hearing each startles

throbveined lifetime
instant rattle lungs
saturated movement

clearlight gap between
preservation in word AUM
softly lighting conditions

violent human sound
to a heavenly quietude
forget ground traces



rose carried swiftly
on back of phantom
silent unknowing observer

Superficies of the Masses II

tightening transfigured
skull choice opened today
with teary hallucino-mother

smile undaunted quickly
escaping experiential night
wombness as indulgent, yogic

sikh awaits child unfriendly
ruse embittered lovestate
snakespine practice intertwined

awe as the wench grieved
exiting unnoticed, whiteout
immersed in skylless nature



to bewildering disbelief
at the mundane pose
soultravel transpersonality

in timeless rest, giving in
to calling wild breasts
under unmanned eyes

listening intently to spaces
where a directness bleeds
from a fantasy impressed

imageless, preconceptual
foolish dream renouncing
profane morbidity, humbled

animal seeing nothing not-
happening to no one
an expansive playing out

the world soul, underwater
netherland of nonbeing
disgracing the modernist

Superficies of the Masses III

interactive salvation, cool
lick of the grand mystery
evacuated from primal mind



and distant thunder greying
a comfortable artifice by wind
as the ageless cat folds paws

under freed activity, conscious
breath failing to grieve, welling
up of inner pain stored nightly

between crumpled writers brow
before the dizzying electric force
ghostly pangs from a bleak stitch

affliction impaired sorcerers society
meant to glorify the elderly drool
the fascist reintegrations sickening



the rush of nauseous influx trapped
in metal scraps feeding warhogs
immobile loathing depressant inhalation

tainting land in soaked conquerors rain
bartering with old testament songs
to receive devilry in cuts of wisdom

and enslaved weary ascetics appear
from elusive hideouts marked
the face of love, the original tongue

from the unaltered substance
an adamantite relativity
or true visitation to wonder



Superficies of the Masses IV

a still heart, an unearthly peace
filling the carcass of hate with virility
tendencies for ending allpain

the world sacrifice whipping
the jokers hat from his pace
grim and tortured, stealthily

inside the living brains of a dying god
persona of irresistible fright trusting
a zero-fied knowledge as small taps

lightning thickens crying gaian empress
lying bored for the storm shall pass
and all lie in waiting for the percepts



the oversoul unity with the heavens
in a divine chaotic orgy of matter
and spirit sighing under crystal fruit tree

reddened by illusions' maverick dungeon
in the heart of a tempestuous garden aflame
with high monks' desire pouring hot

thickened life on the voiceover graveyard
theatre as the green fire rusts bruised
scientific skin of the masses

T

The Absent Spider

a body tense with muddled excess whitens sick with wealth on spineless streets
localizing hell in an elementary gate through the toxic hole of one mass vibration
sharing the brick-hardened minds to aspire for play as that cold nihilistic extremity
corroding the shared soul of amnesiac fools howling good words into the jailed
cracking noon lusting after dogs in heat staring nude and finely bled onto the drab
desires of earthly men tugging a drifting cord resembling the faded noose
of an ancient high swelling bold laughing throats, chanting to effortless moons
wronged existence under the flood of wicked action chaining the mould of youth
onto the risky night benches to prepare foul lights flashing still behind the impoverished
eyes of elegantly hatched might arising within worn coarse hair kept dry, inflamed
life sacred to the cored eye spitting bread-ground loosened lips filling the jungle
birth of resisted males feeling short backs writhe beneath the softened breath
of a divine sleep to suck clean the ambrosia of mother's right to lend another body
to cloak the tragic vagrant failure who woos society into enlightened thought
letting metal coins go into black cavernous depths picked up with medicinal rings
of witnessed beauty forging language spoken in battered ribs, leaking marrow
seeping from the porous touch with a primal visitor, the grand fire manifest of suffering
the flesh of the Name (Kali) revealed as death herself showing only for the hidden
smile of a wandering tristess camouflaged red under the warring dust of tribes
disgust inebriated as the dream of her imagined present love transparent
and evasive as the god-magician winged to a cross of leaves shattering continuously
in a filmic hush blending as the drunk weirdly follows through another body
flown to the vacant roof of fatherless wine rained from a new age sky to head
the marriage of two shamans in an underworld fled to the barren remaining ghosts
who regularly walk the last wasted shores of amerind dress honoured as the plants' view
a universal potentiality in a wild lie spun with purpose for belief in an absent spider

The Abyss of Forgettance

but where does the summer run to, carrying a message for the spring in the ground
turning his feet bronze in the eyes of devil-workers scrounging below asking for bread
to seed the flooded thought of grandmother spider journeying into quranic breath
stopping to trespass over the noise of a prophet's deadly arrival, fleeing knowledge
with a pain in her heart, that thirst unquenched lasts into eternal bereftment
as the angst of tribal adolescence praises an astral rock in the gravitational divide
in cosmic triptamine skies eating a bundle of weed to restless abandon
in the toxic healing mundane vibe traveling evermore without reason for a taste
of horror unraveled inside belittled bodies all scarred with the rashes of sickly grace
and stumbling cross-eyed with genocidal remembrance for a dear brother
to move where ghosts keep women alive and distance the cries, burning
like guests that hearken suddenly to a future spanning anonymous symbolic songs
lost to the white aftermath, bubble-blown soft from the youthful drifting lips of a harpist
lover hidden in the bliss-grown grass run high as mountains flit under the wings
of a royal insect's plan binding the human map to a soul world tree stunting
after ancient pathways sought in the remains of a strong lurching haste
into long gone bones and ancestral tomes saving face for a bottle of greek
hints and plausible language grabs stashed in a wanderer's satchelback
as an animal torch filling the night sky with the silenced rush of new growth
always home and the feeling of reality here alone for a spare line hung
across metal forests overgrown wild with a bearded daze as a worked immigrant
slips in an aboriginal dance heated as the light fought over dirt roads
cold as life unmasked in the tragic grass thin before an awful reckoning
spun into finely brewed sin doubling over as manufactured risk

calling for no one

in an abyss

The Act

and a gust of strength blew
untrusting onto a cooled street
by the tornado drifters blindside
order mesmerized screwing
in gruel-inspired winks
of thought sounds pleading
for knowledge as one holy
question arisen to the lively
following void of stirred missions
sick boozing calls or written byes
unobstructed mended woven
into the metallic charm of a wine
sprite seedling cracking caffeine
between unique english teeth
distinct as a horse of arabian
speed as we develop the oriental
flowering of verbal medicine
or art as choice expression
of sustaining sanctity belied
in a stupefied arrangement
of sharpened boots and armed
sexuality in a familiar fashion
decrying the borderless
deprived identity rights
crossing the human ring
of anger, passion and divine
bloodlust singing before
the cowering dawn of first life
in a sound against our universal

act

The Ancient Wife

one geocentric match flares, a simple rush holds sporadically
to a sought vibration gleaming beneath the old unspoken order
dreamed as cyclic time runs a smoky wine dry to numbing
tongue-still taught with a deathly meaning sung thru hypnotic
page-turning need, a tempting rite decaying unknowns
healing, missing a line pointing towards a tropic moon horned
in rusted shorts hung against the divine meticulous backdrop
fate turning cold and heartless to no great ending vision men
tested by logos feeling pride etched discreetly along curves
backs of a intersexed dragon and his placid face scents wind
motionless, inconspicuous as fear-screwed social sleep intoxicates
the wild hand from wresting an evasive ghoul from behind two
broken lonely stares crossed madly between a reflecting lake
evaporating inside bitter lust choking havoc as the perfected
seed enters with a shot cry, rough as a future, engraved
on a stone facade

winter's drained lung lore tramping boldly
with respected blackfeet host failing to inspire the stars
to the enchanted dance, seasonal breath curse manifest
of wordless impulse to intuitive knowing hum tasted immediate
round of overmind in black toxic air of psychic escape, so belief
flourished in name on wise drum seated tavern on display
for tribal mystery a humbling incestuous power weakens
the child ancestor in a profane haste to comedic threat
chasing poor numbers

woman, anchor of spirit will you now
protect me from the disaster of the next shore, and while in dream
the plantlife guise of day shall overpower a thickening dark
unknown and be the prowess of simplicity under which shade
will your smile grow so wide as to conquer the final evil dead
to an absolute face beat slow as the present train ride loses
a reality so stark as an unburied grave lies rumbling grossly
in between thin-necked hungry child absent with stolen happiness
nonexistent as an essential noon fire-craze sharpened
across a dimly awakened core trail opening to ask the frantic past
for a rock

The Ancient Wife II

you are the clothed season of mental patience
be warned that there are spies, sickly, holding us, intransigent
boredom before a future life chosen with hardened street physique
forgetting the will, blindness hidden deep within a nerve mangled
horse-swept fading along scorched mindless law suddenly seen
beneath a soil ocean cursing and drifting in empty verbs stagnant
beneath mcdonalds sign hiway, the moth floats with skyline heat
wavering coolly in conditioned airy trust thru old gloom trusty seat
emboldened with lightened soul trickster destroying flesh cleansed
teeth study in floss wine eyes of early love and effortless miles
pulled fast by hairy subconscious nun pandering inspired cities
intoxicated by the breath of a burly birdeye, ignoring each word
one at a time roasting alive on immobile ice pyre driven stake
sifting with bloodied gore worsened lies shattering the christ
famed loss body raining unborn pain out of hells all-embracing
dry failing to wonder the no why stiff-jawed fatigue worthy
for arrested philadelphia songmen insane singing the backdoor
to anyone's shameful border-crossing infant paint struggling
into white-word within irate coyote devouring beyond life shivering
with drunk lust salted beard jutting out coldly into a smell of earth's
deathly waste under the potential state bought sunlit well shrinking
before the magic bark appears in faded brushwork under the translucent

ancient wife

The Apple and the Mouth

the dire strength
old and burnt
it catches a cool silk
and in the morning one can die
effervescence out into the salty air
face the torrent of the wind
the tide is now rising
and falling

futile escape
sheer requiem
false and demurred
brain damage liver transplant
do not confuse the two

hear the crack and acrid quip
one is belittled
but a speck among a vast myriad all unlike
among
never separate

fall and do not catch yourself
oh the calloused life
strung out and emaciated
shriek tall, mouth below the apple
open wide as not to let anyone in

The Beauty of Light

remarkable and asinine, the stupidity of men's journey
yet taken
yet falsified by our own ego-crazed dementia
a frivolous bankruptcy of ideas shaken
easily forgotten
and past all catharsis

favour deity magic, the repugnance of the world
and through shiva's eyes the magic endures
where it will and where it has
the fantastical hypocrite lies ruined, demurred, filthy
a lost airy shard, and his face will wipe clean

cursed reform, nonsensical political normalcies
the tired, unfurled shuck of youth, waving fists of ignorance
inexperienced and rash
a courageous, ghastly figure of the noon, hidden between
 starlight and burning sun
do forsake the waves calmly and with tranquility

decrepit and eternal, falsified and elderly
the face of man, bird, lizard, fish
a nameless overseer, demigod of the fruits
leader to all that bow in shame
masked and white, a beauty phosphorescent and light

The Blind Queen

not in nominal convention but as for the spiritual affliction inherent in faith
I remember the breath that first swallowed virgin depths in the appetite
of a hollowed tree drifting sadly with hostile reconciliation
among an airborne drift caught in struggling up-turned skin soiled
drearily through a maze of roots and notes screened, darkly stripped
illusory's purpose clothing the saturated profanity of inner city heat
fooling astral races into mind-erupted need fasted heads yearning
for weird croaking flesh defied dread falling through fire, webbed
transparent motion around the homemade sky cross seeing without
into the eye of the sun still waiting for the messianic trust of dogma
tribal lies worked into the mundane waking power of good resting
on the very practice of ungodly satanic ritualism locking the individual
key to true direct relation to the only source Divine! unlike the hosts
watch slipping through soft meandering gentle highs but into the mad
sanity crying behind the blackest subconscious defilement, underneath
the unknown eastern whereabouts claimed once again by the indigenous
flag perched atop stone breasted vegetable wrath in the form of birds
and women dressed in the way of the imbibed violations drying mothers
to their core in the unsound decimated fight desperate as the first light
of post-apocalyptic beginning under the burned genital wars faded
on a royal lash

The Book of Fate

accent the silent portal, great emphatic not, hole of life empty my doom like a slow tide, erotic
slippers rescue shh vie foul crow, open sewer manikins enter the city monday killings realize
the wise frown evaporate natural state alas drown in hate votive secondary whisperings belie
misconstrued political malady aiming innocent family bomb my home and send my father
to the homeland of the enemy chain my death to the wall of social insanity like the retardant
howling of evil mistress gnome gun redundant goal in changeless frequency as rolling hills part
under shivering earthen ecstatic lightning apocalyptic sunrise timing survival minding build
symphonic dissonance in fervent hellion caves smoking herbs with bible bowing teachers fatten
diseased brain composted worries cornered graves giving in to this burning guest words spread
out like a thickness too deep to return, the waters blacken darker than any ink to my religious
soul begging for wounds healed by cutting poems to no one alone reading some one else's mind
the drain of neverending sorrow refills under the waning moon of tomorrow night answer
my prayers this god does not want my voice in its tired deadly skull, mask the will to life through
artwork done in spite of a bent remorseful childhood, born of alcoholic falsehoods
the mindfulness of a silent mother burdened by the raging vocation of a pianist overseer always
lounging in front of the american trance tv leaving everyone behind to watch balls fly in sexual
tapestries athletic wars confused in the age of heroic industry malformed bodies drugged
under pains of entelechy sifting thoughts paid at the hands of savage ways done up in colourless
alchemy stirring past lives from subconscious rendering as the psyche follows churchgoers
to their bookish monotony, help me die for i can not bear my suicide eat
the plant of the devil, your eyes will open

The Book of Fate II

deathlessly, hear the endless name calling beyond the visible plane sorting astral antipathy like the newborn faking raw wonder at the hand of white placental surgery, angelic tomb ascend as world soul feeds on blinding awe voiced pure innocence the child of man returns vengeance escaped before imprisoned office rape as cannibals drain sex fluid and the tobacco haze, reappear before wild distraught eyes schooled in ignorant natural alienation hopeless runners eating bile at sound of ceremonial orgy to the great female goddess dressed in blue liquid gown wooed into narcotic submission by universe imagined lonesome brew scoffed at poor on west end at dusk chosen one reads psychotic rambling in newspaper rule information electronic tease stars crash entrance to quantified greed hearsay of irrespective womb fret for loss at the eastern liberation ovum of peace shatter my human need exit to fatherless storm individual potion strung out thin under fasting drug stints and the wind smiles high above your ended virgin relations sear horned bones entrenched in viet massacres lagging behind rhymes in reggae dirt over iraq scream free wielding the force of a voice and hard hands struggling inside dogged possibility meditating kneedeep in grass beside love at last a dream unreal seeming near but shot with smoke collapsed lung of jungles meeting christian cross in prayers to horned mushroom god laughing aloud with a consciousness that booms this earth geared in self-satisfied human gloom, roam the hollow plains of your genocidal lies combat the rank generals of old indian circulation as the locomotive stirs the grassland in gunpowder testosterone failing to see the vision of elder strength buckling under feminine wise death of all that has settled to hide under the unknown, reorder mind tunnel into authoritarian home, ashram where i go to see mothers beheading answer my life under hatred and trespassers palestine arrested by militarized refugees of the third world plague as the stolen face talks nonstop in notebook glum alleyways, coal rotted sickness retire to the bed white hospital sheet fed slop and given nervous breakdown for breaks degenerate hoods playing piano for mixed amnesiac ghouls mere shades of an earlier age the great war passing through a transparent conscience, a holocaust of africans at our front door reeling in hunger at the village bellies we could fill but who cares and who will the american green stretches cowering inside dictator bowels as the smog of our freedom chokes the lord we seek to love but infused in every behaviour he moves now while the many sneak into buildings of redundant mourning for salvation of hell no more critique on organized prayer the homeless would air out in the streets with lanky pests gnawing at their thinned viscera asking more how sad can one become until they are over, bored regressive fate

the childhood asylum

cyclical sound frightening the brain
with reflections going round
in the filtered sun
on gas-powered waves
as the drone squiggles and quakes
my vibrating hive
a headache swarming in nauseous tunnels
the claustrophobic ideal
the dream drained by an evaporating cheekbone
on arid thoughts for pre-revolutionary settlements
the black hog vanquished by hoots and bleats
from the penned in human scream
the drastic hurl overboard
on enlightened trains thru canada
with judgments packed in like sour bread
in the back of a sun-baked wagon
feeling green blood writhe and sting
with a sebaceous drip and venomous clap
echoed in redundant war shock tower
tightening the loving dope every hour
in New Bedford with vets drunk on staircase gloom
beneath the edgy classic Greek womb
on the over-rational mind sharpening
electric whiskers from the ancient tongue of a rebel
unsure of the safety on his belly of a gun
and the musty ground cracks and sputters
in a humid lair the aboveground bite singeing
the hot open sores of age
onto a restless unhaunted child
believing in ecstatic love with each dark crunch
on seashell fires as the mouldy plume shakes
the hinge of american immigrants huddling
between sharpened skies sucking the mother
from each infant cry and suit-jumbled paranoia
inside the bordered life of empty hollow pain
no remorse no gain a thickened loss shattered
the illusion with a cross and a name
the tauntings and ruthless drive thru dusk
of world saviourism - I kick the wall
but my fist barely penetrates

the childhood asylum II

the arrival of a shaking nerve
the tower of sacrifice unearthed
a martyr's shrieking from the dirt
calling to Allah with all-energy devotion
sick bird followed throughout halls
encumbered with colours and mad emotions
internalized drawing the jail bars
in a child's mental home with a different lover
for each insane fall over precipice of sorrow
and weekly insomniac depraved menial existence
cornered in trudging camaraderie with fellow sleepwalkers
thru smoke and nonsense entertainment laughing
with narcotic muscles in the oscillating suburban freeze
the lethargic motion of powerless feet walking on dollars
crumbling with every movement in the dream
to pray with dog-smell wishwash saliva
and saturated milk wench pools collecting
in hunched over naturals leading with syringes
and hollering for grammar with each suck unfurled
by the sound of a lightening cracked sea
the alcoholic ocean breathing oil in sad glimpses
of a moonless hell the storm-tossed bars filling
with fishy doom and childish rush of sexual money
but then, out of the carnage and artificial toolbox
of destruction there is an endless sound
something is in tune at last the void restructured
by a piano played with the softness and gentle touch
of the all mother quietly dancing in the song of the word
crooked and skewered on an oceanic pain
deathless past all bare recollections
and foul visceral conundrums the world rings clear
in the after silence of earthly remembrance
chains of godliness revert to the ancient night
an impetus glare stinging the aged remorse
from a fickle brush of hair the clean sweep of distrusting
breath inflaming the waking liar from the bloodstained
infirmary bed down in the loud dream
making conscious decisions unbound impasse
struggling with a hopeless shivering sea eye
plucked from the arcane shadows
filling mouths with bread and rubbish

the conception of a medusa

what unworthy pain, my head floats with rotted nerves
bent over the disgusting mellow softening of lung swoon
hollowed sobs from the fat cheeks of a nearby beloved
resounding infantile worries quickened thoughts and restless sleep
but what a life of wandering from the doors of each parent
trying to get a grasp on the fixation, to revive monetary classist therapy
on the afflicted minds of youth au naturale imbibing the fruit
of insane callings to the alchemical nether realm
a denounced seed engine damaging pale heights of a soggy hope
submerged in a boiling gloom in the humid massachusetts eve
pacifists fixated on the tales of the dead concerning
in a fungal nonsensicality
impression of the psychic father entangled in the pine wood
of tragic natives spitting fire from the mouths of its future lives
in the soup of eternal waking dissolution praying openly
from the rancid skin of a buried corpse scalped and mutilated
beyond kindly rectification journeying to the southernmost animal
mind to fight a love coalesced in warped unction of preserved cold
greens drooping over the watchful eye of the white buddha
looking restful untempted by the sexual movement
of a sumptuous brown coloured feminine wood sprite
unchanged next to vague candlelit child prisons
set to the foreground of telescopic projection from the grand sky
of ordinary mind the untamed ageless guest overburdened
with a dry sickness filling up the Indian guide
with wasted corpulent tongues priceless inquiries
in the mad gusts of silence deranged by imbalanced minds
waiting to be swept off to magic empress looking up from the ground
prostrating herself, a true queen of everlasting beauty
empowered by the elixir drunk on god intoxicated wonder fluid
escaping from under thoughts inside, resisting spontaneity
of a charged reactionary brain, a sacrificial feline tomb begins to grow
stone hair and smiling crumble, relentless disappointments beached

The Contemplative

witness belly of darkness, entrance to archaic doom sickness of the enslaved pyramid dawning
on coalesced tragic english authors pale introverts seeking the moon in their warm sex starved
hearts belated knives singing supernatural tomes to the last break on atlantic star cross the whale
body of woman screaming mental abuse thrown furniture caked in whiskey and smoking chains
outside in cruel russian games as foreign throat songs wing tirelessly in the mission of plight
answer my groom he is feeling dead but awake the price for her head is missing i need a bench
to lie under and wonder why aim for neurotic misgivings at disconnected relative wiles feeling
elegant and guile ingrained in our minds is this subtle tie cloudless messiah from the mountain
speak with gentleness at the cold metal wish of our trying knowledge the fleshy bread of
unknowing has lost its way to paradise on this cascade blackened dream grieving for watches
on seventh avenue to look for transcendent spiritscapes change the business suit to gold and fresh
mind back to honey under calloused thought habit boring hail stupendous gash, dancing surreal
gods charged with unnatural life in neon streaks saturated in optimist upbringing listen
in between for art is the way to sustain the awe of god within the natural mind ordinariness
climbing amidst social canopy starved for oceanic rest to forget remembering seances to loving
paranoia morbid futurity calling asshole credence to the wilderness of mystery beckoning
with peeled skin and emaciated limbs on the night zest of sexual death connivance within family
recede the hairline of your food numinous cesspool rank with dogsweat humbled lair of nazi glee
purr of buddha save the poor wino grumbling catatonic scats walled in deranged under sidewalks
paved with meat dealt money to monks in secret as sex work nuns rape their lesbian lord chatting
about new york jewish cars music of the blacks fading in splotched complexions squandered
by the loss of desert wandering sacrifice selfless haste to the teenage loveless face grinding out
cheap beer stale computations on overnight queers eating judgments like secretive plays trying
with their lives to hide from the nothing they disguise alarm dreary silent fate wash my memory
of our last night with highway space runt of my desire flee from the wench of your secure false
oath to ambition and ghosts as you cope and swear the days away leaving your lies to screen
spirits birthing out your inflamed grey sad eyes but do not look at your scars and hopeless
laments aim for the heights lose the white in your skin to the sun do not hate your sister for her
mistakes commune with the benevolent in your reckless vents do not kill me in mind i have died
for you to be more than this heavy wartime lore, why are the acoustics of a ditch always best
in which to sing? for hell is where the heavens ring, i stand by my awful poems rickety thoughts
spelt out at the addicts hand shaky and ungrammatical, why is no one getting paid to improvise
with their lies empty the conventional smiles from your mechanized wives reel perfection
onto the boat with obvious failure, why did the sixties only get it then, where is the whole earths
bonfire of profanity remembering the mayan decree to rejuvenate churning girls getting loaded
and dropping off the deep end to that place you know and can not guess for you are the mystery
sacred and blessed, who would have fucking known it includes ten thousand years of ego

The Contemplative II

transparent asphyxiation grasping for thread prescribed by the ageless wizard at the end of time
sitting under the tree laughing with gotama about suffering and i matt hanson wish to write
the book of my life but what fucking life is there the spectrum of universal surroundings
pantheistic ecstasy gorging on the fruit of illumination in divine redundancy play away
in this stupid bull grazing for the blooming hindu mitzvah groans without demise as the flux
disharmony grows bold at sunrise claiming the clouds as pure land arise! find nothing and so you
also recede into the torrent of a holy rhyme chilled in drinks nude out of bowls as the sloppy
monk traveling drools on his sandy bed listening to the sound of the hemp gurgling
in circumvented shouts in a witnessing unhaunted mind screwy poet from the north venerating
his native brethren as they are whited out extinct at the hand of hungry immigrant thieves
gunning down their uncles home without contemplative yearning nervous hovels imprisoned
under the darkened unruly sky hideaways leaving the west for sufi rugs hugging ancient kindred
in vast awareness sandstorm expatriot freeing binds to the surface of political lines deemed high
and mighty over classist dinners and dietary habitual cityscapes crawling through torturous
digital mindframes speaking in tongues to elfin hyperspatial drug reminisce of the great window
love sparking gross formality on beds of granola saved hair sprawled out over naked
bottomfeeding libertines sleazy jewgod frantic caving in to the helpless ants baking,
overpopulated swamps of deforestation

The Continent of Seeds

we must place our own logic, our understanding.
that most sacred evidence of our existence
a knowledge of our particular being as we are today
up on an eternally burning altar as an offering
to the past lives of our cyclical place in the great
wheel of life turned deliberately through the ancient
ceremony of bringing children into the day, inspired
community with the beginningless question
of awestruck timidity destroyed finally in heat
of nostalgic laughter and the lie that has been played
before the machines of unforgiving time that this
racist disgust for what is inside every drop of human
blood is cleaned into the glassy pure intellect
of an inquiring crowd fueled by a raging truth
amassing the followings unseen through any one
scientific or academic lens into the naked eyes
in you bursting forth into ten jungles tight
with the born pain of an injured birth kneeling
to a procession of exports and as the moosean
facade trembles behind any face awash
from the gross neglect disguising our swollen
teeth softening with every crunch of sand
dried music learned from the fateful mirage
of our mother israel reappearing against the arab
mast fully revealed calling to a new name sunk
in wild american fear, into the paradise after
judgment date the circular rod empties forth
with reptilian glances hiding among green coats
the leader emerged out from nowhere cloaked
in the sage flesh of one disastrous illusion
divining the graven breast of a savior
in mourning, war consecrated grounds vibrate
into a body forced to waste the upturned sky
and challenge the sun in a blank quest
to ready the last pain for the devil's trust
to overcome in perpetuated hate gone untold
beneath thin verse narrowed outside of reach
even to the searching hearts of a nearing east
becoming closer than ever expected on the shores
of levantine streets on a continent of seeds

the country dwelling

too weak to turn on this invasive machine
honing bored kills to drown in the fine liquor
of improvised meaning, rants of earth decaying
swallowing honesty to upchuck greed
in false disastrous night on June 12 07
pandering around empty sounds to fill
the hole my love burnt through my tired
old soul hooting away into void nothing
praying at the foot of golden ancients
smiling deathless hooded in bright shawls
of nuclear blood to sanctify this dryness
sent to the back of mind empty my pores
of this wallowing deadly filth
massive neuroticism enlightens
my greed sorry opportunists changing face
before the crooked dusty vines impaled
lunge scratchy television spilling
carcass of anonymity into wreckage
of shawled robbers huddling
under cloudless fear showing no hope
from chopped hands unraveled ghosts
wanting once again to vibrate
with dope razed eyeballs staring
into mockery, shame-hammered skin
onto washed mirrors now useless
dive pasted into foul steaming air
beaming gone apish overall doom
in shambles fooled to think injurious
demand fat warring skulls
forlorn with an opulent sickness
an excessive dogmatic belittling
of the race we divide
under holistic banners driving over
the mad to sane habits wondering
why the buried rise haunts
the sleeping mob professes
deranged to worship the hold

the country dwelling II

where did the formless white light go
smoky grimace of the shallows
granting the untrue rascals bubbling
over with instilled cravings
for an insidious contagion
the space in between words
wide but I ignore its worth
as the shocked blue horizon
demonizing the preordained
escaped value shadow ghoul
sceptre masked with my naked plea
to astound cynics and bones
raving of the wilderness
in blank flea-bitten cabins
collecting each other's viscera
within their own bowels

The Cry of Midnight

and no work for the devil's trade prospering with subtle force
as an owned being who switched positions with the stars

to become uma (all-mother)
in an instant remembering the timeless beyond answering
directly to a sensual procession forgiven after aeons to quiet
the enraged laughter clapped under the fiery womb deep
stretching before mind as host to the void and now resurrected
by the son unborn out of a break with light and knowledge
in order to find, alas!

the original human who formed
out of darkness fright and the worry of an unlettered divine
borrowing throughout the temporal multiverse growing
to the moment to know you

closed transcendent
intersexed parent in love with the taste of flesh
and the ugly way of suffering to listen oh!

to the vocal
grace of human death, faded and alone
against the unadulterated gaping abyss hidden
& silent behind eyebrows open to the sound
koan dripping in jungle monastery awaiting
unto the final addicted lie sits parasitic in bold
wealth-numb neighborhood america
wielding the religious fate of all nations
marked with cross of chaste desperation
while resting unshaken in circular reservation
flight seeing the vacant distant mountain eye
open wide with eagle pupils aflame in trust
of Wakin Takun until awakening dawns

our midnight cries

the death of mad pride

frozen tears melt into blotter sheets
in good cold home heated by narcotic confusion
fat-bellied lies guaranteed death naked and serious
in the disillusioned city fight. panic-starved musing
on shallow moat of jealous child-like surroundings
in quelled desert air flowing like humid smoke
along the edgy brow of jewish uncles
self-blamed genocide of course
pouting and jeering with mother
in sickening bathtub beer
licking blue halls shocked and fizzing
in carbonated elegance
in some drastic beat up family hearse
winding around cobblestone streets
in the rough blind grace of homeless north
suckling the growth hormone paste
dripping like sweat off tired agony
antique buildings pressing down
fruitless hate and waste into swine
muck forests of old england
shaving discoloured breasts
of ravaged american wild feverish wife
brain simmering joking with the earth
and water in pools of senseless tasteful ash
alone on dark trains thru fire and separation
mixed in alcoholic dimwit lamps
tensing loose flesh in perverted seedy night
in mind crutch smiling fear
the ancient sacred terrorist deploras
the scent and game of shaved luminescence
as the darkest cave whitens hook-nosed dawns
with serene egyptian priestess on hash and arcane sex
flour tiles spin with drool and nightly shame
the rug clears with morning and silence
birds fill the tight psychedelic watch
with endless depressing breakfasts

the death of mad pride II

surging trash lines thin bowels fresh and exhausted
from plundering demons slain twisted in monstrous weaponry
for brainwashing the perfect child
into nameless rut or godless fascist
seeking time-breaks without indian hair
and singed rabbinic beards cowering around the absolute
polish voice beyond grandmother in fatal bed snoring
to the laughing all-mother glorified
in decadent western juice of chaste behaved musicians
and looking back and into dreams too personal
as the bulging torsos of brother and first girl rush thru
black blood filling my tar shine esophagus
vomiting with the signature crooked gain of no-life
dry ruthlessly sad humourless thought
compulsions feigning mad pride

The Dusty Warlord

in a prison for conceptual lords
ruined by the imagined stranger
staggering by the inch
toward cobblestone moons
buzzing to the alcoholic beat
of american east
fearful to the brim
in the silent pang
of underground subway rights
breaking on the skull
of a metal jaw
ruling the unreal heat
of the roundabout ruffian
history of the streets
urban sprawl wrung dry
for the costumes of militiamen
to fail always in the gloom
of the empire's golden life
uprooted with an apocalypse
cleansing the celestium
the conscious brood over
a heroic phase
on the transpersonal calendar
of extra-perceived ugly meat
roasting on the tooth spit
crowded mouths of judea
kings harboring the political
muddled insane archaeological
stability in the mentation
of an israeli flashbomb
in atheistic trash
wading finely
on the shaved delicacy
of palestinian farmland
bent inside cruelly
with shtetl curiosity
as the muscular sword-
raised grass of foreign
offspring breed a double
colony's mesmerizing
complexity to worship

The Dusty Warlord II

a freedom of stealth horror
in a mindfield rasped
at the brake of vulnerable
hillock naps with the russian
myth poured invisible
as reckless forest speech
given a top, blue-eyed
northern fates wrested
from locked fatherless chests
in the alternate pedagogy
of gendered hierarchy
to oppress with the rough shore
desert dawn of ensuing pregnancy
aboard the ship of critical reason
to know the game of the unwanted
brothers chosen as inconspicuously
as the road home, blessed
peace town on sands, humble
calling beyond the commotion
of rusted age in the armed jungle
of human ancient dread
still warm with architectural
might constructed with signed
lead and though burned
into dissected vertebrate
endings lost to the stoic
prayer fabricated awe
before memories grace
but into the originated rigidity
of the addict's lore
carried, falling by
monstrous flop of civilizations
wing-tied around the edge
of savage hope
on the thin sweat
dust of a natural war

The Edge of Pure Reason

what possibility of the imagination will next be subject to a reversed plundering under which circumstance of natural decay will our time on earth be cleansed out beyond all recognized behaviour and into the usurped voice of the original function aspiring to a purpose that is better than sensual knowledge so ridden with the deadening glory of power structures breaching the psychic waves of planetary oppression.

the gongs have been raised and they pierce the air of satisfied gluttony under a guise of freakish torment and emotional parasites sauntering along inside a dazed factory light dimming toward unusual chaotic reminiscence for the songs that birthed new languages on mounds of static history overgrown to the bitter endless war with the blessed despair of utter perfection realized at the centre of a psychedelic eye enlightening our chronic misery atrophy in the creative taboos of mass sexuality enlivened under the gazing spiritual moon of ecstatic belief for a present of proof that our being does not leave and not come but is/has/will always be here connected to the trans-lingual divine struggle out from the bounding of natural death wading grossly in a deadly fog-blown lust that coerced our bones into the ancient ground freshened with resurrected ghoulish races emerging from aztec sands to cannibalize the child's sacred tomb opening once for the aligned universe at a date of transformative mortality, facing the mutual reckoning of the biased history, a fundamental division evoked in the minding of space-negating flaws of the overall trust design of profaned vowelings, an infantile approach to the larger picture manifest as insight from beyond the page, warned complexity obscuring the unfailing beauty of the feminine, opposing unreality

awe of self-blame and sorrow for the internal void spilling out into the world of tasteful acquiescence with the mirage as an overlapping high of pure frivolity as dementia, a true questioning and deepened search of the reason for being at all instead of the scared and bruised body of twisted mechanized salvation handing over power to inhuman nothing.

botched and unspirited technique to coast freely through every second of awareness as an unidentified phenomenon stretching the goggles of labrat business to its last coin in the impossible jungle of imaginative thirst for a humility sinking as another seed in infertile waters with the air of temptress chemistry on the rattled shaman tooth ritualized music burning as islamic hells caving to sweeten proud heavenscapes worn nightly on coloured predator-chested cat flesh simmering quietly on the morbid dream-hunt escape feeding off the mucous curse felt mildly insane with elders, crooked with wild hate on the edge of disappeared names and absolute unknowns

Eel of Unknowing

Benign, malignant, incarcerated fools beyond
yonder, scream and bellow, lather buttered
sugar toast with tone, defy outright impulses
to filthy, incestual murder. and deep, dark
hallways filled with loaded bulbs, shrug
fastens of disparaging incongruence
make sense and gift lies, teach morals
and leave the wide, open expanse out of it
forget totally the life-forging intensity of the nihilistic
vast, and infinite desert sky, not an opaque vision to be
seen but for the teeming dark matter and that eel-
soaked, writhing, foul-entrenched plethora of unknowns.

The Elder Arctic

so the blood spirits shall sing the unspoken
closed-mouth dry-tongued lies of a deserted youth
filled with the tragedy of a lost family in demise
seen only from televised gruesome truths
of unearthly highs brought into the steady fashion
of greed and irresistible belief
as the farce in genetic pride from the flowered wife
and stone's god of home-sustained earth
struggling to free the next human by a step taken
too weakly on the front page, first line warrior
bred to fall in the melting pot of old world disease
and eaten clean by the razor sharp teeth
of an ouroboros mythical beast thieving
on the slave-drugged beauty of new spain
in a drastic crawl towards her improvised smoke
thin survival among the humidity of male birth
frightening the natural person of cavernous shame
in a landlocked history of sweet savage divinity
sleeping finitely in the mountain-crossing demise
to the core of her insomniac touch, felt naked
as the gross paint of urban psychic visions
faint as a fundamental neurosis in disorder
and decline, meandering to the shaken spine
with light enough to burn a thought
and a darkness opaque with the laugh of one
god answering to a no one sunk with such
controlled grief as to physically damage
the subconscious child's feet
in a displaced maze imperfect, human
forgetting as a silence beckons
the glowering messianic trait to free
an antichrist blackened to the bone
knifed open-hearted night for communing
with underworld heights in a pre-dawn
smoke of arctic elder stone

The End of All Metaphors

I have been sexually molested! said the gods
from their high golden state moulded
from the breakage of rights and the gambling
tribes of blood-gang ruffians singing and sweating
bursting through herb-shade grassy fates
as we distance our own children from the blessed
taste of suffering's unworthy fading sounds
smoking toxicity in the downtown shuttle
through earth and back with a will to guess
for a second at the lofty jungle sex of the bleeding
fugitive trap that puzzles cinematic albertan skies
with the only freedoms of american pain
juggling insane bridge highways for a fifty cent
play on the end of stephen avenue wide
with a jotting bolt of shone bloating pregnancy
hot to the touch as addict construction workers
swing cruel slabs of waste over trying backs
gone unnamed before deadly lonesome struggles
into a face weeping as shocked in the motionless
light of fractioned rain beating on the dirt
to the feet of a heart-community raging perfect
in the wilds of animal grace in protest
over the reactionary stumbling of political dogmas
framed under the transparent umbrella
of popular belief in a history spawned
of over informational greed to ransom the natural
beings from their graves of serene coping
a wise mystery let to die asleep atop a furnace
striving blind-sick crying as we continue
our literary metaphor on a journey east

The End of Ambition

we must not hail ambition
when we know!
what seems ahead
lies already at our side

The Entrancement of Psyche

when the paper and pen appear
writing dissolves, away with the full moon
obscured dark clouds change with sky
into mystery and essence
fading time of thought and silence.

the ravaged mind eye escapes
my being like the lids of definite paranoia
blinking in between ignorance and gluttony.

even the rotted corpse of trivial despair
can not entice the womb in my heart
to fill with the fiery seed of devastation
and madness to birth an insatiable wonder
for the word in all its arbitrary confinement
and propagandized rule.

a struggle to rise like steaming hatred
into the bowels of catastrophe.

a war for heaven, intolerant love.

the frustrated pangs resound
and stutter in the calling whisper
of their graphite dream.

morbid psychosis enters and exits
from the room of isolation
like an unborn sister embedded
in the groundless wave of the unconscious.

a sea of gladness and anger shifts and swirls
in the tunnels of narcotic camaraderie as I behave
with a dancing fury to enlightened turbans
moving and swaying to modern beats.

glowing with a caress from a cat god.

The Entrancement of Psyche II

saddened by lack of earthly distractions
my spirit is repaired and seeks terminal destruction.

we lost the impenetrable love and shriek at the mere traces
of our innate dissolution.

order and fate ride inside the devil hiding with cups of wine
early for the morning sleep.

the leaves quake on an ocean river knowing their end
in a void deep from the surface.

a soil poisoned so clean as to rinse the skin of the mob
in trashy weakness as the weary drug whore strolls in naked
in military boots and tight leather shame.

toasting to the nameless in lawless beds ravaging the cruel
scowling women in man's lie.

joking with night ghosts about oneness in a crowd
as straying norms croak and shiver in drunk fear.

chosen poor - the night mixes with cold sweat
of islamic heat.

fine wafts of atlantic humidity control my longing.

tightening the rope around my feet
the passerby at dusk waves a flag white then red
and back to white our blood boils
in tough trials thru death and sour humility
news from the human world.

escalating desperation funneling in
pounds of naked flesh plagued
with the tears of beauty and a cry
louder than any gunshot or bomb
a cry that rings so deep
as to cut the mask of human tragedy
from this smiling prophetic face
of american hate.

The Entrancement of Psyche III

where does the filth collect?
what sort of prayer asks for alien hands
to strangle the vice grip of reason
into deadened submission
and purple flecks of immorality
and obligation?
 what breath curls and drips
 like the sound of love in an ocean
 of waveless pain?

the gunk and spew of foresight
and collective memory flee
from martyrdom
the last visage of animal sacrifice
believing in the beheading
of indian gods on my last lunar height
in the last of my wampanoag craving.
 a broken defilement hatched
 from the core of untouched sanity
 while gloom rests its head
 on the stocking of a selfless jewess
 bent over a singular genocidal fashion
 to hate peace love war doublespeak
 the muffled trenches of a child's
 diasporic family removing the veil
 of witnessed digression
 into secular division, split moon
 freaks havoc at the shrugs
 of apathetic cigarette failures
 flicking matches and preparing for luxury.
my skin hangs lifeless sexless
like vapid smoke whirls carving thick tar
in chemical charity.

 I will not retire to my childhood tomb.
muddled glares sicken and float
on the gaseous stomach earth
of blindness granted to the worthy demon air.
 thinning in a gasp on top of the holy mountain
 sparking a disappearance in a looming image
 of the perched eagle fitfully filling her shisha
 breast in a neurotic nightmare medium.

The Exploitations of Awareness

who was here? where did we move from?
a dialogue, self-interrogating high
paradigmatic thought breathing light
into the smoky prisms of a bloody disease
without reason to fear the anxious pleas
of pandemic streetscape wisdom
shocking the finality of a full release
into escaping students of power
estranged into black domains
of sacrificial wording devising sight
angled tunnels rising to a flooded trap
knots of the feud prank dried
in televised mouths rank
with unstirred gum humbled
within inches of every short american
come block flowing lifeless from the roused
drinking ghouls of plural lust
torturing the moods of law un-named
before the rules grab cold swooning
societies in a demise of that undiminished
trust once awake as a god of livid disgust
for the cruel dumb worth of the awe-stricken
and astonished drug blurting ruffians
accursed within lanky insecticide drivel
of a schooled mind dim with lofty pride
around an emotional page reflected
in media phases derived from our blond
ensnaring bias for the mythic woman
that tempts killing brushstroke sadness
in a fornicating ire turned inside to within
the rainy fires of our confounded desire
raiding early possibility as the lilting
waves of canadianized cold stares
into staggering belief in seedlings
rush to synthesize with blush distracting
dare for a heart blinking gold

is it nationality? or humility that scours
collective identity in the muddied face
of duress and shame? memories
entombed in blind sacrilege, a gaze

The Exploitations of Awareness II

into the lunatic moon awake with poor
kaleidoscoping pain sky medicine
poetry lore as the rustic play dreaming
of god in time to lower hell
into a magical oblivion of sin
granting paralyzed psychedelic dramas
into forgotten proud brains
feeling our entrails between thought
taboos all awry with the rough finish
of racist coverings introspecting
into a call of earth to pray harder
and louder into the vaginal womb
deep of sacred being, preparing
soul flight beyond the gaseous
journeys of economic might, sunken
mind forms reaching into parabolic
frequencies of zen-insane laughter
shredded by metal guitar weed
forcing motherless fools
into a wilderness of shameful
tragedy romancing the fall
into another mythic swine beach
re-reading the value of words
as absolute truth, neglecting our father
nominal family as open religious divide
saved by latin animals grieving
over ancestral waiting room bursting
from judeo-christian shells
to learn self-language rights
denied in powerless laboratory crime
enjoined into simplistic academicism
theorizing the maze jungles
of problematized recreations
representing misinterpretations
and high beside blended social strangers
derived, computed and skewed
into use by the annals of mental toxicities
passive in channeled settings
as artificial environments manipulating
awareness to profit off public policy

The Fleeting Known

To be known is insignificant
If you can sustain the admiration of one person
throughout their lifetime or your lifetime

To look back on long years as a moment
you can never live in that time again, but it can be remembered

Start in a moment you wished could last forever
venture into the unknown which is your future
end looking back into your life - it was just a moment
Look back as you would have liked it to be
or what you imagine it was, but many times
far from actuality

To be content

"That's the way he is"
I don't believe in this
Human beings have the capacity to change
and learn, which will always be able
to alter that person's perception
no matter how obstinate the person
or how embedded he/she is in
their set way of thinking

A moment of life

the foreshadow of love

motionless wink been struck by the star
filling my tamed impulses into a lacking simplicity
ordering corn rinds and black coffee
after saving on a carton of 200 best times
singing with the nothing growling in rug belly
consumed thought and bellowed out
sickened notes spent with a timeless disbelief
looking into pure loveless gaze of a dying ghost
child shaking off a sweat of whisky
holding back smoke in the dreary winter headache
thumping heartbeat embrace stranded in the closed trap
of a stifling nude sleeping in cold sheets
sharing a quiet something with a chaotic dose of moonshot
world toxified by the drying eyes of your deadly hold
on my blood freezing old cliches outside
in the chilled steam breath of our shaking knees
freeing our bodies from the pain of surrounded traps
woods at home harbouring the violent superstitions
old wafts of inhuman airs lifted with a sure lightness
overheard staunch broken rooms
emptied barren walls shrugging off a dolorous kiss
to wear the tattered rags of a lowered woman
fighting to be heard over the din crazed sufferer
taking in each cry with a drink of the irish cringe
faking a smile for spiritless neighbors
telling generous tales of darkskin wines
riding deified horses through emptiness burdened
by a singular pain lost in childhood
now ambling about in a smoke-filled cave
scratchy records of. pressed-wine listening
to the nature of mind exist with the windblown
forests and hills brightened with a gram
of ecstatic green herbs, shamans with matted hair
an amalgam of wise eye-opening ventures
to dreamscapes unheard by the tawdry closeness
of two drunk wordsmiths spying a kind of wilderness
in their own homeborn drifts
from the sands of timeless rhythm urging depressants

The Fugitive of Light

when will kali smile again like the changing medusa head in athenas shield sitting asleep
listening to the sound of the neighbourhood as benevolent allmother hands out soup to satiate
dreary-eyed blocked mentation smoking addicted fires at friends attic pandemonium bones
crackling in boiled thought capes bearing immortal fruits to indias monstrous compassion selfish
doorstop infinity blaring orders for russian futurists holding the key to naropa in new bedford
preparing creations minefield adventure as ginsberg speaks in subtle adamantine concentration
that the unborn god escapes trance of discursive madness where basic nothing energy wars virile
action marred egocentric everythings over mint leaves saturated in american-moroccan tea
jewess beds feeling the ground fall at my only place of rest...slept to the sound of rain steeping
bagged herbs in nomind zen rests accenting the universe of silent natural symphony dreaming
with clear percepts as the heaven in me shares a cup of bodhidharmas eyelids as the involuntary
recitation of the onebook steals away from the watery lips of father sky tormented by messianic
cries of the new age materialist fight but lowered unpredictable gusts of yugen shower lusting
ghosts in this last room stricken with the pain of stretched comedic legs memories of loving flesh
haunt my coarsened skinless bed granted spaceless time living with hurried moderns in the past
of my oriental mind hiding under the changeless image of risky skulls offered over to kali for her
medicine necklace absolutism beheaded the unknowing grimace of animals meditating in stark
dread imitating the force of their karmic demons nipping at the heel of acrylic seeds planting
their spirits in composted freedoms numbing elderly pride at tonights blues

i go off to war torn lands awaking at childhood to exodus out of enslaved pasts bled inside tears
lording over photographs beside the piano but to fight for peace and not for me or the familiar
enemy at home but for some drunken sleep and tantric sexual release spoken on the lonesome
tongue of a liar smoking grass in formidable caves as a blind ant crawls across gambled pages
carnal death defiance neglected in back of sick wandering mind as the word enters in shambles
stumbling injured into degraded moderns burdened by irate shame hidden in fires cleansing the
nuclear ground of bastardized lineages and embellishing in corruptive aftermath consuming
hostile warmth of damned handouts from a diseased war losing the venomous life mixing bowels
in horny witch aphrodisiac soup as the act of sitting cowers behind dogmatic manoeuvres dusting
off the unconscious emotional fixations pulling at the skirt of motherdeath down waxfake wells
of neurotic despair airing out the time over tea drumming scoffed nonsense grumbled scum
numbering spastic urge to lacerate lungs in scarred frequent american nests ruling archaic
nightwave driving thru sense-depraved talks masked in raga zones sobbing harmonica condoles
hospital breath calmed blackened seared followers shape inglorious mystic sky desecrate
lifegiving ambition elevating force of type into rotted trash of lofty unnerving mind

The Fugitive of Light II

why do i feel guilty when i don't write that i make myself fake the blue sky, empty muddled
dreams leaving foam light across the top of aural flower melting in the back of monkish gripes
for natural intolerable beauty of a quick glance on the hellish mountain eternity drinking poison
to ease the passionless reverie veiled in dirt of ageless lizards swallowing native mythscape man
assaulted genocidal womb earth displacing god from the throne of shekinah mighty yearning
to unite sacrificial heavenly gleam and finally cut out the eyes of a prophet and set their ears to
the poles of this or any world geared for selfish disaster before its timely sun decides to die so
when the last empire is threatened in its youthful anxious superstitious guilt the folly of the world
grows wild before the dawn of a spontaneous cultural extinction boiling over glaciated steam,
prophetic vulcanism the biblical night of a deadly child's earthquake beaming the innocent
through stars to alien safehouses, gifts of surprise answer the melancholy wise holding on
to their ghastly dramatic worth spilling over into the infinite design of some hack neanderthal
naming detached paradise out for the elephant gods mistress so why stop america
wear the traditional clothes made by your grandmother and congeal in the rash humbling of stone
speaking out in the one larval drop of flesh waiting to see its own realized venture into unknown
psychotic prehistorical collapsed mystery bearing a lovestorn tomb born out of the thought kings
of god bellowing out deranged mad flighty whorenun throat thru halls of universal truth
reckoning maledominating illusory daemon awake in the belly of a mountainscape horizon
goddess laying down to stretch her thoughts of now under the silent gaping wonder of secret
woman lovers caressing the world soul thru the last dark night before endless sarcophagus falls
from the crumbling moon fools the winded wine-drunk trickster into behaving well
for their comrades in the only parasitical jail for exalted monkeys praying to the ocean
for growing deified flesh eaten in circular white nights
talking to blind singers across the escaping light

The Great Plan

mind rhythm dance. balance loss. one possible guess. my gored head. storm rock. mobility.
dismember what is blessed and try to create more of the mess. forget forget. softened necks. bit
hard. strong sex. left. dry. sore belief. sure high. order stored trips forward spore licked tempt fair
bubble steam gone asleep...

my sordid shell awakening hatch winter deity
spill your lust. to touch. another day. a courageous crime. martyr to the national
wire-d lie

poor tragic. to the core. profound nexus. plug. unplug. as carpet string
divine. and ratchet king. but floor mop demon greened specially

socket drained fermented spring talk lot. swore thought leak. confounded
keep, refugee grub violated. angelic spunk beauty, arisen
flash; commerce worsened

local hash-caught prismatic dot leaf membrane city change
mayan gutter fast brewing an ocean, sorrow, daze, humid and bleak.

the name so weak turned blue, a ruse, ghost trickery savouring unborn risk
flat or spice, and masked to await the true face alone with no no,

not saved, too late, timelessly

do not settle down in this struggle for life for it eats from inside in the bitter holy
dark pain grappling on the food of another being constantly unmade
in the tires of a great devils'
mouth yawning and shaking from a hill mine summit emptied of final need and
bathing
in a gross undercurrent of impossible heights.

our drained ruthlessness enchained to a drug of earth as a maimed body breathes
white
light and smoke in a dramatic travail for toxic might.

the pail fills again with her strength enticed to fall before an all-consuming record
as a jail
for lovers in races of martyrdom seek-keep hovels, trying again to thank their
unforgiving lords
in a confused anxious night under an empire of stars hinting at another
world of nations
where the doors to humanity and trust swing wide open

The Great Plan II

to every passerby
in search of creative vision

laughter and rock the cord
intent intoxicated

sparkling coolly in a dusky

spiritual touch or taste

tortured, transfixed

mobwar to
manufacturing as our earthly leaf

betrays the stir

sound asleep to sing

trapped in a haze

scandinavian ocean

escaping through

the ride
and pride to fake
vibrating with the ancient majestic

of intuited lore

for blank disease

more pandemics

of horror and poverty,
metaphoric as reality

to flash tribal markers with lusting
to the native navel of wilds, inward

madly with the scent of a truth

sifted sand mist of luck and evasive

on the rinds of a forbidden ghost

core unspoken in words shocking the
stupefied business

sneaks away with old desire and

unborn wind dreaming coldly and

with faint voices of alien women

bottled futility to graze on

groundless now with mystic wishes

sun being's mind playing gladly on
borderless spain of beauty
magician's care

headdress soaked with the pleasure

calling round the motionless screen

awareness bled to sleep

to read the read the tragic doom,
resurrected by need in the land

a nightmarish last awakening

The Guilty Earth

nothing is anti-muse savior
blinded herself to last ray of truth
toward core mind sight manifest
through static soundwave to breath rhythm
at beauty recognized in ecstatic open
lust for essential alive being revealing herself
wisely to the uninitiated depth calling afraid
in a wink of disastrous praise biding finger
shell honey too close!

net witness aloud with destiny
unimagined by feeling in wild blink distorted
unsure beyond rolled godstruck piracy
working meanwhile on aged orchestras
persistence fools itself after arranging
the speedline to desist in dry run thought
spanned as fish cleaned the negative
rhyme out alone n bare before warring
maw of mob-breasted wealth inception
drugged lie diminished out of reason
to the edge of space in simplified chaos
of magicplay believing resistance
in petrified tail-skull consuming vicious
pride as throat song is law

wake to nonexistent
elegy known as scarified wastes tingle
the bread foam daughter africa
allow words to lightly whisper a rift
in climbing rocky seas of poetic mind
active without obeyance to the omniscient
erasure of created imitation text revered
as world cry to endmystery

there is an awake
god in me writing toward silent meeting
with unoriginated formless identity
childlike drowning, overwhelming
tragic ambiguity in helpless city hordes
violently rushing coldly like unused ash
sprinkled around bound bowls full of junk
pasty rude stomach drilling

The Guilty Earth II

I've checked
the lush stupidities unmatched amongst
canadian literary doors hatched name
found crushed mankind aluminum lungs
stifled into ascendant angelic camaraderie
with ghosts n fools quaking before racists
letters burdening witchdope justice to flames
circling infinite roadseast to west joking
with malign restless nerve-tasted business
guilting earth

the heart's end

can we not experience mental beauty only in the imaginative sense
but with a complete physical transfiguration of the human essence

assimilated into the unknown freedom of a cosmic presence
beyond the blessed I go sleeplessly mad hollering inside

the reminiscent echo of irreligious ancestral tombs transformed
on a violent dream shutter in deep unsavoury urban hallway

smells of spiritual waste and the trickster coat bleached
ammonium washing the dirt off strained uncut nerves embittered

with affable bodies strengthened in disgusted soundless air
of the bleak tortured silence of endless insane hallways

headache endured beyond the masked fright of earthly indecision
thought fades in a call of stirring tea depth saturated with sugary need

as nervous brain overflowed with sog-rustling artery crash
head fluid rushes unstopped

The High Elder

unknowability annihilated work for the desperate needy
thrown to the feet of kali's shrunken idol lover buried
under the mounds of stupefied indecision with mexicans
in the kitchen joking loud intoxication firing the belt of murder
savagery gone through the grandeur of christ's ungodly
selfish heaven in order to boast the flash of time
in planetary traffic aligned once forwarded by the play
of alien's blushing sadly in the mildew of the universal
space tricked into the belief in roots and seeds and dirt
in the raging blasphemy of unsound worship necessitating
the chaste commune with borders tight with hate
devouring the innocent kindness of sated drug kings
dining over the indigenous carcass of sickly birth
into heartlands tossed to rubble and mutilated ancestral
ways poured on the ice of untold enslavement for paper
flat lies to scream inside the elite voice of an apocalypse
preparedness squandering the filth of wealthy emotion
in womanly power submitted to unreason
interaction with the lame brute utilizing the pulverizing
flames of industrial might in the skeleton-winged temple
for the ethereal cloud-blotted demise out of sanity
and into the wonder of the search of illusion's flagrant
purchase worn as the sacred futile speech blooming
from the eternally surviving vagabond's wordless eye
wielding the seasonal gift prophesied to arrive
without form or name, but only as the lost memories
of a centenarian bristling in cool hairy dusks for the pipe
brewing northern highs

The Highlander's Rite

as you give to the altarpiece of a most iconic animal sacrifice
in the name of your white artificial body made from the dried
remains of your beloved hung to the swastika sworn border
restored through desiring your own melancholic schizophrenia
mimic of the pain you drive away with makeshift metal sticks
and cured awe frightening the dress around your genitals
stinging in the ocean of cool spontaneous originality
until the tight drum snaps in an entangled brush beat fusion
raining an impossible fate on the inebriated fire blaring
inside with all the ruinous distortion available to hooks
swine brethren twisted amok with frail-brained hatred
for brown noses burrowing underneath a wall of packed dirt
and tattooed graffiti-barred feet moving by the week

The Highlander's Rite II

I frame the sleepless commandment of unearthly cruel belief
on a red chest to growl and scratch time without relief as a thing
newly met thru a religious discourse with sorry men vain
as the autumn leaf in northeastern restbeds dried, deforested
patches to smoke cool in lowly lowell matchstick lover dread
feeling narcotic blood course thickly in deprived owlish horrors
of sneakthief tempted care for a corked dawn trusting nights
deadly serene face appearing on the childish mask of our future
impasse blushing cleanly under the naked cold words sung
aloud with flying breath seen dazzled in the fair-eyed chill
breeze of the knotted hair of unspoken lies resurfaces
unaware for the sexist groans of bluish dress hung alone
sweetly across her foam-winded ginger complexion and the last
day known through fear finally directed on the weirdly preached
steps of a psychic conversion to arrest the flood that widens
with ageless fires and alien maturity only to dine infamous
shadowed darkness finding your being almost close to alive
in the beginning before adamic lust on star-tranced stone
cities revering the word over reason in a silenced crunch
on blooming sand vision rusty coloured writ gone forever
with numinous magic spying the drifter's scowl for another
rocky pain to swoon the ice-lipped goddess of the north's
spirituality raiding the systematic hold on wonder
search to know through which heart intersex equates
bellowing shockware despairing over remnants of maya's
indian corpse and the intoned sharpening of african nails
hardening into a whoop behind skin jails beating with the saved
life unrecognized by wasted crime hearing nothing
but the shot that destroys air in one mission disgraced by the in-
surmountable prophecy of yet unformed natural landhigh/high
lands

the history of a lie

smouldering free lies, parasitic
unfaithful, pure, livid, fast
 studded with drooling
 demonesque pictorial
disastrous worlds
leaving the harmless
 modernist churning
 formless burn
all lusty and stirred
with erotic ancestors
 luring darling tresses
 of wide-eyed stargazing
maiden queens played
in despair and dying lands
 strapped smoking pungent
 air I have heard the bare
sequestered night breath
steaming lost murderous
 miles entrenched, breathless
 steps toward the skinned
leafless dawn
burlesque and quiet
 the silent goddess
 swayed and drunk
the blood of her stirring
children steeped in mad sick love
 and bellies thinned out
 and turned in to the dense
electro-gratified American virus
bleached draining Goddess stolen
 wild magic forays in jungle
 pure gardens shocked
and insane to laughing wine
mess and beatific nonsensical
 para-sense came all furious
 and bleeding in still chaotic
universal watery bland mind
transparency diseased at childhood
 with mushed faces and distorted
 emotional longings all twisted

the history of a lie II

in drug fame erotic fissures, erratic, exhibitionist
grave lust impassioned and morbid, in farce
 blind and plain sunset eyes stricken
 with eternal respirated goodness
and bullet wound smocks boiling wicked
spiritless thoughts in some weak insipidity
 transient sleep forged comrades
 distilling true rascally timed death
fallic and unborn like enduring animalism
inflamed brooding expression of some
 infamous soul needing pain drained
 maimed blocked with mucous sounding
bliss killed and shot eating fraudulent sneaky tricks
staggering and hopeful, mentally misconstrued

 frayed patterns cross
 and learning the unburdened
said whisper of fate heavy set cries
all meagre and hand-pressed
 with the fruit of a ten-thousand
 yr discovery mocking monkey
fear and tragic cool blasphemous
G-d-wonder hurling meteoric
 ignorant demise of the majority's
swooned and phased by guilt
in sane crucified maliciously
 stunned conscious mind
 tempter eking and swaying
perusing the skyless hells capes
with countless curious eyes
 unmoving and hungry
 for hunger's more listening
and betraying rainy dragons
fucking come like heavenly excrement
 or worshipping polytheistic
 idolatrous hoodlums scheming
fast boorish worldly tramping buddhas
stunned and ceaseless in mystery's wilderness
 lair, royal, tranquil experiential astral lies
 skimming atop faceless gurus flying

The Humbling Speech of Earth

sensual language on the way to community
to speak of jah wise defeats all inhumanity
any illegitimate gods who beseech reason
in the name of peace losing their profundity
and ability to maintain their function amidst
the guise of separation and cruel distortion
tension trying to feign sound judgment
with the claw of reptilian duty.

so do not lightly share your worldly trust
but resist the striving to banal commotion
in a fool's only society, who are immanent
destroyer rules rules from time immemorial
with a trick and flash of doom befuddling
the comedic spirituality of a shaman's
choosing lain with mind unveiled before
the task of material awe slowly rattled
in burnt nerves played as a wrinkle
recording, fetched by the drama of all
bearded chinaman (from ancient lores)
unknown in city street fumes repelled
by the delicate stillness of foreign airs
untroubled in a misty aftermath
bombed sacred relief and a final perfidy
branding the swollen swine-bellied
jailers sunken, shameful narcotic
sleep, cold and landless flight thru
deadly dreams rained on with shit
and ash grieving for a fortuitous past
going frail under a bridge to the darker
shore back into the minuscule, breathless
hush of religious night unanswered
as the unfounded bell of civility resounds
deep to the core of salacious rudimentation
hopeless as a spry fat-binging weedy-
eyed sugar cat brushes cleanly against
the subconscious spectre sighing
with toxic madness over a fresh gut
of healthtea gladdened day lifted
beyond the elevated ascension
of astral insight, into the roughened
opaque looming resurrection of gross dirt

The Illusory Veil

pull from
your sight
the illusory veil
of a god's will
and you will
see it is the
skinny desire
of those who devilishly
secretly control your
habitual mind and
have allowed you
to do all that you
have ever done
 at least begin
 to attempt some
 comprehension

The Infinite Fool

tear from the unwritten leaf
foreboding confluence of nerves
scorched spiteful body
an underwhelming toxic muse
 pillaging and ravaging
 the psychic weak
 potency of oceanic breasts
 of worldly failure
trip demise haunting
your possessed imagination
or the slave of animal becoming
and mind the coughing grimace
 hiding in the brothel
 spying unwanted denial
 racking the legbone
 quivering trap of a land
of the accursed home
asthmatic stress birth
worked to insane love
on a deadly womb rug
 intricate as the weed
 strong cold breath
 of Canadian Prophecies
 hatched from stone
in an unbroken calming
scented growing earth
being nurtured deathlessly
in cold lonely sunray
 embrace around a verse
 spoken softly in the mix
 of godly satisfaction
 in the mist seed ground
tactless inexperienced vagrant
between polar opposites
swinging on a rope
tied with oblivion
 around motionless feet
 swollen with faded memory
 and the thought of distance
 feeling the Real

The Infinite Fool II

bingeing on curiosity
on the slaves' hour
to pay for the enlightened
worker to lie once again

with the End Cry of a flame-
tongued mendicant worshipped
for dubious graces
and a bulging rash

scraping the heart chain
useless and cured
of vocal questing
into quietist domains

faint with a presence
so strange as to incite
the wallowing heap
me listening to boiling wine

inside the early death
of the ghost-monk
room escaping visions
obvious as seeing through

one's own creation
to the lasting self-
connected dependence
up a winding lingual staircase

years' vibrating gong
suddenly stopped
complete, unnoticed
nirvanic leap

from unconscious
beginning business
to be
Infinitely fooled

The Jewess Whispers

always a surprise...fuck the world and its inhabitants, the world is screaming
and the suffering smile with a silent cry, answer your mind for it is time to die...crush thy spirit
with the vivacity of a sex worker. mix with devils, press your beautiful face into a juicy gore,
turn to mangy dogs for wisdom

a jewish whisper

blaspheme ruthless craving in still mortified fuck, test sharp desert nest and drink content,
taste my mind fluid dry and realize this time why estrange naked ghoul marked, selfish, western
breastfed pools ink scare mastered in drool, oh g-d stop talking in my forgotten ears, bleary wild
mix with native tricks, skim times membrane haste and alas storm the foundation of sickening
meditation race, the late orgiastic goal the mould of history beheld as light sprites picking this
malformed bowl scar head next to undeniable death and past all mesmerized leaden weddings
of stinking cigarette waste, fascist men bled to rest under crooked lifetree eating the sorrowful
gorging lord morbid and endarkened true naked and crammed under faulty doom, perspirant
graves shivering mad nexus of pain, tomorrow why lie and scream murderous blood-hate,
timeless walks, pale cold haunts making grooves shout rain praying to the loosed insane telling
fables of familial mutations tragic daunting cross burning under showers of drugged ecstasy
the torrent of subconscious proof of infantile rice tick wine aiming to save the last restless gasp
of nothing escaped, freed stalking great eyed gorgon speaking tongue click stomach pistol nuns
espousing conspiracies of suffered unchallenged making borders feed drunken love lapsing
injured torture what is left

where to start...artful suicide the drone of an empty gram, train amble man's great painting
ruined by some blank page squirrely demise, rant you wicked dire whim, scrambled dream
of elder sha, watch this rock destin for black, orchid rumbling slow, oceanic gold...take this spit
and make it cringe, learn the evil angels hint pour more for war torn gore lore oh what a fucking
bore the rhyming stretch of schooltime amniotic psychosis the heaven parked and fell to drill
some small brain in translucent sky concrete! but listen lief waft languid rancor stubborn grace
stalemate okay, roar buddha...zen chore but forge myth leaving peaceably stage the lore
of universal mouth dew, saturated gargantuan space, onus of this dying race, leave your eyes out
to dry, disguise lies

the last drink

after undergoing the great literary death
which manifest behaves as a religious conviction
a thorn to all creation, the pinching fingers
at the dusk of a depraved feminine spiritualism
defying the test of society children thrown into the book
burnings of humanity embodiment of the witch
the spirit lavishes on the icy wall of deadly resistance
the intent to kill plunged hopelessly in mud rivers
blank with shallow discourse, of fungal inspiration
spurring the wise stone-faced traveler into narcotic dementia
a habit swarm of parasitical friends barging through
rusted iron lungs with a mystic union in silent freedom
under moth-skewed lamplit night sky over fluorescent oceans
sharpening some desire for the tremendous mystery
to engulf soggy pant-leg gardening in a rush of screaming
intolerance sloppy monk who sits to breathe everyday
dawn of redundant bliss gorged by the self-realized crime
to hand out ignorance with the dogma of no-mind
softening the consensual realisy of an amherst poet
worrying about demonic dimensions vibrating
with earthly potions drunk inside off white amniotic sex
slave jail mate laughing on with australian boredom
about the chest collecting on her talkative smile
girlish surprises from the black-hooded chinese virgin
crucified at birth by the stinging clinically depressed
gasho-monks writing tears into the oozing blood
of incinerated pages thrown self-lost in the smoke
curls of dyed hair black lash vice-swilling camel
after inhaled irish whisky sitting under the pale green
tara emanating at post-orgasm camarade indian
style sharing what ifs at the playground of our addict
horned mind chopped unborn hands rising
from thin transparent fleshy veil recording
games of reason bled on the smock
of euro-centric contented trollop boozing
until the ancient return fills her bottle with milk
from heaven's life ambrosia liquid spirit wine eternal

The Last Eye-Opener

the weather has claimed us!
petrified our designs
obscured by a rough acidic awareness
drooling creeps lean staggering
by the smoky egoic play
of our western tribal eyes
scheming with a praised fish high
over bullion and spines
blooming forestal ecstasy
cracking up sick
enjoying our amiable lie
to penetrate the musings
gone gentle with reason
to snaked time
in a saviour's drunken blood
all cast to a sky of embittered truth

as we inject heavy aspirations
into the thickening glue of communal blues
answering back into the original
fires of birth beneath her womb
to elevate the spiritual desire calling forth
nude expression for an instinctual drive
into the death of slumber or some unnamed
passion of perfectible faces bathed
in glorified madness escaping
into the flaccid weaponry of bordered ice
jewels mauling the weak hearts
with nature's blades changed
into a formless suckling infant
helpless to the first place, the israel
of all people struggling out of a mould
of schizophrenic knowledge feeding
dualist academic negations
with the fuel of religious battle

The Last Eye-Opener II

as her rakish eyes smile into the drug of a psychic flower
and her ocean of must flatters secret lovers on elegant rugs
smooth with the arab tongue of free palestine, my winter
patient strife blows facing the breast of unnecessary cries
speaking to de-racialize divisions over past's broken demise

as we pray for individualized spirits
to limit the brain of discrimination
and misinformation, a governance
of rejections and verbal wrong
plaguing the moral inefficacies
around agricultural childhoods
untamed to microscopic emptiness
hearing of dervish rhythms lifting
as wings from the breast of the father
innocent as feminine myths
across weary selfish insurrections
causes maintaining early vows of silence
for honorary beliefs in the right thought
sensually defined and blocked
for suppressed imitations of weird love
taking the shape of up-risen soaring
moons re-arranged in a messy god
troubling the blue shine of a fountain
blurring into the blush of sad wine
performed intoxicated forlorn pills
of delectable misdirection cold

in a faded depression of saturated mourning
tantalizing the wave-shocked slip grooves
almost quaking to the hush of a tour
oncoming apocalyptic malign over a desk
to write armchair poems about sinking facts
past lives imagined and then cooled dead
body of imprisoned magic relaxing on edge
to vote for sifted decisive grams coming
rapt in the ways of a woman's lovely soul
romanticizing waltzes and shallow worlds
only deepening now at the sight of your teeth
and wicked tongue opening my eyes
for the last time

The Last Possession

and no matter how troubling the nicotine headache invades
life with abrasive mortification to send the daughter-mother
off into the night of brutal music as one spun detox child
memorizes the act of secretive monetary divorce
along sleepy halls dim with hate and laughter, dreary
enough to still dine in the glass encased wine-drugged
dusks before we suppress the human feeling vein
domesticated at last in unconscious gloom lost
to collective illness spent in time with magic sun-
clock president retreating behind deadly facade
of scientific praise, chaotic depraved singularity
striving with mad defeated glare into the framed bosom
of authoritative mankind bubble stirring serenely
along coasts lush with imaginative native paradise
hollowed out wallowing in self blame as the spontaneous
rush of uprooted thought swarms darkly inside gulped
wild honey tea for an iconoclast's temple kingdom
wherein the ego is displayed lynched, physique is brought
to mass indian grave, consciousness is enslaved
in communist wire tap extravaganza

and the forgotten
old alcoholic vanishes weirdly amidst the karmic round
of true seduction

my grimy feet climb no more and cover
the ground in depressed spirits loosened by the havoc
of greed bundling up as high meat possessed

The Lie of Youth

from where comes the inhibition of primal creativity
emotional block centred in an ego white to the core
drowned in a waterfall of a blood-mixing grand
urban pool festering under the dirt tattoo laughing
eyelids of a witch doctor gasping in the hallucinogenic cold
night but for a bit of discourse on the path of disquiet
remembrance there is a bug ruminating, evasive
sprite swimming above the grey line of indigenous birth
the erasure of a chemical fixed in the ageless brain
touches of thunderous light to dream beneath the veil
of human being-rite, the chaos of this scratching
incontrovertible devilry

why the viral language
of a tongue-clamped artifice branding gross lines
of blind taste across oriental rugs torn, painless
sacrilege of westernized necessity waging criminalized
love into the drug amplified dramascap of exotic skin
panoramas of the Cheat, raised thoughtless, ancient
sexual breath of a traditional mind unaware, tragic
illusion divined by invocations of identified community
embracing strong believable names on a sound page
fear for the unreal game of imaginary play of feeling
senses absolute, proud before the silent trick
unraveled by education, to prepare for a shift
through novelty into a present path known only
by possession in number, the astronomical geography
of universal principles wavering out of sight
in the daily commotion of lingual friction and the great
american curse, burdening the innocent lust of the decadent
young liars

The Local Spine

an impaired philosophe with a gorgeous loon
happened on a black pawn, groove-dirtied
with lewd mannerisms gone stealth into the flush
room-quiet place for crack-aching caffeine
laugh talk rolling in flesh smoke worlds all hot
and mumbling for painless rugs, laying faces
to blend into rapid stargazing wish blown
silently unformed as the universal mask of purity
hardening between two grateful lungs ever living
in the nauseous pride of roaming minds finding
each other behind sipped cold lines still
drifting sadly with ameliorated memory
and sought retreating humans unskilled
as the grassy roach buzzards make their exodus
from new england into the prosperous barren
calm of the alone untamed yurts blaring inside
adulterated crowds

so nefarious excitement
belittled my need to hound and beg
with localspeak, bundled up pushing forth
into lurching spines

The Lonely Smoke

there is no more sand to clean
the muddy grime surrounding
 this infested body
a surreptitious journey undertaken
by paralyzed dregs vying to snatch
 the last bit of goodness
from an otherwise vile spectre
tortured amazed banished

carrying in a deep slummy rucksack
 a lost scroll
accenting a devolved archetypal man

 with the fruit exploding brown mucous
 film juice on bluish emotional rides
 thru peace¶dise tomorrows

unfolding tales weave into the native
bowls floating along nude shores
 during childhood winter
the heat causes a mediocre delirium
 as i gorge white downers
in bedbug irritation convulsing
midnight judgments, excruciating

to toil in the back of fathers' lies
 innovative impatient
the brushes of foul twilight chanting
to pantheons laden with ash
and a holy native congregation

fleeing back into the wood
from powers emanating
off the shokujo staff
a haughty european buddha
hidden in blinking unrealities

The Lonely Smoke II

a bucolic catastrophe, amorphous
hearty motionless dawn shifts
 the hillock green
into a satiated smile, from a churchgoer
zen master tightening the curls of a sash
 around the artifice of his truth

unhaunted breath, a talent for the dreamless
peaks pointing with the shrill cries of birds
electrified and morbid hanging romany

amid deaththreats to girl practitioners of the way
dao manifest fight in relentless hells of inner oppression
 as malformed bones quiver in hurricanes

streaming slowly into the blackhole imagination
preparing for war with other injured animals
licking our salted wounds
 with the butter of capitalist homogeneity



why this chalky mess
smeared across bloodied pavement
like untouched snow

on a colourless extragalactic moon
the soundings of a hallucinated illumination
flares in each pandemic cell

memory pooling together
the hollows of earth into one
neoclassical cavernous pyre

amorphous flame drying up
yellow river Nile Amazon
replacing jungles with the desert

ruin of onegod ruler as the feline
prophetic demands from Egypt
a pangeaic glacier to consume

The Lonely Smoke III

arabia for all its worth, once again
revive the lightningmaker of grecian birth
to swallow the mediterranean

tear down the gates at olympia meru
and white rock mongol heroes
incarnate from quetzalcoatl the last

serpent king to appear in the esoteric
reformation, a new sufi order to appear
impermanent at flash of unbroken millennial

tie the witness to subjective spontaneity
this me shall perceive dads first entity
purged from the mouth of a kronos mythology

for i am the ravaging titan sanctifying the dharmakaya
in this comedic krishnalila movie mounting a wilderness
set to ice for the shy redhorned elizabeth

to rewind the gaianlords conflicted orgiastic
devotion standing with her blandsickly mind
like a lunatic dressed in blue and offering the moon

a male seed to fling madly out afternoon sex windows
thinking about tramcar dust worthy of psychotic pain
trials as the scented sage smokes chains out tired

betrayed morning but not to follow a quaint sadness
only to keep with the rhythms of ol django inspired
ginsberg trane madness leaving air for a wheezing mountain

untroubled by a sacred fame
pursuance of the japji psalm at sundown
sitting tireless wired into cigarette free

medicinal addict calling on some rank psilocybin god
to arrest my ego with a hardened dirtsworn jest
from dead drugwarriors of detoxified winks

The Lonely Smoke IV

smoothness living the kind game of supernal ecstasy
lovepoems from india blaspheming in between laughs
as the undone wounded souls dismantle the anger
 a powdered colonized dementia
 the locks of mirabai, whispering
 hymns to the revolutionary spirit
infinite jew wandering initiate
by drunken tribes flying inside arcane myths
and occult warnings of futurist circumstance
 the unafraid singer impaling the motherson
 light jotting silly arabesques in the mosque of illusions
 terrorist simple fun growing from the stone of ancestral photos
with palms upturned journeying to a 3am musical entheogen
timetravelling to a paleolithic dimension of fresh lingual fungi
originating as the seed of unmanly nervous system destruction
 the ancients shield their sons from an apocalyptic world doom
 read from the word of an inaccessible authentic experience
 truebeing guarded by the whores of prehistorical cautionary tales
since the waking of an undead heroine sprite, the irreducible neurosis
survival is once again buried, ritually honoured under the bo tree
an unsuspecting historical landmark for the evil universal bride
 kala's lesbian poesie unmarked headstone made of glass
 a transparent wall for realized blessings of an earthquake tune
 showering the childs cores with napalm and blood of the orient
as the scourge of a broken heart foresees a melancholic vengeance
on this disastrous brainwashed corporation of spies and freaks
wearing closure like the everyno-thing faking the theatre of being
 an individual cutting our feet and stubbing toes
 as we claim the vajra highest ground but only
 for lowest peaceable beings nonsentient alike
attaining unsurpassed nothings in unclean rooms
bleak homely impasse to despair groaning
for the woman laments stomping on fallen doors
 purgatory where dante speaks aloud
 the tower of ridiculous belief, faced godhead
 reading passages of envirobeat havens
shaming their enlightened kin
so apologetic bordering on experimental fury
as they relish a nocturnal beauty

&decay

the long passage

to feed the world insanity on the steps of paranoid extinction
the last flood brightening the fragile skull, a time drug
escalating freed lives into a cloudy mystic womb
birthing fire and cadavers strung against a wall of eggs
in drab psychedelic mind devolution sinking in proud mud
rivers to foul the pollution with green delusions
the sack heap grind of political savagery muddling
in the unconscious deep I flee from this naked fluke
and drink the pain of tears from extras of projected humanity
failure of murderous propaganda the internal civility crumbling
by a slave mentality resurfacing in the Northern states threatening
by a sacred mockery from the native devil's thor general, obscure pig
occult sneering the scalp decapitations displayed on skinned walls

glass faces naming the ground
with rainsticks and animal howls
the irregular pagan dancing
croaking thru the fog as morbid murky love
sealing the fate of wedlocked tribalism
as the trashy distaste of the jewess
price of industry crawling thru spine
caves in desert of G-d
born of a muse so light, profound
to tear from the sacred grasp of earth
the utter disemboweled movement
the milky river drifting beyond
the big cityesque mind crying
for imaginary impulses too late
in this dark historical rush
a mythmaking so unrivalled
as to rule the fate of mankind
the bridge leap into underworlds
innumerable and dry
from the smoky following
peaceably inside pyres burning
the bones of good book children
and word mathematic callings
split and woven by the foolish
awe of mystery
the swarming play energy hidden
in the long passage

The Meso-City

one simplistic smattering on profound display is all it takes
to fool the trick into magic disbelief as the rat escapes time
in a bungalow southbound with a head of psychedelic clues
birthing the need to free shy youths to distraught angry flight
beyond recreated tomb-room fate, a haughty disavowed spite
renewed in constant flux with abounding hosts dying inside
with masochistic fights dimming under a low suffocating sky
pressurized to burden a divine rocket with icy tribal linguistics
melting at last before the hot power named to destroy the eloquent
saturated tongue-told trains blinding a drifting unhatched vision
caught between the leg-busted genitals of torturous swooning
charm, piercing amiable life with defining sin in elder sleep
crushed wine drained by mountainous western chests exploring
the shallow divide between new countries craving, backward
mix handed thru hypnotic slave child spy leaking, warmongering
fame in a damascene bucket filled with cruel silent selfless strife
without colour or sight to impress the wandering dervish lore
falling away always out of reach laughing at death, oneself nude
touch, cleansing a wealth so thoughtless as to strain genius
religious lies to the end of a toxic horrified mind, drowned
buzz held nevermore into obscure comedic space unseen
as the taxicab east drives hell-fired bodies to public salvation

The Meso-City II

while mesmerized I drink, why? the unreal question hopes
we die to die, egotisms obvious chaotic test shall give once
more with a forgiving embrace beneath soggy brown fertility
earth composing skin as headless birds writhe in stomach
vomit swallowed a fast to trap the devil's egg bought for some
gold found untarnished for the unaging stone eyepiece
of american prophecy finally almost blemished and worn
to be stoned alone in crooked snare-crowned oaxacan heights
minding the fire sacrifice still in bed with an indigenous lady
distrusting the world hallucinated moment to remember
an instinctual way still followed by practicing few ingestions
salvaging cacti sponge breakfasts from a scoured dry unworthy
noon rustling while the ash-drugged word smothers holy faced
news with depressed active passion not-working this concrete
spent ground for a dime anyway and trapped single humanity
bristling with restless unmatched work across animal spine
shores hit like dawn fakes the green race paralyzed above
the feet with mystic notions deduced out mad impoverished
window light decaying with an instant lusting memory gone
unafraid with latin chatter into a pungent temple moon
too secret to wish for as the unknown female dream goes
undisciplined into a dangerous cool-vanquished city

The Misperceived World

half-dead brain full of wrong ideas, locked in ice homes, anonymous as a flake of forgotten ash
lusting to open lips in the deep haunts of cold twisted light, eating away with spontaneity,
humbling the fruitless watch, severe, as entangled throats, scratching my vinyl breath

unaided addict bridges to nature's lore strung up on the genetic order of true botanical crimes
pronounced as the lingual twitch of vegetable strength, unnamed as the spew from wooded pyres
fuming, lush climactic as our heavenly worth, and moving slow to blue strains of sexual flight
from a woman's psychic passage to become the yet unbound songstress

wailing & corrupting the naive western flesh of tainted news, to an immediate experiential astro-
terrain and the coloured wickflame constructing reptilian functionality, spanning the coasts with
a great hail to the woeful yearning

teaching our biology to identify with the endless thriving universal body, hurting with the pain of
a sufferer, the secondary glance, birth into a manic will, tamed finally by the hidden, temples of
early mexican prophecies cooking the man-flesh womb with a drug plant infused under the neck
in a brew-inspired mythic life

churlish with charmed respirant performing a televised ceremony, worn to useless profanity and
fearful nihilistic material solitude of modern society to step back before the curved embrace
around militarized obscenity in which to seek refuge in the euphoric blaze of unclaimed feet
kneading into malnourished soil, paid cheaply for the soul of one

collective foul tricking a creative renewal into the mundane stress of current knowledge-sense
made to cook the reality record toward a quick end and generational demise, racking the heated
political jaw with a lightning strike, thrown from the single uncut rogue hair matted outside the
realm of a jewish god, gone wild behind the traditional mask of a land,

talk meant for past messianic impostors blending into the stone of Sinai as a Nile veil scouring a
fine New York upbringing in the bled forests of technicality, racial cognates torn from the
strapped bulging bosom of Palestine

The Moaning Machine

the infinite moaning,
electric and fake

do i want it to stop?
do i will it to end?
by sleep it dims
by noise mellows
but in the midst of this
filthy, magnificence

it does resound
beckons, addicts
release

sick tired headache nausea
but nothing to complain about
within my stupidity
a thick smoke rises
from the young man's mouth
there goes his lungs
and he dies a few months later

The Moment of Her Hour

bring the ransom of your heady belief in the stars, of a future long past to bitter stagnant peace searched into the mold, over working hands, risked by the summer fog, to browning erosion, as the far-fetched law of uprisen need, revealed momentarily at dawn, first memory today, the lion purrs awake!

the desire to be consumes each second beyond restless drama and romance, filtering through love endured by simple grace, small individual bites on the fire of lampshade streetlights, wheezing heated only by the pissing orgasmic steam of snow ashtray screens below, sucking back destroyed, shipwrecked

numb falling through an ocean of vicarious material dreams haunted by an intellect echoing foolish raunch, to spin in the blue rut of forlorn surrender, to empty chance, the last bridge to intentional visions beyond unplanned tradition stifling the nose of sensual belonging, to a corpse flattened to the bone in a smoking vat

and the songs that play slow inside deaden the muse eviscerated from healed choice to fish in the spring of her unfailing vocation, to know blue hearts stung in the grip of the toxick flick, deranged and tearing bowels, flown higher than the songstress's mission unbounded to a single now, only to pray at the gates of warning and rust diligent minds of sickened kisses flayed with no remorse

choking on the smattered soup divide of families in sin, a courageous burden in a collective lie of childish doom, refracted off concrete entombed, in the style gone old with sunken leaden skin, selfish lust drained of female taste and the strong aftermath pull of fatherly addictions, screaming silent into the light of cold martyred waste

design a curse lurching in the earth for the dog-eyed saviour to wish him away, in blood, mundane farce disease worn to gratify the raucous spirit drone of long-finished roads back inside where litanies ring in the bush of no-desire answer the velvet crone of softening belief in the master of wives plugging sleep into the elderly veins of pride's drunken trees preparing to mask rain under the sullen jade of inspired freed love, numinous yawns, jangling around midnight

on the darkened foot painting laughter, a heartless derivative phase of dread, forming a spoke on the cyclical fear of meaning, over the weirdly spun plane of decision and dream, to follow the subtler movements of a natural voice, speaking to the sound of one, ever-still tongue dry as the face of a star and delicate as the morning page, deeply immersed in current gusts

on the intercultural national course played out over microphone paranoia, the hapless sweet blessed impoverished with naked sorrow, escaping from the blood of the hanging hourly pyre combing the matted locks of Black Mothers' pristine earthly flood shaking their cores to the motion of a bitter waking ire sweating painfully in pearls of ganga tea

The Moment of Her Hour II

atop mounds of swollen trust, the cash of garbage, children-sated, devoting the stolen wife of
unknown croaking flushed cities, to bear the stained howls of tortured freaks,

wallowing angrily in the breast of chained need, panhandling the rasp of sidewalk tools, too early
for the sun, bleary in glass-carved pupils, timed to make the grave before it closes,

a ruined Semitic god's stoned paste cries, gargling fierce as the holy crow jeering in the name of
the misdirected beast and fatigue catches the frozen paradigms of ruthless thought

ruts spared by no one in the imagined filmic panorama of their picturesque demise, into conjured
deaths, late for the high flame sucked clean into magic temptresses scorned to press her
sacrificial feeling on the altar of masculine demons, foreign from the green ending

humour fluid as medicinal fingers creating a seed from the touch of her, offering the body of
power to lasting madness

The Misogynist

a stretched lanky djinn swimming in colourless room-framed sexcheat
willed into shocked resistance amid passive wonders sitting away
on fire threatened ancient vegetable california, sacrificial core risked
by a wise tongue concealed behind inconspicuous grin convincing
innumerable women to light their sunbeaten breath conscious
submitting to a low candle, preparing the stage-magician to carve
ideas into a network mentation equally derived as nature manifest
symbol under a storm complex huddle swarming inside a divine sight
to know the procession of fools in an all-eccentric wrathful splendour
darkly lit estrangement comforted in an opaque unknowing with open-
mouthed lies gushing forth wine-worshipping felines in sporadic fury
cornering the bat-luring night in a frightened glaze down 95, improbable
bell-hung gift dangles with frozen languor in burrowing depressed, inner
life, sapping heartless belief from mesmerizing insane taxi beaming
slowly in overwhelming sensuality, lazy panic, fresh pigeon roasting
atop modern electric heights, prego street cats squandering a five
pound nap outside the rich desiring powerful pleasure, compassionate
palm held steadily in front of their gaping pack-grumbling of liars too sorry
for their wicked time with loving romantic crimes spent upraised in an oil-
streaked failure of a temple, kneeling blithe unjustified by a misogynist rite

The Mystic Birth

the word, hatched outside central park in workers' blood beaming gruesome dry, as a yogi screams in fur hands out pamphlets of mangy erotic gauze on pandemic speed jerks sideswiped by suvs rattling off horrid meticulous globalized failures under sculptures to arizona bowing to our smog crusted ears tobacco-cased apathetic romany surviving flood of traffic sex work blowing dollars next to nut vendors as street fever wears off entombed in boxed trucks unnatural starvation breeding marches sickened in white lie secretive conscience of bribes holding on to toxic maps, read aloud underground sparing shivers of homelessness, creating fear

first guided by hollywood's bait as caricatures of the north and south shores rattle off, grumpy embittered documents, a seventeen-year mushroom ace scaring slowbeats of monkcat hearts shying away in futurist stoned conventions inhaling travelogues while in tune with the universe omens of the thirteenth moon as stealthy dead relatives mark false names on mothers grave, war stories on the astral plane under the energetic hills abounding in legendary folk news as i, past my first home after birth, prisoned since 86 in northampton under strong LSD dramas at dawn in amherst throwing trash bag over shoulder under epic moontree decomposing umbrella of fate

as poems of china divorce superficial brain tears gleaming in fabricated change remembering her pale smoky face innocence smudged on charcoal sedition sharing beds with apocalyptic visions as i listen to her french tongue beautifying nights' horizon on last night dishonesty herenow thinking of misdirected arabic roma in black cab wandering through brooklyn toward zion in am drinking expensive beer in sake cabins overlooking white mountain dust winded cloudless eve vomiting free around the undead flipping ounces per head untouched dopamine crystalline dreaming of chalky skin drastic narrows healed gin cringe as we talk on about krishnamurtis depressed jail of realized insanity and hardbitten grecians holding gentiles for ransom before decadent racial dismay, tired patriarchs fighting sexual gods tasting mescaline-conflicted hot tods

drowned in the pacific sunrise mount of japan following buddha to redemption on this shoreless gnaw mainland vulgar distractions bombing green tea ashes strewn over bashos skeleton screw your planes as they napalm ugly jungle remains...incantation to shekinah, revived mother of fertile crescent convulsing harbinger births armageddon in age of fire cleansing sagacious leery man stomaching stray dogs worthless trite rambling the false scripture of grace fallen out mucous rinds cores of fruit leaked onto the field of eden planting the seed for ecological plagues as hoards of wisdom thieves drink from the blood of their prophets in wasteful bleak urbanities

as deadly vibrations personify the greed handed down from roman sculptors orating grand profane clever excess scattered deluge painted blue over hasty mess of american cityscape monkeys crooning at aliens on darkside moons coming in to view from uranus scam poor deformed cat go back to your monastery breath in salt from ocean rivers cry with a silent mind in numb immersion through steam teeth metal veins fatigued in subway coffeeshops sickly in opiate heaven discussing latin american heroism under inflated crime of mexican states

The Mystic Birth II

harrowing familicides number overwhelm homeless elders lying bare apologizing
for legal fratricide during civil wars voted for a ghost on ballads to no one defiling her parents
with neo-shamanic love songs to the public communist drug revolution handing out true freedom

as shaved heads groan muted overseas alone pooling their souls together in one grave toxic soup
of remorse as gored innocents. sell their ancient sacred tombs to strangers, uniformed
consciousness scratching my limitless brain in white nicotine erased hate of garish temptations
to patriotism, morose demons sitting unfeigned sweeping wine guzzled before dark propaganda
screens with my yogic princess struggling dreams locked inside empirically arrested xeroxed
clearsight slugging with drunken screams and playing piano as tear droplets fall
on ivory extinction kneeling before swastikas imprinted artfully on exiled buddhist chests

as lingering police normalize psychic evolution through unexplained afflictions on our rich oil
throatclogged golden-souled children believing wordless scourge of irreligious parents behaving
vacuous early sidewalk sane destitute intelligence raving about earthen decay over cold drinks
on long island while indigenous healers grieve the mass exodus of their kindred spirits wild
and dry trespassing timeless cemeteries on the milky way to the last undying mystery trapped
in the atrocious lie of a death rite as the lecherous seducing tempest sees equal foolishness

with a saint looking up to renounce outcasts on paralyzed islands walking with distended limbs
before glimpses of the dark, one inflamed on west 27th as scorched lamas raise fists, spiritually
enlightened victors of the mystic birth

The Name and The Image

distill me of my empty name in wallowing ghouls carving surreal squirrels smashed in cold dry nights over the eyegrazing canyons of this new glumsouled america vacated bodiless find spitting incarcerated epidemics lighting out across the pacific shores with a hateful sickness covering the irregular inhalations of european ignorance

i feel a throat scratch like my neighbours guitar the addict in me laughs from afar

ye subscribers to the war of mentation this is not a planet of the united states and you are not a citizen of this or any other nation we do not grow out of our number identification scamming the telepathic sounds of the white house in some orgiastic splendour of militarized orders soaked in procreated juices of the machine wasted sexualized earth humming stolen wisdom out of their assholes in some colonial city selling farms to illiterate murderers journeying to the northernmost help from dogged hibernating guests drinking once from the ambrosia of immortality found only in this world and disappearing to their forgotten race residing alone out in the corner of some unimportant galaxy fending off their own with bloodied throats raising scarred fists at motionless riots freeing their enemies from the gasp of painless gloom a sorry stripe smoked out along the silent warnings of seedy men in bed with their wives saying oh no don't do anything but the wizard awake at the battleorn oldcountry found forlorn on midnight escapades

to the depressant healer filling his spine with the sermon on the mount lying to the rest of his age with the cruel speculations of an oversimple theatrical government brooding in homeless sweatshops degrading their homelands with embittered lives ruined by democratic solutions outfoxing the carnal glory of a sad woman from england borrowing the shackled millions for her next applauded display just resting under the pitch of fivegrams sent with a jewish prayer superstition dancing the ugly movement of the earthen bowels hailing the natural girl of vegetable intoxication until the end of time seen through the soul sucking vortex of spidery satellites harbouring angelic destructive eyes of flame from beatific gangled meteor breast

singing the epic ancient cavernous war of historical peace scalped among insane musicians urging brotherly affection through the doom of lost vines hopelessly arranged, destined shamanic incarnate greed chewing on the esculent spirit flashed from the holographic tongue of oily serpents numbing the dark swirl head in digested earth humbling saved by the tobacco lung playing death on visual languages of spying wordless hyper racial tension tasting the greed of our own smiling apocalypse conniving to divorce formless chaotic eros from godmatter dream stealing away into the black hole closing at the dusk of our existential domain bearing a rusted dull knife on our cancerous moulded mists of flesh tingling blood streams
nailed to the wind

The Name and The Image II

empty wall of our hairless necks vibrating the one verse as we upchuck, scorched, infectious
genitals from open mouthed greed kneeling before ancient smoky ruins as they feed the worm
of unshakeable mystery rending our hearts splayed impaled on cracked shards of a devil's horn
as his face enlightens in natural mind high wiry eyes born of tears feeling sensitive elderly ghosts

come near bringing sexually empathetic gifts of changed blustering static human fear mortal like
baudelaire singing in his tomb awaiting the next descent from another woman seething with fiery
lament as the ageless poet dies as soon as his filthy birth yearns toward the earth so why prosper
in this mess instead painfully laze in between sleeps using a voice hardened by indulgent shisha
folk walking the open road to temenos hawks soaring over blank hills of verse sharpened hives
seeing into the psychic past ze(1)ro abusive dine of mountainous ambition handed down
by golden druid homes smouldering weak incisions on wintry frostbitten wrinkled face growing
bold and numinous as we scale the cliffs of a fantastic drudgery nameless pilgrims rushing
through southwest clay art melting excrement aside inimical shadows praised among anasazi pits

illuminated with sacred rifling hands of a newborn tribe scouring the forests' scented sand
conquering ills of the whitemans fated disappearance written in ochre hair choking the desert
lair of the great spectre exposed by a fog of shapeless black blotting out polluted moon sketched
on discoloured voids of a mindless pickpocket enjoying the glory of a hollow womb shedding its
last breathing imagination as the endarkening clouds swarm over headless nature in cool deft
reflection sharing mantric hymns to the humans at the beginning of an ungodly war

fought by wrathful deathless beings jealous thousand-tipped tongues consuming inhuman
hellwanderers in the fire-creating boundary dissolution for true exiled souls refuge
marvelled sanctity laughing stolen hatred out of their eyeless climb to the incorruptible mirror
inflamed by the lonely journey of a dying hero committing suicide with unfinished will
of mundane unfinished imageless ecstasy

The Narrowlands

why the quicksand decision?
life at 20 darkened by surroundings bleak
square, cushioned, easy asylum
 tested with white hospital walls
 hide the vile under cotton
 and internalize stress
be an ardent consumer
a massive spotted whale
speared and hacked
 to useless fragmented lie
 of historical man. widows
 showing up in momentary deja vu
at camera flash sightseeing
the grand muscular heroin fool
grabbing humongous bagel sacks
 from stepfather car. sorting out
 profane cards with sugar-cracked
 cousins over marinated commies
and fascist milk. tortured escape
from soulless suburban narrowlands
peeling back my brains, page after
 page in this rotten and foul bodily womb
 trap while at night, brother muses
 on isolated cravings and poisoned livers
safe in their collective hatred
for the neo-semite, praying to the only
oneself shunning the intellectual
 indecisive mother from wisdom chained
 to latin, speaking over fat cheap floors
 be it honorary killings or emotional vacations
the family soul ends with radical war justice
the mass scale trips in entheogenic truth
awaiting the pole shift, conscious visit
 extraterrestrial heaven to be revealed
 judged, and prophesied no more
 as the last blade of grass in paradise is vacuumed
into the poor subconscious of a cruel militarized fix
for bored laughter of war dancing
white-feathered skin in red dawns with no one

The Original Western Manikin City

as there are days when frost melts
with the bitterness of human sin
over a tongue of earth
to drop a medicinal companionship of country
to women in the finely hung brass
grooves of early city street limelight movies
playing dances of records on broken stereo clouds
ruthless in cigarette pulled mouths
as fake accents borrow the spirit of proud heat
in the belly and dress of a leather drag honey
lively with the traditional pugnacity of a kick-first rage
dignified on foreign grasslands of civil war horse-
wealth attitudes embraced and warred over
for a surplus of soul to darken
the smooth browned cheek of flesh-
wrought struggle defaced
with a lie of cannibal taste
a thirst for justified crown snatch poor
feeding the wounded original right
to walk to a globalized home saved
only by the self-affirmed
acausal states of the artistically inspired
communal fates swarmed ashore
on silent oceanic europe wavering
as a desert flag mirage or the washed up
bodies of genetic hate blackened to the throat
with the cooked swine of white blessings
and divine arrest burying a lover
their imaginary suffering over the created
grounds of infused corrupting comedy
wasting reality with a handshake and crime
in blasphemous ancient divides
scorned amidst colonial wives
and the lock and key
parables of hope in a new paradigm

The Original Western Manikin City II

freed gods cursed as silver writing
angry capitalistic momentum
to plunder tears and vomit
bolstering the chthonic voice
spread high to an astral paradise
but forgetting the demonic
slumbering urge to thrust
a deep twisted mind
into the bowels of alien pain
for a future heart of praise
in the bosom of the feminine
womb of singular verse
stating with interbeing waves
wonder of unknown communication
on sightless pages of stir crazy pangs
a jungle torrent of stealth
animalistic poison breath
rhythmically ascending, descending
through the turtle's island spine
to crack on a verge of sound
in a brainless daze of terror and awe
before the living mountain teacher
opens a sacred ear to the lonely
ghosts of the first sense-pain deluge
ruinous as the bird of lofty might
pressing down into a sculpted hate

joke cry of too many raised too high
for a goodness learned by father sky
blissful as the effortless gaze found
in love's antique wine
at the junction of insane law
the loathing legendary trickster searches
for explosive points of decentralized awareness
in material-empowered form
drugging the need of closet ideals
quaking in a mess of reason
across the border of ugly names
gone ruthless under a lost tide home

The Original Western Manikin City III

frozen electric plug sacrifices the mideast female
beloved with withered damp frowning glares
reflecting the aerial window of impersonal rarities
unchained to flourish amid ghastly dust-cold
roach-infested manikin cities shattering the sky
with a wise nuclear drop
in the atmospheric curve of natural ignorance devoured
in a state of paralyzed world glory for military expression
ecstatic prowess inflated
with artificial testosterone of illusory metaphors
for right and just lives seeking the purpose of simple trust
to ransack the beleaguered few
under a taxed systemic depravity of passive distraction
and the wastes of believed addiction seethe
wildly in the native blood of boiled hosts
earth's inescapable pain, tightened at the throat
a white goddess entranced by the multicoloured
serpent of pure taste and dragged inside
the lair of oracular dead-breathing ancient stress
a detoxified pleasure from the original humbling west

The other side of Ambition

We must not hail ambition
when we know
what lies ahead
 is already at our side

Pain is but a moment
it is not what you remember
 only fear
take it from its negativity
 and find its good uses
 The search
 for something
 timeless

What ends?
The future
 that would never have come?

The Past Defeat

rakish cooing mind-struck gong in space
spitting ancient wires of astral connectivity
in dirt and stone bells divining the last
chaotic answering into perspiring corporate
horns villainous as the panic blown dormitories
of sexual slavery bantering on youthful moth
balls ranging fat over mountainous round
pregnant thirst made demonic, eloquent
frozen miles gone back into old forgotten
dreams to pander at a quest thought up
sleep-derived outside memory
and painful social futilities sparing
the bland worldly egg of academic words
strung up dry as winter grass
a canadian line drawn to nowhere

oblivion, feminine-negative uncertainty
breaking abandonment's refusal to believe
self-capability as one's denied inner life
rushing through suffering obstacle
to a truly beloved as sacred mystery
seed flesh desire, intangible tongue pen
creating rights, being as bold conflict
in the overtly unopposed wise connection
to her as facade of object knowledge-getting
and tragic aspiration to the innate ecstatic
need systematically suppressed in sudden
dimming of sensual height inverted to gross
sin in the subconscious sight wavering
over a placid state intimidating as the able
body of the ounce given to the emotional
failure of wars' overreaching inactive soul
loss eager for the humility of spiritual thirst

The Past Defeat II

and impaled on the altar of complacent ghosts
yet walking under silksnow chinamoon
sent from motherland lovers granting despair
in brushstroke wise awe full as the blanket
of music at dawn straining with deafening fear
and the foreign watchmen start to exit
from the paranoid hearts of beat friends
kissing foot-paved streets after only one drink
and the following day recedes into wild notions
old paralyzed blues channeled from european
docks to green lusts untold before the past
stands nude weathered to crumbling bone
as homeless ruffian snakes mirror the eternal
laughter of impossible reason cruelly desiring
brains with famed chemical american names
after chosen stars radical mind flake in heat
on unmatched construct with divine design

elementary confusion brewing cool
in parabolic death sprung mood amnesiac
in the wide breeze junction only to glare
into a glass parade fading perfect
in soft ground to date the elephant goddess
swoon, helping disastrous indian vines
upturned in psychic glory of north america
youthful crime freeing spirits in a haze
of manufactured gloom busting out
metal compartmental fixation without heart
in the dusk of time, and so the voices
we find haunting the rooms of silent praise
in gambling west breathing with glow-eyes
sleepy noon dust street rose-cut steeped
in sweet water meaning only to figure
the past defeat

The Path of Sacred Nonsense

a sacred insight into the secret gift
passable connection
between intellect and reason
trembling as the reptile unearthed
in heartbroken lands scattered
with the grief of a scarred pig
 death-head remorse for the end
 and the changing symbol that screams
 weakly under cutthroat blankets of dirt
 the crates crack and
swirl breathless in an endless deep
striving for hope in the nows
overt pain of lifeless stress
as the snowball churns a deathless child
wretched from the sleep of true poverty
 in a life croaking with hatred
 ignorant of the loss of flesh
 and drugged to the silent truth
 in a heart of sucked up pathways
 glowered under a surgeon's panicking knife
to the leaders' bred night holding onto a fragment
of loose tobacco to cope in the diseased free lung
benign western leaf trying without heart to stagger
blessed as a blackfoot in need
and waiting with the jokester
 in a haven of conquest, at the speed of immigration
 from an imagined, displaced refugee cast, torn
 from the breast around a laughter so great
 as to bring the prostration to a new ground
 of bearded broken streets on the knees of the squandered
core grabbing for a close woman in the ecologic fright
of a second world created out of the metal breast
of angry high dreams governing the love priestess
tired with the lust of birth and rushing tragic
through an unknown
 waking to a sun deity
 as mystery forsaking the proud sacrifice
 with a struggle unending
 in the round of an angelic, human beast

The Path of Sacred Nonsense II

entrenched in the muck curve of spatial texts
discarded as stone from the eyes of a beloved
wandering hapless as the love enduring up a spine
grown maize-stricken handbone of communal sick earth
and bloating hungry with resistance
 to the grainy wined-tough pang of talk
 in a dark day impoverished to the grass of her
 unstopped blood hanging disordered
 with a flat-nose and wild rite into the worth of an apologist
 catholic freak whispering timelessly to another ocean
 alone and spanning the toxic gaze of contaminated boiling
loss ruthless as fear in the worried havoc of electronic groans
swarming shameless as the arctic embrace and the runaway
train of poverty absent as the holy fatherland of tomorrows
misbegotten name as a rancid glow shows aching
a stagnant brain into blows forgotten atop murderous war
rugs bewildered as the obligatory hat of a despotic society
claiming lands as bodies frail under the feminine
 motion of the peering savage flight to nowhere
 but gold as a teacher lit to own the savior's plant
 tied to the roof of a spread greed thin as the vegetable
 seed spirited youth of colonial removal into perfect unlearning
 the cry tumultuous as the dream of lived lives unraveled
in an unconscious loud practice forced into the open
posture to necessitate the trunk of a language
and the hierarchy of knowledge suddenly exasperated
and blooming into the beauty of disbelief
 the ragged war returning to the staged vice
 sworn lesson of soulless wisdom in an urban press
 flooded to every village endowed with the fire of searching
 trespass intuition and rambling unborn to pacific seas
 challenged only with the invoked core of pleasure
in the image of a god undesired as the hardness that rectifies
suicides empowered plan to charge into a dust
thicker than the american crowd of longing
and detached historical obscurity as adolescent
as the muse soaked crime and as the rains
of central maya fall blatant with a breeze of might

The Path of Sacred Nonsense III

unfelt as the innocence of infant breasts
the cold odes prepare for a renewal
flowering into risen minds
stirring flagrantly with a new eye
for traditional followings and the aware all-

amalgamated strain to fix moving waves into a grasp
and science of names plunges burned as the man
that plays in animal weird games but in dismay
as the drunken cat moves horror, bored, tight
quicksand drowning, blaming the smoke that speaks

in white and rings the fortress of thought dry
coursing to a regular spot on the chaotic
borderlands of modernity and the hidden
identities of suffering that only define diverse moulds

strengthening the dual hold on familial speech
ruining human foundations with the right to destroy
with a personal angst so alive as to awaken
the devilish fire of invaluable offerings
into the wastes of northamerican poverty, the cursed
economic breakdown of immediate anxiety

and the lurching page raising the warning
to face an original and real barbaric theatre of the fake
and fantastic visions of imprisoned ritual days
repeating itself in a cyclical yearning for a central taste
to host the base and wicked down to our sacred nonsense
tongue-crowned and shy

The Personification of Lore

unclog toxic mind round cancerous bald young shakyauni, stave false gods peer next to biblical domain the raspy voice filled to volcanic brim of mothers pain, whirr in love stacks, reach out for personal gain, saviour of minced heart, voluminous deranged trade empty parking lot rains of wrathful kali shot with muscular drops searing this ache of flesh, humidify the leaf of thought after thought, sinking instead into dunes of excrement but lately its been nice to lie before the altar of historical cries always sparing the lost lives at the head of justice our bleak tired remain talking toward the gloom of simple monks involved in the same frozen day escape to the moon

highlands of ancient ruin and dead rulers venerated at the stitched hands of these still enslaved gargoyles infused with powerful wives ensnared by weak sex addicts enchanting to the last remaining door meagre hands spat cadavers brandish miles of the many who worship their own salty demise a sexual rampaging, bored and wailing underfails sun coming home to read vapid mind disarray spirit of submission salaam at last and none freed sad too sad nap under twilight nuclear remorse unbridled rhythmic joke no more melodramatic greed, listen to the morn and gorge on meaty wars shouting providence crucify my elegant spine flustered grandfather mocked troubled by cliched despair glorify the shameless absent hair, marred skull full ufo ties speak in social anxiety quiver gawking core earthen paradise sumptuous for married thieves eloped at the hand speed vivacious chinese jew drinking bark beside chosen queens as the devil's hat sings the holy name in salvation for all who wing on bruised skies listing off their corpulent asinine drives for absolute nonsense depraved of sane cadence flooding the visual networks of artistic urban tremors in vast open minds walking with haste on dirt to smoke dope on rock grown rivers glaciated ecstasy on bicycles through folk religions adventurous poverty timeless questing asks why the time passed?

growing old the hopeless addict wines smooth moping reek of festering catfish breath aged sour drunk howling over cold ruthless empire welded vine icy rustic dawn salivating blonde amorphous criminal hate peeled skinless crack fasting hard fish braun linger crass parentless trash tumour fingering inside sorry past sails of fate nailed to altars waste maw spoke subtle waves kindled pine sucked fiery binge saturated bold randomness foretold heavens caught poor nullified drought vindicated risen me hid pure lofty dreams fake velvet royal hallucinate dismember thought rings falling sea part clinging mind remote fly cast despair nowhere treason of athena demon green wick suffocated by wordless stress

The Personification of Lore II

when revolutionary spies vanish out of lazy windows of thought wrenching verse and rut of time fills void our carnal game dies to a shallow misbegotten names, voracious hunt played under new moons love, walk without a name taste the wallowing raze of modern pharmacological displays ethnic cities turn green we flee from ogres laughing in smokefilled caves hailing cabs, oceanic trance as moroccan jewess becomes estranged veil hovering foraging caffeine why empty vein to start drug jars afar gored parasite undressed pregnant looking dire with virgin eyes spilling animal juice down spines wired with explosive ice particle acid spice dining on mycelial beauty

trailing off memories childish bereft still warm egg stashed for marijuana bread mould pallid flame remember corrode sum present serrated life fickle ash smeared unworthy bay charged majestic holy night strewn fish gaze through vortex of second hand light forge mistaken planetary delusion basking hellish liquor sculpted lie scourge ego maze desire lunge asleep in weedy colourless seed felt malodorous slime eaten scab delve all horror show pleas for weakness

seated cover oil knife stench of you bleeding for native martyr warring whores painted with fire myths of death ending at the battle cry from their own lauded heads sank toward earthly grace masterless kin making nomadic children ride waves to freedom with covert bodies led to greed in naive laments of scared men teeming with dried semen as soaring eagle shrieks no memory sham history learned inside spirit wise torment wordplay spiked ambition turning in on eel self, dissipate bore healing offered to buddhist gods for countless forgotten decapitations

stale apology made to rest, selling gold, remove your soul react before industry rusts rake leaves vile rare bearing aloud nonsense ground sick mind spinning tales the grail awaits in town rushing cat starry fresh eyes listening to sneaky lore sudden depressed elegy, a tour of masochism impressed on infant psychology trapped rest unending page does nothing but waste criminal phase emptied out under women gouging alcohol bouts insect flies managing the world government over genocidal floods cooked steaming pyres giggle working child in piles of demented garbage mutated flesh reason ceiling crashing before astounded crowds adjourned

The Politics of Child-Theft

overt rejection of one's given history
ceasing to comply with lifeless knowledge
and tenets of responsible social action
profound contempt for isolationism
at its finest in foreign policy
to risk the value of the world

in a name, charted to bring mass fear
to the charred brethren of the fish
astrology provoking smoldering negation
as dried flowers of reason end
with a pointed chanting into the green
goddess moon vibrating
with the tinctures that sustain nude
environmental faux pas
in a californian latin nightmare

up too late to find certainty in a maze
of purported dystrophy engraved
in the masculine old testament rock
tirades breaking the mollified blush
of political stupidity, bleary drying
as the hoisted child of their spoils

The Profane Teaching

I refuse to be the alienating, dominator species that judeo-christian identities see only to oppose and question for a re-configuration under the travails of belief victimized, there is no disguise beneath the cover of free sky mind when individual earth will fuse with a wintered cry that was once here, needs to be and continues through a natural symbol of reconciled human disease filtered in a paranoid weak failure to gain a vision on a quest with schizophrenic madness and enticing seeds that pull and strive nakedly in the bowels under our orderless pride sinking within someone else's devilish design and while a spine tingles caressing dead youths

martyred submission to the crowned hatred defiling my worth I cower endlessly drunk and wish for a divine plea to thank the witch who hatched in me a cause to ponder the uselessness of abstract gods frightening my cooled doom in a shared tunneling of ancients who follow beans to the fiery tombs of foreign lies squandering a crazed shock, her eyes frowning in the broken mirrors lost and hardened weeds still invading the forgotten latent night that finds me stretched to the born foul indecision to think along the waking crime of being purified in the flesh of the other over the violent haze of an unrisen sun thrust up slowly wanting to return to the course forged with black blood and as the distant sighs of preaching worry the old the phantom searching disappears behind a veiled unification, pouring toxic love across unending shores promising gold and the higher ore reaches the vastness escaping in a sickeningly tight embrace with what will not awake for a no one disempowered on lands strewn with the temporal towers fading with animal laughter in the painful kin born of heart to prepare for the law and prophecy children buried in the dirt by hands of a wily mage unanswered by the deep call to bless the soul in human wars vain as the mind sucks the vile speech of a profaned teaching unlearned

The Quaking Wall

and from where does the cruelest of hatreds arise?
from the fatigue of being, the elderly fate of futile extinction
in a worldview that stubbornly refuses to undergo the natural
process of death out of the childish facade of its own self-
indulgent mortality, the stakes glint soundless on the last
vestige of rural chastity and into the unspoken grimaces
of an idiosyncratic dungeon living behind to fearful lies
ungrounded as in a diasporic labyrinth of oblivious perspective
and unwise choice following our wealthy curse into its last
ring off the vile edges of a burning sexual mage alone
with the delicate touch within crooked bowels striving
evermore to clutch the inhuman guest with a slithering
venomous tongue willing the mind to prayer against
the stripped seats of distaste overly enthroned to collide
into a quaking wall

The Relative Enslaved

there would be so much worth and justification to commit to a post-genocidal upbringing
in truth the marketed calamity of childhood obligation to symbolically sanctioned spirit
the effect of warming up and becoming empowered through full recognition in feeling
that a holocaust has happened in my blood.

that the concrete paths of european imperialism still ignite under the steamed corpses
of my fellow countrymen if only in the relativity of our time here

but where is the crystallized suffering of millions mined if only in the silent releases
of a damaged soul mixed in the vile death of human identity.

it would only be honest to own up to a name burned and tortured behind the force
of political jails and the trappings of racism called out in the open fields of a deranged
following asleep, for this responsibility is not automated and is not free, but comes
with the price of age and the coldly pressed palms of the real destitute unwanted
by the grave.

why these stammering hordes bruise their own children in a torrential high
disfiguring the love that sent them to their fate even to enjoy watching our pain
so at the same time, a connection severs within this mind not to divine the grand
invocation of the one for their are others I see crying for a different me healed
by a longing for the softness of their own tears

on my homeland.

so it is theirs and not mine and I do not give them my fear and paranoid
desiring nostalgic awareness for the self-destructive past that has built me
a machine gleaming off the reflections of my own humiliated brethren
baring their private hairs in a cell or on the podium to speak of a hell
that is right before them

so do not ask me to pick up and run with this
being and its past, and now that there is no present or future to create
only an emptiness awaits, in all its glory hailing the nothing that will never
again show its face

a great leaving, the exit of my beginning
torn from the wreckage of my mystification, unmanifest ancestral wisdom
incinerated to the last dirge of a final awakening peering out of the casket
of a mythic visitor wandering amidst the ashes of heavenly waste
spread into the unspoken laughter of willed trends gone back to bless
the sage who sits mindless to be in a fearless room away beyond
the shores of this childish game eradicated by the willful hand swaying
kindly above the groundless eyebrow raised cousins enslaved too soon

the religious drunk

why does a certain blindness set in when drunk
as relativity, the moon plays the eve for a chance
at first light in the bosom of financial helplessness
going off on the bullet wound fun for a drag
of hearty consecration on my political body
foolish sin reaction in the grave. seated
amidst tall grass in the distrusting space of dusk
goring my self-worth into a brutish entertained lull
in the ashram trance of a windy woodland womb
skullcap full being passed around on round tables
in corruptive sheep bearing the weeping hidden
under a brow tongue-tied with bilingual screens
re-creating chronic fatigue for the battered
muscles of cruel control freaks pitiful
in the surviving hush soundless dreamless
but freed by a heart sparked by weed and LSD

in the speechless morning of true america
frightened away by a generation overpopulating
the crash of a dying wave shrinking into the vast
memory of terrorized inside suburban feasts
swallowing the meaning from our lives
with every unconscious breath as we assimilate
the polluted airs within us and become its poor risk
tampering with the mist enshrouded mountain
in emasculated psychosis stealing free knowledge
with stock apologies for the blameless decision
of our continued existence. there is no grief unborn
in this lame indecision so I fix on drink
and watch my thought escape the light
of downed eroded time. waiting for opaque night
to trap the energetic order of sexual imprisonment
an insatiable silence finding one in the corners
of distant sleep manifest as unattached cold
metal following the short pace of talk and rest
mechanical contradictions killing the fight
in my wandering sanctity. from cult to culture

the religious drunk II

viscera of childish journeys heightened
static flaws leaking, opening like a new tone
on the back of the shaman's mind
awaiting an endless sign to commune
with what is most evil, the basest primacy
painted on the invisible mindscape jungle
the final herbal remedy to rule out all
con-sensuality among the inner foes striving
toward self perfection, to drain the past
of its fluency and invite fantastic horror
into the physical hunter vying for love and peace
with the burning match glowing in the sandpaper
hand ghats navel of cosmic dust blown off
the western towers cutting through the tortured
kingdoms of now, a provocative grimace hinting
of devilish prejudice in unsightly chambers
of charred dismemberment by the hands of christ
intoxicated with a mindless love, a smart inexperience
the embryonic shrug tingling at the thought
the pointed sun crooked with life

The Restless Flag

how conflicted is the national flag
flown with no colour in the diaspora

a breeze misbehaving in desert poor carnage
for the provincial snake to flower on the wrist
of chained thought turned to speech

veiled within a vote moulding in the shed
of a proverbial hallucination

corn-dreaded dietary trees healing
the ferocious brooding class of pure flesh
in love with a hellenist divide hanging

from the natural cross, alive or dead
across the uniform mind, West-owned
democracy mystifying the honest seeking
of injurious restlessness

The Return to Flesh

it was kurtz who said 'the horror ...' now all we need to hear is the insanity but only once before it vanishes into the oblivion of mass paranoia, an absurd awakening into our primordial jungle being when we first touched clean air arisen from the dirt ashen mud that has been our fuel into the immobile past granting a freedom too beautiful to just be play in the mould and freakish birth of paranormal psychosis burning a star once lit beyond the torch of her delicate imagery frantic before the onrush of a silent wave of speech and upturned eyes that notice a golden trick mastered around the unopened lips of the sleeper dreaming a blue fire transformed to fix a gag on the once kicking child, dead end numb lonely womb that strengthens by the hour in a western furnace of pre-christian dogma, always wicked and smiling in a smoking cry ruined by failure under the dankly felt tree faint as the moon touching a broken stream into an eternal flood running sharply beneath the geometric astrology of superstitions fires going cold and leaving our painless love to the old trusty latch gone to trade for violent praise under a soggy doom flickering white within brown-lick child sin

and who is that prophet politician balancing on an urbane wire above the brightening milky ways of prosperity in the heart of a damaged cruelty weakening our newhome staircase to a crystallized feeling snapping at the neck of a rainy embrace at last emerging from under the translucent fire of a church roof pushed to the core of all human earths facing an unopened primal brain scavenging in deaf dusty gloom under an hourly presence asking narrow-eyed citizens of dark birth to trouble with the sun in an unseeming gaze of equal leisure money dragons! be removed from your business religion of sneakthief wise answering to the mundane hogs tearing gifts of malnourished hidden experience moving to the hooded doorway persevering through locked thought tragic as one ruthless pull up the tasted mountain at dusk inspired to trance with a covered hazy moon lost to the faded

why empowered by a jewel-weary buddhist girl crying, throat rotten with the forgotten sufferer living sly beneath her chest-stirring keepsake lighting finely as the galactic fish hears OM timed to the uncoiling of a saddhu's feet incarnate in the thickening pupils of my melancholic lover saved to endless day in peace of a vegetable being the necessary writ that exits thru thick enticing patience and gnawed grief circling, despising a past too late hurt by the stunted growth curves of ancient nature prideful as a gust sweeps smoky breath out of flared tired nostrils begging in street corner demise wading every now and again in a shadow's vision resting along paved grandeur entrance to a path gone unlit in the depths of a native subconscious re-emerging as dusk plays serene ways on mysterious upturned palm of heavenly gazes enlightening the night, folks return to flesh

The Rising Sun

despairing weak
back in the brain-chained
dungeon of sleep
 I have been around
 feel it real deep
 cause there ain't no way
to try to beat these failin'
lost feet, and help
dry green breeze
 elephantine lock
 on the praiseworthy
 sage learning sly
against the back
rotten manly swelling
gland-drunk fish
 spying the insane play
 disgusted and freely
 unconscious of the strong-
matted raspy music way
dwindling softly
in girlish fright
 before the reckoning
 she'll escape
 from dreary blind-croaking
restless fight thru empress
scream oh please me
away now dream of those
 sickening boastful cake-
 kneaded smiles
 elegant as the dress
my crooked place
sharpening the broken
dust-bloodied ice
 need slipping unseen
 between bowels engrossed
 in a shot fool praying

hotly at the tavern keep, mad home, my pride
in a big empty bottle, wine, I struggle now
and again to fake my pain away, leave it behind
 and come up from the fire

the royal chamber

a desert child gagged and hopeless
in my soldierly mind
the dictator's raised fist impaling
the crucified workers of the latin world
dressed in the sun's dirt
an unrepresented beauty posing
against wicked time as the numberless
deranged greed toasting whitemen
failing and clearing wine-splotched ties
to hang over towers of demolition

oh frenchwoman saviour
breathing and smiling in some dark gloom
cave of shabbiness and illicit wandering
sing india's laments on hippie stereos
fraught with dysfunctional bleak gratitude
the holy dreadlocked imperfect america
saving family bread with windblown weed
dress sharing bold drinks on the sad steps
ancient greek policy corrupted and torn
with miserable surviving insanity
from the violent grind scrounging
happy blonde samadhi thru wormhole fear
in middle east borders negating the blue
peaceful sleep of war sundays

the royal chamber II

i swam in salt-worn hair with love pangs
and dusted headaches with a cat's ferocity
slumming in the skyless round
of arabian horse night
as the urban nocturne plunges
weblike fungal drive
under sweat-saturated gringo hats
as the step-pyramid exile
forgetting the lives of hands
drawn like embittered scavengers
on histories' deadly howl
complete with genocidal paranoia
alien fire invisible only to the jewess
spy learning the vowelless godward leaf
journey to smoky corroding magic
mineral bones, friend the myth-bound
human scream from the silent tomb

ancient beloved wings frightening
the scabbed parch-mouthed uniform
torture queen from the last blue moon
breath squeezing roma hips
for a windy cloudless touch
wordless misdirection, symbolic
intimate with empty virgin beds
as we fly over jungle graves
torched thru with ignorance from above
a divination wielding earthen slugs
mutilated hawk drug freedoms
bled green photographic crimson
and azure motionless stomach
parasite nerve-shot walks
beside the sacred space and sound
the Nile re-creating life eternal
in wild dirge for valley of the dead
princess locked inside

The Sanyassin of Sur

a century reminisced wholly into our romantic fantastic foray
be it in the classic voice of armstrong into the blue wave new
stray listener out of reach thru and thru with magic glance
past the visible threshold but always aided by the chosen
glass of wine's orientalist wearing soft garb in the sanyassin
shrines of the New World outdating the european fancies
on display for native sightseers to worship coal skin
muscle in the dingy stew field turtle shell cracked now
to binge in neglected retribution of destroyed humanity
and scowling the empty folds with will in a mistake again
lived in spite of the fraudulent mess gasping far east
into a flowering gloom unknown before last dung tape
screeching thrust thru timeless bone threshing lands
of corn distant as the page grants a temporary liberation
instant the mythic kundalini's grape of broken hopefuls
emotional splotch branded nudes painted on paved
grass dreams toasting barbaric innocent primitives
to watch the race into sense-deprived populations
fearing the fallen brave future light the dizzying
self-confined magicians' stupefaction-embraced lies
curved as obvious as the melted spine coated superficial
disgrace shunned in conscious slumbering hipster
bland as the canadian search for goal-den east bottled
in a room shaped as the poor indignation defers
to negative power sick to pacify necessity
into the glares motivated upbringing to see anew
with a thirst for union undefined by the social curse
of the civilized, familiarized in amazon stranded
profit of loss only to value the check of unworthy
movement and so the stars say, "sur door is free!"
but the floor gives way to the amiable felicity
strapped to gut horse striving toward a crafty test

The Selfless War

the question remains: what type of astrological counterfeiting
or ideological surveillance are you willing to encounter?
for the mckennian host voice has willed the vast hypermind
engine into a profound blaring material only substantiated
away from its natural setting in the foreign mouth
and breast of a deeply entrenched mystifying creature
boundlessly disoriented from glorified veracity, civilized
revision as the intoxicated kindness known thru shamanic
hallucination bringing the impossible notions of inner youth
to light within a self-justified momentary framework denied
by reason and out of fear completely eradicated
from the systematic oppression of existing designs
overrunning our bleary wild children in warborn society
but no one is crying about bears rummaging thru
in wastebasket neglect undeserved to the ends
of the browning consumed earth filled to the sky
with chosen blindness overpowering crooked religions
bunch of old enemies, only as eternal as a crunched dead
leaf whistling hotly thru a holy prayer breathing lung thick
in flesh-cringing smoke rites concluded in the word-tripped
aftermath holding onto spun vibrating laughs in a narcotic state
of ecstatic flood awake flooded awakening, healing infanticide
so whether in dervish love suffering as the camel's facebone
purrs ruthlessly gentle inside the twisted sand searching
spread out into the vile instinctual wanderer's up-raised
thousand idols worn about the fringe of a cold desert lake
to bear the rhythmic ash induced ascetics' linguistic invocation
to dance the skinshed warmth bleeding moons from hair
moistened nipples yearning with erotic humour in a burst
of sensuous fleeing mirth tasted at last above ground
so the dragon's ghost arises low with reptilian poisonous
unforgiving from the bent travails of nerve engraved roaming
throughout a weakness coloured like foam growths' sponge
fasting blues into a naughty perilous arrangement
in an unknown churning beyond, waiting for impulsive signs
destroying the true wiry play of stupendous repeated night
fought gracefully as in a train tunnel fly sapped of all escaping
and pouring globs of sweet drug-brained charge into this
disastrously mundane white originality, as my hebrew
prayers are finished and the lush grandeur of open fate

The Selfless War II

lies unchallenged inside the stroke of an aboriginal pen
carving wise order into the final drumbeat curse strewn

futility blinding an old saturated heart deep with the sweating
desirous plunge into a voracious appetite for flesh and murder

unsurprised as above a dungeon haunted with cluttered taste
and the risen day swallowed in a mindless hush swallowing

strip gone erect under a shower of pleading derangement
hollowed out with orgasmic inner light-toured sorcery

lowered by inhaled jungle death, entrance to the towering
wide flame of growing lands rung infertile as the amazed

west scavenges in sporadic highs left off from a single
mountaintop glance risking the fantastic bet, pathless

dread to encroach innumerable inhabitants
in the fiery unending war with no-self

The Separation of Blood

brothersister forming a psychic tribe
hidden under the will of a collective
driven to think in blood and fight
with trembling lips
on a sane platform high

how is it a prayer that lifts so tall
as to be cold from the flames of earth
in a painless daze without memory
only to swallow more drink
in the drenched hours
inspired through and through
with the fuel of insane waste

a following amiably tired and dressed
in such knowing as to derive the wine
from its fruit with only a glance
into the grape naked eyes of a truth
beside love dancing for all time
without notice for the brevity spared
to trite a mellow war in the male gaze
rasped with bale as a vegetable
wide life of her sacred choice
on this ancient night of lithe toxicity
swaying to the breeze potent
with natural delicacy to sport
two painted bruises kindly
with wired musical minds
the conflict bus gone singing
to other men wasting away
to bothered body strain
as the laughing women grope
at their own tongue-touched light

a sleepy thursday calgary night
answering to the weaker heat
feigned to no joking drums
kicking mad business brides
in for lunch and the morbid
grief of mundane profanity

The Separation of Blood II

aftermath of urban rubble
in economic depravity
beautified to last
to ultimate humility
to glance into the sorcerer's
dread of communing
with living blood
and roasted tombs
still croaking to the fine state
of lonesome rooms full of talk
and grabbing necks and ribs
in the rub freed spine instant
led to behave as the caretaker
spawn of a magic generation
flown under breathless skin
ending on shrunken heads
of the smoking poor

The Shamaness Intoned

more pain to keep awake and growing thick
inside the gut of arisen fright sinking in a snowdrift
slow as ash in the sunset gloom of another dawn
and past the shores to a newfound home inhabited
with blue-eyed ghosts that roam
fed to whisper deep silences in a weather
shattered call alone, the winking fair innocent grin
wishing back to golden minds droning on
with a fish-glaze, eyed in the harbour
of a too distant tomorrow song waiting
all fasted and bleary cried wine growling nights
beige as the mundane dreary steps to a lowell beloved
unknown but now gone as the hint that won't listen
and the ugly battered lung waves trespass
a rolling fire touching her matted glare
as softened lips tell cold stories born of no one

so lie and pass time in the ancient fall to bliss
staggering quiet in a shaken stupor to her
road perfect as the long hallelujah fight
drowned in a steeping pyre, ethereal
thorned voice of smoke arrested in a light
poked through failures epilogue race
undead as the binge of trust severed
naked and gross as the staring mirrored
flesh of newborn death-swearing to music
dreams repeating the savoury glass of time
in speech to shorten the commotion
under a fuller moon than any sky
overly smogged in too much sadness
to die and heartless as the fix that drives
worthwhile life into my chest

The Shamaness Intoned II

only to wade in the dark halls lost, infinitely stray and tied to the brink of social disaster as the possible sun wraps a tight blanket around her fallen touch, the escaping wilderness inside drags heat from remorse in the sexual night of redundant action sought in a dance

of melancholic steamed rocks, dropped from the teasing beer mold, grabbing for flesh and wide open hate, sinking dry with airy sight in a tumult of forgotten rest as the sisters bless our spine for crooked street walk moons, to flush the blue knots of emotive gain and roving thought sucked clean in the sorrowful plea to hear her speak once again

the higher climb rattles on mountains of a sweet headache noon and the ruffled tires of urban taste perspire in human graves at stake in a faroff country lover paining in surreptitious cries formed under a midnight tree swarm sacred as the roughened feet of early lusts in the bed of horrified fate loosening to the chaotic frigid talks of another leaf

grown with australian accents weaving poor humility in the grass of a northern cool forlorn and looked after by an ancestors' photographic wind preparing the sleep of order in tested rooms for lone trust to regain a sordid whiteskin roof in the magic rusted writing of wordless imaginations entombed in young minds cracked, to appear artificially worn as the suchness

empty din pouring stress in the up-reaching haze of nothingness, in the strange fruit of soulsong heights and lows watering the downcast eyes of memory as the late imitation nestled in the loom of beadwork, hands rashed with working flames, repeating a mixed gun hot with the childish grief of mideast dreams lording over a twisted holy dusk hallucinating crass drugs

in a silver muck surging out of the throat of ovens blasted with national crimes and the strain of rising ocean prophecies waning upside down in the flattened war horns of a potent free west raining gored embraces in a landscape fraught with the busy sick scorning the muse in experiential alcoholic piss staining the bloodied ground with sound judgment

known since beginning of day but the sad conditioning of the suffering nomadic poem swiftly cuts into paranoid diasporas of sacrifice removed from modernity in the blended farce of historic nights tended as animals wiser than political binds reducing the smile to a gash heaved over walled rock and smeared with such blasphemous rage as to core the soul of G-d herself, of this broken land reminiscent in populations of struggle

in the waste of global secrets, felt so awful in the black pocket liquid of fatherless groans, taming the art of simple identities, cornered in a hearse on the way, to spared farmland family, gifts unearthed from the european womb of american praise and lifted to the bitter tongued education of mysterious and faint names coasting effortless atop the turtle's sacred back drum of the shamaness in ecstatic laughter running frail to the depths of a fruitless cave and in spiritual clothes swimming to the edge of a mythic underworld to resurface with the beauty of her age

The Simplicity of Non-Intervention

profaned secrets of mind scattered in a misrepresentative blur of the pre-arranged
drunken child unnamed as to peak atop a warrior's night race home, sold the only
last infantile joke of the lover's taste, distraught as a painful blues wreckage muddied
after a sleepy cold noon touching gentle wisdom on the etched craftings of human
rights faces phasing out of country into the refuge of perfected religious war
to wage lives of value on the priceless head of political reputations as a glorified
secular symbol of continuity in power over the senselessly weak calling
on the higher being through demigods enlightened by human worship
from the jahaleen and stumbling righteous from the path of the angels fallen
to organic trash waste troubling the uprisen divinity at bay as immersed
vanishing moment of presence in the skin of perceptual difference misplaced
into the hands of the sad waiting search for an audience with simultaneous
reflection on the inner voice of one extreme localization of expressed society
drumming up steady rhythms burst into a chaos of accursed taboo wandering
to roast sin and morality over a fire in the silent space of the naturally inspired
hastening to walk towards a land gifted at birth from the female womb of death-
trick tragedies in a cerebral fix of psychic dependence on the gravitational
goal shifting lightly over the gleaming rock turning through revolt-spun magic
of UFOs othering in a band as awkward defence, distracted course travelled
well on foot to endless ruminating puzzle of self-truth distinction
from the drawings of ritual groups passing stilled rivers to a coping toxic
roam to cross american fascinations with an aboriginal fame on street corner
music light drug share staggered along webs of rust and dirtied insane fragments
of transported ideas living amongst the People as a chain effect directly corroding
the screwy timed pockets of glue-eyed sexuality and the feeding embrace
of nude jungle discovery as it engrosses smoking birds at a loss in the ridiculous
finds of research haven southern development from a flowering buddhist
mind of our altered educational state on this cinematic loss, torpidity struggling
to fasten the brooding stew chucked in frozen patterns while moved
the unchanging shrewd news of simple restraint

the soothsayer's dream

upstairs stepfather drunk caressing belly
from which I was cut. shaved cat whimpers
in nether realm under garden rock in backyard
sonic cricket wall attunes to violent prayers
coming from America boom, enlightened
menacing crotch. desire this wine-eyed
and sharp as death inside domestic gloom
full bellied zen brat wooed into nightly discursive care
facial pleasure listening with increased annoyance
at bug carcass moon stowed away perfectly
by snowy cloud dust horizon masked in wallowing
lame-armed ass brain kneeling beside rusted altars
for the lesser trailer, impoverished serpent
enthroned plastic buddha my unmentionable visit
to ponder non-theistic loneliness in dark temple
room waiting quietly for homelessness sake
for the sun to wake and bake with this earth
inspired butterfly who hath shaken silent unmoving roots
profane humanity sucked into malformed flower bomb delusion
under crowded classroom fear, product of a government
confusion author prometheus wearing the same shoes
as before crossing over wall of china/berlin/israel
television cult. fatherly west. neo-fascist leg-spreading slug.
brew gurgle word hang tetragrammaton limb by limb: animal
alien overlapped breath. symbol charming friend
who smeared brain rubble like poison coins
across the gambling tables in scandinavian
plain woman with bland face eyes leaping from good old glasses
wearing spineless greed on thick rugs collecting skin and dust
in worthless hairy domains. blush for serene blonde goddess
walking beyond edges of disorder. breaking lineages inside
contorted body of meso-asian school burnt to the ground
by enraged country-dwellers' sacrifice unearthed
out of broadening mask towering with black art.
deceived birth from the heavenly children unveiled worrying
deep in pack hunting tribal mind suffering with nocturnal scavengers
in a robbed grave heap of sacramental compost.
the sane soothsayer's asleep, mourning.

The Stream: Reflection

"things you
own end up
owning you"*

How
can we live
now?

we
can't
but
we
are

exceptionally unusual

to be exceptional
is to be
unusual

the
perfect
balance
of Love and
Hate

**Chuck Palahniuk, excerpt of "Fight Club"*

The Struggle of Luck and Innocence

what is this fight?

two crossed fingers and a cracked mirror
lonesome foul wreckage abounds weakly
atop cruel anger, heated sole pads shivering
in winters' wasted pain sliding through vile
energy stolen in poor space-fat homes
cleaned as a knife readied for blood
binged black eyes waking fire-launched
by staged tests into a monkey hearted spy
sexed thick gross lips smother her golden
sickness from shone heroin orb to glorified
nameless road into past lives drunk
with the timed devilish rage of a worldly
confused brain choking on the ancient
tranquil empty wonder mined from within
natural instrument to light guilt-sworn
passes of destructive time-empirical vision-
sage communes with unearthly paused
vibration singing thru voice of deranged bliss

that this struggle begins with infinite death
around angelic necks of lost prophetesses
from impassioned orientalized decadence
bearing a chest of locks stirring in the animate
breeze rising in resonance with a chanting
priestess and godlover entombed
atmospheric vegetation preserved for the study
of caged ghost-tamers purified by reasonable
dance of nostalgic medieval mind-rotten
to a psychic lore transmitted as essential female
divinity reveals her face to the superstition
of a sacred altar where in the christ-animal
is burnt alive on stake of the modern age
of frantic paper-thin belief

and so stargazers
outlast the prideful beast design so creator
sees the escaping experiential knowledge
to mammalian perfection with a single dose
of prehistoric food resurfacing to claim
the unused nerve of wise innocence

The Sympathizers

do you sympathize with us
who have fallen out of this world?
and into the hands of shame
full-knowing they are mere hands
yet to us it is comforting
they are mere hands.

a whispering shudder of carnage
and the deaths of our age
all crashing with demonic vehemence
and into the lives of those still
it takes
but more, it does lift.

just keep the pen to the paper
so says the writer
if you remove it, you die
make all words one
make all letters one
do not take the pen from the paper.

what may be finite?
what is not there?
what are those lost moments?
a secret of god and of remorse.

the taste of a passing world

sitting with curved legs looking again at a gray sky
welling with the tears of rain for another day
lust to the depressive wails of mourning the goddess
leaving us an unrivaled masculine bottled up energy
ready to spew forth carnage at the height and grandeur
of our human imagination earthly delights enjoyed
beyond belief just from the chime of her skeleton earring
showering in the normal morning taken for granted
the gargantuan strength of her souls love forgotten
in a single step over the neck of the unforgiving asp
but instead of lingering in a small pitiful croon
in the face of all that does not die I cried my heart
drained satiated by the wealth of eye water struggling
to stream with powerful suchness impassioned
with a spite for the word hoarding the voyage through
void mountain caverns dank with sharp kicks of smoke
steaming up from the muscular cracks
in my emotional delusions indulgent fear for what is
now seeping out the open dream fleeing
from the presence of a devoted sceptre gold
hooded and shining with the star from the east
with half closed eyes dancing the world lila
sacrificed messiah at break of human compass
I meditate layers away the peelings of social greed
lustful decisions long stowed away coming forth
to be freed and feel the stretching life again
become tender with a true moisture
the bravery of feeling life swept
from under the foolish feet
of an otherwise pandemic illusion of love
as a permanent constitution the only binding force
that is human, a statue of love must be erected
for the past to release from the square devil
holding back with remorse at the wretched
taste of a passing world

The Tattooed Earth

there in the drifting mists a higher kind invoked
off the pain of stone, vanishing by the grainy viscera
willed into grandiloquent memories that fade with mind
in a reverberating charge finishing doorways
with holotropic paints to divine the healing moons
engraved across the wretched clothes
of acculturated kin

what thought twisted back inside the invertebrate sprites
of unworldly distance and chaotic spores clinging
to the animist pride of conjoined clouded might
springing ageless in the now sweetly forgotten
as the bell-timed sculpted birds of sickened europe
flies into the frightened wood with an indecisive lie
and childish wishes but there in the african word
a spoken face unheeding before the swollen halls
blinding with innumerable failed lives still reaching
for an unwritten switch in the dark gloom of church
hollowed silently in ancient nights haunting the urban
sprawls of ghostly witnesses to the abandoned
eyeless wall

oh laughable muse, gone uncaught ever-escaping
into mystery unwarned in the veils of sensual pleasure
and burning sight into law's natural reflection
wavering actively with quickened breath forced out
of the wealthy shoe, a sly unfounded way traced back
to the first ending

wheezing and shrunken neurotic hands on the edge
of determined roadsign bland interpretive destruction
calling forth the fear driven void and the insurmountable
underground lore awakened through revealed seers
amazed by the wild whispers shattering the paramount
of inglorious rage in colonized truckstop american
modernism, the ravaged gore of inconspicuous fallen
dreaming felt fine as the blade slithers cleanly
in man-made rivers of smoke gaping at the unknown
quietists brought from a rising east worn by the leaf
in powerless groveling states of terrorized extinction
submitting to the fatalists' breast going cold as dirt

The Tattooed Earth II

spawned brethren shy into the sweeping brush
living mesoamerican stalk lusting into a voracious
ground alive as the drunken dusk eats away
in the crooked shoulders of a devilish manifest
vision entombed by the noise that bounds into
listening hours in the wintery north an invisible
fire hard as ice in the flared nostrils of medicine
wombs torn to heated distress in a conflict
prophesied from the elderly flesh-songs gripping
electric pyres unto the feminine seeds, cored
with righteous neglect a madness gone unavenged
in the dire souls reminiscing on a middle east
wherein darker men shudder under a trembling tide
deeply confused inside blinding lunar umbrellas
shading tortured pages with breathing eyes
in a groundless smokeshop, a wealth for the early
immature mind blending to the phase of tragic gods
blackened with the sod of plagues spelling drought
or famine on the star-twisted spine-thin lips
of the terminally awake bled toward the sky
in an inverted daze only for a sober hint
in the dingy genes of ruthless sin, order
under a marked pain splintering the wise ease
supplanting arboreal beds hardening fast
to the savioress spilled elite weathering
ancient trash hidden by borderless children
ruling the divide between health and madness
for a people fishing in time with an oceanic vine
swum heart full to the thirsty dusk, mouldy
persuasion fresh as a fool to the bitter root
to thought aspired junky rotted face possessed
to grin as swine test the narcotic ghouls
sickly as the burnt european tongues
filter blood hot as metal through first contact
with a love sorry as the hair-bristling humanity
wretched from tired pores showered, psychic
mist, as a sorcerer's flower, to tangle in a sea of drugs
and mishandle the spade in sordid smug taste
and the ash of hate swiftly nears the flame
instantly engraved on earth's skin

The Temple's Eye

lick thyself after eating the page in slight immeasurable swallows
unknown beyond lone home calming the familiar painful scrounging
neck high worthless to the pet cemetery lain asleep inside botched
tomato summer strange in neat primitive age cycle upon us
as equation of abnormal breath flown sitter beneath Wacah Chan
Ygaddrasil & Bodhgaya now upright staring thru glorious seed
feeling puncturing the lung tested angelic soul language carved
into myth unequated disparity visiting a mad spaniard, headache
ruse imploding the shivering kind drivel phantom war photography
ash smeared unspoken come calling the vibrant hindu soldier
to frontier of american consciousness gathering another found life
shorn screaming blindly into psychotic greed pool surviving the world
drought in unreasonable thirst collecting sperm lines for addicts
nostril blood clambering thru toxic wrecks of the true comic state
in a flash before bombed out hideaway crowds huddling close in private
heavens of refugee bird incarnations lose simple character traits
to the glaring inhuman eye impossible as need flushed wildly
in a turbulent subconscious group memory imprisoned to city-speak
bleary as narcotic theatrical day mixes insanely behind
the fully eclipsed mexican moon leaving a marriage tie to ruined fight
wry as painless order flees ass-gazed volcanic brothers listen!
the word stopped by the fissure rumbling boldly with cosmic will
to induce the future's drill-stake into sacrificial hour of death
to the child savioress hardened with char-cracked flesh, a divine
waste come from inside since when was it dangerous to have
an open mind, "Now!" said DMTree so piercingly loud as to offset
the crystal flooded lighting spark gasp in boundless oceanic instant
of decay on delicate scared ground floating upon tumultuous fire
isle eaten alive in the dry naked sun stammering insanely lost
to a choral scream lie chained to painless need in polarized lunatic
room, manically frayed nerves sputtering ghastly dreams in the all-
revealing storm risen night speeding beyond unconscious passage
way smoking our primal blindness wry diligence at war with a selfless
invisible and eternal enemy scouring the petrified holy boulders
meditating out west with natural pride unfailing as the dreamscape
spine rivers play stone goddess shy beauty yet unnamed sweating
chemicals off vibrating rings hot with live metal in sacrificial come
bomb belly throbbing in dissonant infectious conflict spreading
around peaceful steps to temple's eye

The Thirsting Asp

and what emotional strength could crone through
this mean evening to touch the sucker mentality
of a mother in apparition
in the rumbling deep sleeping
child of monetary thankfulness
impoverishing a spiritual itch
digging cleanly into the worst impressions
of our snaking mysterious bloods
moving to the tune of an addict's revealing
domestication in instinctual arts of listening
reception to the passive opening of the conjoined
locked whispering to the absent gods
of our impersonal knotted belief in progress
as the second step to escape the rain
and blind the collective core as expression
repressed soul of land liberated for people
beyond naked ideas of material freedom
looted rudely in museums or cultural prisons
distanced to foreign exchange, throat-blocked
shops of universal slavery to come
in a language of self-rudimentary ways
conceived in the cracked views of an oceanic rule
gone from the bloated droughts of dialectic speech
turned religiously into national metaphors
for post-traumatic guessings or pure knowledge
confounded in social tests or identified all-desire
ill-devised for actual remiss before singing
above the passing scene rhyming suddenly
in pluralistic mobility towards folkloric normalcy
wishing to purge the rush of one tempting upheld
gaze kneeling quietly behind a thirsting asp

The Uncoiling

when will you wise, cry to your own invaluable wickedness cascade among the brushes of your tough and brutal thought cavern sky the priceless wanderings of an old beggar drowning in sorrowful dirt crack lacking only these two ravens calling back hoarsely in the thicket of unearthly music of the heavens showering death and gifts of sad excessive pasty eyed witches smoking pared gown parasensual herbs in & of dust and wonder growing from the pangs of fire consummated lust angst of the brown scourge wreckage hateful cry of all that is masked in not, orange hot balls searing the wide foggy crevasse unmade by your beauty and charm oh wisk this carpet night felt weary and sleeping well on torturous spells through celtic upbringings and childish reweaving of stupidity and cahoots! shout with me under this waterfall of need jealous deeps rescue my weed please it has fallen into wishful pride and insipid gasps of airline traps tap tap tap...enjoy this wealthy love stay up all night and devour our hearts in soggy blood torpid foul wrenching bowels stick with mud throats groping alone instilling firhq fright in my children but this is not the night for goodness but for the godkings spite in histragedy of millions crying for his soul broke shatter disappear into the last dawn of shallow humanity small and supposed ancient under smoky lamps shoddy misbehaving cats swaying under palm breeze dance on the land red under wallowing queens changeless divinely planned to scrape the last drop of highmind ruin unto the last breath of her silly brother looking out into the mirror of disrepair, flame mean skull cup drain follow the spill, kiss skin lapped in water amphibious affection storm the vegetable kingdom with stealing ease last awake stutter fake, great malformed baby hellish buthighspirited willed into creations pain born into virgin grace, will you try your best to answer this place or stage some crisis displaced naughty worn out by strange doleful disgrace please die quietly to my eyes, miss the earth and don't speak again, thisplace is rot silence humbling I numb crumbling destroyed bypass future wait standing awake at the end of time, dream of me see something sing next to our drab empty sink of pests, soft glow vomits unheard out infant spout, respect answer blind authority vernacular imprisoned spun whistling skinny bones die, personable dread young cruel pot blessing restful mind stores awkward social mess, chain love to silver boards display pyramid of waste languish in selftorment serve the vat of spry imbecility necked in some forceful abuse of mass carnage empty meandering through spineless structures stale pause grotesque faroff wars, flaw jarring tests opaque whispers on flights to aimless animal graves mast shivers winded tunnel vision, sickenedtruisms, sordid hopeful religions, tongue twisted linguistics shake this rage piling on rat spew names, identify with babble fly arise weasel in single disguise create pain at doorstep of moonlit suburban nightwave smoke hidden under lanky past resist static trackless asps creeping motionless eye some thing orderless beauty mystifying hone the worship of mind, send idol to school the prophetic oversoul spake hebrew but mention your life to end silent birthing trance of aborted christ stalking vile hindu serpent

OM TARE TUTTARE TURE SVAHA

the upstairs well

why belief turns the raw salad sky into vain self-hating
and the pallor of the boneless broken mother is still too weak

to hold her inflamed heart before the ever-vanished escaping soul
of the unnamed child and I pray for their begging slavery

with silence in blood red cups of hot greed, some pathetic disease
of perceived perfection confronts my impoverished face

purged of religious towering ruins of deceiving experience
in the space of fear released out from boiling detox eyes

a head full of electric nerves, villainous distracted waste
breathing muscular time in bed, mold well

The White Imagination

a vast undoing engineered hook
screwing the sacred mage
in urbanized downfall of the late
struggle toward an end fallen
to hell and the mission to trade
souls as an upset muse shocked
and encouraged to will beauty
into increasing fascinations
with the impassioned life
demeaned with boundless
compassion felt at last
from the other inside

as the plain-booted plea
to answer confessed desire
at the bolstered expense
of disgusted confusion
foretold all along
by the aimless pilgrim
toughened from lingering
among the wilds
to spy a flight through
ancient aspirations
calling back to the origin
story retold every twilight
in silence under the unfailing
will of mysterious play
hissing coming from warring
crowds hailing the berserk
strife of religious conviction
for a cloudless emptiness
vibrating off the brow of a skin-
rimmed hat lord forsaken above
stained beard and childish feet
kept clean under the swing
of miraculous loss, balanced
demeanour behaving
as in disbelief socializing
with an albertan queen
faded away with champagne

The White Imagination II

dusky traces of breezes, ceiling
nauseous laughter, numbing
diseased as addiction weeds
out from the act of a race
whose older misery breeds
non-human identification
and the refugee spirit
burns in the frozen light
a spared blessing given
freely to rainy cried busting
love for the drifting dregs
of improper cafe seated
sprung wiry demons reading
the strewn throat inspired
drunkards over a word
chaotic as this fight to be
in selfless spatial reflections
unfounded and strained
as the bean pulls through
soggy drained trite expressions
meaning soul language blended
with the taste of wise age
grumbling something
for the entertained moon
flushed providence of foreign
immanence gone to the cemetery
to draw a star in the centre
of a map to know owned watery
paper and forget the dingy
dead music filling the sky
with a scorched heavenly
archaeological enterprise
on the land of present living
gods ruling each and every
wave spoken as matter
noticed by the body in a stint
of hallucinogenic flesh, forced
to blow through, shattered
spines first risen, mirage exploding
away into the white imagination

The Wisdom of Forgetting

Forget symmetry

Forget perfection

Forget phrases

Forget what you know

And realize that you know nothing

Learn to learn

there is a wealth of knowledge
you can find it on your own
vanity is only hindering you
because of trite circumstances
we all must still know that
until death we can learn more
about life, since we are all in life,
let us, rejoice, pander, adhere to it,
and maybe live it, so as not to
cling to what is irrelevant, that is
past / future.

To truly inspire is a gift
to all who acknowledge

The Witness

there is a dark sadness drifting behind her eyes
belittling each motion fed into the masculine crowd
teeming by her side, indirect contact forgotten
in a word that cried without reason or feeling
just to allow a quiet thanks for love snatched
crazily between dried autumn cold fingers
up on the dusty heights of wired snoring
canadians fired with the fated bent, primal
escape into the release belief dying within
choking flesh of youth's active demise
an unassured spreading into thought
so lifeless, missing a drop of the wine drunk
hot from boiling tongue beaming persona
of true emotive trust played with the conscious
flesh in touch with the dream that is unfailing
before the toxic blue high gone entombed
in a breath the wild repose, unapproached
weak pity shown from the entrails of stupid
gloom all lurking and gone heathens
to the past done needing an amalgam
of communal memory to switch into divine
freedoms beneath street city light now
slunk in a gap unseen in minds flown
brimming abyss willed stagnant, frail
as a disease undeserving of such human
respect, the clean demoness watches coldly
paradox concepts of landgrounded boundless
sound humming to the slow numbing day
until the sleepless night slips shyly on time to be
the Witness

The Witness II

and what is that soul caught
in the fixations of an earthly wilderness
the terror in her smoke finds its way
into scattered chaotic space bending
the drone into subtle desires awakening
on the edge of a lip vibrating to the depths
of a skyless mind shedding its pain in watery
lust drugged to the core with natural heat
trying tonight for all its worth for a vision
to know that every manifestation is a sacrifice
when receiving the world another is extinguished
by the presence of the leaving horizon
blending into the forays of secular might
wrapped without names in a bundle of psychic
glory brewing envious pots of dirt shivering
prisoners seeking the silver mage naked
to the bone, weary but unafraid to face home
once again, destroyed through time
by the crushing pupils of going-within
inside for a moments glimpse of what
she knew that night fully in prayer
heavy the whispered hearts of each timed soul
that walked by cooking their deathless
spirits in a charming colourless glare unbroken
among the misty old shrouded figures nodding
in mechanic fear as they wish sporadically
in unspeakable destitute seed calling in shaded
nearness to shock pleasure into the winter of us

a silent hollow disease sinking around
the pridesick din of swarming animalistic
changes into a thick mould opaque
as the created unborn moon winking
in a gasp, to knife the shuddering fool
worshipping rocks and ghouls
in a wailing heap of mimicking
a repent so sit lost in narrow illusion
with unchallenged thoughtless daze engulf
this sworn hate to avert blessed death
invoke superstitions of refined complexity

The Word-Blessed

a pregnant mother enters the local liquor store
to throw coins and bodies in a tip jar
asking gently for change outside her, meek

pain, falling contemptuously in the morbidity of low birth
and anorexic swallowing as chinese prayers tear quietly
joking, "some arrive to spend their last dime, some to spend
all and some to leave their lives here in the tip jar"

the question violates with a fortified trust
to believe in the end of our pleasant drear
worn unseemly on a chosen cool, tortured stomach
affixed with a drooling mug, stymied by anyone

possible rapture as the thinker feeds on loss
and trains her feet to mark, the lifting stomachs
into a freed race, that deafens futures

carved singly from rock, and bone as the first and last
artist seal of western prophecy, enliven the darkening face
world intention on a map read asleep, blue eyes folding over

babble bridges the livid buddhist patient ride through
assailant poor swine sickness, tantalizing and injuring the pure
heart walking to a mantric dawn, in busking lunchtown breezes

gone with a naked black beauty, on riverbed lore, frightened
out of sexual need, into mental collapse, ever tightened by the risky
expressions of a balkan clarinet, wading merciless over a crack

spawn snake vomit claw, witch broth to attain visions of sea voyage
odysseys' flying masterpieces erected over the irresponsible land
of sister speeches, written for competition's boring money featurette

as entertained lifestyle touring along entire finger-pressed cafe
wheezings of cold breath, visible passion eve caressing
the ages of unjust political swaying to convictions

gorgeous vocal duty on english isles drumming
as we weep to a new night, sun-faded demons word-blessed

the writer's desire

where is the form of the sensual that twists
and pulls carefully in folded niches of the spine.
 when will she grapple the curve of my hip
 in erotic touches of a healthy trusting soul
the blue's secret shattering the animal hold
on elegant enthroned vases sighing in delicate corners
 cooly aware of the absent angelic fire, longing
 embrace, coalescent other being
my round belly, stacks of books, plethora of teas
and lonely wall views of windows looking out, immediate
 momentary light of writing consciousness "things"
 only known through their perceptual absence
active senses are the doors to mystery
barely dripping paints leak cowering unto steep bold pages
 world ambition, poet voice shouts to Prajna-Paramita!
 with Jersey Jew dance to similar decadent beginnings
in Polish bathtubs smoking with naked grandeur
and the scent of fresh pubic stares into the misty mirrors
 a gorgeous spirit, masculine crests waning in the flood
 her Satanic smile, roasted inners flailing in a mess
thumped jaws and rasped jugular, gurgling nauseous
flames in imaginary sound-need taunting the brain
 into chemical submission released as the innocent whore
 trudges hotly in grouping mobs of a sexual plague
shackled body wasting away inside enshrined concrete
ghoul of sinless movement
 monastic prisons tearing at the shaved flies
 bristling sweetly against inflamed bowels
jailed guru conniving in unworthy caves
with a deathless breast, brimming and hardened
 with the elixir of an enjoined madness
 in the grace of one murderous act
impassioned and boiling over
under the live tantric vegetable
 savoured raw as a look cast from distant shores
 and mountain passes, unlearned in the ways of walking
vajra stick, and the long sweeping thunder rolls on
unheard with no key

The Wrong Kitchen

what is left to speak after discouraged meaning implodes
as the dusty fuse of belief scatters in the unfurled mountain
breath with a full head among clear rock lit din inside metal
boxcar unreality searing a hot junk shattered nerve
with deathless heights above the motion to yearn inspired
by a neverending plain flat wasted materializing holy skulls
of memory torn bomb shattered american rite to pass thru
unclear birdstuck cold boned need as the shutter blinks
seedy brains perceived as sheer wisps of bold smoke
thick cliffs erode low one pitch deep scream blown
into tragic flesh asleep atop lofty jazz breeze antique clone
shed snyder groove sought in the mountain guide mongol
future spinning bell thought sprites into ecstatic sobriety
to sample a dripping fall sputtering dry past the universal
oceanic rail mug glazed soft against a snowy silhouette
window wearing crags as throat chains danced wild off
the urban tongued chest of this country's suffering alcoholic
desperation chosen consciously to busy self hate in a world
rut wise lost for a smattering grain to call the elder train
to a stop in one final space ache divide robbing comfort
screws into the silent sane friend whitening with astrologies
pride growing faint mother naive traveller sees to meet
the ancient coloured night and taste the awakened priestess
spore ravaging the creator's hallucinogenic imagination
into the divine awe of child onlookers busking for vegetables
haze in abundant mesoamerican crop beckoned to a crescent-
led tribe snaking into crude club-mean lounge voice sexual
pomp deceased wielding the fire of kali's infinite yoni
bristling with the dakota steam of the 4 directions wired
to a word to bleed forevermore with hairy lust conspired
as a wicked guest to crusade into an envisioned cruelty
tonight by bedouin lords feeling cowardly arms rise
with entranced serpent music of psychotic indo-european
colonial empires built into the name of the long way home
into fractured ancestral lapse of fortune blessed wild
sexual gods of nordic leaves mixed to ponder the equestrian
streets of filmic word-destined journeys to the farthest star
out of sight not somehow able to hear miles playing

The Wrong Kitchen II

serene footstep twilight in the hush of the interflux world
law crystallized in the dawning flesh of a new reach
outpost of marked fear known from beginning prophecy
blurted out with consistent cheering on musician's tonal
rants spanning the imprisoned blood of the dark age
returned with repetitious unbounded flight, chaotic
wonder in a mist of healing sound thundering voraciously
for more out of blundering unrepentant mouth erotic
to the refined splendour stolen free from the civilized
derangement money-grubbing to suck a face awash
to the red grisly hurt shine paid to war for a thing shot
beyond belief without question and unfounded loathing
shame alas entombed in the open horn of my poetic
excuse risked to play a hat-worn sparked flame spread
into the wrong kitchen farce for guitars to rise, snap
unceasing from an invisible moon-tide pulled back
before the wall receding grime of the many speaks in a bullet
thought reason and the bloodless seed of origin earth
resurrects the author of a sham silly gore imploding
in every square footed absolutist dust cafe, working
overtime, to vomit modern grief on the flaccid tree strung
blues of weakened victimized man hosted on the original
stage of rich shirts flagrant as nocturnal indians breathing
along the untouched womanly face

There, Lost

We are all lost, we conjure lies and misconceptions to maybe hold these truths self-evident.

We are all lost, in a feeling of confusion and reality combined to knock us on our asses in a quick shutter of a camera lens only for it all to be over like that.

We are lost, but life is a path into darkness, always an unknown future and a distant past, always twists, turns, tunnels, and trials so that one day we may come to the end of our path to look back into a sea of darkness and blank feelings but for a few memories.

We look back with a feeling of hopelessness that the days of all this beauty may be over for good. We remember however, finding our way past all the tribulations, feeling the triumph of achievement, that no matter how you lived your lived, someone was affected along your way that made their path that much easier, and is that not what we aspire to?

If we believe, if we hope, if we learn from the past and cherish the futures of those proceeding, maybe, just maybe, at the end of This moment... There will be light.

This Defunct Night

with a collected sexual energy burning life
through a secondary nostril singed black
and blue with lethal bread of raw earth
archaic ash and the fragrant cracked laugh
of grandfathers volcanic urine of bodily ice
bleeding into a page of pure sound reeks
of rancid glue and purplish drooling bastard
knife split tongues run into a twisted rash
blindness against the faint backdrop born
to horror or destiny forgot as the licked habit
sifted thick in night skin tightened by a ruined life
greying at the aged skull to core a root blackened
in the dismembered prayer of sacred hook-letter
flight by shamanic rings and marriage to the wife
of sonic gasps raved overhead palestine's
crowded back as the federal reserve named
higher than sky as the native eagle flies now dead
below ground still headless and waiting bored
for more simple demons green to the bone
and lame of brute muscle as sacrificial pain
to open a road for all lore universal drugged
selfless word miles of wailing feet rushed
in a scratch, down broadstreet in black, lush
stinging to the finely rung mind boring through
ancient delicate weeds for taxation and grub
the winter thirsty flushed in meaning
purely lacking any fatigue sitting gold
holding a key to the final meditated decision
and pressing lightly on the speakers' growl
heard aimless as dusk in a circle of how

This Defunct Night II

pandemic night freeze awaiting silent
in the rusted violent heat hating on anyone
grocery failures blending into collectors' hurt
like a sponge thought painted in the distant
dim escape to difference unnamed yet challenged
by a somebody feigning post-mortem matches
yawning flames and pirates entombed
children's story images a cold stare into one
mass-wired oceanic psyche unknown

the breadth of true feeling urged to vanish
lost to painstaking dust tribe dreaming
a cinematic edge helped with a hoarse shaven
screaming wildly yelling in a mud swamp
filled with yurt tied moon-stopped girls swooning
in a misbegotten ethiopian light silent
as a demurred inside, penetrated beyond
recognition as masticated bellies swell hurling
shots of rage into vibrant youth stunned
by the figment of a page gone insane
a brilliance in reason checked to the bed
vile as decayed process, and smelled to wail
on about grimaces worn bold on aged lifeless
wastes so volatile as the branded mage
wallowing in the cruel trust of an entire nation
swung to believe the medicinal ghosts
blindly following sick to the lust cryptic vision
spied inspiration divined and bellowing
sadly on and on for the wandering people
flagged on extra-planetary mines divided
for the laboured birth of individuals civilized
modernity sacrificing every happiness crime
for a perfected representation of others' fear
and losing final smoky mournings to bitter
wife drying her face with thickening smiles

This Defunct Night III

is she worthier for contemporaries crucified
physical desire than I, playful romantic
fate publicly shammed for an ounce
of shrooms and a pitch dark room
answering only to a membrane expanding
by forlorn thought evolving into a sputter
of engineered will technically inclined
to build the summit of economic lies
ownership capital country blooming
into the next sun-energy to again swarm
by a pleasant genealogically challenged
soul breaking all kinds of war-tale protocols
by a laughing mission saved yet grimy
as fecal disease in season under climactic
breath of charred swimming life pulsing
to the name of eager feet spasmodic

with a forest master, does gravity intend
to good? or looming fat with a prize of sin
ongoing as rivers gargled angry flesh
swapping namesakes under the roof
of a jealous grave written scratch dreams
seeming toothless away in violent desire
for punched swallow hitting asking the lonely
door who is sitting bunched up afraid lost
as the drained eyeless fire instilling
a gentle sickness at the spiritual post
and asking in panic the shedding thick
bridges risk dusk in a lifeless sunday
moon shot and cornered to a bristling
nonchalant gesture afraid as we wallow
airing out the veils of a gross soft belly
dried with an imprisoned praise
of devout dehydrated lore spoken again
in mourning to the lost test of earth
and the high witch glows uprisen
to early fires haunting us, primitive

defunct night

thought

you have to
let yourself be
affected, give in,
inspiration comes
from where...
you least expect it
and when...
it comes
you never expect
its effect

Through the Windowed Fort

a trip to the celestial room with sick restful disharmony, coming up from licking sexual disease, the new world simmering in the witches tree, a cauldron cave steams with the psychedelic dream of blasphemy, as the violent spells forbidden, a hazardous kundalini, exert the force of one unchallenged mythical history, mindscapes of the lying hoards, northern barbarians striking gold, an abandoned hovel brews craved insanity, a mere vagrant discovering the magic entropy, emetical vibrating liquid for the immortal society, warriors too prideful for mystery fail to undergo the deathly utterance, during the out of body practice inscribe under the embers, "shine darkness on the metallic skull," align beneath the great black bowl, wield the final menace of our disastrous age, spare only the lives of those united to the blood of the devil in disguise, free the lecherous cult inert in thinly worn breast, a final scandal of ecstasy, the very ravaging of the earth, through virulent bores the harp breathes a song, dusty unknowns over the tops of the sun spotted trees, a green silent bliss asking for nothing, not even this simple tragic persona, crippled moths reality, spindly highways to kerouac shrine and the scroll of the beloved unnamed

condemn saviours of the revolution, pull thick life from the sea, by the score cowards mock the unsurpassed reign of the great fish, now smeared across wreckages of strewn human bodies lining the shores of industry, we crave the shark confluence, our saltworn feet displace with rubber blood wings of ash clipped at dusk in the venal canal cut thru the dark thriving streets haunted by strange inviolable and impotent guests shrunk unsightly hearts aging in pain, mechanized lawn barks against the whitened sky, insinuate the longing despair, wrench my three gems electric, dry hands in hypnotic excess, ugly sexual teeth vibrating unknowable violence, narcotic repetitious vanity disillusioned north american, redfaced brow will you again be humbled by the spine tunneling vortex of the word, come back from your green unnatural trance, why covet the bread of the miserably fated archetypal guilt, unmade sobs cajoled, insights to perverse the lonely human dusk, rattle the cage of old hopelessness, return to free hell frozen as death actor revolting, tower over the heights of dominant seething rage inside the pill of a shocked introvert hiding beneath the shell of meditation and verse...in the rut of thinking too deeply on poetics deranged by unfailing zen for the trees they do blow softly again the grey sky calls me from sleep to write down a momentary reprieve from the lonely ache of an overused lung in love with deathly flames ritual breath for we smoke our fires to the gods inhaling their sad unborn flight to dance with a furious spirit bent on spiritual death and drinking mucous straight from the nostril of our frightened sorry kind staging imaginary futures on the war path to absolutely nothing as ancient animal bones stargaze the heavens away and wrathful humans tear to the sky opiate disbelief scattering their ancestry across one lonely reflecting desert of space unifying the earth a ghastly ebb but only oceanless under the cracked skull of an alien moon boiling once more the tarred sickness of crude fool being shedding its dark love skin wine of the faithless void unattached crying to infinity one last song of euphoric battles steaming medicine gong reverberating down slanted halls haunted by silent suffocation black crests spelling out entombed fortress underground locked only by a proud wizard, bearded, unchanging

Through the Windowed Fort II

behind eye smuggled mutations writhing helpless in the furrows of a magic pipe unconcerned
for the future of their supposed but marooned world traversing the thick dirge escaping
from hollow nostrils following the unceasing path of smoke hapless on a fools earth scratching
his traceless scalp as the crooked reveals a shifting wisdom unfortold by the ancients in palaces
laced with diamondstrong touch unwasted insane lust sparking the opendoor portal
to the onetruth yearning

near the core lost to the mind of one forgotten man attuned to the moving tune of stone
foundation of the american rockies asking for the key to quest for his demons on this demon-
infested isle of the milky way but under the wrong lands he will not be told to build a raft to ride
home on the now muddy river of unfathomed emptiness scaling the heights of multidimensional
verse inescapable plunge to central glowing artificial star

bombing farms with a lit cigar impediment to the unsurpassed, awakening wizard jokes
at the rust defined mirror transparent looking out into the womb holding in his gangly tree limbs
the tragic seed named cannabis finally liberated under the torturous mind arrest imprisoning the
nerves of a fearful goddess surviving on meagre impoverished shame of the universal elder
drying his royal brains in toxic knowledge plague

to consume konfusion

I could consume my beloved
in poured flesh, served

with this dreaming African music
sick and weak

with somber affectionate praise
and my insides swell still craving

a wicked self pang
for cold smoky absent night

shedding watery skin on her
living concrete voice, stealth

drag, weird fear sulking heartless
on popular hotel barstool-strong

important cry follows sugar child
dive into the lovely rains

of nostalgic yesterdays
and the sudden feeling of returning

to the height of a burning closeness
open mortal need fading in still aware breath

wordless konfusion, insomniac brain laughter
revolt against the meditating refrigerator!

To the Sacrilegious Masquerade

weak in meaning to express the whole yawning failure of bold dawns
calm with icy and deprived minds broken with mentally ill asylums
to torture innocent forlorn thought writing melding silent
before a stuttering maw of astonished visionary wine
peeling back straws of blessed death for a loss of fundamental strife
building bookish keeps of discouraged might skewered into landing
false fate without speech, helpless, fallen, back of throat hurt head
throb eyes distill with holy rain in longing, desperation for unknown
life struggling inane, poor as the lonely host and a fool to the always
late-arriving name, never shown, unruly desire forgotten for a twitching
gaze that knew she would be strangely cool to the flat buzzing of canadian
sameness underrated by a native dream of stolen cost and frightened
sifted wisps of her only sacred kiss wailing with sick shackled lungs
on a timed street joining with outreach grants in secular paradise
of distasteful sweets and chaotic steps taunting our flesh listening?
watching? why, perform! sing blues green in casual spring of public
discretion, enjoy our boundless report for melancholic name-greeting
soft drawn photographic talk in the boring pandered and pricelessly
returned evening, tunes of social death nearing coarse failure
under a drab and unlearned moon, ruining the rust lush forgetfulness
for a strong land running shameless with a distraught schizophrenic
friend of bland insane glum living till the music skips warring
in militarized foreign colonial art at brink of bloodless wine jotted
grads sinking in swarms of hellish deeps drinking shallow fools
toward weakly escaping leaps into the ways of desirous play jamming
my mind into a fumbling stolid television sight of taken-for-granted life
bangin' with satchels of psychic love in the bruised fruit words of slowly
eased fucking bridging the married tripe of anglo-westerns, mythological
luck feeding the wild heart of rain-full rejected imaged panic of late prize
mind gored to flush stingy motives to chart the flat rush, mangy-eyed
fasting missionary spirits unfinished response to akhmatov who never left
ginsberg's fine india, his russian alliterations globalizing earth
in historic transliteration of panic stripped of reported value
in painstaking poetic lights raging powerless as the ghouls that await
estranged, passing impossible rights explored like mountain speech
deplored to derail our sacrilegious and defaced masquerades

Traditions of Conflict

when did we find ourselves entangled in the spiritual
birth of the world tree soul curved as galactic ice melted
in hot contracted menstruating earth confusing to form
a heaping sewage collage dragging across branch
and vine as a hummingbird hovers in chilling moan
of surviving festivity engrossed in childhood magician
with fictional native biological loom weaving the land
with shore rape sweat gathered hemp stinging the name
as followings breed, displaced by creepy old new diaspora
along historical creed of the original people led beyond
fleshneed in pure present here directly knowing of mystery
awe enough to make catholic ghouls bow, remembered
love under a roofsunk heavy with drink

a vacant american

group flake in the mild streaming voyeurists pleasure
undercover of moonskin surrounded by mist opaque
negative projection dialed in a gush strewn emotional plunge
into her hibernating psychological mess, futile anonymity
in a cloned bedstruck created verb meaning vow, to eradicate
profit thru realization, all is excess after one-which indefatigably
betraying its own truth being completely averse to definition
within menconjuring abilities submitting to reason

bellow

wildly inside panting belly full sleep preaching to dust
emanating sun-staked islamic witch, a sly imprisoned mind
slunk deeply under loving shouts of the outdoor childplay
following relaxed found bliss shot coolly as ungrasping winds
shake the roots of an endless field towards the birdflowering
sky bluish sound escape buried weak handed in nauseous
pulling fragrant directionless face leaking a submerged oceanic
consciousness over-powered at last under pressure, boundless
moon cloud-sight shaped as historical saviours blinding savers
glinting between lightning sparked eyelid of this ghost steel
bearing unearthly freedom in taught frightened back, pregnant
mother awaiting her self-willed human sacrifice thru immoveable
five-spoked wheel eviscerated by the poor feet of a lost native

trust in trickery

I ache and smell, longing for a sight of the beloved, my focus shifts with the taste of lust, rotting in the strange solitary night, cross above, buddhas beside torah, davids star, on a pedestal

somewhere in shrine above seated angels of godly presence, islamic holy music translated from the persian on taped audio recording, singing the air up enlivened toughness of non-being, desecrated in horrified undoing, the round timelines of historical ending

into uniformity with settled advantage, of nomadic wanderers trading roles as victors, tortured world soul going mad in circular trap, suppressed shamanic brotherhood, enlightened natures falling into stars, breaking on wave horizon like the irreligious drunken breath

extreme death fanaticism or fundamentalist christian radicals mistaken as the wrathful gods of mayan pantheon prophesied american magic, turning black stunning the world, paralyzed submitting with a criminal need to balance lament with hopeful lies

from a reactionary government fooled by their own created monstrosity, an exaggerated greek sign pointing to a question not the absolute disgracing unworthy acceptable perception only to spawn classist rivalry and maintain power of mind-scam potentiality

claiming money as the once deified egyptian gold, rescue simplicity from kingdom of raging fact gruesome as rape to a motherless fraud jealousy, crucifying a seer, dispelling only God as the dream, spitting up fuel and blood on the untapped spring of humble mankind

small as the seminal need to entice the egg to hatch and let go of reason to sanctify love the ultimate subversion to all attachment to pain and divided poverty elixir of exotic mystery innate, the most obvious monotony, the addict girl reflected, most superficial queen-like beauty

thoughtless eating aloud sensual morbidity, for the pale neurosis of unending torment, longing on winter beds with red dress for buddha turd in fuck-scream wine, sunk reminiscing the ascetic hat of high lips savouring the hallucinated trick of female trust

Truth UnManifest

what a mystic endeavour! in that it is mystifying
the blood of the blue calf of israel sacrificed
and slashed in the holy of the holies
where islamic brothers and sisters devote
themselves, to the life and memory of a great
parting from such traditions where the filtered
sacramental grape is run drier than scripture's
tongue through the bloody mixtures of wandering
truth-teller rebel of his own tradition and pouring
at last from throat to throat coming out of the slit
end of the indian voice to serve as semen
for the american poor under a translucent divide
behind the clear page of the starved, filthy
bibliophilic war heroes if only to inject emotion
into the grandeur of rotting sorrow that still today
worries the sickened heart of red birth
so elementary ghouls can suck the devils'
milk off the feet of a hindu cow spilling white death
into the apologetic streets of entombed artful
scars fading on the healthy skin of our english
lover selling her sin for a bucket of ash
and the dirty veins of incredulous multiculturalism
wanting the pungent swill of colonial scarcity
to change into the elixir of romantics, lash-lipped
languages curving around muscular wisdom
our native earth, so a child of tomorrow reads
into the body given by the great mother in awe
to bless the strife inside with every seeking youth
weeding out his or her brains in a tumultuous
upbringing enslaved to symbolic worth, impossible
simplicity found at last in the tested rains beginning
in thought to make the holy writ crave a new sound
in the breast of an empty god gone to displace
the crowd with a community so near as to be
swallowed in the very air choked on meditating
as the mantra dwindles before the awake all-
listening night, to keep a smirk up, photographic
dress of an ancestral beauty open so as not to just
blend and see loss, for we are truth unmanifest

TruthStuck

stuck in that moment
fleeting, escaping into beauty
yet there is pain
as always pain is evident
it helps to define the beauty
because of the pain, the beauty stands out
pain is there because the moment is
it is only a moment
temporary yet limitless in its life
For years, to come through one's life,
they are stuck in that moment
the moment scares
the moment defines
the moment seeks to define reality

Flying through the unknown
Fearing, faulting, hoping
Hope for truth
pain to truth
yet a silent pain
an inward pain, within
Love

Creation defines oneself
It is used to express
feelings, emotions, truths, mentality, strength,
courage, honour, hope, fear, passion
It is used to complete one's eternal soul
spiritual bliss
happiness is false, truth will come

Inspiration - Creation
Love - Beauty - Soul

U

Unreflecting Sky

wretched and vile
in his stinking filthy body
morning cowered before him
stupid and sheltered
oh what a tragedy
drunken and painful
he stirred and spit
and cursed life
before the beautiful magic of his
reflection before a red dawn

Uroboros, the adder

melancholic youths spared in murderous delight
sane lies piled into lungs scarred with shame
mastery of written plays scamming mastodon skyscrapers
theatric tribal heights blaring rough whispers
in cool narcotic psyche offering grapes fermented
under godly enlightened wolves cackling at dawn
brushing eternal taoist characters into minds
scoring blissed out poetic constipated dormitories
hidden deranged right-wing tales woolly consummated
blankets scorched ill angel droogs battling ruinous
library shrinking golden slit-eyed ethnic longing
in saddened chaotic apartment midnight weary
gloom unfolded stories scrawled on cigarette papers
as adventurous thief scales rainy mountain slippers
faking lame art beside sucking passionate misty tree
and glowing insane double rainbows prove no end
to dystopic atrophy wandering about assassinated
dogs braving nights alone as city dwellers think
rolled compassion herbs of civil right bold hairy
escapades thru horrified innocent shapeless whites
hold on to wide emptiness craving decay
with shattered iridescent dreams corroding
greedy marauders fucking with heart
in dry affectionate embarrassed concrete cells
stripped without taste in drunken nude photographs
as woodsmen pass untold mysteries
through yellow smoking fires sounding foreign
wild languages to surrounding maudlin animal
resistance under government-backed hate
in marked forests flagged with human elegy
spawned crooks down avenues inane work
loaning spiritual unrest to mind children
wearing grape leaves in corrupt mosques
shallow heartwrenching conundrums
silently hammered into lingual habits
as droves of homosexual soldiers storm
churches and schools lowered store ghouls
marching with pangs of social distress
as hollow norms vanish beneath feminine howls
too soon, growing despair, whitening tunnels
to unconscious unified adders nevermore

Voice without Enemy

the precedence of half-truths that divide black and white into a kind of homogenous despair
must be taught in order to be unlearned:

a vacuous jail houses the distant church of old
europe's dystopian inhumanity for inspection
inside a jar full with a neighbouring disease
hidden in the corner of a painless lair is the awe
that which fractures the brutal disparity we know
residing in the individual called forth to preach
an absent sanity in the hierarchical streets
of the weird hairless gods that leak a smoke
most unnatural into the invisible war, proud
dogmatic, lurching wide out in spaces of weakness
borrowed religious cast off as hell awakes
in the mount's glorified personality invoked
alive with muscular depths breeching the underground
lights with the wine of ecstatic darkness numbering its days
behind a walled border from the boundless home distinct
from foreign names imposed and inner blames forgotten
in the bleak memories of a six-pointed star
and a silver-lined cap fitting uneasily atop
word-jammed heady enchantments into a dimension
beyond purity as reason in the irregular minds

directed profanity constantly blaspheming over trays
feared cultural disappearance of a soul-bonded light shone
cold in the strange pockets of schools' reading silence
as the dreamless aftermath of exotic contemplation now
returning to the original play of continuity
into a miscreant's vine sneaking into the gates of this
deluged earth siphoned into no place without vision
to grab holes in the shoes of artificial imperialistic beauty
horrified to death by the ancient blessings finding their eyes
pointed skyward in one mesmerized phase pouring back
if only momentarily into the belief of imagination
and the bejewelled power of potential wisdom searching itself
cleanly by earthly means for one last pleasure on the steps
the fantastic drudgery of the real fight being raised
among the faint careless haired suffering, wild crying
with diligent life etched into a bare intellectual foreground
of unmistakable humanity remembering the joyous way

Voice without Enemy II

till the final drop is slaked on the tongue of the empiricist
masculinity running dry and emerging from the womb
endless circulation in the body of a lone goddess praying
outside to the surviving grasp aligned in a universe of stolen ash
colouring the brittle roughened palms of the clenched skull
mad swaying to the hymnal chants of meaningful love announced
for the well-being of the few incarcerating their own judgment, stifling
excessive disconnectedness with a highly swift resounding beat
indigenous heart flying through impossible urban meat slaves selling
a law for the health of my suburban room gone in a flash, this concern
for the sophisticated plea to echo in the halls of worthwhile clarity
to insinuate a longer following to make its way from the all too icy
throats that there is a need for voices to crown the true nobility of a spirit
that knows no enemy between our kin

Voiceless Suffocation

because there is no voice to hold without breath
in a single instant gratified beyond the polish
sentenced missions empowering structure
and distance in the way to feeling gone, without
courage from the prayers' fasting community
into a vile broken cursing for the screwy
undercurrent restrictions visiting my pride
in waking tumultuous ire all wrapped
in a silent commotion of publicity granted
as toxic stress strains forth in erotic bereavement
and anguish to please the habitual course
of real nature beneath the cavernous
underworld screams echoed in a groove
of ethnically cleansed subconscious emptying

the scoured incineration blinding unholy
deceased season induced melancholic
love for a grandfather whose exemplary trust
in the leaf-turned personality of the bookless
night went deserving a glorified name
to the ends of the middle throat curved
bridge from a brahma to hindbrew amrta
spine sitting trunk pressed on the roof
of a circumcised mushroom etched
onto stoned-initiated central america
jew chosen from amongst the gods to see
through the goal-d into a pyramid touched
in secular language to capture the devil
once more in the heart of a sabbath moon
intoxicated by her first separated hole
pushed wine spilt blanket cloaking
the flushed princess of communists
laughing magic to stick to a brush
and sway crazily on roasted shitheaps
flaring old bodiless rhymes in the fluid
ghoul watched as rosy lawns splotch
the imprisoned suburban hat blown

Voiceless Suffocation II

nomadic flight from transparent dome
storm blizzard havens seen from above
in elitist towers steadfast on beds
of childish sanity to abstain, inwardly
quenching heard, steeping beside
wicked unending yawns sickly
with cowering disbelief before the only
irreconcilable groundless ignorance
giving way to an undiminished high
without discipline urging a spare
inflection to fade inconspicuously
at the irreligious corner of a town
slick fool eyeing the quick river
for transformative direction
into the awaiting fumes enchanting
his desire into a suicidal drive
thru worldly gain and sexual distraction
to eat the suppressed day marginalized
with borderline fate, international
guilt and politically thick tension
intending to discourse on the art
of interpretive will in scripture
rendered newly-created meaning
for a present muse known as eternal
mystery to the sign-burning pyres
of culturally dead mortal offerings
enslaving the true passage in a guise
of sacred intensity by the emotional
demise of the astral wanderer
crying for fear of a superimposed
negative revelation indefinite
as the absolute inhumanity trained
to systematically impart the immaterial
lust of backward discovery
at the rust of convention
in a contorted tunnel unique
with ugly expression and lost
camaraderie for the soulless law
to extinguish unknowingly

W

Way to Boundary Dissolution

Night is extinguished and with it an illusion is exposed
the hour of obvious powerlessness to benign duty
strengthened by the force of an artificial circle
sounding as the breath of deception
seen drifting back into the cold

Invisible womanly eyes scour the streets
for the musk of a blue god sitting
aimlessly beside cow and devotee
a ravishing earnestness manifest
in the effervescent glow

Showing calmly under her
tired wanting eyes
architectural melancholy
bustling in between antique decay
as I light the warning to return

To the primordial home
warring fathers striving with inner fate
of emotional ecstasy
the green raft splintering, razed
in the word of the Earth, in sleepless anger

Caked body of emanated tears
bloats this academic wake
straddling the orgasm of my future
narcotics, slow-moving shallows
held in vapid serenity

To cleanse the Jewish soul of ash
laughter animating the cemetery rains
for a medieval moralist who reads alone
in Satan's creaking chair,
"Where are my ideas

On involutory occultism?"

spent on a menu of ease
emotive forms strangling a fresh lung
corrosion ripping through starless hail
on the tidal breath of omnipotent imaginations beached
Spaniard beard knotted the sword-tongued Muslim
in death-threat aggression pent up inside
clean smokeless cafe, Arabic nothings whispering
"pleasure, high!" with tight-fingered lunges
into the open dawn of rotten fun

Way to Boundary Dissolution II

Jew youth hot inside heavenly moans, in the drifting street-silent illusion
a city birthed in painful thunderous note, to bomb priceless widows
dry sleeping heads centerless visualization returned from the voyage

with Hinayan resistance, forlorn, distant, impostor-self forcing belief
and need into gorged death of unknown beauty and the ever-sated moon
bestowing another face, opened to calm the distraught appearance of fate

From around the throat of a hidden beloved, veiled by your own eyes
around the low-bent crown of the sorceress whose mere glimpse
in the opaque heartless night humbles the Throne in the upright body
sick with spiritual greed, Restful cries spoken in the sheer backdrop of her

eternal presence ephemeral families buried, in stubborn neglect as signs
a celestial journey, quaking with the wailing fires of mental intrusion
all the while the emergent call at the last vestige, the logos buried under
a breathless purge of reasoned revelation and the Land of the inanimate

dimming, hardening into an adamantine shape forged by Tibetan butter-gold
in the thread of Great-Grandmother Spider fixing the delicate urge in one
hyperbolic question, the sinner's grape thinning in watery eyes of a silent depth
concentrating on the lifeless raven rugs flown cheaply on an unearthly back

flaming cadavers tingling sweetly in the cannibal bellies of the wild shaman
flashing with the magic of celestial cruelty to provoke Animal Brothers
fear into the wicked holy tent, nomadic relatives, shy in green temptings
monotheistic sorcery, we crave union through technological weaponry
scalping the rusty machine skulls of industry in the modern feast on lust

indigenous hell forgotten beneath overgrown prostitutes' belt coming alive
and uncoiling inside the dormant world navel, unmediated G-d-energy is
the mind of the Jew, scraggled mess, disembodied release, empty distaste
To resist what insight into bodily remnants fractured in a dizzy corner

mental fear, so the ashes become hot once more, slight drip inside the unborn
wasting a noetic sleepless high, unceasing in the weak misty shrouds of written night
plundered female idol siting rusted encircled by twin coiled snakes, dimly barred
plastic face, close-shaven rough in religious rebellion with freshly cared druggists
losing minds in cold empathy without drink on pagoda hill, I have seen this state,
self-erased nonsense sign dreamed up, wandering while the oceanic ghost nests
in caves of epistemic boundary dissolution

Wearers of the Sacrilegious Mask

astounding the geography of surprise
for a distant race into mornings
flash and buzz as wilderness of distaste
in boredom factories quiet with the longing of despair
irreplaceable gloating in roaming flood
of tired energetic frequency
failing to abolish the news of enslaved minorities
caring for the ruling of american lies
in our anachronistic blood-derived confusion
always deprived under pale moons crying
for the loss of an entire people of heart

where is physicality in pure love of community
whispering blindly to save the pain of breath
engulfed in a quicksand of fire born, membraneous
fluid feeding a goddess disguised on 17th avenue
falling into smoke lost and alcoholic untruth
but preparing to rise for a past musicality
and finely distinct laughs breaking into miles of meaning
gross untold, fleeing the worst sentimental dreaming
in the morbid journey to learn from violent hate
torn between a single vision of race and the vile
belief of systematic bordering as definitions of fear
in secondary weird notions of the verbal
presence of medicine, distrusting failure
with the artist's grip on chaotic misdirection
entranced by a sacrilegious mask

Well-Placed Adage

to flee but where to
and not even to answer
but just to ride
found as the reach
towards empty sounds
that please the weak
fumes of breathless sleep
and a wild sprung moon
challenging the feet
of other talks grabbing
and pressing on the need
to see a room full
with the blooming eyes of a sage

in love with desire and purely shot
within the line too small
to rest on order as the trespassing
greed unmakes borders
with cancerous impatient dark
opacity blinding the hands
with golden war and proud disaster
raging as the past reasons
in cold-throated doom
to know spirits in decline
as the palm that sweats
loose beings to an original shape
without wonder or praise
to laugh as the devil freaks
the risen sweet human throbbing
bold with ancient fear

Well-Placed Adage II

weary as if from the first jungle escape
to the blue light unshaded
to mend the forlorn passage
from wild beast to regular friend
feigning the lowly instinctual signal
to transform scratching threads
following forcefully wired ears
into names branching off
into too many things.

a room meant for dreams
keep pulling this brain
to fade away into a faroff place
I work as well as a metal hunch
on borrowed grounds failing
to see the perfectly blessed
with a threat that it ain't me
staggering to keep awake
so as to meet the beauty of her
living on possibility and knowing
the especial illegitimacy
in effortless devotion
to a trusted message pouring
through rusted handwrit jotting
mastery over universal traces
ablaze, a lone woman
dingy afternoon stench
stinging flat and hard toxic
guests, she mutters:
"do you have a heart?"
and gambling away her face
to the unknown grasping
helpless night, left for red mold
and scattered thirst

Well-Placed Adage III

the land is sick with deathless strife and the inability to fight pervades space
as the flesh of schizophrenic waste returns to the late mortality, a path to the alone
untempted by the grand painting of illusion's animal mask draining hallucinogens

individuality into a trap littered with impoverished life and skulls brimming
with ceremonial cash, lain naked as the swallowed earth, resurrecting the accused
engraving lore focusing the hebraic tongues, swift ethnocidal sacrifice to rain
from the literary plagues of beat east mad a searching blue-eyed american soil
browned to trade skin in the historical nightmarish vision of heaven's next aviation

the matter deeming fruit from lips thin as red wine, flagging a grainy second-story
embrace filmed as a plug for demonic stress to give in to a new-minded dance
learned on the wandering lights, road to tragedy, but who is that savioress stripped
to the green prisons of enslaved space tied to the end of a hungry body, only a second
before noticing dawn, don't you have a question for her? ask why? try! and scold
yourself for the passion that erects a tide seducing crowds to their broken torn knees

begging to hear their fists crash through a sky gone too low as the stakes of everyday
banality succumb to a collective voice and travel north to see a deaf guest trammel
the waters with a melting grimace enough to increase the veracity, a mexican plea
awash in an indigenous midnight past recorded in freely injected poison livelier
than the indic asps numbing the troubled european noose of a government's carcass

what life smokes such death? what terror breeds such hate? sunken grin sharp
as a gunpoint to the children fed on gas, whose gravestones, only marked foreign
memory, they say intergenerational trauma and display upturned wastes of beauty
human, scarred with a deserted ocean of severed feet coarse as the world over
striving into a sun to meet the angelic presence of another race, blending into fire

unborn time and a ruined sky illusory as a personal branding mind gasping at the sight
one look from the barren temptress squandering the last fear in drunken female eyes
pierced through on a binge of sugar and nicotine fading in with musical derangement
and imbalance of suffering environmental wombs struck with the force of gaining pleasure
as the sounds of the blessed march past inconspicuous downcast, as a new moon dreams

seeming to lose visibility before clouded lust, an empire, charged with need, jailing
the natural rhyme with ruthless endings decisive fall into true rest, so burst in with a thrust
and climb beyond the ascending bridge to a summit mist clearing, overhead to breach
the neck of might speech silenced by inner sight, melded to the worst hell divine
felt as painful mere existence shortening with momentary flesh growth, a human face

Well-Placed Adage IV

loose, revelation
dizzy state crook
eating crunched remorse
blue as a hearse on broadstreet
inside paramount school
synagogue yearning
only to kneel to swastika
buddha crime at carnival
chinatown meat seeded alleys
of cold smoky soda
and nowness performed
for less than a dollar
stripped off backs of insane
mothers' green vote
on chewed paper and hope
for the mexic gods
of escaping united day
to open with a blast
and finish the hurt
in a flash bomb surprise

woke too soon
and wished for NY
enveloped in the rapt
medium lie built on chaos
disguised as border flag
and statue bound rope
books acting to worship
criminal copulation
on the bottom of concrete
rats angered inhaling rust
with top hats and skullcaps
thinned as a vein
hardening to take more
grief from the messed
thriving distress
the ethnic struggle
surviving in populated
madness untainted
by a lofty sad sobering
adage

what we were

we. human race. in the private life hung by a rope spine.

wild as a hint grown with the up-rise towards simple night
written in the vast unsettled sobering of individual names
sacrificed to the body of a seed created out of trust
planting an intoxication sure as sufic wine breathes
sin from turkey and the light heat of womanly flesh eats
back the same desire entwined in the sacred west
looming ever sweetly atop the ocean-tongued thirst
of a secret learning caving under a timely spell divined
in the fraction of a second between life and the dead
memory of impersonal need breaking on the drowned
smoke of a future mother inhaling please to a dirtied moon
failing before the ageless fight.

sanity dressed to the bone
with amiable headache-stressed addict guess blown
over to the little girl inspired to dare and ask the direction
born of her chance at beauty in the eye of superstition
upright to the symbol of naked deception frozen to the dream
of escape into a body of hard sculpted gold welded over
the stone following air fire-blessed inside high

and at least for a healed mind nursing forth among seas
horn river nests wading neck-deep in a horse's throat
dry with a fleeting lie embedded in sleep for the morbid
ground sterilizing the nation to barren word-state crying
in waterless salt, acrid as a weathered nomad lock
borrowed over a cup of sorcery on the devil's time
sting ballooning out into the political camaraderie
of pale hollowed unified skies choking back alcoholic
might within the cruelty of a bitter racist joke aimed
at the white green-handed cold-shaken national divide
still festering within the adopted power-lifted men
of forefathers in apologetic profession of shy belief
for gain, unstopped before we roll slime into a speech
famed growl, humbled shamelessly to the faint spectral
consciousness of the subhuman state bold, starved
milky grave carved with dark-skinned ritual ruins aflame
under a rock tundra unseen as a new moon rowing
ideal creationist floods of fire into heavens of blood
yet undiminished in a shaded now feeling the cool drone

what we were II

of a rhythmic embrace around the barely visible plant
sharing the monstrous pleasure of pure being
into the knowledge of right to humanize meaning
in a physicality connected with a collective blithe-
enacted memory inside the will of strong emotion
currents given form by a communal space and open
reality judging no one beyond the relief of the freed
sufferings of countless questions eternal in the infertile
ferment addict alienmen dripping thought relentless
as a gentle throat icy with the winds of strong fatigue
preparing light in a subconscious road through aging
mental bonds only to listen at last to the tragic whispering
a sliver of the muse darkened with harrowing loss
and strife to be loved by the dreamless waking eye
of a grandmother deprived of her unearthly cries
torn on a bed swung beneath a fated struggle now
asleep in ignorant meandering of a descendent
full with a child unknown and solely wishing to find
in the glad hardness, a spike, to bed a growing witch-
hearted lie in the moonsick embrace with the unshapely
transformed sarcophagus tramping south inside
the dry smoky shade puzzled about to die and hearing
the world tighten with an injected guilt of painless softening
known vicariously through the sharpened dusklit mirror
window panes sturdy as the faint coastal spring rummaging
through a mindless brain to no end scratching the tip
of a greying face to caress the wintry core grasped wry
as a cage to twist a stone asp into the vibrant death
of a poor innocent vanished race

what we were III

I see a belt strung
with astral light thru a window solitary connected
to space of nothing darker than the stained depths
of human suffering ordered for delivery inside
the groaning cold-footed roar of old whitemen
sick in bed dying at homeless dawn snowing
fake to the breath's last chill astray and hidden
with fire in confused dismay to catch a scent
of food-holed flesh weak to the sting of a tongue
moving strong on a stressful heart wrenching
beat kneading songstress moods into the lush
tirade of smooth unconscious rocks felt as bread-
depressed in a thawing market tundra world
bleeding off ancestral scandinavian light wars
in a thin belly-swelled sky of too-distant dreams
leaving the sun of mexican praise for a lie beaten
disease afraid as naturalist lover of smoke
groping for a rhythmic throat to taste hope
in the known estranged flight alone without one
to create and speak the filth of the early brave
roughening into a joke to spite any real fantasy
thru her skin wet with the mud of prophetic visions
of sacred sin chained gold freed to sleep
kin to shame and contradict another imprisoned
life transported on the shoulder of human lust
ethnicity to laugh as a rug thick above the lawless
pleasurable sacrifice of the one god, negligent
as hot impassioning, unromanticized belief
for the awesome and revealing spirit of trust
in what we saw

knew

were

Where She is Alone

but how has illness defeated higher good in the name of perplexed devotion
to loss and illogical sleep at the door of kleptomaniacal mastery, to void shame
of selfless dualism in the modern flux of distracted passion translated into sin
for eastern lovers cooking live thought in a fresh ocean of sacrificial dew, roasting
inside the cows' udders dried before the rains to inflame in the blackened nostrils
of the hemp-skinned saddhus lit palm forced into a jungle of miraculous men
suppressing the softening maiden's night with proud dusty backs lying hot
on jailed vegetarian imprisonment awake before the burning of adamic feet
kneel walking on the prostrate ground all covered to the brim in grease slapped
sweetly along gas coloured lips silently smoking in the vedic breeze clapped
soundless in frenetic praise expressed by the intolerable jokester mouth
dangling with open-wound rocks sating the cruel wealth-inspired fate through
sacred paper rustling on the pyre of a woman's home desired as the spectacle
of coloured lands resist the hard staged dream inside perfectly sealed walls
to encapsulate graecian wonders with tourist states, worn crooked thieves
displaying scarred myth spawned ghosts of white dancing serpent trees slung
ugly crowd-thick covered throat cut crude knife, hired photographic bones
shut into a moment's glance from the plastic dome garnished with elephants'
come slinking lazily into the fiery sack of dreary hovels gone scholarly native
demise to waste away with desire's elderly gods grinning on mushroom liquid
scored by the wicked snitch in black from the muslim breed, weary chains
around regular belief unceasing from the page traveling back from the angelic
domain blind to the garden where she is over-conscious seated, alone

Where the listening never gets old

a drip
stashed in wood
and plugging into thin brick
steaming to the song of wind
in the pangs of thunder's own din

think awhile about constellations and bars
only to forget the westerly drawl of an elk in passing
thawed by a fix on tobacco thick draw
to gain the sight of a white eagle

stripped of home and tugging on skeletons
 with hares changing colours
 with the seed of evergreens
deeply had on the shores

in touch with whales gone by
to wade in the fish pail of boatmen's steer
thanking the grass that brushes in sad lungs
wanting more from drained glasses of earthly beloved

sadness waiting inside to settle liquid pain
in an ash of late eves spanning the whole unchanged dirt
with coarse words to dive with rough ghouls and oceanic flies
busy with the flash of the unheard tribe

skulking in a nomadic prison of birth
only to learn the same suffering lesson again
with an apologetic smile treading the dusty path backwards
where the listening never gets old

Whispering at the Constant Border

he was a bold and normalized blue-faced journalist
with a bite for censorship, anti-nationalist landed
lost in settler amazement cogs, the wrong blooded
fool of strangely cathartic moods of the backwater
soft button cool of edmonton druggists hound
shrugging off semitic dates along the faded human
life of a corroded canadian dream melting over
the seams of a metallic paper art of commerce
as theft to betray the hard-on brief of her beauty
intoxicating white lies into tragic meek fables
of our delicate freedoms to speak the expressions
of fewer minority rule over all disguised love
for a people affixed in place through birth and fate
enchained by the rule of the masses codified
on mile islands and pandemonium fury juggling
strict curses and slow sexual deals raging
for an apocalyptic industry over spiritual culture
in the laboratory of ethnic shield-making
injecting a frantic trickster tour into hills
and caves of mental war, jihad! for a torch bath
in central asia's deified pride, possessing
the masonic bitters of esoteric drinking clubs
and heavy hitters saved in jordan's icy river
of western slack on the colonial border
mentality of real human pain abused
with irrational judgment behind the social
martyrs of religious fame as the powerless
listening to the last time we'd gotten had
for free, and sang on into the drizzling afternoon
of related space and clear undiluted whispering

Will Life

WILL you curl under your own weight, like
a withering photo, a timeless moment encapsulated
to last forever, but doomed to perceive its surroundings
its life

Witness of Earth

hallelujah of possessed light and owned prophecies of africa
flits with the verve in passive frozen embrace on marked history
shone through from within spirit thinly deprived watching sleep
go by with time, the cruel hours shot in pressurized sentient
sufferer's daze placed as ice launched to slight need off
a skull's mouldy grimace in a murderous vein-smattering business

awake! cries the seed stage transformed beyond enslaved hate
a laughing trick weakly thriving on the dust of self-created ash
pulling hell into sexual delays for the shaman to waste the fire
for dreaming real vines cutting on human meat sucked clean
in serpent purge as flared disease eats a shattered trance
spent staring into polished glass madly and not to save minds
but to cut the cords of believed lies answering to memories'
war in a circular frame straightening with bitter talk and evil
food all soulless with high risk climbing onto andean heat
close to one shared visceral being sky motionless to the last
clouded flash grasp on nothing pandering around bold oceanic
egg alone fetalized and weirdly born to witness growing fate
upturn and implode to no end momentarily, chemical
release switches to the fold of a female womb holding home
with a blessed apologetic face stammering beauties
into the blaring worldly din to shed religious pangs
with experimental music into a carried fight through tempting
nude esotericism wired around the edges of a mythic bird
repeating a golden flight to know the teacher inspired
in a terminal play rounded in space to neglect the deathless
change unraveling lives as they cringe before the druggists
filthy sin but to sink in the dune crawling sick with a body
unhinged on highways pleading for thanks in spit
and listen with heart to an overwhelming sound coming
through nature's own mountainous wall hugging the split
choking our beloved inside screaming discomfortably
drained trials, unwarned as the menace beyond wealth
pouring rapt over a worthy sacrifice by rhythmic hosts
earth willing humankind to open completely to her
naturally given wine and fish, the narcotic health
out from billions of similar eyes wearing chains, withered
dragging corpses to gather at dusk and try their first skin
again, a hair coloured green dirt-core instinctual desire
freed to the ends of local expression into the fading ego

Witness of Earth II

block dissolved through with failed words after feeling
the lone emotional genocide with ancestral reconciliation
purchased for a lot against wicked justification, gambled
blood short of sorrow's anger in a fool's rut astray and truly
insane reminded hour forced into bitter nests dead
to a fatherly glow wading in softly moonlit summer warm
rivers tracing through rock blue veins in tantalizing fright
speeding into shaded day and the wild undergrowth
receding beyond breathless pathways back to rest
with the phantomess clothed in an astral womb
needing monkey eyes to perceive the smoking glass
wine tumbling as thunder into the breaking rods
steaming off the edges of blessed sexless snow
dreams sharing a minute with powerless rainy saints
granting the alien sickness in impoverished disease
coldly open to the nights old skin drum beating fast
with a head for silent light on nameless flights
to a wanderers grasp on nothing, gold as paint
over rustic feeling embedded in the sour flesh
of grandfather's spilled lead dark as the finely worn
scars blending into the colour of children in debt
standing naked in front of a metal war fought on
spiked gates wracked to createsin and praise
as the torturous wastes of planetary sterility dysfunction
in the trap of green men hoarding coffin nails
and blistered lips filled inside with a nomadic drop
kin touching flown hair in a spiteful ritual of mexico
horrified grass harvested in sore lungs of wide-
mouthed white peace handing back unclipped
grenades and blind reasons of morose taste
to deny the burning fate of earthly creation
in lightning hot races climbing to the holy summits
freed of brains and shackled by growths rustling
in a landlord's evil grace mind the watery avalanche
of immediate dance to know prayer in words spoken
with the ecstatic rush of an archaic purity resounding
in a hush of quiet listening to real thoughts flood
with experiential hosts, lying to village patrons
and mushroom sex spirits styled to carry ghosts
of laughter or hunger returning to swim inside the animal
fire of shocked witnessing earthy might

Womb Home America

one negative glare trembling amid the motionless
resist this devil's kiss ensnared in the background
 lazy wild hair smoking effortlessly along
 spine-burnt emotions in one burst of a tirade
panicking on this earth's cold hour
oh mortal ghoul trapped in black fog
 asp throats praising the golden foam
 rising like death over billions of heartless deserts
cupped lips wincing hot edged in between
sand-cracked laughs, bingeing on the perfect name
 childless wails fester in lonesome aged chests
 elegant veiled locks, innocent tongue shrinking
behind mold-soft teeth, lose hell-self lover sleeping
at peace with the Holy Lie, I clasp the crooked nerves
 talking logic, savouring the vast delicate Egyptian
 host sulking failed thought-breeding, rolled away
in tempting paper-licks, to grasp her irate fame
over psychedelic intelligence and a shot of hypocrisy
 sickening, glimmering as transparent and false
 as Great Hope dangling, across browned neck-rope
a gift for lady-muslim Romany dancing, on the ageless steps
Nights of magic anonymity, a melancholic disguise
 tortured as slanted photography, blessed
 animal greed, ruthless, impoverished sage
cursing the belly of writhing blame
and prayed silently for the idolatrous
 to wander through bony Indus mounts
 spiritually grave, trespassing in wide monastic halls
to offer symbolic flesh to the entranced one's play
of psychic light, forlorn mystique
 ass-scratched afraid
 in womb homes of America

Words are but an impression

We start out underneath
We are blinded by impurities from the start
Yet there is hope to survive
there is hope to keep ourselves
To remain intact and not venture into what is
known but to look and seek the unknown
To achieve the fleeting salvation of our soul
From our imperfections we can see the
light of eternity
This light will guide us through our
struggles and bitterness that mutual
life must bear
This makes us stronger and to acknowledge
this is to remain who we know we
are and ultimately seek
Because you are not told who you
are by others, you tell yourself who
you are through your eyes by
what influence you have on yourself
and what others impress
But it is only an impression, you take
what you like/dislike, want/avoid
and make it your own.
From this point on let's free ourselves
of dependent thinking and reach for
what is not given to us
Tap into the genius shades of what is
more than human life itself, so
that in eternity you may find
who your true self is, its place,
and its meaning.

Writing the Page

why does writing stop at the page?
discontinue by the pen
why is it hindered by melancholic darkness?
it stares vehemently into our eye of wisdom
all the while the music plays its play
with sweet chords and melodic rhythms
a marijuana smoke vibrates and thins
dissipates by the ashes of fire
ascending higher and higher to a soft, loaded bulb
attracted to electric incandescence
whispering tides fill your blood vessels
they speak nevermore into a dying ear
then the writing stops
but not up, not until, not then

