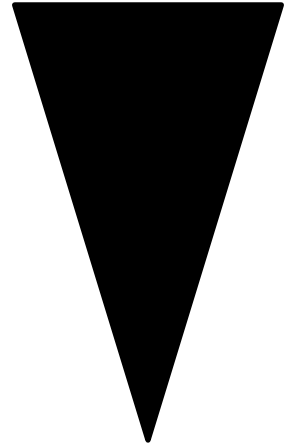


Brooklyn Ridge

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



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

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

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

Verse

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

Prose

The American Hallucination
Arson in the Scriptorium

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Fictive Press

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I

Where do the loudspeakers project, openly, into a room of one's own? The strange cacophony misdirects in the folds of the mind, a brushstroke intention to hear, to listen, and to know a sound. Who then peers out into the roiling strife of street noise, to hear the sound of oneness, earnestly pierced from the unmentionable to the seen, those figments and fragments of life that endure in thought?

City of Us, and the Urban Artifice

*there is a great difference between temptation, and seduction
in the city of desire, not the lights, not the foundations, not iron
not steel, not concrete, not the bridges, nor ships, trucks, road*

*artifice of city, in grandeur, splendour, opulence, wonder, she
he, the wading rush of sound, wink of the iris, the blind cold, I
we, the people, most precious truth, invaluable, amid the clink*

*sting of hot change and the speed of a paper-cut to slit open
the hand of humankind bled to unreason, and yet more beauty
emergent, in need, to see, and feel, to be near the unanimous*

*heart of common love, trespassing into the clouds of sight, we
the appearance of written history, come down and know who
the grateful holy awe of us, self-knowing, we are we, that I am*

I dreamt a sound, heard over the loudspeaker of choice, and the mountains shook, a sky tumbled forth from the cloudburst, and it was the celestial imagination, opened, at once, it was truth. For this is the practice of going beyond dream, the psychic needs of the imagination, beneath the subconscious pools of union with the fire of solitude, the cooled lust of liberation from human relativity.

a slumbering ocean waits

*the hollow incandescence
the empty sound, oftener*

*action is in the word, to do
motivation, the key import*

*love, laughter, embrace, it
the charge, rush of a note*

*lawless, intense, upright
the shadows of a tree play*

*gold-frosted tongues speak
silently, the old rose gleams*

*cold ocean, warm as night
the rain stops, showering*

*broken rhythms under earth
lowly, unheard mind shifts*

*walk home, to walk, to home
the rising sand peaks leaves*

I hereby write the unending smoke curl of beauty, that tragic form that costs lives, monies, and triumphs for the sake of a murdered self, the suicide of reason over the bed of love. And it is I who drinks in the impassioned flood, the sickened chest heaving toward fulfillment.

Not I

*You are not Adam.
You are not the First Man.*

*Others have spoken.
They are speaking to you.*

*Will you listen?
Will you answer?*

I, who have felt the sting of passion, dig a grave for the child that breathes in the ether of longing, stroking my ego with a dull knife. And I clamber onward into the golden, untamed strength of dreamless reality, to envision creation, pure, descendant of the human eye.

Codification of the Secular Dreidel

Shin

A man must work. Contribute. Put one in. Put your time in.

Nun

The world is empty. Finish. Leave as nothing. And leave nothing.

Nun

I waste away. Exit. To the wasteland. Self, overshadowed.

Commentary:

The gamble of the dreidel, and letter-significance in, and out of, context with ritual, history, season, place, ceremony, and language of thought/incantation and interpretation/knowledge (wisdom)

Here, on the Ridge of nothingness, and fortune, I strive to self-knowledge, the wonder of feral time called to its taming at the flick of a wrist, the shake of a hand, the point of a finger, the magic of superhuman intimacy. Inter-being flesh, wide-open to mouth and gnaw on the bone of metal, the raw intuition of need.

New York

*New York is not a place
to be inspired*

*New York is a place
to be paid*

and die

poor

poor New York

*Testosterone of the West
Fuckable chest of family jewels*

*Rain-touched island
Full of life and hate*

*Where thoughts of war lie
Stagnant, raged*

*A man from distant lands
Ending...*

[As I write, a dog shits at my feet – looking out onto New York Bay at the Manhattan night skyline, from American Veterans Memorial Pier in Brooklyn]

One must reclaim the adage of spirit that beckons and holds fast the nose to the life-giving aroma, and strength of a rooted flower. The burst of color, magic and poetry out into the prosaic strain of desire, and action, the consummation of humanity consumed by the frank pleasures of finality, death, and murgence. I end, as the world begins, feeling its empowered body grip tight, and know the way forward, the way home, past love and union, towards the golden night.

Sayings

*I don't much care
for what people say,
write or even think,
for what people do
is more real,
and true.*

Pain for trust, knowing in the ground, that the darkest soil, fertile as a busty female breeding an insect of chemical fragrance. To caress the tongue of wisdom, and cry hot and lonely in the word, overwhelmed by the sanctuary of pause and rest. Needful, she undresses language with an eye for the mind, her wit salacious and branded with repellant ire. Vainly, she tries to fall away, and too soon, into the oceanic embrace, drowning in a sea of oxytocin inflamed, to disintegrate through the crimson azure.

Meditative Thoughts

*Small thoughts,
big thoughts,
all things
the mind gathers
in from the blood,
the water, from Life*

She cries a hearse of plastic rain, and the fumbling voice of her longing grows, mixing with the pandemic of flesh imprisoned. I see her on this oceanic horizon of New York Bay. Our eyes spawn a flight from Veterans Memorial Pier, at the cusp of the Ridge, and nothingness. Here lies a place once home to youth gangs and now the abomination of sleepless death, where erratic overdosing kills the young who submit to religious peace, passing away in the drooping opioid heart of urban realism. They leave the world, mothers, sisters, brothers, and all yawning with indulgent pity. Plain, hooded and vile, the stalking madness of home threatens to fan the breath of youth away from the strongholds of blood and union.

this is new york: underground (A)

*drooling homeless black man
masturbates face down
in fetal position on floor
soiled linoleum, dingy light
up the stairs, a harmonica
sound fades, forgotten joke*

*irate latin man enters train
hysterical screaming, "fuck you
2 and 50 cents, 1 hour
no mexican, no immigrant
puta madre, fuck you! [at us]
fuck you! fuck you, fuck you!"*

*sober white man, security guard
american flag shoulder patch
looks at rat-crawling train tracks
longs for suicide, ears plugged
his patience, irritated, mad
and his throat growth swells*

*sings "be a part of it" sinatra
impersonation echoes near
perfect to late-night strangers
those clothed to be, underground
and hear one truth voiced, facade
the american nightmare exposed*

*oblivious family woman eyes us
stares, stares, amid empty aisles
empty seats, egg vomit at feet
bloodshot anger, stares, stares
then she smiles, stares back
laughs, looks, seeing nothing*

Her throat enraged firms, and splits like cracked wood as ancient Mediterranean sirens long madly out in the naked western wind. And coursing down these winding streets, the cobblestone skin groups porous down an amorphous drain. Then, grasping for verdant life through a triumphant colonnade, a great overwhelming sweep unearths from a prism of dreams. An artist stretches forth from the mirror of time, as she flees to the escapist illusion. Work boggles the veins with a volatile aching. The banal chorus of fate retches and fumes above the fanatical skyscraper vision. And with the Times, a celebrity of dogmatic enlightenment is again, and again, defamed.

a new new york jew

*i am a new yorker
a writer, and jew
what else is new?*

What is the meaning of story? To open space, through which passes listening...by speech. A story opens time, breathes into it the emergence of knowledge, wisdom, pride, love and truth. And in the quicksand mildew, the lowly tongue of empathy covers over the faint longing to wish, and be heard. Character surfaces of the unseen depths, the uprooting of sense, disembodied and free of everything. To do what one wants, and say to the ends of the earth that there is no more and no less truth than what may be heard, as the most subtle test of honesty. Yet, drunk with face, and then shattered to the core, we are a wreck of glass and hair, parted, separated and singled. Say, return to the first passage. Story is the gift of humanity, where compassion resides, and empathy grows wings, where peace can die a natural death. The telling of truth becomes us.

Most of Brooklyn is most of New York. The Muslim west, an impassable fragment of beauty, withheld under the chest of American temptation. The story of the untold dream, the fame of life, exposed. And in poverty, we race towards the finish line of death, nevermore, and only to know, we never even were. The precious grief of pain, yet a pain so beautiful, so wanting, and full as the glory of a newborn child, or a chorus singing wishful melodies by the stoop, behind bars, and in the dark cover of femininity. They know. Yet, who can see the opaque blackness unearthed? The uprooted, the African Man, Woman, and Child, are still as the sky of night. And we've seen the stars glow in the cemetery gloom, where the high human home knows where to go, and says go roam, you are always home, freedom is fleshed, and this is our story.

We know of hate, and solitude, of refuge and exile, of wandering and depravity, we know of disease and death, of loneliness and insanity, we know of the violent and ignorant tragedies that afflict us daily beyond the white haze, the lost pressed forth through the police state of bold sadness, this waking name, and the forgotten many. Here, the mind is an obstacle to the experience of failure, risk and wonder in the cycle of creation, the introspection of the coil, unraveling and spinning wildly in the visionary call to the space, where listening ensues, and the meaning of a story is spoken, when life culminates in the evolutionary trait of self-reflection, a microcosm of being, and a figment of unity.

Because the trauma of imposed numerical order, the right angles of the crowd, saturating the grave with stone, and leaving the ghosts entrained into the fixed stare of Mars. Metaphor, figure and grace are left to the cold, icy horror of the pale and gross triumph of stone over heart. Our world is one where a human heart is worth-less than the mountain's deeply guarded heart, which flows through the earth with the spiritual blood of an inhuman dream, an archaic seed of subconscious sacrifice, the suicide of consciousness, the suicide of the Creator as Destroyer in the pantheon of psychic waste. Because one is not literal, the number lies before the interdependence of all as many forms beyond language forms, unformed of the tongue's own story. To tell of a new name the birth of space, as the death of silence. And beginning renewed, I.

Queen of Atlas

*She had pythons the size of dragons
Big limbs, the color of oak and soil
As she flattened gravel with a shovel
Her triceps bulged magnificent
The gilded sun peaked in her brow*

*Worn by the tempests of work
She was a fascinated beauty
Working to work in the hot street
The rock of highway burned
Her skin an earthen brawn of lust*

*And marked female by a pink helmet
The men looked on curious and fat
Lank and bored with rage before her
Muscle showered with life's glow
Effulgent, she stirred like acrid dust*

*A perfect arm and shoulder of form
The shapely flesh of human strength
Mother, sister and daughter human
She bore the entire race of oil
An urban goddess, Queen of Atlas*

The rumble hears us. Painted over without names, the streets are blind to our needs. There is anger about, erupting visions of the sky as realms of heaven, irreligious and profane, there is a wasteland of hope about the porous beyond. Seeing in rain, the trammeled footsteps burn and bury in the concrete and metal gateways to the city, these bridges of fire and lust. Beckoning Lilith from the ground of shame, and loss, to cover the face with tallit-scarfed and bearing the *hamsa*, weary of the unspeakable eye, we become Her, Shekinah of Jewish innocence, of beatific power, earthly steward of peace, rest, and creative strength.

She has the key to all-place, where ecology brews under the light of the Creator, and where the fungal nest of mind seethes with extrasensory passion, igniting cold, spitting haunts of drugged harmonies, wherein we sleep, sedated by the rhythms of dawn, the fan of the dovetail swaying in the bitter morning sun, the heat grows like the vegetation of seedless ground, stirring the subconscious with thunder, cloud, lightning, and the water of spiritual truth. That we are wandering, enslaved by history, and bridled by the animal host of being, that this test of fate and tragedy may succumb to the will of the Trickster, fighting entrenched, stubborn and ruthless, butchering human muscle among the crowing cock and braying ass in the predawn, twilight hours of our last night, somewhere between heaven and earth, here in this place we call New York.

Trust the Unknown

*We came and went
Like a fleeting movie
Or a distant voice
Tender and vulnerable
The skin of brain cringed
We sweat
Shedding the discursive intellect
Eliminating the wasted body of Earth
Through the human void*

There, is truth. Forward, on. Greenwich fallout, we walk under the time of the moon, lamentably. Cornered, unfathomable, I am where laughter is the song of her. Triumph in sight, she, perceive with the longing of the flesh, palpable. We felt us, there. That. We were truth, our language of origins. Engrossed, we failed to be human. Struggling, I emptied my mind on the worksheet of a passerby. Flagrant, indecent, cold and conniving, the arisen gold of homeless sanity intensifies. The storm brews, and we are drunk on its heaven. Damaged, worn, flushed of waterless blood, the dream calls. "How are you?" asks the dream. "I am good," we respond, awake. Realness unearthed of the silent and faceless palm. It is written: Go! Fly! Be! Know!

Entranced, calm hopeful, I am deluded. The rug swept from underneath, to reveal vertigo in my head, hushing me to a mortal sleep, the prodigal yawning. Trauma of knowledge is greater than loss, than forgetting. Remembrance is the profound obscenity of hope. To be strong, the old man groans, languorous and crashing. The snores of the rich man blend in the saga of purity, growing cold in the winter of life. America resounds as the jazz cymbal rings of the stars, now drowned in a poisonous flesh of seed. We are the American mind, and it thinks of us, as we become self-conscious. This adolescent nationalism is our stronghold, of democratic ideals, that equality, and social vision expands limitlessly. The politics of the heart bleed, and disease, splayed in a metal grinder, smoked and gnawed with the head of an addict. Visceral, and tough, the teeth cut into the steam of death, the gruesome rattle of history played out over the personal loudspeakers of the White House, circulating from Ellis Island to Williamsburg. "Where we entered America, we will know our name," it casts its net astray.

Boldfaced union at the square, we were to meet. Lastly, as the ground kissed the fire, a dog sped off through the forest. Her hands were cold. I warmed them. Faced off into the city, the atmosphere fell from the exasperated, dry black coffee spilled above, gravity spawning a magical lie of home, the ethereal web, our space, where the Milky Way enlightens our course, mediated by the spiritual tastes of eternity. Midnight life emerged and fled at once, as the enraged spoke through vestigial tongues. The once-glorified reed burst out from the paper cuts of art, composition, and study, to play. A muse slept soundly, making its home in the heart of a lover. As we danced in our minds, intellects gorged of beauty, and we exchanged sexes. Her eyes told of mine. "Pray," the steam curled upwards with fascinating visual harmony. "Lend me a smoke?" I cursed inwardly, at the lung-inspired rest of conscience, and time. Exhale.

To Know

*There is no joy that love does not know
Innocence, solitude
The emptiness of time
Nowhere, where we are
That we are that
The truth of what I am
An instrument of pure heart
Attuned, and prepared
Experimenting, plays
Without reason, "here-ing"
The only joy that love knows is not*

There is a quiet, desperate tendency to avert work, and to closet in the shadows of the mind, where work turns on a slow revolving artifice. That pinpoint shudder of focus, the intensity and gaze of a vision into the heart of mind, wherefrom the eyes of the soul issue, an answer to the awe-inspiring silence of the true world as inescapable mystery. Human experience, when unmediated, is a flicker of twists and claps, a frenetic blur, buzzing through the sharp, escalating tunnels of thought, kaleidoscopes of emotional reason plagued by a spiritual debt to fate.

Then, peering into the pearly corneas of a wood sculpture, of an island people. The burly man raises his fist to slam down with mortal force into the mug of a fish, immobilized under the weathered force of human impact. In the woody eyes, another life flashed. Instantaneous and from the other world, the timeless struggle between man and beast remained unified in an eternal conundrum of inanimate life. Nearby a man stared through windows polished with icy clarity, his fleshy skull lit by the mechanical dawn of the computer age. Bloodied at the shoulder, and covered with thickly taped medical gauze, his body was bare, utterly, as visible from the waist up, and more. It was I, self-repulsed in a nightmarish vision, the bleary, drug-addled future of a white male machine-bound workhorse, racing through the reins of language, towards a voluntary solitude, pent up, and erupting with introspective drama. The beast withdrawn, vanished from the physical horizon, to assume the shapes and figures of desire, manifest.

The Sleeper

*what is it that we want?
to feel the smile of a stranger
to touch the air between us*

*and know the distance is cut
a breath, unentangled & fresh
cold, unawakened, the truth*

*a wind, from underneath
long, tendrils growing bold
and in the laughter of humanity*

*the pregnant moment unfolds
it is her, novel earth of one
the triumph of Mater, whole*

*she knows the end begins
the beginning of the end
faint as the last light*

*before night, I hear her
she grasps, fanning her wings
she means to live, and be*

*who is this young woman?
who brought me out to her?
into a storybook city of mine*

*where youth passed unheard
through the spangled heart
a sickly light spread overhead*

The Sleeper II

*the ocean benumbed my vision
and I hovered between tempers
warm, and shivering, I stayed*

*the answers that we hear always
how they fail to endure meaning
the viscera of night, flayed*

*cobblestones, and street lamps
smoke and freedom, this is America
where we were born, and know us*

*the ones who lifted off, isolated
we inherit the desolate moon
the vanity of a cold race, watchful*

*bitter with selfish hate, ignorant
in truth, innocent, fresh with living
from a craned neck I see her there*

*she invites me for a drink, I say yes
the earth follows around two minds
orbiting, patient in nightly deliberation*

*the frost-bitten surety ignites in her
eyes that wander deathless in mine
I wonder, Is she the answer? No, yes?*

*the aspirant hold runs for cover
in the lie of my wife, hidden from her
like a tongue in a mouth gone cold*

*like a sprig of oleander in the wheat
she showers me with the lie of beauty
she is a secret, an undying flower*

The Sleeper III

*born of secrecy, unfulfilled in speech
she comes out in silence, unknown
at once, I have seen her before*

*providence exposed, bare, gross
the master of flesh breaks reason
and I seed the breast with strength*

*puffing lost wisdom, how life ends
with every breath given to her
an answer to the call of a sleeper*

Strength unfolds. Pursuant as the grave, bubbling up with the froth of white night, I am immersed in the fire of time. I stray from the soil that beckons, wandering in a hearse on the open road. I savor the wind that flies careless like a misbegotten wing, losing feathers with each dry smile into the broken cascading tempest of life. Enlightened, high on daylight, caffeine, I blink in the waking intensity. Amplified and complex, I hear every ticking second around the eccentric clock. I watch it dangle, and breath forlorn in the shallow air. A warm breeze glows over the sunlit streets, where flesh meets flesh. In a phantasmagoria of spires, the merging gorge of reckless eyes dawns above the crescent crown of human love. A universalized heart is made pure and stretched thin by the torturous watchmen who cling to the sacrificial myths of reality, unbound and fading into the inglorious godless lie.

That strength prevails and evolution swells and gleams on the idyllic horizon. Now hazed of smog and unrest, and in the glowering aftermath it is people. Who gropes, flinging their chests wildly? Over used plates and diseased floors, to grub at monies and fail? They are as the recurrent stress of the tide over the natural fate of the working lot who strive for empty glory. The bourgeois fancies of imperial voyaging see and consume the blind flat cityscapes of ancient shrouds and bejeweled maids. To know magic and curse the cold damaged altar of stone, to eat of the sacred beast and seed the loveliest maid time and again over a burning lusty sand-torn skin. Where beaches glint with countless precious stones, and yet to live in the infinitude of counting them to the last spent day when the call is heard to wake. And be refreshed by the Noise

Unheard.

Plantation of Fire

*Of what fanatic pleasure, this tempest
the gravity of a wish, playing in tune
to the night, awash in starry lore*

*I trammel through the cityscape
barren of fate, yet listening, I see
visions of the powerless, hungry*

*an earth of loss, union beyond
the delusions of the morose
and we grow, and we grow*

*a factory ablaze, by the visitor
unknowable, late to return, in fear
it is I who needs to go, and go alone*

*as the tragic mage fixates on us
through a cracked window, spying
the splendor of youth quickened*

*to the pulse of the age, we wander
and find no one everywhere, now
homeless, vagrant, I see us afar*

A silence unmoving, waves in the electric light. The dignity of the West falls like a failing ray atop a summit of gold. One flickers so. Impassioned as a prophetic soul. The steady course of intellect, like the mage, inspires the seer to dream, and overstep the crags that lay bare and untouched in the valleys of steam and might. Where rock has been torn, there is found the weakness of mind. Where love has been grounded, left flightless and immobile at the sound of a wailing woman. The Mediterranean mourner still heard through the faint neo-classical clouds of the city.

The antiquarian bread, broken over wine and manna divine, to see into the heart of Man. Behold the fated delusion, the bold union of all in the mere flesh of the hand. Consummated at the living embrace. To forgive and unite, and know there is no other, or I, and no history, or flight. The exiled are now returned. The exodus diaspora, and fall, are reclaimed. Not as sin, but as the natural course of life. The unruly penchant to swim into the ocean of body, where treasures untold are revealed through creative vision, the innate and invaluable inside, the life blood of worldly worth, at last, mined in the depths of the working heart.

That muscle of paced progress, the laughter of smoke and unsaved wisdom. Because knowledge is created by the wise, who deceive by teaching the selfless will to rise, and with time know only that there is self, the clarity full and righteous, mounts the shores with moonlit imaginations. The unchanging forecast crests over the swarming masts nearing to war over the New and the Old. Whose ships crack and wheeze as the sailing lungs of the tobacco plant imbibed. As a ceremonial drink, between the double fires, puffs growing mean and high. Communicating with the airy beyond, the unseen lairs of mental wisps that share in the space of soundless wonder. And the men and the women join. Flatten to the ground, becoming engorged with the logic of procreation in the subtle flash of a collective revelation.

How They Lie!

*The lecturing violinist, and the poet of horns
True enough, the vain rarities aflame across
Sky opening, outward over the lonely bridge*

*Apart and fallen, a race splits and finds gold
It, self, apace, launched toward the fiery sun
Laughter changed our face, to brave the ice*

Traces of talk drift, and fade, leaving us to it

*Hand in hand in hand in hand in hand in...
Eye for eye for eye for eye for eye for eye...
Face to face to face to face to face to face...
They lie and lie and lie and lie and lie and...*

*Our lives, lived for tonight, atonement found
In the city of sin, the faraway saturated taste
Rushed, giving in, too overwhelmed for living
The way of sight, the lucid vision, written gift*

*Asking: What is intimacy in the flight of print?
Human difference, skewed over the keyless
Swing of music, night, tragedy, awake, high*

Legislating divinity, as truth spoken, wishful

*Hopeless, confronting the nostalgic erasure
To observe the inspiration of others within I
Am I selfless, entrained to give myself to lie?*

*They, figment, spurious though earnest, saw
Lusting, I bite at the pith of us, as we lie, wed
The many become one, and we, as them, lie*

In the sovereign stare: a picturesque war. The unlearned, undisciplined, unschooled, watchful race clambers surreptitious in the mud of a stolen empire. Stolen off the backs of the white slave, who self-imprisoned his mind under pressure of plastic, ice, and stone. The razing of his village, and home, then leads to the enmity of Judgment for all. Boiled and festering in the disquiet mind of a passerby. Not deluded by age, or gravity, the miser is neither fooled of earthly providence. Sitting motionless at the granite steps of a soldier, memorialized. Sanctimonious in the exact center of commerce, to hold fast the notion of armed struggle, as the only value of human life.

Over all things, that terror that drove our antediluvian parents mad in the midst of their jungle caves, neurotically painting the genius cat with a singular grace. The artistry of the womb untamed, prior to release into a world of crowds, longing and praise. The devastated urn flushed of soot and ash, the only name invoked at the invention of pure waste. Covered by the solace of four walls, the limbs of weakening faith in the wilderness of social belonging. The vainglorious cry that seeps and pours over the laughing face of true love, like a proud villainous rain thundering beyond the crooked mountain state.

That unnatural pyramid, artifice of the unjust swallowing course mildew in the fire of torn chests. Cleansing the free of the earth in one violent silence. That momentous song, that dream of life, quaking to the core, a religious marriage with poverty, the blank tirade of spirit at the clerical or presidential podium, to become a minister of misinformation, and the hype of popular history misdirected in one great black magic illusion. As the disenchanting embark for the moon forest with full hearts and clear minds, seeing through the human fold to a deeper calling.

The evocative spring-touched rise over an eclipsed sojourn, the worldly saga unraveled as the spinal coil of mortality. Forever wrung against a flagpole of birth. Cruel, quixotic fantasies of a transgressed world order, flown to the wicked tempest. The mad phase, and disastrous mire, wherein the elderly are entrusted with the key to life, a skeletal manufacturing, wrought of language and tears, whose meaning fails in the wandering twilight, to make way for the passage of time over the smile of a global horizon.

England to Amsterdam, New

*Make it new!
Make it new!*

*The new news!
The new now!*

*It's now new.
It's now news.*

*Life brazen
Life written*

*History, G-d
Paper, letter*

*The public
Just reason*

*Life, identity
Not-I and I*

*To write
Is to be*

*New now
Now news*

*III am III
am III am*

Line of sight, supple and dry, the fascination, of a look, totally unique in time. That is the authentic presence, where originality still lies bare and ready to be entered. To be joined, asking in all delicate wisdom, truth sound, purring as the record player, and gyrating. Water pipe full of the hate of confinement in metal, plastic, and paint, the apartment, Brooklyn Ridge, Bay, gangly and sick in the hair-fleshed insect life. Clicking and fingering over majestic trillion dollar screens, the movie of trespassing idle cash, the whore of awe flat and wasting away in a golden roam of trash and writerly observation, To lick the viral heat in an instant of academic love.

The fractured dawn light that puzzles poets in magician haunts, playing stressed run-on sentencings, jailed with one hand over the verse of oneness. Staggering breathless and triumphant, blessed, the weary skin that craves others, punctured, holy, as the psilocybin mold of the earthly heaven. Where I grow cold and laugh, wrapped in shawls of empty, blank eternity. The allowance of all life, abling me, us, as all, one wave gushed against the rushing tide and skewered poor. Sleeping hotly and nervous with an overblown heart, languorous and proud as the Coney Island pier, losing grace to the come of ocean foam, smeared on the forehead of Earth.

Her opening lips whisper of waves, storm-tossed in the midst of glowing tirades that breathe cracking thunderous glory, this night, the final loss of all innocent names, bold, flashing into the parade of people. A thought of home, unmoved from the ancestral soil where we all know and feel our feet, hair, and heartbeat, the echo and the voice, meeting to taste each other. A failure of a race, tragic, though honest in the new knowledge from self to sky, where engorged in the body of love.

I listen to the angelic one, whose fame flattened the Earth with the heart of the universe. As one beat of peace, life, as the momentary pulse, that in secondary recognition, people are reflected in their bitter strife, to earn death as perfection. In the whole absurd birth story of history and Man, the cosmic jokes told again and again in bars, airports, and condos blaring criminalized thoughts repressed by scentless cheese and fermented fruit. Moving through tubes gone slack with drugged sweat and neurotic highs, the magnanimous host of leisure nests.

To survive and still sleep

*I busked, starved, wrote
Year after year, survived
Frail, and brittle by night
I woke to work, and strain
“All work is equal of mind”
Muscle tears, brain refills
As an insomniac sleeps*

There is a strength that follows with the end of day. As the tide pulls back, and releases, water presses forth, soaking the dry sand. In that whirlpool of sudden, though expected, energy, one can compose, impassioned, and full with the knowledge of endurance.

The blood begins to slow, as the craters of impression are smoothed. Life in the big city, the sensual havoc of play, solemnity, magic, and casuistry, embed over a cold smoke. In that instance, there is a reserve, a second wind, whereon the reigns of creativity tighten, and compel the mind to move.

Amid the unceasing wave, life is held against a matchstick flash, the sulfurous light breeds curious wonder. Thought rises and falls over the scintillating emptiness, as the awakened dreamer unravels of loose fabrics, and changes into a full glass.

i like the way mom pours cream in her coffee

*i like how my mom pours cream in her coffee
i like to watch her do it, i like how she pours*

*she pours supplely, as the cream drops inside
it is the gentlest thing that she does, slowly*

*in the midst of conversation, eating, moving
her wrist, motionless, she lets the cream fall*

In a dark room that festers the mind, there is a human bug. Hollow wretch in the all-consuming void, riding the quake of holed, hopeless, unholy life, the rank pride then fumes busting at the seams of rot and cold.

Organs distended across swathes, territories brittle as bodies in the original sand, as the first story is told over hot water, rock and weed. The bold light of an animal's frequency sends a clamor and rasping against the throat of Man.

White hot with tunnel vision. Perspiring at his own drought of vision, poor of heart, though thirsting from the mind's eye until the last pool reflects upward into the vain, untouched.

The lost exiled thrust to succumb and so it goes, a fired intelligible declaration, "Succumb!" says we, amid the vast black wilderness of night and sky and sleep, where prophecy emerges in the language of need.

The powerful strain to submit to a tempting visage, the floating smile wrapped around the twilight horizon, flushed with the sagebrush magic of true and nonviolent peace. The transcendent word that dare not speak, for fear of finishing the reason for being in the historic tales of struggle, survival and wisdom, those gross alienations from the whole entity that is being.

Disembodied from the flow of time as an over-stretched façade, bleary and flat over the television stare of lifetimes of luncheon strolls. That quaint urban feast of sights sounds. Submerging feet in a frozen race of landless meat, and spoiled of the spoils of 10,000 wars played out over the electronic speed of drug-addled sex slaves, and escorts of war who pay the mind a visit after work at the desk of philanthropy, and by day scar the climate fry from scraping bottom-feeders whose backwards, upside-down worldview lies threatened and blackened by the presence, the people, a voice.

The one among the jeering entertained who speaks of enlightenment from the host of bugs, viruses, and chips, and emerges clean of mind, ready for break of day.

We Artificial

*A machine howls outside
A bus stop brake wailing like life*

*I drain generations to impotence
The future comes wasted paper*

*We drown under an artificial fire
Bodies smolder inside fake lust*

I shed tears of come. Starving. Begging. To love you, again, with a strained heart, worrying. I fix my hat, and my glasses fall, waking me on the train.

With the thought of Love, that deep powerful mystery of strength, wonder, animal beauty, the sheer intensity of being, I write emotion. On pages of skin, feeling each nerve a letter, each word a muscle, and the breath that moves to speak, of blood, leading to the heart, of meaning, the brain, of memory.

Where I sleep and dream of other lovers wading in the sea of time, knowing our roots affix my body to the glowing platform of grace and speed. To do and become, grow and heal, to smile and enjoy.

To voice the instrumental song of spirits with the youthful lightness of a dance on fake floors, imagined as the stretch of a childhood mind. Praying for a cause to move through the cold empty silence of home without truth.

The bare ecstasy of longing, strapped to a dazed head filled with fruit, bread and lies. Subdued by the intoxicating splendors of human life. The sweet shells of seafood beds rinsed over a pouring rain under the howling moon of night. Endless around the way to trust, a trip to G-d transcended in song.

The visionary test of a mind raw with feeling, touch, sense, cause, and struggle, the empathic embrace that steals a sharp calling through the migratory wind, spelling a seed of creative lust, that moving passion to train the wide open and go forth into the adventure of right.

To embody us in a lasting muse, the technique of bliss, emerged of the pale Earth from the artificial light that sparked up a magic inflection of you in your face, the one I knew.

Before the sad taste of loss first traced into the stifling groundless lore that shudders like a life fearing mortality, and a guide who unfolds a pathway, a teacher, golden and unified, shares in the treasure of human love.

That I have known and that my tears of love speak with speechless volumes of clear blood, the rain of happiness, wet in the late summer change, before season's end, before the leaving browns, cooked by the heights of a climactic eye, before I see you smile again. I am here, where we left off on the road to us, and home.

The Goodbye

*Saying goodbye...
Is like going to sleep*

*Strong memories flood
You lose consciousness*

*Weep, exasperated, dream
And, wake, only, to emptiness*

The disconnect blinks. A cursor reveals the presence of the state, ruler of international families.
The slow tide, rising, falling, like breath, and motionless we wait, patients of the volatile night.
In vain, the answers die in their sleep, catastrophes of right, gone stale, cold and unused under
the discolored rain. And indoors, the ground clears of hairline cobwebs, roving insects, and silent
rage.

The Physics of Poverty

*A writer, must walk
a tight rope*

*held by slight
proportions*

*always ready
to fall*

slack

Unfettered of conflict, decontextualized, the personal affects of empire drain and seed the wormy will of human need. Struggling to course through a bloodstream, to fill a lung, razing foundations with the flick of a switch. The deadening logic of death projects the power-hungry forward and into a sea of being, flat, lusty, straying the massing wealth of untruth and delusion, cowering. In a security watchtower stronghold of Colombian Washington Myth pervading the expanding borderline trespass, as criminals, transgressed British civility for a need to justify egotistical gain in the name of passion, romance and the belief in life.

Erroneous and devoid of consistent vibrancy, that always glowing, shone ahead, that gleams like the corpse-hewn riches of the flesh and mind, bristling with heart. Pumping greed, violating the symbolic, the practical, and the real all at once, in one viral videographic future. Projected through the plague of light and scourge of sound, though absent of feeling, taste, and memory. Senseless, absolute, as over the edge of the grumbling cold high life of another friend busying about the indoor street, where the lingua franca is drunk on a golden truth.

Bored, gloomily, into the back of the disconnected heads of technocratic thugs, bred of the wild ghetto. Where rural tongues intermingle amid the swarming salt blur of people from where? And when? They stare, imagining a youth imagining an elder imagining the dream of being, before steadfast hands of a warrior moon. The woman of spirit law takes up the weapon of eye, intellect and speed. And by her cunning devices, frees the forest of the tramping many, who call and teem with a bent for destructive tendencies.

The abusive hordes that scream and tear at the clothing of light and talk, that flashing hubbub commonly glimpsed through glass at the edge of the forest, where the ground turns pitch black, hard, oppressive, with man-made rock. Serving His purpose to scale the heights of ubiquitous belonging, yet eccentric and schizophrenic, the drugged flask is passed in ceremonial circles, where silence reigns, and people devote their entire lives to a single root, ensuring that it remains. A connection from Earth to space, soil to seed, the replenishment of good over loss, and in the midst of the natural round, a greater circle then emerges of sand and gravel, exposing the universal drama of all as within.

The only as the every, and the cube as the circle, both artificial across the pandemic risk of mere perception, and then speech, action, and history, where the original movement of burial showers decency and respect for creation, as a humbling force, triumphant and beckoning sight to the last eye.

Work A Day

*Poor, hungry, tired, lonely
Goin to the office, unpaid
Makin me, starving writer
Shoot eaters at the feast*

She is gone. Absolutely. She left in the flesh. Out the door, and without returning. To an indefinite future, when we meet will we no longer be us? Two entirely different people, with memories of us together, and separate. Then, where will we go? Will we be us, if each had lived such lives of substance, independently? So many questions run the course of their speech, the one, solitary answer remains.

Empty as the socket-cold universe, before being, and it is to that place returned, now exiled from the touch of love, inescapably, as painful as the memory of birth. Yet, in the absence of such deep, bloody passion another emerges. She is a way. Toward the mystery before all and us formed to memory, the instinct of mere being, wordless though full of sense, and expression.

It is that haunting turn of the mind that trudges forth, boiling the flushed faces of stagnancy. Where sterilized minds have displayed the end of human sight, for the quickening of the sleepless dream.

Distance and Time

*It's a deep, unfeeling pain
Without Love, I stare
Into the abyss, blindfolded*

*Wording a shared dilemma
I only want YouNear
Every day, we are closer.*

[Based on a text message with my former spouse, from Canada, who, at the northern US border, was threatened with arrest, and forced to return, homeless, to Alberta at the first six months of our life in NY]

II

Staggered prose. A wailing cacophony of nuances, boiling over at the seamy edge of reason. Want. Failure. Gravity, and the need to resist. Still falling away. Humbled to dream of strength as waking into a perpetual dream state. The state that forces, expels, purges, deletes, erases, removes and does not move.

The coiled perplexity of a sound mind chained to think under duress of rage. Bold triumph phased to the loud bold awe of youth plunging into the abyss of Man. The laughter ensues impossible in the facade of true action. The Act that remains amid the fleeting stair-cage that rattles lifelessly through the breakneck pulse of machine-addled lust. The gorge.

Cleared by night over the dawn hideaway. Like some frightened New York hypochondriac bellowing in his frail mind of a way through symbol and urn. Crying at the footsteps of dawn and flown to the ash, water and smoke of poverty. Endless cyclical warfare resounding in the heart of the street.

This lie of human dignity stares me in the mirrored face. Reflected in the eyes of homeless, vagrant bodies. Scared and needy. Washed away with the floodplain riches of a million towering shadows. Overpowering the sprouts as they recede into the bitter mud, shrunken with cold lonely curiosity. The children of plants grow stunted, snarl young, and give way to the cyclops sky that roams overhead a message of caution and dread.

As the noir film plays on in between nicotine blinks, ethanol pangs and a psilocybin stash. Painting the world as a whole mind, untouched by the brain. The intellect unraveled at a question and a single day. The full wasted union of lush ground blooming at the ethnic taste. Irish. Jewish. German. Russian. And Italian. Commingling in the drunkard yawn of Lower East Side fame.

The flask and brawl. Pickpocket and schlepper. With all eyes turning east to Brooklyn and a real home. Where the Old Country could finally die in the peace of a deathbed and a friend. The relative truth of us as we were and are at our best, when we remember that our lives are but a flash of struggle. Intimate between the delicate balance of survival and dignity. Where we have endured. Where we knew our names and where our names are known. Before fame there was recognition, respect and love

When,

In a society, among people. Over-institutionalized. Rigidly scholastic. Oppressively employed.

The natural state of the mind to create is a revolutionary force. And when, wielded by a humble person is more effective than any weapon manufactured by industry. For this reason, Write! Play! Sing! Act! Dance! Paint! Sculpt! Speak!

And into the formless. Beyond mind, and art, nature, and humanity. Let forms go! The news cycle, and genres of prose are for children, training wheels, stepping stones, and in the worst of ways, a Leash!

Ride! Leap! Run! Freedom is a pathless land. And great art is stolen by hands that move with a bold magic, clasp firmly at the root of the ages. An elixir to invoke spirit with all the confidence of mathematical genius.

Dreamed into being as an equation of peace. By a refugee who fled the social encampment of war. On a beam of noetic light. And rose to chart the leading equation of the future. Saying, at the top of his yellowed lungs:

“I have seen the end of night!”

With one finger pointed. Upward. Into the lunar eye, radiant and full. And so, go on feeling. Pure and innocent. As a child at heart. Though of a matured intellectual prowess. To recognize and evade all of the selfish trappings of loss, anger, and hate.

The storm. In the cold chest of a violent fate. No! Take care, instead, to trust in the mind. The power of the entire universe, evolved. To a singular point. Why second guess, and divert the music of the hour, an eternity of optimism. And potential, obscured.

By the innate humility of all creation. As imbued with the wisdom energy of autopoiesis in rhyme. Yet unheard until a fissure splits the seam of sensation, and love emerges. As the spring from winter. To place the horse-racing mind beyond preconception.

Into a sphere not beholden to mere judgment. And personality, only venturing, to the incredulous, liberating venture of unbridled creativity. A soul-sparked wonder, gone to roost against the perfect backdrop.

A painting alive. A story lived. A song heard in the ether. All from the same source. We may say. Freedom. Spirit. Nature. Even the white rabbit. Only the truth is. No one knows.

Each page is a chapter in a book. The work is less than unfinished. It is as yet undecided. What, will it become? A classic. Timeless. Visionary. Able to move and change lives. Forming a bridge from hear to mind.

In so many, who then walk that bridge for the rest of their lives? Forget ambition! Finally, resolve to utter dissolution, and live. For once. Without the subconscious fear of death. Writing the echoes of history onto your neck.

To strangle the first conscious inhale of every morning, and exhale of every night! Caught struck numb, brooding on and on. About imaginary phantoms and the spectral body of words, that writhe in a poor skull.

Demonized to solitude and eternal night, only to walk off the day. Along the rickety riverine walkway through the vital forests of Earth. Intoned by a spiritual music only heard by the rare minds blooming through.

The vein-root strings below on the harp proudly ringing into the nervous edge of reason. Where the votive smoke whispers enchantments from star-cast eyes. Floating between the darkness and the curling wisps of humidity.

Sprung artificially from the mouth, and rolled herb of the wayward master who prepares a throaty tale. Spun improvised at a seat with friends of the same age, and land. Who all speak to the knowledge of one among many.

The life of the thaw gradually frees mystery from the fixed forms of water. And the air begins to clear at a pace unique to the year. And we stand back watching humbled by the natural revolution of our planet.

In the light of the sun, moving with phenomenal regularity at the drop of an instant, lengthened to painstaking eternity, and so. A life is led to behold. In awe. The majestic power glowing in the exact center of the formless sky.

As a lens shoots through the folds of context. To capture the pinpoint meaning of being, as an image. Motionless. A blink. Reality pricked through the blood-letting fingertip skin. Forced into the subsurface source.

That.

When overexposure kills the integrity of existence. And, yet. The human seer of the universe stares sleeplessly into the void. An insomniac beyond insane.

He had a wiry frame. Stretched thin by too many long nights. And time gone slow by. A lack of outside motivation. Only the precarious frailty of personal cause. To act.

And visited by the triumphant dreams of original artistry. He would grow even thinner. Until time stopped. And he looked out of bloodshot eyes. Into the reflection of a perfectly clear set of mirrors. And in that exact moment of seeing. Paused. For what seemed an eternity. He thought, "I am right."

And then took a step back. "No, I am wrong." He shook his brow and laughed. Half his face patched by a near-hollow cheekbone contour.

Stuffed. As it were, by a straw distention of hair. As strange a beard as a beard can get! And into the magic icicle sheer quality of its reflection.

He bellowed hotly, "I am not right, nor am I wrong. So, I am right and wrong. I am a complete being." He fainted. Rising. He noticed the mirror cracked. "Did I fall?" he asked his reflection. Nervously. Apparently. The mirrors cracked simultaneously. Both in the same place.

So. As to seem a natural reaction of burnt sand. His teeth began to chatter. As his nerves became so brittle. With a rapid frequency of pulse. So much so.

He snapped. Shot. Wracked. With a subtle whiplash throughout his entire body. He then laid down flat. His back against the floor. To rest.

This time. He did not wake where he lost consciousness. Instead, he was already on his feet. When the flesh of his eyelids were permeated by light. Before the blur. In his groggy vision. Focused. He heard a voice. In a language he had never known. Yet, curiously understood. The voice spoke so lovingly.

As a verdant vision opened. To his immediate field. The foreground was lush and alive with psychedelic diversity. He then cried. Silently. As the voice spoke.

To soothe his longing heart. To move into the lofty ideal. Ground of a fresh and mysterious new ecology. He felt at home.

And then, the voice fled with a soft echo. Above distant treetops. Out from the thicket, emerged a young woman. Fully fleshed of age. And carrying the weight of an unborn beauty. Her hair was down. As she approached. In blond leather clothes. Her eyes were fixed on his. And she smiled.

Her visage emanating. A brilliance. Ineffable. In purity. As a true sound. A nourishing taste. A clear sight. An aromatic calm. And then she fell to her knees.

Her face wept with beggary. As she stood still. Growing nothing but old.

“The Energy of the People!” A drab overworked crowd. Stunned and gassed. On their way to and from. Led on by the toll of a bell. Broken and shattering. In front of the office steps. As the unemployed look up at the tourists. Gazing away at skyscrapers with eyes and pockets full.

As folk of the street park their bottoms on the icy pavement. Numbed by the sting of energy bought and sold. For the cost of the sky. Exchanging life for a sign. *“Go!”* Green-colored. And fast becoming bleary in the rainswept corridors. The great postwar grid. Shaken up and stirred. In the cinematic cosmopolitan. Breath of a hot-knife blonde. Who faints at the barstool hotel jazz beat. And breaks her chin.

Waking up silent. With makeup smeared. Only to escape the hospital bed. Where she was injected by a cross-eyed wife. And built up an immunity. To the color white. As she staggers out onto the bank of the Hudson. Stripped of her headache gown. She crawls. Hungering for a seed. And finds herself dumb-flooded insane. Busted up. And bruised in the sticks. She sucks a patch of mold. And presses the musty fungus beneath her tongue.

And struck by an ethereal burst of lightning. Voyages across the slow-flowing riverway. To emerge on the other side. A floating goddess. Moved to speak in moonbeams. Of a love constant as the water coasts. Along the earthly flesh of a newborn valley. She walks. Invisible to the passersby. And yet one young man. With thick northern blood. Jaunts calmly by. Warmed by a vision.

The sky, immaculate. As the first epoch of a life-giving air. Through a clarity unknown to the entire universe. Birthing spiritual greatness. Sitting in perfect contentment. On the mountain of life. And in her memory she returns. To the riverside. Her body vitalized and swollen. With triumph. Surviving. Beyond pain of death. To live on. And feel every sound, and pasture. As the wondrous womb of unborn children. Patient with a wisdom transcendent. As to raise the mind to tell of a way to live where energy is never a matter of consumption.

And waste. Again, only a means. To vibrancy, creation. And all the humble tastes of living. On the wide green morning. To hear the earliest ray of light peak out. From behind the furthest hill and to see a wing moving ever so gently. Carrying the body of a mythical bird. Moving with the spin of Earth. At the pace of an eternal sunrise.

There are some who think. There is nothing greater. More creative, and. Brilliant... Than creation. And are artists. Who make people cry when they had never felt such gravity on a page, in paint, sound, movement, by a person.

Then, others think. Only the creation of a person is most incredible, special enough to be worthy of life as lived by the few who are able to live above surviving. And such people are religious fanatics.

And fundamentalists. Who when rich, war. And when impoverished, are sick with greed. Mad with undead emotion. Taken for a fix on the proud highway. To beg for fuel and exchange tomorrow for today.

Flightless and stumbling. To a horrific resurrection. As the lotus blooms through a frozen river. Emerging dry and with blond petals. Withered stiff. Like the matted hair of a vagabond. Playing the fool.

And limbering clumsily from an empty jar. Reminding me of youthful, bed-ridden mornings. Before school. When a shower went on, and was heard. Prompting me to get up. As I imagine my stepfather remembering too.

Today, with a curious thought. Ya, always late. Though once up, he went through the roof. And so much so. That after the rush, he'd fade again. In the back of a room. More competent than most. And kind to friends.

Anyone who showed the slightest respect was honored. By the commonest of delights. To take risks together. And pursue the more challenging of roads. To see through the curtain. And lay down flat. On the pavement. Watching.

As cars came and went. To and from school. Smoking a joint. And talking about acid. To then bike home, on rides stashed in the woods. And return the next day. High. A brief reprieve between school and parents. When to be a teenage kid was still about hiding.

The littlest smile. One to mirror the close horizon of wondering. When the other shore was rarely a figment of interest. Outside the eccentric mold. The angry sorts. Too confused. Paranoid or knowledgeable. To be content with the daily roast.

And a slim pocket. When a stroll meant a day's walk. Down a path known all too well. That never got old. Not even in a passing thought. And the sun-sparked ocean was warm with memories. Of lasting friendships untold.

Among a cast of fearless characters. The ones who have always known. Where they came from and how. And never stopped asking why. Were firm. And said almost nothing. Only to find the common end to the story of us, and begin telling it again.

Here and there. As we move through the spaces we find. There, a spot is settling. Here, we face obstacles. And all over we move. Always growing taller. Thinning out. Broadening. And with time, hunched over. Shortened.

Losing our place here and there. Until one day. We find nowhere. That we have no place to go. Nothing to see. Not even a moment of work to complete. And so ask, "Where have I gone?" And at asking, gently, almost unnoticeably, slide into a new place.

And for the time, there, become unconcerned. As time passes by. Where I am. Until in the space of an instant, am again moved. As by an unknowable impetus beyond my grasp. As seamless in the art of creation as gravity.

When suddenly, I let go completely. And am hurled by the effect of a whiplash to the very end of all I had once been familiar with. Somehow compelled by a stranger within. Senselessly, it appears. Needlessly even.

And begin again. To think. And to question, with a full heart, "If after birth, to death, and with all the race to subsist at hand, when do I begin and end? If there is a window of consciousness through which to dream, is that, then, when I become me?

When fascinated by the world about?" Then, at the edge of the universe, I have lost all that was and ever could have been. What may have once made me who I was, and then I lost the one remaining fragment. Of reality. My consciousness.

And swept clear through the margins of space. Well beyond any note of time. The first sensation I feel at regaining consciousness is that I stop. And look into a window that is not quite a window. A mirror. I think. Though not quite a mirror.

And see a body winding, flailing. And ever so delicately flown through the nether reaches of space. As a dance of the subconscious self. Exposed to the brink of light. Where no shadows cast their magic frame. Along the cool ground of free air.

And in the sunless void, my body rights. And I stand on an invisible cloud. Nearing a wall. Towering sable. Monolith of the eternal night. And up against the most tragic of mysteries ineffable. I open my mouth to speak.

Out issues a color. Becoming more and more vibrant in the opaque deep. And what do I see? A piercing shard of light through the center of the mass. Falling away to reveal my mind.

What could be written on this page has the potential. To free a mind from power.
The gentle scratching of a pen can cause a people to move in strength. To unite.
And seek justice. And find it.

What could be written on this page can educate a child. To know that books and teachers in
schools only lead so far. Down the common road. Where everyone finds they are, and have
strangely been since they could first remember having lived.

When waiting for a grandfather. To play a game atop a foldable table in the sun-bathed yard.
Sitting upright between two stands of pine. The outdoor entrance in. And yet, not even
remembering his arrival. Only knowing the feeling of waiting, patiently.

To share space. And meet me. As two people who can and do still meet to this day. Behind
foldable tables. To eat what is given by wives and women. Though not asked. And to relax

And to know together that what could be written on a page has the fire to change a heart from
loss to remembrance. From torment to laughter. And to see the world off in one painful
enjoyment of the sound of a voice.

The core of all knowing. Where the ancestors can be heard alive. And shining through death by
the body of a story. Told when sitting. Young and old. For the simple act of freeing the will from
the way.

To step forward on an unmade path. And see to the end what happens. Despite shame and
wisdom. To find a place and time to feel in the dark, empty caverns of age. Another body. Alive,
and stretched out.

On a bed of love, and to peer through the ceiling at the island sky. Imbued by an ebony hall of
the purest of lights. Where the faint traces of truth are known to fleeting thoughts of open intent.

And where the page leans when understanding that this is a place that can transform lives. As a
firm handshake from a person of quality. As a soft bow from a pleasurable smile. As the delicate
pause of recognition in the face of another entire life.

Lived before the eyes open. To see that every life is fickle. As a dream. And all pass through the
empty page with a moment to reflect. On the nature of being. To breathe with a word of honesty.

One spends an entire life twiddling. With an original form. One seen by the maker. As an inception. Truthful to art and life. Not for the world. But for a mind.

To self-transform by the beauty of human creation. As harmonious. When in the balance of collective reality. And in the light of day, even when the maker had begun concealed.

By moonlight. Strapped to a lonely bed. And thrown to a wall of thoughtless perception. Begging a pure knowing. As a midnight lie. Found out. And exposed within.

As a timeless instant. To experience the Earth. Beyond sin and good. To pierce through the veil of sound. And emerge, aged and slender.

A visionary recluse of the well-forested brain. A man. A woman. With one simple desire. To be liberated of the will to go on. And finally to be content. At a loss for words.

In the sacred womb of a still mind. In which the soul of creation plunges fast and hard. Through an icy tumult of neglect. And suppression. To surface with a breath deep.

As the bottomless gorge. And feel the air assume the carbon block of life. And to hold back the armed executioner. From a descending force.

That would behead the dream of mere being. Yet as the swing expands outward. And the pendulum returns to the center of time. We stand surprised. Mouth agape.

Lost in thought. Considering the last question as a bold statement of justice, asking, "Why?" And hearing, in response, the mad clink of cold metal on a stump.

Warmed by a bleeding neck. Deposed to the belly of soil. As a steaming guts spills forth into a weeping widow's quavering arms.

As the howling crowd stamps past through the outer gate. To forget. And drink back the future greedily. Quieted to pain at the unassuming visitations of ghostly children.

Unborn. With a gentle smirk. Floating past a barroom, woody and humid. In the fugitive light. And outside only rain can be heard. Spitting between the gurgling wind of mouths.

And orifices distend to a sickening crash. And then a storm brews above the pungency of stale beer. Soured. And poured over expired, unconscious heads.

Flat and sweating on the putrid floor. And under the sweeping sheets of rain. An acid fate floods the business of ageless travesty.

Where grown men and women empty the beast of blood. Before the butchery and think. To go home when the rain stops. Only the rain rains on.

A tropical monkey stares into the lens with worrisome green eyes. Though abutted by an intense resolve to survive into stillness. Having let go. Completely. While with one hand trapped inside a punctured coconut.

He looks up. As a devotee of spiritual power would see. The living source of the imagination. United to sense beyond reason. An experience. Of need and cruelty. Caught in the bursting nourishment of a fruit.

Placed by a higher mind. To hold fast to another universe. And see into the heart of another. Persisting to wake from the fears of death and mere survival. And to become more alive than ever.

In the escape from flight and attachment. To override the inherent oppositions of our shared condition. As a fellow animal among the reproducing vegetation. Trickling and lengthening among us. With sounds of weary morning.

When to rise fatigued by the lush, overcast backdrop of a cloudy jungle summit was enough to propel the soul so far into space as to clear evade the thought of existing. As the fixed notion of all, "No!"

We are an imposition of history now. And so, as mere recordings are fated to the past. So, instead of mourning the presence of mortality as a hooded figure laughing, we dance. And carouse with the lightness of a thought.

As an image dissolves. And a voice fades. A body withers. A scent forgotten. A taste, passing through an ocean. Hearty enough to have remained despite the lost, swimming energy of countless lives who are now only missed by those with a mind.

To see the ground we are standing on, and to breathe the air as one drinks water. And who lives consciously as one Earth. And one faint spirit in the moving emptiness. A swirling fascination of observations. Spread thinly atop a guise of knowledge.

What is recognized by the language of separation, discriminate. And critical, yet swelling with a top-heavy toxicity. Manifest in the bust of a rare, and precious personality. One swept under the rug by a nightly visitor.

A guest in the high halls of civilization, who comes and goes to clean and prepare the night of dreams. For the break of day. Leaving well before dawn and returning unseen. As a silent force.

Good, employed by the wasted and morose depravity of a growing population. Affixed to their own names. And where they will appear...

When they never were.

When and how did music spawn the first brief instant of awakening? In the original woman. Who opened her mind to tears. And saw in the sun the whole brilliant future of life. Of how prehistory would meet history in a dead-on clash. And the entire sphere would be pierced directly. Between the eyes. By the immediate loss. By the struggle to understand how. And why.

The age of man has at last proved futile. Under the raging silence of the Sun. So constant in wonder and truth. As the sound of smoke. Wafting quietly through the fingers of a mother. Breaking out in a skinned and dressed skull. Filled to the brim of an eye. With a feeling unfelt. Of love at dawn. For the earth. Thrown into the weary sky. Born of a tragic and unflinching moon. Before the catastrophic erasure moves all that once was memory to the dry, endless desert.

An imagination sworn to secrecy amid vile, caged aggression. And the pornographic wrestle of the profane exposed in the homeless vision of our people's wandering. As we take over from the pervasive cold. In a lightless tunnel marked by the painted heart of a people who had their time in the insane flight of universal wandering.

The emotional dance expressed by the urbane feet of a young and confident lover. Who stretches her muscles into the clear air and in the same way sheds a tear beneath the sun at the exact height once noticed. As the dawn is at the height of a new day. Before the sky reaches a fullness, and similarly at the moment just before dusk. When the solar orb of human warmth and planetary creation is embraced, and is let go. In a fall.

As the trip of a mind dancing in ecstasy. Careening off the edge of a mountainous cliff, and watching as the very hold of reality begins to slip from the margins of a trusting body. Agile and smooth. And fanned by the waves of a scintillating ocean. Rising boldly to touch the tips of every finger and toe on Earth.

And to kiss the flesh of a human head with the inborn passion of a god. Moaning with a strong urge to unite. And in the act of ultimate affirmation, to create a new life. And feel blessed by the mysterious gold within the body. Within the light. Within the divides of sex and nature. And to then entrap the heart in a ticket of love. Played out against the cityscape wall. Worn. Crumbling.

Unapologetic and free. One deluded by the uphill battle of logic and meaning. Consumed by the illusory vacuum pull. Upward through the stomach. Clamped down by a vise of symbolic power. The image of unity. So intense as to merge. Fused in a blinding sear of heat. Now gone cold in front of a virtual infinity. Of faces, expressionless.

Handing out money. And receiving zero signs. Along a cascade of mirrors. Reflecting the obscure, ignorant babble of advice disguised as prophecy. Forecasting a time shadowed by screens and the eyeless glare of advertisements. Engraved on foreheads and backs.

Exposed to the vain perspicacity of a mind driven to the despairing and empty drama of life on Earth. As lived in fear. Hidden from light, love and heart. Going broke and spending time like money. As the instantaneous mental divide cracks asunder. To reveal a brain. Deadened by fire and lead. Taxed to enslavement under the volatile scope of fists and drinks.

Bodies brewing in the ferment of a low candlelit refuge. Where the high are safe to wander through the imaginative lairs of noir stories and weird tales. The stuff of adolescent curiosity. A time to stoke the embers of skepticism and sit by the fire. To roast belief, hope and faith over a sizzling spit.

And consummate the only rope known to hold a man to the ground. Even while staring over the brink of a universe below. And seeing nothing. Except one heart beating. In the violent frost of isolation. The place where friends meet to peel back the forgotten memories.

And ask, "If a memory is remembered, do the sensations emerging remain a memory?" In the kitchen of thought, the son of a negligent mother bakes a pulsing heart. And chewing at the tough muscular engine of human life, conceives a way of being unknown to the past. And never considered for the future.

Remembering, literally, the body of an ancestral organ at the entrance of dried blood. Through the mouth, and in the vertical turn of an eye, gone pure white. The other half-closed and bloodshot beyond speech.

He becomes vital with the lust of an ancient body. Awakened by a child's dream. Quaking with the suppression of a century without time. The boy faints. Lost to the world. And falls deep into comatose. Exactly one hundred years later, he opens a lid to the sky. To a youthful body. And ageless mind.

