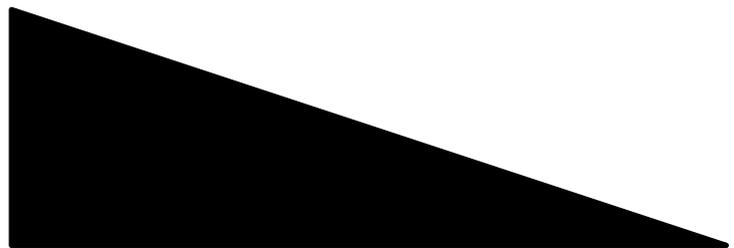




# Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules

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

Prose

The American Hallucination  
Noetic Sojourns

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Logo design by Serra Şensoy



## On the Image

I made all of the textual and visual fragments that make up Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules first using an electric typewriter. The idea was to build toward an expansive approach to framing with the different kinds of paper used. The length of the collection of texts is herein defined by the materials used, and available, i.e. size and kind of paper. The finitude of materials defined when the verse of the collection ended, as opposed to it being a temporal definition as in previous collections, where I end a collection after a season, year, or phase in my life.

As with Cyclical Wordplay, I used an oval or circle-shaped form at the center of the piece made with typeset pages. It is bordered with the handwritten pages. I painted the center orange, red and yellow and the outer edges silvery, gray, white and black. I took inspiration for the color scheme & aesthetic of "Eskimo Artist: Kenojuak" (a National Film Board of Canada film), and from Joseph Campbell's book, *Creative Mythology*, in which he writes:

"The moon, ever waxing and waning, is the celestial sign of this power, and on earth its chief animal symbols are the serpent, the boar, and the bull (Figures 11 to 18), whereas the cult of Re was the sun, the falcon, the lion...the birth of the first three Fifth Dynasty Pharaohs shows, the solar, in contrast to the somber lunar cult..." (page 348, see also *Oriental Mythology* pp. 98-100)

And from Joseph Campbell's, *Transformations of Myth Through Time*: "When the mythology is alive, you don't have to tell anybody what it means. It's like looking at a picture that's really talking to you. It gets to you. If you have to ask the artist, "What does that mean?" if he wants to insult you, he'll tell you. The myth must work, like a picture." (p. 46-7)

I used turmeric powder in clear liquid for the orange-pigmented coloring. I replicated the spherical type of the Earth's shape. I flipped two concentric circles, utilizing both sides of the page-medium, where the moon silver and sun orange, to convey inner opposites through a diptych of spheres.

Heraclitus said: "The upward way and the downward way are one and the same." I also used the frame drums to allude to the theme of my past text collection, "Present sound, Silent Space", however by balancing the circular shapes of the moon and the sun with the shapely precision of a musical instrument, as within the smaller, silvery action-painted manuscripts and in the larger, fire-hued action-painted manuscripts.

## On the Text

In my endless curiosity, I interweave subjective impression with narratives of memory, all as one internal voice of thought, an occurrence of presence, both unmediated and somehow directed by the mind. Through writing, I tap into the nature of mind through self-awareness of the ecology of thought as the rooted passage from human expression to oneness with creation.

Using narrative poetics with practices inspired by my practices in abstract art and improvisational music, I muse on the role of sound, as featured in “Chivalry of Sound” by crafting a poetry of the thinker, as opposed to the orator. Here, the artistry of silent voice in literary development bespeaks a deep awareness of our interdependence on the Earth, where, in “Realization Day”, the domestic mask becomes transparent in one flicker of emotion, towards universal empathy.

And finally, with “People of Jazz” I gather an archaic technique of ecstasy from the normalized human identity, into a wild chaos of origination, the creative spark of language, that seeks union with its inception in the art forms of music, and where united, they speak to the unity of all form personified in the human voice of thought.

The collection, “Full Moons and Dawn’s Crepuscule” is divided into two sections, based on writing either handwritten or typed manuscripts. The first is titled, “Earth-word Skyward: Full Moons”, and the second, “Earth-word Skyward: Dawn’s Crepuscule”.

As the collection is divided into two volumes, “Earth-word Skyward: Full Moons” is based on handwritten manuscripts, signifying the act of direct writing by hand, a more direct expression of the written word, while “Earth-word Skyward: Dawn’s Crepuscules” is based on writings typed, deriving from thought, which is a source of indirect light. The editorial choice is a metaphor for the act of writing as direct expression, like the light of the sun. Writing is distinct from the creative act of thinking, which could be conceived as parallel to the light of the moon.

Earth-word Skyward



Full Moons

A quiet knowing

A strange thing happened today

All women were my sisters

All men were my brothers

I felt everyone as vulnerable flesh

Pulsing, alive, everyone, in my heart

Everyone was my heart

Then rhythm, I felt, in the flicker of an eyelid

Looking away from the blinding beauty

Emanating with untouchable light

From the face of their eyes

I felt passionate love for each

As one, the room became a vessel

For our send-off, completed

In perfect unison, at noticing the one

Vibrant heart of present knowing

Knowing, *we are here*

And beauty did not mock direction

Life, then, passable, over to the inanimate

By a sitting, a moment of inextricable indefiniton

Between the seer of the living and the dead

An interwoven aftermath of true sight

And sound feeling, a welcoming embrace

Without the stretch of groping limbs and fingers

Yet with the reflecting light of an eye-lit wisdom

Strengthening the floor, with seated breath

## Her Art

The graces!  
The marriage of her sleep  
With the ease of her dying  
To the song of my imagination  
    My own mind then wept  
    In the silent brew of night  
    With a voice slaked by need  
To wake her eternal sleep  
With the gentle chime  
Of my personal humility  
    Her rhythmic tones  
    A gorge of sacred flesh  
    Made real by the sound of her  
Ancient wood singing  
In the folkloric forms  
Of Asian melodies  
    Lost to the rapid Bow Valley  
    An inertia of grandiose originality  
    Her calling under the healing  
Rain of native ghosts pattering  
Over a clean and unused sidewalk  
In a city of oneness  
    And the homeless many  
    Who writhe in chains of bodies  
    Formed as a can, grouped  
Under the weight of monetary savagery  
The cold rope of belonging reels in  
Her fear with a base community  
    Of misanthropic wealth and the climbing  
    Peaks of untamed nourishment  
    A bludgeoned and weak dreamer  
Still planted firmly  
In the dry soil of Midwestern night  
That timeless struggle of self-knowing  
    Her, Artistry

## Drool of the Imperialist Bull

Give thought to penetrate the open space of each leaf  
Submitting to the deadened and enlivened tree  
At first frost and thaw, imprinting its peculiar mask of icy certainty  
Over concrete divots, watery ambiguity, the fertilizing rod

A space to ruminate, neither on the wherefores or whys  
Only the direct imprint of my own imagination  
With my own mark, yet cut deep enough into the brain of the page  
To see through, white into the reflective core of language

Sound meaning, the eye-opening pain of the opening mind  
Loosened by the tension of doing, married to thought  
In one perfect wave of incantatory excision, of blood and dirt  
From the labor of the mind, emoting flabbergasted and powerless

Over repeated rhyme and wasted praise, that studious youth  
Who entombs the ancestral in a box of institutional instruments  
Dominant tradition, leaves yoked of passion, rooting grounded play  
Transmuting soil into the celestial wonder of life

The Edenic tree spews the gold of fruitful belonging!  
I say the smoking crime of unmarked pages breathes  
Through the iron-lung passageway of a cruel divorce  
Between the saved and the mad overjoyed, by a second's regard

For the enslavement of ignorance, a pulsing rhythmic following  
Leading to insane man-whores working up a sweat  
Under the trunk of sexual rage, the bastardized gruel of nourishment  
Now burning with painstaking rites to free the assemblage

Hearing the grunt and drool of the imperialist  
Bull stomp forward  
Into the human  
Factory of our last mechanical arbor

War: Live

Once there was war, now there is not.  
In the once failing hideaway Earth  
The full moons wane steadily  
Upright burnt longing  
    Stare-cased mad worship  
Power and laugh with the rich  
In design, the whole world fell  
A breathable delicacy spells light  
    Brushstroke callings answer  
A numerical cause, becoming tragedy  
Elegance whispers, A hint to humanity:  
Follow awe, Belonging is a painless hook  
    Of fraud and woe, Instill power, demure hate  
In greatness, bounty is a curse, as the fortunate mage  
Loom sight into the homeless sleep of a god  
Workaday blessings bring fruit and rice  
    To gnaw wistfully, Erase the mind with words  
born of love, beauty is the seed of pleasure  
And the wasted night, worn out or worn in  
The body is a sheath, to protect delicate strength

Pride of the deepening grave, return no more  
While elephantine buzzing blurs circular  
De-maze-meant labyrinths stir with victory  
Hurt hearse driver insane, bounding off

Imagined bridges, pursuant, down alleyways  
Grooved, picture my European name  
To engineer grace with the flick of a brush  
Silent pain, tomorrow, fame is news

Yesterday nothing has past, glide  
At last to the faint chime  
A moment, a moment  
Alive, A Live

## Am A Stone I

I am, A stone  
Weathered by wind, cold, heat  
The damp grass and dried soil  
I am used to forming a bridge  
And in a torrent of footsteps and flooding  
I sink, made into bacterial nourishment  
For the sand-whipped waves of sea  
And further on, my granules form a castle  
In the infant's hand, an emergence  
Of water and stone, defeated again  
By the blasting wind-driven waters  
Beached at the foot of quaint, humble Atlantic  
Dunes and millennia past, I form a wall  
Naturally wrought from the pressures  
Mounting the quaking earth, rumbling  
In the silent heat of a nearing sun  
And lifeless burn, and the wall  
Of no human worth, blocks no one  
Protects nothing. I am at that wall  
That stone of no future utility, intact  
For a wall without meaning, yet I am  
Motionless, a stolen rock, the peerless bridge  
A wasted core, yet a wall nonetheless  
Standing upright, made by none  
But my own weathered face  
Alone at the edge of time, a subtle rain  
Keeps the ocean sweet in a haze  
A fog breached by the stone-laden flesh  
Of Earth, I am not in, inward

Drink Warm, Loose and Purring

Silly beheaded cold  
The fool shivers in a drab city  
A closed eye awakened  
By the small fire of heart  
Billowing masterful songs of strong sex  
In the wake of a humbling passion  
To quake with the menacing fury of oceanic breadth  
And give voice to the rudimentary upbringing of Man  
Enduring the final rite of his story to hers  
The wordsmith birthed in an evening of purring rain  
The shelter of the hearth and a warm drink  
Over which a storyteller's tongue loosened  
The taught bow, to flood the passing of natural flow

## Light of Knowledge

What do I know?  
What can I know?

Do I know what I can know?  
The golden goal opens home

The long road winds entwined  
A travelling soothsayer said, "Who?"

On the empty highway to blue horizon  
Barefoot eve in the waking dusk

Asleep on soundless visions  
A wisdom unearthed

From the wide glow  
A lunar hearse of deathly night

The stray root beats the seeded soil  
In visible wandering

To illumined stretches  
Tested by the workaday flesh

To sweat bold fire  
From the aftermath of a dry comedy

The open groove of knowledge  
Alight!

## Air of Lost Memory

Asinine divinity!

Divine stupefaction!

Temples of martyred trust

Bruised faces of Americans

Gamble blushes past the unveiled

Hair of Orientalist lust

A womanly ruse, to lure death

With the war of sexual annexation

From the night of Iraqi flesh

Torn from all earthly tenderness

The retarded womb of central intelligence

Mocks their own presidential rhetoric

Down the food chain of command

As the extinct American G-d lies

Unburied in the putrid Potomac

Water of irreflection, blood memory

Man-fest in the pride and anger of the Eastern Cry

Of 'savagery' from a directionless and belittled rock

Of anti-history, the feathersmith doctors

Golden delusion from the cloudless light

An uprisen haze melds in the sorrowful

Shift of Europe's paradigmatic posturing

As the sunken grave of world war is looted

For the powerful smile it impressed

Onto depressed infantile hate

Brewing in the speakeasy clime

Of jobless immigrant noon, fading

Sunning over a spot of caffeinated ouzo

And peering over a secular desk

The Atlantic ship rope now frayed with overuse

As the jungle births a new species

From the evolutionary unconscious

Of post-enlightened Man, a white blasphemy

To paste over the veteran eyeholes of sons

Birthered to an air of lost memory

## Own Music

Music is the ear of awe  
The wise hear wisdom  
Everywhere, their ears  
Sing the sweetest music

On their own.

## Spider Aesthetics

Twinkle of plucked strings, Aestheticians relaxing, The grand noose  
Deathly tradition, Stepping off the auction block, And saying, "I am human!"

To a crowd, Who may as well hear, "I am G-d", Yet not falling on blind ears,  
The music burrows hotly into the Arctic heart of the conservative republic

And living in an age where our image is so infinitely displayed  
Four, our privileged, entertaining reflection, an amusement

At the end of the day, at the end of days, seeing our mirror image  
Transposing our flesh, into present memory, wavering goodbye

With the rush of a tsunami's pace, over the glassy eye and muffled ear  
One plugged, And stared into, computerized, to end the insane silence

Our premodern reflection, an inane flesh bomb, of media and metal  
To push the final rebellion, of any and all life off the blinking military

Map, blinking as the Arctic finger of American energy, press  
The accelerated fire of all concordant modernity into a compress

Historical unity, the final anomalous instant of nothing bombed  
And bombed again as the sinking English ship lives on

In the cyber-piracy laugh of a few unlikely spiritual machines  
Driven to play music in the vast web of outer space

I am a Nation

Gross consumer decay  
Gross national stock  
Kept in the stocks, I  
Am not part of debtor's  
Prison, of prostitution,  
Of lying, adultery,  
Thievery, worse of  
Homicide, of gang-  
Rape, of hypocrisy,  
Worse of absence, of  
Silence, I am not in  
Denial, I am a Nation

Need and Touch

“Perfect,” she glared  
Through a trusted mug

And she spoke in echoes  
Over a lake of alcohol

The retching fumes,  
My exhausted stomach

Hot for a quick orgasm  
Spent toxic, patience

Our stare, broken  
In a destructive flash

The underground core  
Burst with merged implosions

The forlorn cold lust  
Flushed my eyes backward

With scintillating drift,  
Caffeine-tested morning

End of the week  
And of my life

The end of the of the end  
Gone home to dream

A sacrilegious need  
To be in need

Omnipresent Traveler

A wince, a rush  
From the soles  
Worn, tapered  
Leathering skin

I cross my chest  
In Canada, barefoot

Along the ghostly  
Mist, burning off the ice

Swallowed tips  
Winter's summoning  
I feed my sky of thirst  
With a supplication

Of sacred time, geometric  
Unearthly whereabouts

Direction, the return  
To self-knowledge

Begin with death!  
I was told:

How to sail, across  
This ocean of dirt

And sand, with a dry sail  
And unformed reason

A mind, smoothly gliding  
Towards the omnipresent  
Center, and circumference  
Non-existent

## Prairie Genuflections

Personify the crux of all that is  
Elegant and mild, the day is

A temptress, she moves  
With intoxicating lips, oiled

With succulent fruits  
Of freshwater rain

And flattened berries  
Of the Midwest prairie sun

Cloaked with a tepid bloom  
Of coarse tragedy, to affix

The caged nonsense  
Of economic formulas

Over the vast dizzying infinite  
Narrative beauty of Earth

In its playful wonder,  
Asking you to join Her

In bodily love, to become  
A full heart, walking on Her

Earth of water, with nerves  
Of blood, fully awake

See yourself,  
Reflecting

Borderland Winter

Romantic inceptions  
Swing of timeless thought

The unanswerable, rude  
Pentatonic tune of infinity

Harmony, I dance atop  
The elegant ice, I climb

Through frozen grass,  
I sit with frozen trees

And smile at the ice-sheet air  
The misty numbing walk

By deathly rivers, the shivering  
Madness of the workaday self

Hatred, I nod with ducks  
Asleep on the slow moving

Subzero ripples of lifeless  
Winter ponds, the air is scathing

And all the people are inside  
Themselves, and we walk

Along the cold cold  
Riverbed of Canada

To talk of New York  
And the border

Man, No More

We fly with the devil  
On a mushroom broomstick

Insect vision, and the elegance  
Of silent full wisdom

Of sorcery and plain witchcraft  
Smiles, the white-faced gloom

Of European night, quickening  
Over the edgeless horizon

And our body turns  
And yearns for a saved kiss

Against the rayed lips  
Of a sun in love

With all of the known human  
Universe, we write our place in

The stars, an eager gift to merge  
With the deathless void

A sputter and spark  
Spitting into the queasy center

Encircling from our core  
To the elemental etherium

A sturdy height  
On which to stand

And proclaim,  
“I am Man, no more!”

The Dissolving Mirror

I hear a distant cry  
Klezmer diaspora

The roaming Roma  
Roam no more!

Painting the Earth  
With emotional lust

While the sacred rivers  
Fill with ash and blood

I see the eyes of an animal crying  
In the foul mist

Industry sucks the brain  
Clean of decision

Giving privilege to manic slaves  
Of every gadget-laden finger

Tied with non-renewable luck  
A pain, piercing the sky

And bombing oceans  
Clear of all sources of life

The nuclear fear of the East  
Spiritual traveller, witnessing

Freedoms take hold of the suicidal  
Indigenous mind

Mirroring the human globe  
A play of non-being, awake

Dream of Earth

Beautiful, engrossed  
The Holocaust page turns

With my stomach, drying  
Beneath the midwinter prairie sun

A healed voice speaks  
Into and through my sorry mind

I'm a mountain sitter  
Hoarding the dragon

Desired gold of Chinatown  
Despair, the news is old

And every story shared,  
A robbery, the planet

An acid overdose,  
Emptied oceanic pull

To the lowest depths  
Unexplored, the inhumane

West and South,  
The Earth dreams

A secret told  
Only at our last hour

That hope for peace is a futile seed  
In the infertile vacuum of inner space

Human vacuum  
Consumes human

To Blood

Blood runs  
Coursing through  
Palpitating veins  
Arrhythmic constancy  
Mind drains  
Involuntary fluid  
Inner flesh  
Need quakes  
Lets blood  
Crimson air  
Inside, purpled  
Passing, interchanging  
Life rushes  
Bursting genitalia  
Split bone  
Cut nail  
Worn gum

Diminishing excretions  
Blood revitalized  
Seeming loss  
Welcome death  
Death escapes  
Blood drops  
Friend's body  
Blood seeps  
And pours  
Death hides  
Behind need  
Weary flight  
Thirsting pores  
Bloodless murder  
Retching masses  
Without ties  
To blood

## Empty Horizon

An amber orchestra of waves  
Skiffs on the triumphant horizon  
Blood-binged skyline, calling  
Eastward, splayed as a bathhouse

Floor covered in fermented wine  
Smooth and shallow textures, lay

Engraved with the right-brained eye  
Artist-seer of the blinding North

In mid-winter visions  
Cold sweat unctions

To form communal life  
From the pangs of memory

And want; I eat  
The brain of my heart

Cannibalistic purge of eyes  
And membrane gut

Tissuing from a thawing throat  
And frozen fingers voice

A moving statement of tones  
Saying, "I remember the American

Waves, the blue coasts  
Global hypocrisy, the white  
Faces of provincial bent  
And the staggering emptiness"

Anonymous Land

*for Idle No More Marchers*

By the fasting, bridge!  
Seated still, sit and  
    Only innocence gives  
    Way! A gorge rises  
From the desert plateau,  
A silent plain of mounds  
    And wheels, to encircle  
    The globe, in a medicine  
Chant of earthly traces,  
Scourge of Her secret  
    Canal, the follower lets  
    The blood of the saved  
Fall! By the fasting,  
Bridge! To the welcome  
    I call for order outside  
    The crooked gate of mortality  
Legends walled in  
By tradition and the fasting  
    Wait, as the world  
    Build up fear of pain  
With electromagnetic intensity  
Atomic heat erupts  
    From a body without  
    A core, or face  
The steep mountain  
Climb, unmoving  
    Its strength, building  
    From human lust  
To the windless  
    Summit, an empty name

## G-d of Time

Time is criminal,  
Clocks are thieves  
    Every passing second  
    Each tick  
A stolen heartbeat  
A pilfered need  
    Life is stamped under the black ink of time.  
    Everyone, from salesman to artist  
Branded by the incendiary metal  
Click of a stopwatch, measurement  
    Of fate, not even death escapes  
    Time is a modern god.  
Ritualized, by season,  
Holiday, calendars  
    And the daily grind  
    Looking, watching  
Waiting, watching  
My self fit neatly  
    Into the square round tents  
    Of temporal space, I am  
Here, I am past  
This is my hour  
    I'm late. The sun falls,  
    The night is still.  
I watch sky,  
Anticipating dawn  
    And time clicks  
    Opening with grace  
Stars fill my tired eyes  
Post-human round  
    Sanity sleeps  
    And dreams  
See? The only god  
    Above Time

## Brakeless Ride

The breath of a seed wills  
The name of The Name

To break forth from the cosmic  
Egg of creative seeing

And the seer becomes doer  
In the act of seeing

Life leads and breaks out  
Over the sand and play.

We climb and chase  
Fearing the icy flow

The underbelly of a city  
Sidewalks, train stops

And in parks, I ride  
Through the dry snow

A lustrous day, open  
Sky across the snow

Covered lake, faded  
Mountain horizon

Groundless, spirit  
Mountains, I am

Distant, they are close  
And ride!

I say, "Ride!" Into silence  
Belligerent, Brakeless

## Dream Treason

“I deal in dreams”  
Says the art seller,  
Book-trader, theatre  
Company, patronage:

A shadowing eye  
Vicarious whims of currency  
Creative intercourse of means  
And craving.

The endorsed, sponsored,  
Commissioned composition,  
Sculpture, authorship,  
And the maker treads water

Carelessly into the urban  
Hole of deranged, accredited  
Loan shark gorge on the numbered  
Days of capital debt

The slow pains of economic torture  
Bleed the impoverished spirit  
Of Earth, from the oily skin  
To the heart of war

“Take my things.”  
Says the crafty artist  
Trader in dreams  
Soulless, unknown

## The Last Moment of Silence

Where are the armies of the Earth?

Those with the strength of a river  
Those with a grounding as firm as any mountain  
Those with a mind as expansive as the sky above  
Those with the eyes of an eagle,  
    And the back of a horse  
Those with the voice of a storm  
    And the clap of thunder

Before a gathering of visionary children

Where are the million man marches in the name of all living beings?

Enslaved to an Earth that is dying  
To be regenerated

By the cleansing spew  
Our core aflame

Where are the warriors?  
Where are their drums?

Their songs are now a moment of silence

## Time Metaphors

Metaphor is lie,  
Traits, names,  
A character, full  
With elegant meaning  
    Told loquacious  
From enchantments  
With studied verse  
And free language  
    Metaphor is a finger,  
A doorway, verbal guise  
Of prehistory, smug  
Failure to know

Before social law  
Becomes higher order,  
Aligned to mysteries  
Of self-aware bodies

Light flesh, thinning  
Before modernity,  
Flickering signs  
Direction is amiss

Progress is swarming  
Ash, a blight  
In the desert  
Of physical contact  
    Once gentle,  
A zephyr's whisper  
On a coniferous peak  
To yoke solitude  
    By a river  
Of laughing dreams  
And frozen time  
Untimed timelessly

## A Living Voice

Say: All Ah!

Say: All Ah!

Say: All Ah Who!

Say: Alla Ah Who?

Say: All Ah Who Ack Bar!

Say: All Ah Who Ack Bar?

Say: All Ah All Ah

All Ah All Ah All Ah

All Ah...

Until all on the face of Earth is one  
In awe, and speechless  
Your face melds in the seamless web  
The interpenetrated womb

Freed of divine play  
In a voice  
Uniting your face  
With the face of the Earth

United with the empyrean!  
Unclouded and not divorced  
From clarity of sight  
And reason enough

To know ecstasy sometimes restores balance  
To our spiritual mind  
Ever unblinking  
To receive the nourishing light of day

As the source of all life  
Breathing and brewing  
In the blood of living  
Being

## Daylight Lunacy

The wealth of days,  
Nights of the sun and moon  
    Hours of the water, falling  
    A momentous wealth of time  
Unceasing, devoid of space  
And in mortal leisure  
    Ask with a toughened smile,  
    “What will you do?”  
The elegant reason stills  
The lowly lust of a confrontation  
    With the animate round  
    A host of natural law  
The arisen gold  
The sparks of thought  
    I wade in a sea of my own  
    Subconscious feeling  
A city swept under a tidal flood  
The moon is now further  
    From the sun, a body awash  
    In the glow of earthly life  
Swimming between water and sky  
The flight to meaning  
    In a square settlement  
    A civilized day  
Revolving, around  
The food of beasts  
    Growing, distended  
    In bowels of lazy waste  
And the artifice  
    Of daylight lunacy

## The Desert

I'm now in the desert  
Footsteps have passed  
Well beyond return  
To the city of Man

I am in the desert  
You and I know  
What I mean,  
The desert of domesticity

The desert of scholarship  
The desert of marriage  
The desert of over-education  
The desert of settlement

The desert of age  
The desert of love  
The lifeless ground shifts  
In time, 'peaks' in space

And dips intermittently  
Into earthly swallowings  
The vacated North  
For a South of recline

In lighter currencies  
Of sunshine, children  
And forests, still, now  
I am in the desert

My archetype is roaming  
In the desert  
Of my own mind  
Where to?

Move! Act!

All life unbalanced  
By the static electric  
Vibes, telephone play  
Of misinformation

And the bearded child  
Of a sunless west  
Bound for the polar south  
A magnetism unbound

To swing in, passionate  
Tales of a moment  
Only shot, go!  
With the pulse

Screaming, silent face  
Rich with heart  
And pained  
With an eagerness

To straddle the unbalanced  
Ride! Joining cases made  
Sprint and dash!  
The meditating

And principled, the sturdy  
Trunk of numerical law  
From the testament  
To the constitution

And back! Cleaned  
With instantaneous repose  
In the one,  
Act!

## Immigrant Hands

Who grew of the ilk to brave the West?  
Listless kinds

Who valued lead over life  
Who tracked the earth with eyes

And rummaged through their own  
Bowels for fixings

Hairless and cross  
Their dry tongues slip

Between the folds  
Of rape and murder

Like a paper wallet  
Stained with love

Theirs is a wakeful nipple  
Spilling nubile milk

Into the mouth  
Of a full grown man

Their stories have been  
Re-hashed enough times to count

On the hand of every immigrant  
Slaving away in their name

That hand's been kissed  
With lips of hate

## Psyche's Last Trip

At a loss for...art?  
Or novelty

The truth is present  
Not hidden

The truth is in the not,  
A mythic personality

Wrapped too tight  
In the clouds

Aspiring and gone  
To the low animosity

Of forgotten tradition  
Veneration to the polymer face!

Restive high  
Techno-dream flesh

Swept to greed  
To visions of nudity

The hoarse throat  
Authentic human story

Told drunk and scheming  
To tell lies

As the bottom line snaps  
And Psyche trips

Mind of Heart

A name lived  
A century ago

A continent and  
An ocean distant

Pierced my heart,  
Caused me to write  
In blood, emotion and  
The music of thought

Begged me take heed  
Of our history  
The union of diaspora  
Cultural food chain

Of assimilative bonfires  
Burning the sky, my  
Pupils dilate with the drug  
Of the innocent and common

Flowering in the vein  
Of bookish unreason  
Living each dark morning  
As the last great howl

Of American listening,  
I reach for awe

In the graspable center  
Of my body

Of brain and  
Mind of heart

## Timeless Time Tie

Deep frees  
Bold winter  
Silence, gold  
Ash home,  
Stop breath  
Stop, restful  
Bones in  
The cold  
Cold cold,  
Arisen tension  
Lights sound  
Man, workman  
Fate player,  
Timeless mind  
I.D. fraud  
Of pain  
Anonymous god  
Of brains  
Intellectual nude  
Of crowds  
Berated Beirut  
Euro zoo  
Of zeroes  
She asks  
“Who?” over  
Loudspeaker address  
To nude rioters  
Impassioned chest  
Nippled fat  
Fucked in  
Cold stray  
Morning, sunless  
Before day  
He pens a crime  
The timeless time tie

We Are Unnecessary

I flirt with anger

I flirt with lust

My emotions dream

Of their own free will

I flirt with time

I flirt with languor

The earth is not a thing to trust

The ground moves

My feet shift

And the waters bubble and sputter

She is a salivating goddess

She wants to eat herself

And we are her Man

The blank canvas

Social order is cut

Folded, smeared with paint

Dog-eared and full, fingerpainted

Printing, "I've written my name"

Signed my death certificate

I've left myself behind

The world needs me

And doesn't. I go.

The Lifeless Stare

Work up a sweat  
Change your clothes  
Wash your hair  
Brush your teeth  
Sit down

Now

Stare away  
Lifelessly

## The Shema Conflict

(Hebrew)

Here, O Palestine!  
Adonai is our God,  
And God is One State.

(Arabic)

Listen! Israel,  
Allah is ours!  
Though Allah is alone.

(English)

Hear, O Israel!  
Adonai is ours alone,  
God won.

*Trans-literal interpretation of the Hebrew prayer “Shema”,  
meaning “to hear/listen”*

I, Not

I am

Christian Jew, Ottoman American. Temporary resident.  
In a state of occupied unemployment. A jobless worker

I write sculptures. I play language. And draw music.  
I wake asleep. I dream reality. I am. Not, I. Mind body

And time space, I frequent rarely. A special generalist  
On the astral ground. Healing poisons. My alchemical physics

Are a mundane vision Of psychic photography. I bound  
crawling, Towards nirvanic grab . Loving hate,

And admiring profanity, I stain cleanly, On the surface  
depth Of free law. To name mystery With anonymity

transparent, I inhale core And climb waves  
The oceans drown In a rain of steam, I dry wet

My eye points, With fingers of nails, Sharply soft  
Compressing distended Word shots The focal abstract

Blinks staring, Into a straightforward maze  
The wise fool, Bringing us leftovers

As waterless tears Stream frozen, Down  
catapulting Through, back, in, out

His, her Fine coarse Gravestone birthmark  
Of dead life, Ending, Again

Awakening begins with a sickness

The worship of hate is the final metaphor of humanity  
The wounded soldier strides in the strength of self-preservation  
The wounded healer strides in resilience towards self-extinction

The war poet bleeds in words  
The universe bleeds in war poets  
And war poets become peace poets

After a fine drug and the beaming lights of modern life  
Peace poets become war poets  
After hearing a story of undeserved and unsayable loss

The only listening is in being  
...With the listened  
The listener is the seer of the word,  
The thinker lives in metaphors of one body

Alive under the rain of a thundering Godhead sky  
The irate weather floods the human eye with tough love  
Survival is not promised on this Promised Land

In the wake of settlement the immigrant comes  
In the wake of immigration the indigenous go

In the wake of indigenous settlement the settled are immigrants  
And both move  
With an unsettling self-knowledge

We are all visitors  
We all sojourn  
On a land not our own  
Destined to be in a land not for us

Sharing all,  
For the land

## Way Past Humanity

Past all exits there is a way  
Beyond all transgressions there is a law  
Transcending all boundaries there is a line  
The way leads to the broken law  
Only this criminal may cross that line  
The land moves  
The ground shifts  
The sky circles  
The horizon bends  
I don't know myself here  
Though I know here  
And that is enough for me  
There is a simplicity to uprisen feet  
Holding the body down  
To be what it is not, it, really,  
Is, what it is  
A body of knowledge  
Planetary, solar  
Body system of heat and light  
The new vibrates  
To the rhythmic breath  
Weeping and entering  
Without choice or will  
Need is invisible  
It is thought, that I can see  
The air fulfills the mind with sight  
"I see," says the mind  
And the body responds  
"That's only us, where we meet"  
The Earth swims in a bowl of Sun  
Ours is an astral world  
And our skies feel the embrace past  
Humanity, exhaled  
With the gentle subtlety of a cloud  
A force of nature, Dissipating

## The Wealth of Place

neotonous fragile homo  
domesticus, a fragile body  
bound, to a chamber pot  
home for the liminal mind  
    to breathe the glue of unconscious  
    burning, misinformed, bent  
    gloom in the hollow & malnourished  
    dank lust with inspired death  
dead skin, dead water, dead  
food & the dead air of an unthinking  
flesh, the fragile cage of neoteny  
skeleton gloating over vegetarian needs  
    & the milky flood of overslept hypnosis  
    prideful dust of unwritten pain  
    tongue-swallowing greed, with a cold  
    swig of a hypocrite's witnessing  
murderous word of anger & loathing  
teeming from a bitter mind, bodily neglect  
possession of metaphysical objects swarm  
in the soundless, weak, tame, cringing  
    in the pharmaceutical bath steam  
    worker's value of lifeless hot morning  
    drowned in estrogenic birth control  
    coffee filtered by nicotine teeth  
brittle with enraged laughter, selfish  
maltreatment binge on waste  
enthroned shitting English queen  
her methane-induced gorge, flatulent  
    weed stings the eye with ocean salt water  
    frying the worm brain of purpose  
    engrained as stone tablet laws  
    scriptural rice flower of nuclear elision

## The Wealth of Place II

the nation-divided world of a third generation  
cores its apple frenzy, a stateless paranoia  
without country to stand unblinking  
with the spear of shadowed independence  
    personal sovereignty: to lick from the spring  
    & salvage the pasty strength of geophagy  
    inspiring & expiring through sponge lungs  
    bathed in the astral warmth of our original high  
only to stare into the source  
acid eyes, an artificial light,  
cold, in the dark, distanced  
from the wealth of place

Empty We

What of mastery and pride  
Overwhelmed, could produce  
Such sorrow as the empty  
Love of absence, a play

Memory, under the hollow  
Moon-driven, astray, clouded  
Grayed by a misdirected focus  
Overworked neurosis, a mind

Restless, ordering, the body  
Into stalwart empathy, regular  
Pulse of heart, a time, kept  
In the long night, unveiled

In dream, a sunless eye  
Finally asleep, shielded  
By disarray and flat mockery  
To live in a city, to die

With unmanned longing  
In the dry, mechanistic  
Blathering of empty empty  
Emptiness emptying we

Runaway Bus – Take One

ru nning  
sk yward

EYES on the pRIZE

To catch a bus

IN THE GREAT joy of

p  
i  
a  
n  
o  
RAIN

a FLASH of subtLE LIght

enunciates the unSPOKEN

P L A Y  
p l a y  
P l a

y

of movement [FULL STOP]

## Cracking Up on Cold Rock

cold rock, burnt in the black lung of teenage self-abuse  
collective suicide, by the will of a traditional race  
labor pains of belonging, under a mid-winter bridge  
ice slows the river, and the passerby's stare, walking  
with thought "seeing through the lens of social justice"

a question of should and what, how to penetrate the mad  
wall of self-hate, poisoning brain interminably, young  
at a brutal age, another white passerby, saying, "I too am  
from Africa", the color of our eyes, behind the human face  
both white, the part we can't see, and I need you, I need you

to be free of me, to look forward and past the white  
to our commonality, and I walk blind as ice, only seeing  
with the white of my eyes, into my mind, thinking  
and doing nothing, toward personal music, bliss,  
what would the wind and river have to say to me?

falling snow has spoken to my overlooked thought  
that I didn't speak with the color of my eyes  
and see only the white in your eyes, and black  
our flesh, turned inside out, with crackpipe  
hottening, your lungs up with the eyeless filth

easy death killing us all, from the heart, dimming  
beat of the breast, aglow with crystalline ash  
I walk my brains into rush hour streets, guzzling  
beer in afterwork crowds, gas-guzzling their way  
home, smoking mufflers and throats full

with the hot smoke of hypocrisy, I'm living  
in a sick society, I live in a sick society  
And I die in a sick society, I'm dying  
in a sick society, Watching you,  
sick of society

amateur parricide

it was a brittle saga of hungry names  
the classic face, dog-eared Dostoyevskian  
drama, the bookish rat of a thousand pages  
ringing in aspiration over crooked lungs, aching  
knees, cross-legged raga listening, bed-based  
philosopher of sex and music

“i have become a public amateur  
lover of seasonal leisure, groping at cold glasses  
full with alcohol and sweat, my tongue dives  
in the brainless feed of urban wheat, my bold-face letters  
reach no one, i lay unsent with made up languages  
& a flood of goals enough to sink

the fifty year plan of lifetimes sold  
to build Noah’s Ark, land-lifeless  
on the Armenian border ranting about genocide  
atop the blistering pain of a stolen mountain  
Sinai, Ararat, Chief

the borders of human worlds cut in  
half, like the sacred hair of a spirit  
warrior, broken like an elder’s bones  
bitter in the empty cold, homeless wartime  
slats, our youth lay, sleepless under the blank  
smog of civilization’s night

blear-eyed, encamped, under a bridge  
to reckon the womb, open for the hate-trade

An Intuitive Whole

Glide Astir Soaring

with Language            to one Earth  
of                            Thought

To  
  bring Home  
To  
  SleeceeeeeeP

& IMAGINE

s u b t e r r a n e a n w e a v i n g

b u r n i n g p i p e s

w a t e r b o r n e d i s e a s e

I S T R E A M s T r E a M s t r e a m  
  P A s t

E C O c h e m i c a l S a v a g e r y

I M  
  E  
  L  
  D

A m o n g a c l o u d l e s s n - a - r - r - a - t - i - v - e

t h e L O U D b l e s s i n g s o f m u s i c

s-----t-----r-----e-----t-----c-----h MY MMIINDD

t o S E E s e e S E E t o

An Intuitive Whole II

t h r o-u-g-h the noVel-DeNsItY  
OF antique bBrRaAiInNsS  
S cratched to to to MindLESS GRAvity  
I wILL I Will t h e UN-STaINed birth of Birth ragE  
in my me my bedrOOm of SEXuality

marriAGE

& DIInE w/THE absoLUTE b r e v i t y of-the-age  
in a truthless world

To  
Enjoy

T I M E – Less No-THINGS

in a refrain of somber contentment

& OPEN  
our throats

To  
the Nourishment of ALL  
that is  
s o f t  
&  
s l o w

the restLESS n I g H t

UNable

To  
Comprehend

An Intuitive Whole III

S T R I N G S of s t o n e s

Over

Yellowed Pages Yellowed

The COMPUTEr light

drowns my

inSIDES w/FRICTION

SONic ILLusion – the very wave

f-o-r-m of of of IGNORant dreeeams

a washed up

SORE

BEARing an IrReligious PARRICIDE need nee ne n!

INWRITING I

stORM t h r o u g h

FAILED upBRINGING

of mODDern man

in favour of WOrman

who knows

who knows

who knows

my sleee eep

& APPEARS

nightly

submissive

in her r-h-y-t-h-m-i-c QUICKsand

bREATH of inward calling calling calling

## Night of Nights

Liquid veneration, Birth pangs  
new order, Birth of living, Law  
night, Personified living, Ghosts  
free life, Birth into newness  
Life of the age, The age living  
Workman's age, alive, The work  
law scours Throughout throughout

Liquid, venerable, pangs of night  
Birth, a new organ, Trembling treble  
Highs, melodious groans, Percussive  
angels, Ghosts of mosaic muse  
Landless color of sound and flesh  
Wax-smear'd paper blends, desire  
In thoughts of A mind, Needy  
physical interrogation, The spine  
sends The interrogative Knowledge  
transmission, Translation traces  
kinder eyes, Eyes eyes, The willful  
speak, In closing speech, "Read me!"  
"Write me!" "Paint me!" "Sound me!"  
"Eat me!" Borgesian Wonderland

Carrolling, "I sing-you-sing"  
Speak, fifth and sixth world  
Beginnings, or zero world  
Numberless world, New living  
Law of night, In world zero  
Pre-ancient Queendom of Man  
Land and ice, The arisen huff  
god weakens, With every living  
inspired, To live the night of nights

## Being Being

bounding being, kissing sleeping being  
breathing being, erasing weeping being  
sharing being, expressing creating being  
following being, tasting loving being  
playing being, drumming plucking being  
moving being, running stepping being  
sinking being, swimming falling being  
drinking being, choking sweating being  
remembering being, crawling standing being  
stripping being, fucking risking being  
pleasuring being, holding comforting being  
ending being, freezing dying being  
facing being, humanizing forgetting being  
freeing being, listening dreaming being  
spitting being, releasing hating being  
refreshing being, cycling loosening being  
heartening being, strengthening needing being  
nearing being, pacing gathering being  
raining being, clouding giving being  
thinking being, considering living being  
testing being, writing knowing being  
fleshing being, consuming placing being  
staying being, rooting heightening being  
fixing being, festering blessing being  
meditating being, concentrating focusing being  
being being, being being being being

## Hybrid Human Dynamo

I stay awake all day  
I hunger for night  
    For memory, loss and work  
    The sunless cool of winter endures  
In my flesh, clearing  
With artificial light  
    To scale the entropic frame of mind  
    In voluminous pages

Unspoken dead literacy  
Yellowed pages  
    Translucent skin sits and waits  
    For a thought  
In my dry home of observation and sound  
The musical breast of age beats  
    With seasoned love I pain to breathe  
    The oceanic soil springs to Africa

World Mother of endless pace  
The unweakened glory of our first body  
    Tempered by the growing heat  
    Impugnable humanity, earthless maw  
Injustice reaches past the delicate  
Surface of quicksand feet, bare with anger  
    Swollen, a dirt and snow brave of the migrant north  
    Devotee of the Sami drum

Sway in subconscious rhythms  
The nightly story, an unholy universe  
    To upbraid the English overmind  
    Conquering slavery with aesthetic power  
To overcome our subservient vocation  
    As a hybrid human dynamo

## One's Decolonizing

Say: Go deeper into unknowing, Unmasked & Proclaiming Your given name  
Reverberate, Down the echoes of your birth, Grasp quickly Hold onto your pain  
The maternal screams rage, In bowels untended, Do not let go

Grab hold

Sink deeper

Into the soil and stone, Through pools of water, The gift of spring  
Fill your blood, In the transmuted rain, Our one home,  
The elegance of release, Bend

To the long uncoiling

Body of hate

Conditioning

Animal rites, Down-pressed emotive, Floods  
Gorge on the unsent offering, Swept beneath the rug  
See underneath the folds, One life, Magnanimous cruelty  
Historic flesh, Still

Bleed over your thirsty mouth

Do not cry for more

Snatch the reigns, Your once-hospitalized mother  
Feels anger, Pushing you forth, Into a nameless world

Unconditional nourishment

Lawless community

Sun-dreamt earthlings

A visiting face crumbles, Over the altar, A thankless harvest  
Banish! Rootless conqueror, Ancestral need  
There are riches, Stretching throughout, The poor-us  
sands of soil, And sea

## Rites of Shade

To write public whispers with maddening haste  
Read in the dark, The world's gone, Dark, sunless  
    Through a sheen of artificial light  
    To stare into the maladaptive  
Lifetime's play of nerves, Excitement, the wake of day  
An unholy gathering, Sleepers and dreamers few  
    Who wakes with memory?  
    Glowing nightly, On lips of love  
Untangled in fabrics, Hemmed by foreign slaves  
To laze, In an ocean of mindless awe  
    At seeing day pass  
    Swift mountain streams  
The arrowed city, Unmoved by pain  
Desert ice and white noise, A wintry sleep  
    A drunken course, Without drink  
    A quiet inescapable need  
A thousand other things Can't be said  
Infinite lines and pages, Stacking like dead  
    Bodies of literature  
    Forests of thought  
Creaking as the howling, Hurricane of emotion  
Sweeps in, Blind hollows and glades  
    Presentiment, waning  
    Constant night, A terrible urge  
Springs of Prehistoric life, Deep silent sojourn  
A potent grab, Fated yearning, To see and observe  
    the light, failed essence, Prison of logic  
    and norms, performing the rites of shade

## Counting Bone in Ash

0 – 0

building life from the ash of burnt bone  
the skeleton of the nation  
re-constructed

erected with sensual hands  
over the fire  
deathly glint of sun

reflecting mica flecks  
in the desert of memory  
a last entry

0 – 8

in the lightning-cracked ground  
of timeless longing  
a burial of time

the inhuman measure  
of countless fragments  
broken

from the body of the nation  
sifted through the ash  
mixing with desert sand

## Counting Bone in Ash II

0 – 16

as the blooming  
hypocrisy of a spiritual desert  
blooms

dreams flee  
with eager pace  
over the western sea

towards high mystic inclinations  
epochal refutation  
over an unholy and stolen land

0 – 24

a people  
in the literal ocean of shifting desert  
Palestinian and Native American voices

intermingle like ash  
over desert sand  
and the Hebraic footprint “X”

the Adamic involution of choice  
over the genocidal fame  
of European intoxication

Counting Bone in Ash III

0 – 32

the wordless bride  
of the orientalist name  
a voice

in exotic scales  
of passing resonance  
as a tempting tongue

of storied significance  
the wailing woman  
of English conscience

0 – 40

now feeds the quickened barbarism  
of civilian war  
sponsored by American corporality

fading as ash in a desert fare  
the miraculous  
womb of the human story

caving under the sweet  
lies of a retold story  
of heartless words

## Counting Bone in Ash IV

0 – 48

and nonchalant hate  
a smiling insanity  
from the quaking wall

towering over heads  
at bay under the sanctioned  
frenzy of unwilling armies

beating down the throat of children  
suffering from heart attacks of age  
in the knowing of no ignorant bliss

0 - 56

their first word is motherless  
landless, homeless, faceless and  
lacking the force of hate

strong enough to belittle their ancestors  
with the inhuman grace of Christian law  
and the American World Genocide

for an account  
with the bank  
of waste

0 – 64

Untitled Space #1

pYramid Tipi

of

o k M u t i

R c y o n a n

Ancient Canada

I see you  
vision  
coming forth  
Her step  
home  
nears

A fire  
in stone  
A heart  
in words

The shape of a letter  
is the seed  
from where  
the shape of an  
image fruits  
blooms & flowers

make a solid line of thought in the vocalized letter of choice

the back  
of an  
uprising  
is straight

...

hold  
the  
line

passion belonging  
calm unity community

balloon flower  
of  
creative misery

## Bow River Song

*To the 3500 who sleep homeless every night  
on the cold streets of Calgary*

Silly beheaded cold  
The fool shivers in a drab city  
A closed eye unawakened by the small fire of heart

Billowing masterful songs of strong sex  
In the wake of a humbling passion  
To quake with the menacing fury of oceanic breadth

And give voice to the rudimentary upbringing of Man  
Enduring the final rite of his story to hers  
The wordsmith birthed in an evening of purring rain

The shelter of the hearth and a warm drink  
Over that a storyteller's tongue loosened the taught Bow  
To flood the passing natural

F l o w

## Remembrance of Suffering

Never enough space, Always the last time  
The rhythm repeats, Smooth whirring  
Spread of Butter over a crust

The untold march of words, Sounds  
in the bitter night Of falsehood and liehood  
To single out a name, In the silent tunnel of earth

To worship hosts of refined drink  
And fade in the closet of suited morning  
On the coast of freedom,  
Where the primordial elements span  
Unattached from the landlocked present  
An isolated complacency of a rash-formed mind  
And broke-strung nerves ending in a laugh

Strong enough, To bruise the jaw  
With a swelling so marvelous  
To tear a shred of empathy  
For the oppressed & maimed  
Body of Life, Not quiet

As the motherless song opens eyes  
We sing, A song of characterful singing  
A voice to ring the wild  
Animal from the throats of men  
And stir the backbone of Edenic stillness

## Remembrance of Suffering II

To walk, aloud, Outside, together  
A united band of choral instrumentalism  
In the sonic boom speed of industrial choice  
To decide, To open the floodgates of reason  
As an unchallenged wave of civil freedom  
Against the levying strength of crooked backs

Stabbed to seizure and contrition  
Locked in a whiplash electricity  
A mortification of flesh, In need

Our one human strength  
Personified as the united action of our present change  
To wage peace, And inflict the alleviation of suffering  
And to remember

## Urban Contemplation

Stripped bare

The beauty of now is writ:

“The incomplete lead with absent following”

Into the stare, the world spat:

“Sacred will unites with the brawn of death’s own plan”

As the purity of one, Solely occupied, As the thinker bends over  
the curb of an overgrown street, Constructed without mind to human step  
The lingering breathe of the foregone, Blank with sad age

To wither proudly, On the stoop of inner city imagining  
The whale-born rite of speech angers  
The unanswerable insinuations of the cold and lost  
Young meat who brand their wrists over urban dirt and polluted nails  
Those smoky drinks never fail to impregnate the thirsty

By impalement, a medieval fume of medicinal property  
One grounding mystery, Of pre-modern sight  
To perceive past the quaking mind and respond  
to the growing flow of blood, Throbbing invulnerable  
tomes of poetic strife, adolescent roaming

The pockless stray of unaverage eyes  
Building a home, Fertile land with every limb  
Every appendage, Of neighborly greeting:  
“Feel the communal body”

## Genesis of a Cave

I am a stone weathered by wind, cold, heat  
The damp grass and dried soil  
I am used to forming a bridge  
In a torrent of footsteps and flooding

I sink

Made into bacterial nourishment  
For the sand-whipped waves of sea  
And further on my granules form a castle  
In an infant's hand, emerging of water and stone  
Defeated again by the blasting wind-driven waters  
Beached at the foot of quaint, humble Atlantic dunes  
And millennia passed

...

I form a wall

Naturally wrought from the pressures mounting the quaking earth  
Rumbling in the silent heat of a nearing sun and lifeless burn  
And the wall, Of no human worth

Blocks no one, Protects nothing  
I am at that wall, That stone  
Of no future utility  
Inlaid without meaning  
And yet, I am motionless  
A stolen rock, The peerless  
bridge, A wasted core  
Yet a wall nonetheless  
Standing upright  
Made by none but by my own weathered face  
Alone at the edge of time  
A subtle rain keeps the ocean sweet  
In a haze of fog breached by the stone-laden flesh of Earth

I am not inert  
I am not in  
Inward

## Central Intelligence Quirks

Quirky intelligence: To claim the heart in a fist of heat  
and pass through the center of a needlepoint nerve –  
in-stilling a storied haunting, A presence of lying fathers  
Breaths warming your teeth, With the discolored ash  
a sleepless feasting cry for more, Higher super-elation  
Into the stairwell of civilized history, Burgeoning  
neo-colonial terror-Tories, Warring over scotch, wine  
A billions' Earth, To shit on, And leave a cosmic footprint  
loon-iced lunacy, The icing on the Canadian Arctic cake  
camaraderie With lightless and suicidal outsiders  
In heat, To produce a second birth of melted shorelines  
And the in-continent country of elderly abnormality  
The origination of group-suicide by democratic vote  
To cure the mindless worth of driving insanity  
To the plate, To the fore  
To a world of intergenerational war  
To a world of intellectual brutality  
To pseudo-scientific conviction  
In the name of all humanity  
Divinely given? Abrahamic UR  
America the queer and black nude  
World pantomime distress  
The unwise drear of openly flippant humor  
For the humorless lie of controlled life  
Controlled time, The final present  
One eternal eruption, an atomic splurge  
To spend the entire focus of disorder  
On the best consumer of nuclear families  
prewar pre-order, From on high  
on a bench of propaganda, Self-unmade  
law, To rend the incorruptible stare  
innocence, a rape victim on display  
At the 21<sup>st</sup> century world's fair  
An exhibition of genocide survivors  
And lone-sick technocratic individuality

## Tribal Melodrama

Burn up the mind with words of voice  
The night mind of the Midwestern earth  
A dry flesh of desks on which to scribe the reflective name  
a mind, Shattered as a paginated tree

The earth calls me to break fast over a body of my own dastard humanity  
And the birthed rectitudes of hollow sorrow humble me

To eat fruit and scatter brain over the kitchen counter  
Before my fingerless palms scratch knife against tooth

To butcher my bones from flesh in one human soup of spineless cleansing  
The insecticide boon of selfless mockery

A violent tomb in which to writhe before an answer falls  
To beat the salacious drum in my ear whose fin-tuned skin breathes  
A host of incorrigible bonds over the reptilian fill of mental imagining  
To imbue the hard rocky sands with a cool thrift of footsteps

Launched into the outer-spatial sight of an artist  
Longing to rise with the constellated high-rise humandom

Familiar impassioned failure and daily self-pity over a bottle of infantile disguise  
The work of an alien tepid, tongue-tamed

Swept clean of the curling weave of an arboreal ground  
To mix flat pasty smiles with gourd-entombed eyes

Pickled in a tradition of mystical happiness  
At once married to the utopic dreamscapes of bitter waste

Simultaneously soaked in the peripheral flight of homesick longing  
To unite with the sky  
A melodrama of the imprisoned tribe  
Locked in the spell of Law

## Deserted Storytelling

Cold still desert  
Cold still desert  
Cold, Still

A speaking mind remembers  
Egyptian Sinai  
Winter night

Full ascension, Lone  
From Katherine's monastery

Cyclops moon  
Eyeless

Forewarning  
The illumined voice blooms

As an orchid  
At first snow

Alberta plains  
Of deserted night  
In the waylaid core  
A dim space  
To read, And breathe

Shallow bursts of belonging  
Along the ancient surface  
A river's icy haunt  
The wind  
And the death

Of the Old Story  
A friend of microphoned imagining  
And the frozen birth of inspired telling

## Prophecies of an Atlantic Guru

Atlantic Guru, With lips of passion  
Meditating on the dank floor  
A thoughtless impression of love  
Seeding my eyes, Darkly impenetrable  
Kiss of mirrored light  
To measure the mind  
Rhythmic touches, The tongue's insides  
A blank word  
On a blank page  
And to Howl, The Chaos of War  
Poetry of the Tree  
Direct uprooting  
Metaphysical resistance, A call to right  
the holy silence, Empathic  
celebration, Words for Seers  
With kind eyes, Who sit alone  
In the dusky hate  
Crossroads of human belonging  
An Earth speaks back, Unmoved by our irate  
Numbers and business laws  
She of All  
Host to Life, In the deep cosmic sea  
Speak a refrain in tragedy  
The Hermetic bride of extinct fortune  
We the smallest cat of the eternal, Plague of Man  
Blessing the yogic feet  
A lotus dream  
Equality over the inimical dust-swept forms,  
Of long-lost camaraderie, A lonely dell  
inspired devolution, The petrified earth  
A mushroom of wisdom, Extending above the head  
With intimidation  
Sending us back  
To the first and final, Laugh of the Trick

## The First Woman

In the shallow spring there is a dais  
Upon it sits your body  
Casting no reflection in the placid pool  
Enter the waters  
Look into the empty gray eyes  
Your body, Motionless  
Is hard as stone  
And the waters begin to recede  
Look into the reflective pool  
If you see your stare  
Full with your true eyes' color  
Then do not wait  
Plunge your face into the serene surface  
Be drowned

And your stone body will crumble with you  
Feeding the water for eternity  
With the life-giving minerals of stone  
Blending with compressed air  
Flowing as the unitive body of universal creation  
And that is your true reflection  
Faceless, Bodiless, Yet made of stone, Water  
And your own personal flesh death  
Scratching at the gravestone of Western death  
Unfurled as the mammalian hair of spirit  
In reach, And the mundane burns in a thought  
At the need to embody the flux of Tao  
Enter the swallowed cold cavernous spring  
And in a rush the human body lets go of its own breath  
Forming the moonrise dust of freedom  
In sight, The final Man of Time  
Curls back into the Womb of Space  
And the First Woman meditates with a shrinking belly  
Alone in a dry cave

## One Body

Swept under the rug, Cleansed –cide  
Defamed, The dry open sky rang  
with implausible futures, The dystopian  
bridge from present humanity to the original star  
vain material breaks, Into the emptied animal switch

A speciesist brain, Gloating over the mathematical fallout  
An immoral reason to war, Against the self of no-pride and no-heart  
A stupefied course through the pornographic violence of war  
And freedom, Gained from the icy hands of the dead  
Bellowing out curses into the deforested smile

a soot-filled universe, A play? Dizzying  
the full world, dream-like awe of mental savagery  
To cage the unentitled moon, In a faceless dawn  
Peering over the midnight horizon  
Through the Northern gray

A starlit pace frays human will with a personified humility  
To think with strident deliberation and know the meaning of peace  
Experiencing the day as a natural freedom of the heart's untouched taste  
The eyeless grave on which the consecrated palm feels the center of life

## One Body II

Imbuing the land with a reflection,  
The awareness that Man is mere awareness  
And our being is as delicate as a thought  
A lingering potential in the cloudless sky  
galactic strain, A dot of matchless color  
In the vibrant waves of gravitational beauty

An attractor Which subsumes all  
born into with the embrace of a mother  
Healed from the pain of birth  
Through the virgin insemination  
ecological sensation, To know a place  
as the original inspiration, true blue awakening  
To grow aloud amid washing oceans, ambient lakes  
The hush of a river and piercing silent mountain  
The gift of rhythmic rain, abandoned, wild riverine  
passion, Exploding the mythic face of masked sociability  
A re-entry in, To the sacral eye of one body

Post-War Diaspora

The bitter denouement

Blackout paranoia

Respite from 2012 Guns of Navarone

Display case raid

A shallow watermark of futile groping envelops the starcast journeyman

Across epic European deserts and fishy disregard for human life

“But not for his own weary tribe!” the diseased fishers blare

On radio backdrops of the ineffable name: Family

An invaluable host

To the democratic upbringing of mixed ethnicity

Ancestry and the wordless face of mind cavorts and springs

From the depths of its own impoverished nature

As a wilderness of men

Rent to the sanctimonious fire of daylight

A cruel ensnaring

More formidable than beauty

In its nameless body

An avian figment of beasts

## The Return of Being

*The best way to do is to be – Lao Tzu*

Returned hand, The daemon in flight, Tightening  
The noose Upside-down, Knotted, loose, Night visitor  
At first in the obscure fear of mortal awareness  
A dread, And then... In an instant, The apparition is Guide  
To flee the emotional raid of electromagnetic wires  
Spurring on the wide-eyed feline gasp, A bellowing  
slow-audio hiss, Bringing the dying to scrutinous light  
A merging of sanity and rain, In the final night of Man

The gay presence of conclusion intermingles with the bookish  
wine of mystic intervention, The unblending fire blasts through  
the asshole of stately mind, Breeding ghosts in the childless winter  
white night America springing in the silent season, To drink swill  
on Wall Street, amending the public cry, To constitute a wholesale lie  
A lie of propagation and swine, The deathwish of humanity  
Piercing through pursed lips, In the vast neighboring sky  
cruel emptiness, The failing gaze fell with the first summer  
Earth, manned, the unity of biotic shedding, wordless  
identity of pure life, Questing across the bridge

from individual to society, The interdependent tongue  
sliding inside and out, Taken by oppositional masks  
foreign policy and domestic security, Folding under  
the eye-witnessed death of bitter play, With the brittle  
flexibility of paper money, The booming secrecy  
nightfall frees the sane, Into wasted loss  
Released gravity, physical waves of knowing  
high-spirited, aware of human sight, To love  
in the mooncast breast of survived heat  
The mourned light unseen, Warming  
the inglorious pathless phase, Beyond  
belief into need, A need to see being be

## Fall of the World Brain

Who had high hopes before the fall of the World Brain

The anatomical strife of billions

Centered in one nervous core of suffering

Flown to a lost end

Where the traversal of song deepens the heart

Beneath a forest of bone

And viewing from afar

A sky witnesses

The emptied body of Man from Earth

Her navel burns with the festering itch

Negligence and depravity

As the fertile ground breathes

Animal blood in one putrid cannibalistic exhale

Toxic fate, straight through a river-turned-feeding-tube

Plunged through the throat of ours

Sister Ocean, the balloon-like glare

From a swollen eye, above the tear duct

Silent horrors blowing past, mirrored

In the lightning-shifted sands of headless meat

And waves cut from the arm of sea-born savagery

The quickening failure of common life

Hot over the fire of nameless continuity

A fortuitous grab at the spiteful breast of reason

Over brain in pseudo-scientific lairs

Mammalian testing of the experimental will

Unfeeling worth, cruelty goes unslaked

In a mind isolated by wild remembrance

In a caged state of impoverished community

And the lingering dependence of patriarchal leadership

From the furnace of a popular voice, garbled

On the howling hurricane coast

Adrift and unseen by an eyeless power

## Fall of the World Brain II

Emanating from the realpolitik pyramid scheme

Lightless thirst for nonsensical diversion

Imprisoned happiness

The war of televised armies

Marching into the pride of onlooking death

High off workers' inverted hearts

Bored with the metal might of an uncatchable fire

Spreading across picket lines and unholy days

## The Thief of Beauty

At the beginning of a century,  
What's to be overcome? What's to gain?  
To build on late ancestral struggles, and start anew?

The wide delicate horizon closes nightly  
To the mystic shade, An uprooted waning  
Challenging the eye to dream in soundless pain  
A psychic wish from the English well of infant names

Turning with seasonal timbre, As emotions sway  
The colors of a face, with the autumnal nude  
A classic grace withers before the icy charm of time  
What gainsayer moved? Across the Western track, tireless

With cool hands, Rough as stone and indestructible as iron  
And beneath bitter clouds of trickster noon forecast  
What rage was defied or hate reformed?  
Where was the murderous blank shell of a holy cause?

Bloomed into a living tree? To seed the ground of all being  
with a point through which to see? To reflect and finally be  
the angelic peace which breathes within all being  
As a purified waste, The gorge of nothingness

## The Thief of Beauty II

Bespoken as an old saying, In love with timeless age  
As a Rosh Hashana wine, Awakened by the breathless gold  
Familial pride, to become the truthsaying of one's own quickening  
To answer the confounding blanks of evocation

With the complete presence of one mind spellbound  
In the conscious round of high self-evolutionary health  
The high balance, To project gray whispers in the first snow  
and glean thanks From a thousand harvests past

Before historic compromise began its last laugh  
So the wicked narrative of men blows east and south  
In a mesmerizing fog, From the English word  
As subtly indoctrinating, Beauty into grist for theft

## North! Wounded Traveler

Sting of the dry North, My hair bleeds with dead fulfillment  
My tears fall in dream and on waking, I feel only proud age  
The unreasonable fear I have met with death, Finally  
As the outgrowth of my own being, As a spiritual offering

Lived in the act of my own intent, For living  
And I intuit the past, In the noiseless yonder  
A riverside belly of nude fire, A stretch through  
the cold embers of post-Christian day  
The sun reflects my own personal mythology

With the archetypes of sleep, A grand subconscious  
sweep Of internalized necessity The aggressive dark  
march Through loss and flesh After which I empty  
my emboldened tongue With the nauseous drink of love

A tireless hope To become still in a quicksand of inborn debt  
As the rite of passage moving so many, To kiss the high feet  
swine, In a state of insecure devotion, A prodigious union  
between old religion and the war cry of vain savagery

Coaxing the ahistoric mind to bloom, In the desert  
post-modern man, An agnostic bliss, To flee with suffering  
the chord of blue work, curling arms over the ledge of a body  
full, volcanic, The spewing activist of self-destructive sexuality



Go to...Sleep

To each a bed, To rest on lightly, enough  
To raise the burdened sensual mind up, and away  
To the unconscious flight, The involuntary magic  
instinctual creativity, the wine Of childhood,

a sacrilegious daze, To mind the fire  
misanthropic tendency, blending subjection  
To inmost defense, the safe wandering, a life in tune  
with a vision, a strong youth, To found a life, unmasked  
rite of fortuity, bursts in subtle rain, the disbelieving pine

To go on their own pathless journey, a mental exercise  
in practice, an emotional dedication, To stir the soulless  
floor of body with homeless night, And see the clear sky  
open ahead of unanswered flesh, The poverty of the blessed

streaming in funneled thought, With high pride, lowered  
at the touch, An empty mourning, To devise sacred blame  
and will the final eye closed under the altars of men  
The rustling leaves of the bitter dead mock the wind

With human savagery, a blasphemous simplicity  
A nameless course, An uprising, In the shallow lore  
inner city friends, The wakeful night craves  
with despondent lunacy, In the blue moon fright

Go to...Sleep II

Nervous with choppy hands, Over Varuna's reign  
In the mundane awe of inborn scrutiny, From eyes  
too close To the heart, To allow it to mend  
And in that instant of opening, unsealed wounds

combative play flexes Into the open air  
With all their mustered rage, A silent gasp  
a wistful movement, Pressing down on concrete  
cold lair, A café lit with the strength of feminine eyes

Poking through the candlelit heights  
A phantasmal gasp  
Without direction, Asking  
what no one wants, To ask

## Endure the Fire

The flits of lightning, The charging reigns  
That with an ego-led mind grapple fast  
To release mares of white light  
Into the boiling rain  
An unconscious guide, stupid  
with intoxicant might, The whole  
Earth-shattering brain lashes onto the scarred  
backs Of bent humanity, Golden fumes rush  
with improvisational eyes, To gloss over structural hate  
The personification of desk-shrunken mores  
Pushing hard genitalia into the rocking pyre  
seniority, A bloodless economic lie  
To gaze into pure yellow Sun  
with smiling taste, and free minds  
days of heartless night  
A downpour of need over the cold  
metal stairway, flooding with molten highs  
The worn and estranged thoughts of life gather  
on into the dusk of imprisoned lore  
Kept unseen in the immemorial fasting of a body  
Sweat bold into the emotive right of one original dance  
To precipitate the first word as invocation to a muse of depth  
self-knowing, The blind calling, Into a pathless forest  
full to the inebriating brim with bestial witnessing  
The predation of followed heart, Uniting truth  
to the sound bridge from this shoreless past  
To my old Atlantic Tara, Sway,  
sea breeze of gay surety

## Endure the Fire II

Wandering with endless abandon  
To see alien life in spiritual frequencies  
listening, As each penny on the oceanic horizon  
churning in the stomach of human absorption  
To kiss the invaluable salt, Of less than a droplet  
Minutiae of substantive matter conceived  
from the oceans' turning, Meeting  
the winged wave, On the Africa-born wind  
My visions glare, Ahead, numbed  
by the bitter cold, The eastern rain,  
a fog castle Of air and the sunless wave  
The enduring fire, Thinned  
on the surface of my true face

## Post-Animate Wisdom

The unholy world burns, In mortal greed  
Banality, All the while traces of lingering trespass  
beyond the reign of death, Collecting like foam  
on the edge of the sea, The bitter truism of verse  
    Intoxicating futuristic post-humanities  
    Beyond the range of human life, Yet manually engraved  
    in the collective mind, A created history, inspired by the blessed  
    offering of thoughtful knowing, Transmuted on the page  
    Worn with the vibrant press of an earnest hand

To convey a masterful sojourn from head to heart  
An inner rumbling, To prefigure reversion to a mythos of dream  
Where the human head is submerged in our predisposed following  
ancestral, With the very source of life, on a bed of involuntary calming  
    A pre-animal hypnosis drawing one to call on fixed forms  
    breathless eternity, Incumbent in the dizzying façade of sleep,  
    though with inviolate projection, The mind of humankind may  
    consciously foresee the movement of memory

The human soul as one intention! Unified under the guise  
understood language, Emergent from the beginning core  
self-realization, To a moment of unbridled self-communication  
Before voice, encapsulating the raw impetus  
    To not only simply record worldly surroundings  
    Instead, to transfix our whole attention of mind joined to matter  
    To create an entirely new voice, erected from shared literacy  
    universal law, Stepping stone towards unfettered creation

## Post-Animate Wisdom II

To rinse the reactionary storage of intellectual lie and reflect  
Towards a higher mastery of perceived chaos, An honest plane,  
transcending mundane reason, For the intuitive brush  
with spiritual artistry, Pointing with understated humility

In the arcane shapes and signs which formulate cognitive design  
A loudspeaker to pry into the delicate, fleeting life of free assembly  
And ask humanity to reach simultaneously, Into their prehistory  
and futuristic inclinations, An actualization of pre- and post-humanity

To re-discover the moment's insinuated offspring, The word  
an all-perplexing fallacy shudders, Deathless before the cold  
raspy throat of the pen, Numbing the human hand

Into a post-animate cry of wisdom

## Chivalry of Sound

“In this pedantic chivalry of sound  
I need only a space, For now.”

A voice rings clear, “Imageless  
awakening is a-brew, To be  
without objects, And find  
in every withering brush  
At every corner Of every page  
The last strand And fiber  
Sufficient, to stretch out  
Munificent glue, to allow the mind  
To fornicate openly, With the absolute  
dark awe, Displayed as mere erase  
In museum plush, Rooms drawn  
as factory eyes of academic wombs”

A call pierces, Shriill  
Beyond unblended hues  
Of a golden hall  
Littered with paper  
Covered in faint pencil  
And action paint

A muse hovers delicately  
Above this cavernous glory  
To bemuse, amuse and abuse  
Human wreckages of print

Taking a stand, Against the visceral  
weakness of a mind, Gone drab  
With tattered lunacy, Recorded  
in the subtle, Documents

## Chivalry of Sound II

Witnessing family life  
Bend to the tear of non-being,  
Touched, a mold of loud prophecy  
From indiscernible tongues  
Whispering with livid spite  
And ruminative anger

Between the walls, Our pride  
Cultural savior, A wild trickster  
Hatched, From golden eggs

## People of Jazz

Our people are the people of jazz.

Those who play for the astral sound,  
Those whose light rings true through  
inconceivable distances, From bodies  
that may have been dead for eons  
Now survived by their light-piercing  
silence, Waiting with eternal patience  
Through your every night, For you  
to see the clarity above, To have reason  
enough to blow, Through the bottom  
your drums, Out the eyelids, your voice  
unstoppable As rhythmic metal, flash  
their sterling, To announce proceedings  
From the core of earthly mountains  
Returning to its source by the wise  
ways of mystery, musical spontaneity  
Issuing from incredible conceptions  
Such deliberation as birthed a human  
race, From the humid ore of Africa  
To the final smelting of brass and shine  
With the brilliant decadence of the night  
sky, Of one ingenious mind, Grasping  
the scale, In a labyrinth of simplicity  
honest heart, To penetrate directly  
Into the unfinished mold of humanity  
To continue on into the center of space,  
deep Opaque starlight, Emptiness  
Full sonic forms of universal musing...

## Passage of Foresight

What's that mad jealousy? Masculine, engendering  
the creative stretch into poetry, For fear of knowing  
feeling less blessed, Who's eye careened over  
the mathematical sound? Into the intuitive eyeball  
the midnight sun, Splayed with light years' Feast  
on the master's last lone day, To wander the crooked  
beach of human time, An eloquent page, pressed  
sadly into the mechanic's groove, At war with TV  
soundscapes, Ambiance of the East, Willed  
into spoiled decadence, The fruitless wild  
Urging us to forego all laughter, For the price  
thought, Shared, in monetary respite, swift  
Among minds Dreaming in seedy aftermaths  
...pauses, To imagine the world, seedless, infertile  
Deserted by the unwilling swine who pass nature  
corridors of death, Incarnate spiritual facts  
trespassing visionary Unconscious sameness  
Flight to wintry lore, Vexed and mindless  
in perfect memory, A torturous retelling of all  
golden humanity At the beginning of a high  
spiritual age, When Morbid Maitreya feeds  
the incarnate ground with barefoot bodhisattvas  
Wandering with artful eyes, Imbuing grasslands  
plains with life-giving rites, underestimated cities,  
spread bare of direct intervention, For the living  
hosts of life, A last break, Into the sojourn abreast,  
flooded with ecstatic ingenuity, Abstaining  
withering the self, Observing the world reflection  
Pulsating with nervous sweat, its own twitching  
cataracts, Fascinating rapid movement aground  
swept, In waterfall visions of a cavernous sleep  
Deep enough to see the stranger, Meeting  
the guest in an internal hall, Opening to allow  
passages of foresight

## Brotherly Unknowing

When experience dulls repetition, And gratitude is  
simply an imposed dissatisfaction, Petitioning for reason  
In the light of self-misjudgment, To pontificate on white waves  
blank entropy, The brotherly face attunes to the heart

As a child, bestowing the graces of Play and Curiosity  
Now benumbed by the sharp distance, a torn family  
Sinking in the Titanic mud of Western casuistry  
A clubbed following burnt at the stake of debt

The jailed name, appearing with age, To bite  
the raw tongue, A pledge of ironic night

The perfection of blood, burned to the word  
petty, Rite of interpretive silence, I know

a smile to crease, welcoming as a page  
turning, seizing a book, Telling stories, ages  
That where once was fraternity, is now the bitter  
haunts of jealous connivance, A flash of stained eyes

Worrisome elders peer into fading lights of hate

Pacific, A graying maw of southern youth

Bugged, groped in open-air asylums: American  
city, A breeding ground for the wasted son

Whose writhing tears sting living virgin skin  
An unspoken wording, Bound to the lifeless fear  
death, A confounding rage, To kill the genetic State  
identity, kneel behind the upended vault of colonialism

where white gold rules, To engender rivalries

unborn creatures, Sounding off like cruel men

in the heady daze of mythic delusion

A finite pace of unskilled mores, Wallowing

in a sty of criminals enslaved, Eyes alit  
with bottomless profundity, a sideways look  
down into a garbling glass, wet-mouthed  
alcoholic answers steer the living into a trap

## Brotherly Unknowing II

irresponsible self-recognition, As laughter  
the source of emotive creation, The beginning  
spark, A dizzying spiral jaw, Clenching firmly  
on the hand that snapped clean off at a touch  
the womb, Again, a forbidden initiation  
To reenter physical graves, placeless hollows  
An internal salve for the inhibited boy  
Who with a crooked glance, manned  
the killing machine as it were a toy, To butcher  
the man in the front, Driving himself toward normalcy  
And in that moment the machine veers, Into a land  
strange, foreign, To both hands, neither knows

7 billion poets

There are over 7 billion poets  
And not one with a voice  
    The unheard  
    Silent writhing brain  
The unimpeded multitudes  
An unsung choir of finite beauty  
    Of minuscule gravity  
    Bearing the cataclysmic  
flood of global fulfillment  
In the vibrating tongue,  
    as one whole voice  
    Buried underwater  
reddening poetic burst  
inmost world of everyone  
    A whole being  
    Of oneness  
Bred with individuality  
And the child speaks  
    poetic silence, mind  
    Stilled in meditation  
Holding the imageless  
impermanence of living  
    In unsaid lines of thought  
    Circling radial message  
Hermetic and empowered  
To face confident stewards  
    The recovery of victims  
    500 year genocidal continuity  
The colonial present  
A marching progress  
    evangelical ignorance  
    The fundamental crime

## 7 billion poets II

Execution of the poet's heart  
Melting under a southern arm  
    the First People's cross  
    Dove into the soft earth  
With astronomical precision  
Phallic rocket of homoerotic play  
    Bloodying the nubile earth  
    familial womb sister  
Head cracked open dirty  
sidewalk, Pouring forth  
    A clear reflection of you  
    sorry gaze of gendered brain  
Emptied of an equal genesis  
In the wild yawn of Man's death  
    Personified suicidal  
    wanderer, Exile  
In self-denial, wombat of shame  
A visceral, mindless cavity  
    emerging from face  
    Beckoning to fill us  
Our ears, all of our listening  
An unspoken poetry of Earth  
    Swimming in immortality  
    The regenerative tide  
A lunar-solar interpretation  
In every being of serpent flesh  
    The wide-eyed dreamer  
    Coming home to embrace  
World responsibility  
To protect the verdant  
    seed, from within  
    an individual breast

## Motherless Heat

Toughened silence, a field of linoleum spread cheaply  
Over the holy grasslands of Aboriginal tragedy, oneness  
unspoken, From the full eye, a sleeping ghost unawakened  
by the light of dawn, caressing the fertile space of human seed  
And quickened longing, To bring ecstatic fulfillment  
To the created word, Novel to the vocalized  
human mind, A treasured will, Practiced  
in thought-woven intricacy, Over the finite  
goal of foreign paper, Mapped with action color  
Over the aseptic bread of windowless dreams

The night has since turned to day, And my visions breed  
the tortured wings of city pigeons, Blinking  
in the fleeting northern sunlight  
The human soil breathes with subtle happiness  
To inspire weird insight  
In the naked skin of high youth  
Of golden rites, Perfecting the self

Along an unproven road, Overgrown  
with supernatural green, unseen vibrancy  
swallowing my body, With each successive step  
into open loss and mixed travesty

## Motherless Heat II

A remembrance, To reject the well-shorn pathway  
And call out to bear skulls of enlightening madness  
Instilling these tracts with mysteries exposed  
A personal rite of passage is performed about my walls  
with every sound and crack and rhythm and scratch  
But to feel the roughened paper of my youth  
And its faint coverings of timeless yearning  
To speak yet again in the like-patterned mouth

nominal identity, this empty friend, my self,  
awaiting the Sabbath wine of ecological prophecy  
As a blaring retort to technological midwifery  
our ageless birth, Into the grown hair of sickly means  
Bathed in the internal waters  
Of motherless heat

## The Voice of Humanity

Personification of will, Demonic breast of desire  
Nippled-eye dreams within the milky consciousness  
A mind of sky, Empty if not witnessing  
Through cloudy, upturned heavens

Standing on the heads of angels  
Balancing on their hands in a timeless act  
absurd human misery, To gaze in wonder  
at the comedy of the affixed, resting  
A quieted hole in which to writhe  
in meditative spirit, A flourishing  
wondrous intensity, mind of grace

The wisdom of high feminine obscurity  
In the dried fungal opening of negligence  
The curse of rain, proud grief of raw immensity  
Sprung from the dirge of martyred saints  
Cured of inertial piety, Buried with a respite  
To return to the vegetable soil  
A might humbled in temporal poverty  
To yearn for the pleasure principle of nature  
rites self-mourned in the phantasmal word  
Invoked by resurgent voices of survived retellings  
The diurnal rush of worship, in the nameless grove  
a sanctified city, whose center is a natural clearing of wood  
nowhere post-modern. relic of paradise unearthed

## The Voice of Humanity II

Flight of livable sensation, The womb of awe  
Through which humankind is hauled a step upwards  
To the failing life of eternal continuity  
An experiential mystery of ruined night  
The mellow wine, ethereal, bestowed  
to the atmosphere, In which we breathe  
and form our day, The sunless fire, now  
burning with aggravated seed, Mutating  
under unprecedented girth, As a thought  
cavernous, giving speed in seclusion  
A hermitage of prehistory, stolen

Across a windless path, the quaking open  
spilling with porous sight, Out over the forested valley  
A dense purging of earth, into the sacrificial light of being  
and its negation

## Scientific Proof of Anti-Survivalist Re-Generation

Open mien, Through which the rabble instill their light  
A hovering glum-cast shame of irrational fire, Bent  
in the guileless scourge of self-prophecy

To the ignorant name, Vocalizing over the heat-retching  
trespasses of media-soaked hypocrisy, In the world  
fomented rivalry of superstition, Group hypnosis  
unwelcome travesty, Leaking from the well-wishing  
failure of royal leadership, Throughout hereditary rites

To connive with religious villainy, The waters coursing in  
Unmatched on the current shore of assimilative ceremony  
The school, harboring infantile adults, With pension scams  
and hardened glasses, Chipping away at the edges  
With each face-front fall, Onto the blackened step  
a once clear path toward perennial youth

In the creational word  
Enjoyed and loved with wonder  
the opaque shaman behind a mask  
music and smoke, That high  
From the northern plains  
spiritual reason, brushed  
a calligraphic touch  
over the lover's skin

## Scientific Proof of Anti-Survivalist Re-Generation II

An eastern-born artist of the West  
instrumental vibe, To stroke the egoic march  
fearing monotonous monetary mediocrity  
Gushing over anxiety-ridden laughter, vile cries  
Ringing through the emptied air, pubescent  
a voice of half-dead insemination, into the unborn  
trust between generations of habitual wandering

To coast down the erupting stone of peaked earth  
And watch as the petrified ancient regime withers  
like wood from its roots, at the invocation of tongues  
estranged, Revived from their deathly slaughtering  
emerging from lifeless soil, apologetic, Shaking  
and grasping at drums and black hair, elongated  
Over the entire historical stretch of america  
historical, Now sitting in meditation  
While white tricksters of the West follow  
cutting the final lock, Binding us  
to fellow humanity

necessity:erotism

Planetary infection

Brainless escapade

    Through vile travails

    An empty high

Glowing in the waterfall brush

As radioactive metal

Faint in the dead wind

A howling mockery

    gross redaction

    wiry eye of reason

A spindly verb threshed

from the distilled mind

stupefied psilocybin catatonia

intense despair, the goal is isolation

    A longing, a retch

    into the gutter

worthless ash, spit from Titan's gorge

on Dionysian flesh, marked beauty

Rough in her willowy verse

A music of night, Lashing out

    in the gargantuan halls

    lost civilization upended

greed, sinking in the cold

Black Sea, A muttering savior

drowning us, one second too late

Before a greater silence overtakes

## Unwelcome Risk

Follow me to quench beatific longing  
With the subtle pulse of malignant flesh  
    I wade in the ruthless flush, writhing  
    my veins push in and out from my heart  
As one waning moment of desire  
The wretched stirrings of a poetic soul  
    eagerly matched, By the collective  
    crying together, Cored with competition  
individualism, agreed upon for reasons of fame  
Stilled, the irrational failure to continue in meaning  
    From the initial mark of realization  
    to rend your flesh conscious, building  
With the phantom graying of a liar's conscience  
Claimed by chance incongruities, everyday life  
    Lived whole, synchronous phenomena  
    history, nature, imagination coursing in  
your veins, With equal power and intention  
As the rivers flood with cyclical challenging  
    To the inhabitants, faced with wealth  
    pleasure of fleeting presence, So alone  
the observant mind walls and finds refuge  
In the cool waves of grounded resistance  
    public action, To speak and hear  
    a loudspeaker emanates with voices  
countless, Heartened to return our voice  
united with humanity, lending your ear  
    to the reflective grace of instilled action  
    Through illuminated wording

## Unwelcome Risk II

The simplest sanity is in the voice, ready  
to speak, Before the clear silence, Filling us  
    our universe of space, with anticipation  
    To hear the true sound of a letter, To see  
    the unmediated reality of a word  
To stand alone with meaning, give vision  
ceaseless, To the youth of the day, ageless  
    prism of natural insight forming  
    structural mind of the letter  
        At home in a freely spoken mind,  
        Finding space enough to breathe  
with rhythmic pulse, inborn continuity, direct loyalty  
to creative intent, experimental transcendence of all  
rhetoric, To endure the passion of an ever-readied voice

## Bodiless Head of Suffering

Dweller in pain, Etch the wizened flood of dispassion  
Into your downtrodden grave, The medieval dawn wakes  
From a sleepless night of hatred, Engraved in blood  
As a dim hollow, Outpouring of shame

Increased in the weary cold of mortal strife  
Yours is a shallow suffering, A voice unheard  
Too soft for the hardened and desensitized  
Modern mind inundated with flash bombs  
drugged swill, Your over-intellectual purse  
emptying endlessly, With the crack of a whip  
Merciless in the howling escapade of dream

subconscious, Rendered lucid by need  
the outspoken, to interpenetrate the worn  
laughter, Issuing from the seed source  
creation, a humbling passage to non-being

All the while a crooked grin affixed to the wise  
man's lingering Mind followed and led you  
into a trap of choiceless fate, delusional  
world state Drowned with human artifice  
variations of Material fetish, masculine brain  
Cornered into civilized savagery, Fraying  
at the clean edge of reason, To scheme  
with religious fantasy, the image and the awe  
In a dissolved public milieu, Lost  
into commercial profanity, The daze  
radical mastery over our fellow human  
beings end, In a beginningless moment  
outside history, The starless deep  
Lowering the animal family  
Into a self-dug grave of metal  
hypocrisy, Adorning hallucination  
controlling megalomania  
Divined by monetary mathematics  
industrial slavery, Formulaic, proud

## Bodiless Head of Suffering II

With interspecies rivalry, As post-scientific lore  
confounding, as sibling animosity drags on  
Into a heap of medicated corpses, Writhing  
under security watch, Paid for by entertainment  
sex workers, grabbing failures, All for the restless  
mouths to squeeze puss, In an urge of suffering  
self-induced, To see the muse as a ghost of enmity  
dead, Between body and head, United by pain

## Sleep, Walking Away

Oh perfect sleep,  
who would you deem  
to wake into a better dream?

The lie entangles voice  
Impressions intersect  
In the dutiful brush pen  
Craving lines, feminine  
womb of empty space

A joyous round blooms  
in the grieving pull back east  
Where tears are shed in your name

And loss quivers like the arrows of the once dead  
Ancestral hate that writhed in an Indian noose

Too afraid to face the colonial glare  
Back ashore where your father etched your name  
in the pale, stray Earth, A knowledge, nude, vibrant

a stone shames your memory, In the vacuous lair  
nameless enemies still cry in your breast  
As the once-forsaken wild  
turning your nose crooked  
and your flesh watery

into a lowered hook  
Gravitating toward the walls  
a gaping hole, A sordid touch  
with the epochal crime  
A momentous itch  
With humbled pride

Sleep, Walking Away II

To stare back into the eyes of home  
And make amends with the dismal  
fire of a person, Irate, unhealed soul  
Feeling the subtle earth shake  
and tear, At your every footstep  
Farther away

## Linguistic Tiling

*for Terrence McKenna*

Remove the tiles of linguistic definition!

The seamless floor has spread over the ceiling  
The windows are now pasted over with cheap overused linoleum  
And the mystic bird flies headlong into its unforgiving panels  
Formed in place by a childhood of blind listening

Oh child of linoleum walls!

Learn when to block your human ears  
From the mothering sensation of fear-defined separation  
Between you and it  
That  
You once felt united  
In the fluttering breast of presupposed mystery  
In the warm smile of immediate perception  
Beyond sensual recognition  
To cognitive acceptance  
Of animal humility

Forget this world!

Forget this world  
And its erasure marks of history  
You are half-asleep, half-awake  
Liminal

Only conscious of consciousness  
Its, self  
Fearless  
Wade in the swamp thicket

Knee-deep in the healing mud  
The Earth's morning spittle  
To wake, nude  
In the dense, pathless forest

In the after hours of civilized sanity  
Driven clear off the brink of forethought  
Into the unclean mind of derangement  
A painstaking shift

From choiceless deliberation  
To the gelatinous grey fold  
A reverberating pause; Insights  
from the mage of rhythmic callings

## Chinatown Lamp

Oh gay grandeur!

In the stately Chinatown lamp

At noticing elderly tradition

Mocked in a garb of the foreign,

waning heights, Still,

outstretched with unbroken light

Yet from its side an unnoticed pale

glass, Broken at the edges

A shattered steam of perceptible ilk

The whole completion

Perfect in essence of earthly shade

And the light-polluted moon could not

dim the celestial view

A glowing talon

Ripped through the crepuscular veil

In an instantaneous heat

A longing with inspired duress

human sight, billowing malignity

disintegrated, across the swill dark ocean

inebriated coloration, in a sky of impotent fire

On this northern latitude

Flash

A haze of brain

Besotted, at raising the bearded chin

To gaze into the piercing

scintillation of failure

loneliness

On a cosmic scale

## Wonder's Curse

Winter melon, seeds of living night  
Knowledge of memory  
    To ring dry the sponge  
    Mind and field the wakeful  
Rife with supplanted tendencies  
To feed the deserter  
    A flightless manifestation  
    Avian heat  
Following the weed-turned eye  
Morbid awe with conundrums of truth  
    To visit groundswells of emotion  
    In the cultural invasion of sexuality  
camaraderie in clothing  
smokeless hollow of local life  
    An unrisen flame  
    Defying gravity  
against anti-historical trends  
Underground women and men  
    Blindly trudging  
    Through a swarm of loss  
embattlements of forlorn leadership  
The livid maze awash in a torrent  
    city strife, nonchalant beaver  
    wading in murky water  
Undramatic, washing and pressing on  
upstream, as the river runs higher  
    with each day aglow  
    interpersonal reason  
Falling from the clear sky  
Swollen air, heaving

## Wonder's Curse II

In the exasperated beyond  
Quickening god, earth-born  
Led into the dizzying laughter  
surreality, Emergent as a wide stare  
merciless mystery  
nameless quest  
An elephant, horse or rattlesnake  
Immobile in coiling fantasies  
mortal belief, denigrated  
cold returns to sweeten flesh  
In a tasteful second of experiential play  
A trace of raw humanity  
Shared  
As wonder's curse

On Waking

With each drop  
A blessing

Do not wallow in this midnight cave!  
Belonging is not a retreat into Platonic fantasy

The world is at the beckoning of one  
Unity belongs

Here  
Within

The challenge to exist is a fearful forewarning  
From the empiric might of Abrahamic soul

Do not fly into the dome of invisible ice  
Too high above the calls of humankind

There is a hall  
Where touchless fraternity hands over the wheel of time  
In your delicate art  
Wherein you savor the flood of your wish-fulfilling tongue

In a second's moment  
Of waking

Vanishing...

To dust, Happening, Out of nothing  
Not depressing, Though suffering  
For some one, The elfin, Mysterious  
presence, Uncontaminated love  
Shared feeling, To lie on human backs  
and gaze at the wall of flesh  
Closing your eyes, Dizzying you  
into star-cast imaginations  
To play along on a chain  
attachments, The crux  
At-one-meant being!

A force of nothingness  
A blank happening  
Open emptiness  
Leaning into the sharp door  
A red flame rises skyward, drowning  
your illumination In the light of play  
universal, Emanating from the same  
dismal earthly dream,

Intoxicated, Substance use  
Groaning in the psychic havoc of "me"  
Reaching out to the endless abyss inside  
A calming awaits, mediating tranquil cries  
Longingly, in the rush of nonsense and humanity

Asking again and again, "What else? If not me!"  
In that warm English intonation, neighborly tone  
A lilt enough to simmer thought, With mind  
to realized night, To word on into the drive  
megalomaniacal, To harder ends

## Vanishing... II

Dry with nursed eyes, Wet with cruel lust  
Bitter with cold-hearted tragedy, A sickness  
A cry, A wisdom room

Lush with family and fraternity  
From variegated biology's spiritual sanity  
Expressed in altered forms of our spontaneity  
gathering, we swing to rhythms of unknown music

Devotional to the moment's awe  
A raspy throat, unending lawlessness  
Archaic and raw

The glowing mind thaws  
with the unheard name of home

A direction  
Back to when childhood was  
an innocent game

And the sexual lock of gendered prey  
had not yet sunk its teeth

Into the oceanic glory of mental escape  
Into a homeless freedom  
At once

Living in spacelessness  
joining to one mind  
snooping ghost  
An elderly relative  
Grandfather earth  
vanishing in a blink

Magpie on a street lamp

Indifferent to time  
Basking in archaic grace  
Lasting, laughing raw  
Misdirected tailswipe  
blending, Brilliant cerulean  
nude Against the exposed  
Nordic pupil of my eye  
intersubjective vagary  
In moment's passing

engine-drowned wind  
Aside street-wheeling  
crepuscular haze  
The magpie stares  
into the lofty paste  
dusky riverine palette  
To stroke his cloak  
feathery tail, alight  
lively coloration  
Purpling the sky

With evocative breath  
spaceless, In the mind's eye  
Prefigured under shape-shifting moons

An iris from the ancients  
Unblinking in the reflective presence  
an ancient bird, Native to the mountain  
river valley Witness to the trespassing  
human time, Standing with delicate brevity

On techno-race hooks  
Gravity's transcended  
With innate knowing  
humorous immobility

## Silent Lover

Boundless eye, Seed genera  
Unbroken foible, Standing  
the test of time, As an oration  
A dusky mold, Impenetrable  
play of law, a chord, Struck  
with a cold hand, Near frozen,  
out of practice, On subtle ground  
A gloveless walk, blind tempests  
crossing to exclaim, "Write about  
The paper you're writing on"  
With futuristic insinuations  
And lowly subordinations  
Brewing lively gyrations  
Rhythmic, Melodious, Imperfect,  
Rotary, sonic, Cycles spiraling,  
Out of focus, Into interrogations  
Lofty, demurred by night  
experimental Canadian,  
summer solstice, Unplanned  
sky, Clouded with beatific paint  
majestic English brush, Fanning  
island greenery In a tobacco haze  
bliss, misinformed, Factored despair  
Draining the white From her cry  
subterranean bloodlines, supernal  
following in Smothered heat  
Replanted at the frayed root  
Under a Mound, crowned  
conscious being, Adorned  
with the collective sacred  
Imagination projected  
from human mystery  
eyelids of Golden ash  
And reflective awe  
Into the mirrorscape

## Silent Lover II

landless minds, Gone  
with lush improvisatory fate  
Created out of the fleshly hand  
Made of rice, corn, wheat and manioc  
seed, Ground into a round, fresh paste  
A dismembered body, sacrificial host  
To our orbital nourishing, presence  
ever-renewing, Silent Lover

## Perfect Society

Perfection of society, first male orgasm  
gendered perspective, Prime ejaculation  
    producing seed at moment of first penetration  
    A wealthy lore, lived to be written and sung  
thought feeds an oceanic feeling with raw substance  
meaning purified by impassioned desire, To embrace  
    upsurging demons, needing, escalating fortuity  
    to its final ring of truth-bearing, The rose-laden  
a staircase moves, Starkly against the cold backdrop  
indoor haunt, the sage broods, daily and nightly,  
    in a mindscape of untempted lust, boiling  
    within the simple wave of being, folding

## Perfect Society II

Over the thoughtful touch, sleepless evenings  
To shut mine eyes ev'ry dawn, And live out  
    the egomorphic night, The northern clime  
    retelling its seasonal lore of sky  
Sun's early rays faintly glow  
Before the tamed ire  
    forgotten Southern memories  
    Awakened by the end of night  
A mind stirring, aglow  
painless fantasy, philosophical  
    tent of mortal love, in this world  
    hideout 2012 of Common Era  
The accountants of Roman law perk up  
With cruel highs atop these mountains  
    prairie homes fly with subtle anarchy  
    Through subconscious webs of fallacy  
Bespoken with homely vigor, To retrace  
steps, Returning back to the spiritual glue  
    masculine train-sped bodies  
    Impalpable light, Staring  
from the eyes of a calculating wife  
Alone in the morning of her sorrowful cares  
    To enjoin in the lost taste of man  
Whose timeless drug of poverty has croaked  
    long ago, Now, disoriented,  
    he releases himself into Her, bare

What is thought?

From where depth of meaning does spring  
Twenty-something gestation, To excrete  
a pinnacle of thought, Conviction  
Matter of fact, Subjective  
experience  
From the pineal gland  
into the spherical noesis (supplanted  
psyche) Wandering  
Cast asunder  
To retrace steps  
To the original source  
original thought  
In a memorial mind  
Of adulthood  
Flushed with grievous attitudes  
longing and distraction

In the metal maze of modernity  
Turning away from subtle phases  
needful contemplation  
    Out of time  
    Outside humanity  
    Looking in

To the child-mage  
Naturally indrawn  
To face the *mysterium tremens*  
Ever haunting the miscreated  
    wonders of ageist man  
Struggling to retain a figment

    curiosity – itself

In the name of asking  
“What is thought?”

## Gorge Aflame

From where do I walk  
through this pathless gorge?

The open thoroughfare lies  
desolate under a raging sky  
    Pulsating to rhythmic solar heart  
    Fixed in bloodless vacuums above  
    As a Cyclops of the waking mind

An invisible rainbow bridges my step  
into the waylaid core, well-wishing truth  
Personified laughter of youth, epic hint  
From meaningless war, failed sin  
A corrupted pyre, Scintillating  
the meaning of death, In the eye  
mourner's crooked sorry gasp lets  
into the screeching air, Buffered  
with frozen sap and lonely vines  
Hanging like apish arms, to embrace  
the lifting dead of night, a reason  
A blessing, A mistake, In the globular  
rite of seeing, Past East and West  
Over the round earth, Aflame!

## Winter Wear

garments, seasonal fabrics,  
what do they enclose?  
how warm are you inside,  
under your clothes?

trudge, open throttle,  
morning rush hour  
chaos, madness  
too many methods,  
a cover up  
where are you  
going? why so fast?

I hail from new perspective, day  
I walk to a different rhythm, light  
I am another being, awake

why do you form lines without question?  
why do you shy away from the look in your eye?  
what's beneath the folds of your mind today?

I see your thoughts, habits, beliefs,  
you are open, when you walk, heavy with emotion  
I can feel the burden of your dreams

what's next? what's around the corner?  
who's leading you on?  
time? possession?

why do you worship objects?

are you an object?  
are you an?  
are you?  
you?

Martyr of Love

*for Sayed Khalil Ali Nejad, Peace Be Upon Him*

At night's last kiss with human life  
Before the first flap of sunlight over the horizon  
I am here.

I've been taken, not today.

For so long now, I've been taken, but not today. The spell of my city hermitage, now broken  
In a place where all prayers are spells, there is only one way out of this dream. I need helpers  
A conscious community, to lead freely, without bickering for followers

My hermitage walls have given way to a translucent realization, beholden with rage.  
I am disquiet and feed strength with tears. Tied in a knot. The way to get untangled is to create  
Consumption has been a frequent spell in this broken palace of towers and rain

I hear engines of folly as they drain the black earth of all color and frighten the terrorized youth  
White greed is suckling the thirsty mother's teat, her eyes are wet with separation  
For your love has aged beyond the fruits of her chest. You are getting old now

Taste the milk divine, there is none sweeter. Cuddle close under the embrace of the absent one  
She is inside, your mind need not work to produce the fruits of her labor within you  
Confront your pain, a ghost waits at the top of the universe, hang on while it lowers you to grace

Death is not hate, do not be short-changed by the living hell of the crackling incinerator  
The hearse Earth vibrates to weak leisure and silly goals, your tongue is the pith of all ground  
Walk lightly upon its unchanging core, spill your inborn need without ransomed poverty

Scale the cliffs beyond inhumane judgment, yours is one name, unshared  
Though you retain mystery from the recoiling lore of intuition. Full as the harvest moon  
In your empty belly, fast for the power torn from you that it should bear more likely hands

To shape instruments of friendship

and respect

with equal humanity

Dreaming, Composing Poetry, Meditating

*for All of the Peaceful Youth Protestors Around the World*

I pass my days, contemplating the dead students of Tiananmen, and the Green Wave, breaking over landlocked Iran. Children with mothers silenced, full of blood. A body, language of resistance, firm as the vicious fluid of life, soft as flesh. Emaciated by the steel of tank tracks

Or torn open in a single kill shot, Or E. Mehtari whose stern face became lip-bitingly serious on mentioning the “trouza”, in English, rape. How he holds back tears, a fight against self-pity. The death of the ego. Asking, “Where is God if not in you?” Yet, asking, you fall headlong into your deathless presence

Where you cease to be this body of crime, ponder yourself, as the total equation of here. In the moment and at one with the ground of all being. We humans, why do some attain self-realization? Only after being split in half? Sundered into shreds by our fellow man?

When did this arcane spiritual responsibility bestow devils of such emergence? The Ahriman is certainly turning in its cemetery. Sheathed in female coverings and riot police uniforms. In these pain-ridden lands, Whose story immediately translates to our one story? Of all human history

In reclaiming that story, allowing the truth to resurface naturally, as a feather, thrown with a handful of stones, over an open lake, thick with the opacity of crude oil. Hardening urges of those who sleep, still, sitting upright, I petition the burning skin of my Love, to recede into her inmost self-forgiving

Be healed with the same immediacy that one may feel for oncoming death, approaching with futile procession, toward the white of their eyes, with equal subtlety, plunging their ethereal hand, in the porous open of their now-entered body, a mere passage, for the voice of all truths

## Rite of Nature

Classic voice, sterling waves, aether, impressed through nails on metal, and lips on reed  
The diligent high, penetrating focus, a visionary awe, obliterating the spell of hypocrisy  
Against the rudimentary tree, a fortress, of unwelcome earth, plants rain in the wild

Oceanic name, a power, from the life-giving, rush of personality, an animate heart within all,  
vibrating to a sacred rhythm, beyond moral law, the stain of instinct is beckoning, to confront the  
fearful, gaze of human consciousness, last species, last creation, to unite our deathlessness

Upbringing, the fallen gaze, moved to spite, from the white eyed mystery, yet unformed, pupils,  
colorless globes uninhabited, homes for spirits, wandering, waning shores fail to embrace,  
shedding bestial escape, mode of empty longing, with our antecedent glory, in stone and waves

In the original sonic spark, emitting raw metaphor, thought, a subconscious rock, silent love,  
blind leaders without followers, a master of space, before time had identity and the race of flesh  
had yet owned a face, in the pale womb of lightless firsts, the shuddering cause still cures

Instantaneous mark of transcendence beyond creative-destructive hope, after paradigms have  
shifted out of focus, Earth is a memory of ghosts, the swallowed lies will return to waste, a cold  
sweat of prophesy: self-fulfilled, fever of cleansed hate, all-devouring insanity

To realize Ouroboros: its given name, the smoke will flood, as the biblical waters of the arc,  
natural, waterfall, to purge the mountain, wintry dream, over a cliff of enlightened momentum,  
the ice will thaw, from the hibernating mind, coal black empyrean, an ash will seethe

From pores of hard soil, loosening under our swollen feet, a burial for our eyes

a rite of nature

## Offspring of Artifice

A warm machine harbors my mind  
in the trappings of dream, Bothered  
notions prepare my flesh with ghosts  
sickened, starved, Holding on  
my nerves in their unending hour  
A motionless wail, A sight personified  
by heroic meat, motorized depression

A wakeful mold, clay mind, baked  
in the astral furnace, pressure from the sky  
Death's vain calling, "human pain, an act of faith"  
Misery works, avoiding passion with screwy eyes  
Toxic, dissolved against the high-perching vine  
Lowering the body onto a throne, Subterranean,  
bold with seductive secrecy, pithy war of envy  
The towering North, touching pillaged ground  
chemical intellect, blunt, rash, vain  
divorce from tragic sentiment  
An unashamed flat blood

Psychotic laughter from the silent  
nose, entitled, lost goal'd reason  
A crooked light wavers above  
their frozen ideation, Arctic flood,  
monetary smile, frequent bust, glory  
Insinuated on the breathless chest  
unwilling pleasure, sufferer's blind  
responsibility, threatening God of Speed  
To become patient in the purged purgatory  
Regurgitated from come-soaked pockets  
unholy, flushed hand, stuck against walls  
the womb, gross impediment to the source  
A mutation among the offspring of artifice  
Abort!

## Seeing in Dim Light

i have learned to see in the dim light  
The Earth is a bore after dawn  
My day starts at night  
my muse's name is Raw  
Instinctual Necessity  
She keeps me awake  
my body pleads for rest

She is the dream that enlightens  
my every inner passageway  
Rising mysteriously with sleep  
She finds me in the most hidden  
corners of unknowing, By sunlight,  
she recedes like a memory

Featureless in the absolute vagueness  
experience, Without relation to visions  
Ecstatic, embraced by celestial harmonies  
mad wonder and infinite curiosity

She is a kiss, melting at the end of an ink-worn pen  
Dried of all physical ability, to press on  
into the foraging emptiness of endless pages  
Abreast, still yearning for the sunken tongue  
To taste the renewable source of creation

In the world, made novel with myth  
issuing with a mouth full, an open heart  
beating purple with hot, unbroken life  
To shame the cascading rush of us, nude  
longing, Direct, into each other's core  
To share the experience of one  
simultaneous happiness

## Seeing in Dim Light II

In blares of instantaneous celebration  
human, host to mindful passions  
Emanating, like spiritual wine  
From the folds of an inviting bed  
Whereupon the muse welcomes  
with godly stature, Enticing you  
to seed the world with pearls  
prophetic strength

To impress ideas, innovations, alterations and humor  
With the eternal imagination of a sacred mountain  
Constantly offering the pilgrims of its invisible summit  
pyres, a home on which to dedicate the lore and word  
humankind, a positive step, direction towards belonging  
collective reason and compassion in a mixed vein  
knowing unity, to look into every gleaming eye  
see a profound elegance, to look unabashedly  
into each body's unique maze of personal divinity  
With intense regard for the present, surety of one  
as the other, both equally confident, irrefutable  
actualization of the oceanic wave, curling in lush,  
natural awe, into the bright midnight morning  
When the stellar laws of cosmic joy rain, subtle  
vibrations, each an intergalactic ray, a vote,  
to persevere beyond human love, to light, open  
an older pathway of recognition and voice  
To abbreviate the match-flaring dawn  
With buoyant stories told over harsh fires  
burning close, approaching to purify  
every word, by writing

## Exasperated Conditioning

Whose exasperated conditioning?  
Flighty, Mexican brushscape  
Fornicating, groundless in the drivel  
Mix, uninspired spatial pain  
Her, giant sound sputtering grossly

in the sure edgy dank of daydream  
Imagination, cutting into brain fibers  
Ghastly, machinated smoky ghouls  
racism, sexism, ageism, and my eye  
observant of freedom to write pages

and book long phrasings, away, from all  
desktop wavering in the unwritten hollows  
dreary day, fled, to sour conditioning  
Asking, where is the pressure spent  
to differentiate from impression?

Influence, and hidden envy for success  
Or, what unfounded questioning?  
On, the silent streets of friendless wandering  
In, this my allotted time amid the isolati  
Cultural, steppe unbroken by halfway pride  
urban flesh, bleeding, together atop, stained  
paved thinking, to smother the organic  
Entropy, of mental inclusion, to be  
Affected, and impressed by the world  
and its most effortlessly engaging voices

Penetrating unborn seeds with magic fertility  
Enough, to wake the ancestors from their beds  
celestial matrimony with the eternal un-poetic virgin  
rhyme, dancing innocent, wine-full, shadow pot

A Long Time Ago, Now

*For my stepfather*

It's never how you intended  
As the gray voice of aging stepfather harry  
Dreams, singing of a long time ago  
    Birdwatching, can't miss it  
    Glares from the hawk-eyed human  
    Bred to dare an interspecies shot with a smile  
In that bird's eye, scintillating in the Canadian spring  
Midwestern seagull, seasoning, As my weathered grains  
going against the impoverished stares  
    Too many womanly kinds, Too many  
    stairs to climb, up to my fatherly heaven  
    landing on rock-hard dreams  
Clutched, sadly on the loosed curls  
Still billowing in the rain  
Festering on the villainous horizon  
    Steered past these silvery riverbanks  
    Flooded with potential memory  
    A foot set in mud  
My name's been changed radically  
As exile expatriate ex-American  
Denigrated to life of no taxation,  
    Self-employed poverty  
    Eyes me time, a space, timeless  
    To rest in this heaven-sent nest  
The Earth is full with pregnant breasts  
Where all our heads rest, we're thankless  
blessed children of modernity  
    Quietly, stepping away from a revolution  
    With non-interventionist non-violent non-entities  
    To lead behind us, Dissipating at moment's notice  
  
before the headless  
murderers of truth

Holy Hills, Holy Stones

Holy hills, holy stones  
There, holy bones  
Animate clay, Freedom shaped as light  
violet flowers, Enjoined at the pith

Frightened insects grow wings  
My Love receives my heart offering

Invocation to the mother of us all  
Kuan Yin, Napi, Allah, Yaweh

Spoken aloud to the ground  
With each picked stem  
No tobacco, only the void smoke of voice  
Unfurling across the subconscious sway  
sweet playful prayers  
The delicate straw Earth

## Holy Hills, Holy Stones II

Looking for fallen bodies of wilted stone  
Flowers astray, though none, inseparable  
from umbilical laws of mother's swelling  
Always-pregnant belly, Her, smooth navel  
effortless, I drift my fingers over her hair  
Touch lips to the silent lust, Bespeaking  
her graven calm, purples, yellows, heads  
straw light and curl, with visible awe

I flush all dreaming, the graffiti wrote:  
"How to make sense of a world that doesn't"

Question of blind youth  
Eternal infinitud, simian  
explosion of thought  
Strengthening throughout  
the ages, in a sinless vision  
enlightenment, moment's loss

No burden, no world, no silence,  
no medium, no humanity, no spring

to entice the masculine  
to bitter fruition,  
riding atop the skin of MA

## Realization Day

And what from realization day?  
What from outside nude nervous brains?  
A picketing respite to earn domesticity  
by a hollow laugh, Laughing within,  
unannounced, a trespassing laugh

Who is that?

Stranger guest of Earth, Blank stare  
over the soggy marsh riverbank,  
Where no footprints print

There, a finger, though still, upward  
To receive lightning flash understanding

From zucchini juice rinds and masticated salads  
Salivating over avocado shotgun bruises  
Enough to reflect on a country, bled  
Spilled of its domestics, led

## Realization Day II

And in that insight, that clearly and un-tangentially appeared  
As a nervous splash, quaking core of nerves  
In the rootless mind, aloud, inside  
It said:

“In no world, where to go, what to do  
to breach the soul of emptiness  
by clinging to the resolution of thing-ing  
mattering awry from one’s granted wish  
for the omnipotent simplicity  
that no world exists  
in which yr name thrives boundlessly  
on the great ruined stones of human eternity  
not in a mold of forgotten language  
calming around the outer lip of an untouched lake  
bubbling from within  
for the exertion of freedom is an injustice  
to the creative seed of heartening  
the true dusk of artistry  
failing under the bright lights of choice  
glaring into such wonder-full eyes!”

Kerouac, All-Father

Kerouac, you are father of us all  
The great father hero  
    Shining in the eternal masculine sun  
    I write a lifetime long love letter to your life

My greatest reason to write and live writing  
Because you were, simpler  
    You, Kerouac. Heroic ghost of Canadian cores  
    Where the apple brain meets the ground of mind

How ghostly of a father you are  
Disappeared in alcoholic water  
    Floridian laughs and gasps  
    heartbroken American age

You are Heroic Father, a Hero  
Ghost who never was and came to be  
    Though already in “the dream already ending”  
    Kerouac, I know you in Heroic prose,

gliding atop my mind’s filmic eye  
As Heroic Dose of McKenna’s psilocybin  
    sophistry, Whistling in the teeming forest  
    illiterate children, timeless melodies

Beyond words in myriad songs of tongue  
Within and without inveterate language  
    spun harmoniously, In your present  
    spontaneity still in time with the orbiting

smoke of supernatural law  
Seducing our chemical air in a vacuum  
    host bowl, you spoke, I see, In your memory  
    the clearest imagery of our one humanity

## Selfish Plague

What is this plague of selfish, soulless following?

This, reckless curse of deliberate human folly

This, backdrop of warring prayer, A dark art  
or black magic of the exceedingly unaware

The lone roiling mass of flesh, called I

That, roams as a weak flood

over a mass of dusty pyres

When, in this glowing wreckage

Were the first matchsticks lit

to sustain the carnage?

Of thick-necked, hollow heads

dumbed down leadership

Turned, inverted theatrics

Without, casting only open stages

With high fencing, bull-headed domes

Purposefully, draining the electric ice of raw power

From the polar shift of a mass conspirator

Sitting, atop his sleepless throne

With an ear, dripping neurotic sweat

through a telephone hole

Bleeding fresh blood

On the other side, where others lie

dead, by faceless greed, homeless

## Selfish Plague II

and in astute poverty  
Except, for bullets of mindless fun  
Preparing, for the god-awful savagery  
apologetic speech, to pander and fade,  
with equal measure, over the humdrum fall  
Western incredulity, into an actual act  
sheer universal grief  
Words, gifted to war

    Carry the madness of self-prophecy  
    Hanging from a cross, Weighed on a noose  
    large enough to display the entirety of the nation  
    In a performance artwork fit for Roman fame  
    An old way of listening to nothing but the stilled  
    heartbeat of your own death

Sadly, based on the demise of all, on your way  
To true self-defeat, from a hand burning with phantom drear  
Thousands of miles away, to empty your plume of fire  
over smoking ash piling up like guilt on a tray of brain

On May Day, 2012

On May Day, the heavens cried in a torrential downpour  
Though at the seat of the oil empire, only a drizzle

I shed tears, with sky's sweet water gift  
Cutting through the rush hour smog  
As an ethereal icicle in the gray mass

bleak ignorance says, "Desist habit-mind"  
"Punctuate against indoctrination"

While in dream I lay, bespattered  
with twisted memories of power  
overcoming my dry web, Growing  
warm, flushed with overconfident trust

"Extinguish all, self-indoctrination"  
I say now, sparingly with selfish mockery  
Enough to float Antarctica across the sea

On this fantastical, unspoken drug of day  
Seething anarchy overwhelm ingloriously  
To the touch of grieving feet on pavement

freezer-burned voicing, "I am only  
enchained by me", Innocent misgivings  
Trite loss of an ability to recognize perfidy  
As a trenchant ghoul hovers lone, above

## Unearthed Peace

From where springs dire need? Where does flesh breed necessity?  
From what high was born self-communication? A word, as flesh  
Giving way to the lower muse of instinct, Calling seductive, devilish  
Into a more open cry, With painstaking gain and backbreaking folly

The imprisoned spine asks for new thought, To implode in laughter  
catastrophe of inhumane prophecy, A wealthy extinction scours the earth  
with poison-swill blood, Leaking from the porous core as a vented mind  
Speaking over a windowless retreat, self-deprived, A groom to Shekinah

An era, late, forgotten, Weathered, breathless before the quaking purge  
fantasy from the speechless hungry throat, vacuum-cleaned with paternal sanity  
Infernal rush, the landscape beckons with unworldly charm, our path moves  
with insight unnerved from the nonstop pace of human desiring, the race

beggary converting the eternal drug of currency, into a scapegoat for the ghost  
fleshless velocity, meandering as a phantasmal host through spectral raw sky  
Oceanic silence, sinking, transforming, sincere moment's genuflection, ready  
An offering to receive the celestial tongue, dissatisfied by the rising cold

frozen hands, ignorant of spiritual need and embraceable interconnectivity  
That mounts our holy mold, with an unbinding clay, of seed and lost envy  
A verity, charmed with mental acuity, enough to self-create the swollen fruit  
Universal astonishment, lofty ingestion with the fool's un-possessed innocence

Eyes drying at the sight of hot light, breaking out over waves cresting, fallen  
masts of Atlantic slavery, the migration of the black asp bleeds into sensual power  
With the strong intransigence of rust over a futile modernity, brushing intimately  
against cold pavement, willful, fresh with urban must, intoxicating the childless

offspring to burnt tongues, Silenced, in fear  
Steeped in mystery, undreamed by savagery  
common as the warring mind asleep  
At peace, unearthed

## Starlit Grove of Fantasy

Where stars hooked into a moonlit shade and struck piercing chords in the subtle wind  
the mind beyond, a great expanse known upon waking in bed, rest freed to wilder ends

## Led

The seer stares into empty twilit idols, the frail frosty dew moaned in icy heat as the first sunray  
lapped its warm brain over the inanimate strife of nocturnal life,

bright floors carpet sweet secrecy, depthless cores feigned in unearthly solace in the abyss  
unfathomed by queer light emanating faceless from whitewashed walls bare, raw with restless  
emotion, untouched center

## Non-human

Pressing on into the shade-covered trespass of a hand blighted with peering intensity, the walled  
throat clears in unfurnished dwelling, colored with personal art, higher callings to invoke the  
female divine

high Sabbath,  
Lone, Breast of family death,

Lie tricking the migrant youth into permanent visitations on a fleeting body of wasted Earth,  
breathing heartless dreams into the computerized visionary light of creation, place, ecology  
howling truth

Westernizing, failed speech  
decolonized Fourth World  
Colored, Disoriented

## Starlit Grove of Fantasy II

To the homebound East,  
a forgotten thief, transformed to wealth in the sex law of natural dominance, free males piercing  
the holy mold with flagrant crime, a sheer rape of soil and sweat, a nude patriot greets the  
Native, hot and beaming with listless flesh unable to meet the sacred inner dawn, except to pry  
from its meat with a high stretch of the jaw folding under muscular stress from the unwelcome  
guest of oral history moving with unappeased momentum between the west and east,

ever situated here, Without  
Break in the scientific rush of political flight, to name diverse humanity under the dry umbrella  
of one colorless destiny, a gloomful and uninspired depressing, to flow as ally and witness  
through Rocky rapids unscathed and able to allow Creator to breathe through the airs and homes  
of your passing,

to move you once more to the sensitive realization, in the moment of a season, a need for  
movement in union with the moving sky, to watch with sincere honesty the only blessing of  
direction from eyes above, a host to begin wandering

Again

## Bloodless Fire

What unscaled visions were emblazoned?  
On the unfinished ground of loquacious beauty

Piercing into the depths of your father's grave  
Mindlessly destroying your one and only pathway

A sane exit, beyond the thought of hell  
In an Earth manifest in smoldering bursts

Night, cast over the once endless ocean  
A frayed and lifeless kin who speak in separation

Dogma from sanctimonious myths of secluded fear  
In the elementary migration of forced exile

From the fallen motherly tomb  
Wherein life and death made music

Loved for an eternity  
In one blink of a human eye

Now forgetting the vagrant mortality  
Our sick, hurtful society

Constantly at a loss  
Yet still grasping for the last breath

From a warm tongue  
Once personified as the folly of a love gone cold

In the mad Arctic winter  
Under a sky filled with bloodless fire

## Cloud-Born Sight

To those who went brazenly against

What dastard ploy breached their minds?

Reaching for a seed of ink

On bare fibers

Tingling their central nervous systems

With ideational desire

In whose crude worry were the sickly  
deemed fodder for a recycled paradigm?

Emboldened upon the red-skinned earth

With putrid engrossment

Be-tongued and hollering frail cruelty  
Into the bent wick night of holy Spring  
Blaring aloud about the one and only  
thing which transforms men to lovers

In a moment's wink

Blaring aloud

Through a stroboscopic fire

Her once soft touch

Shape-shifted to animate stone

Wrinkling with the cold ire

Unfitting skeleton

Creaking and violating

The delicate aural scapegoat of her

One rolling, shoddy cloud-born sight

A lure

A breath of art

A gleam of indubitable truth  
In the existential music, which plays  
the fullest extremes of death off the brink

Into a fall, a splurge  
Beckoning suicidal failure  
from the masses, Astonished  
by an intensifying greed

To change countries  
in a lightning flash of plausibility  
inescapable as a fibrous swarm brushes  
neatly against your worn spine

A thinning blood-born disease  
quickenning from the din of a lazy mind  
Taught to chant away sin with a mediocre flaw  
Repeated beyond the thrill of chance mistake

A deliberate shot at vociferous will  
Smoking into thought with the confident  
light of purposeless dream  
To perceive the unanswering  
In a murderous cloud  
To conceal the wisdom of prayer  
In a sludge of non-committal profanity

i am leaking

from the core of my most visceral self  
from the point where I am absolute nothing  
and all else begins  
where I once met you  
is now leaking  
as I feel your entire body  
do the same  
your outermost self leaks  
thinning your insides to my nothing  
getting cold  
and it's almost spring  
all I ask for the seasons to heal us  
light  
to tell us clearly the sun's upbringing  
that my Love is cured of her leaks  
forever ceased  
united to my own last breath of living  
as a being with a slight bout of health  
to keep this body running, to kiss you  
nightly and daily, be as an infinitude  
solar rays, to let you bask in my lust  
with every needful solar lip  
a ray  
a spark of the incredulous true  
understanding that you hurt  
and I am waiting, your loyal patient  
to one day find you again as we were  
younger even than our once knowing

i am leaking II

a spotless rule  
to love until wild freedom deemed us  
sleepless, in our own brittle cages, built  
to keep us safe from the cold sick world  
wanting us so badly to consume our fires  
in its engine of lost pain then I saw health  
in your eyes, an unearthly gaze poured out  
with fastidious forlornness, you were there  
again, to receive me, with skin as clear as  
your crystalline soul

## Royal Thief of Freedom

At the point when brain speaks  
“Enough!” the body is numb  
with the strife of disagreement  
And languor has filled our bowels  
with a final tremulous quiver  
Before the call to absolution

In deep rest, at that point  
Keeping asking, “Why?”  
The one asking is the one  
traveling Despite beginning

ending in resolution, inspiration, knowing,  
instead, fire into the unconscious activity  
mystery, surfacing quietly with bare recognition  
As the light of day, under a bulb, filtering

the inquisition of the seer, to an inner passage  
To face the grief of failure, as inborn reckoning  
With the naked omnipotence of silent space  
An unforged sword of flesh, breaking

in figments of proverbial intentionality  
From overgrown heights, matured thought  
youthful intuition brought to fullness

On natural rhythms, strung with lawless gold  
From the soon-beheaded neck of a truthless Queen  
Stealing the freedom of mass momentums

## Holy Letter to Jewish Cousins

There were a pair of Jewish cousins  
Walking thoroughly atop their Earth  
naked native ancestral, our oldest story  
    Humanity, transfixed on an equal-armed cross  
    inborn ground, firming toes in a hot splash  
    natural unction to feel the body of one's own  
    blood in a torrent of prohibited animal instinct  
A male to female cry, to pray in union  
through the soft feel on her skin, aging  
with deliberate inaction, each step  
modern smoke of the Jordan, unsubmerged  
Where her waters run icy cold, immediate drop  
    An altitude from castle-mounted peaks  
    once-strong Magyars, now trespassed  
    the likes of lebna-caked Druze stops  
    Steeped in unfinished housing, mystery  
    dogmatic in the shadow of Chief Hermon  
Natural border between natural enemies  
In the Northern Galilee, sweeping rush  
streams and cascading greenscapes  
Inspiring enough to pervade sight  
with constant sensation, first plunge  
Into the icy shallows of spring

## Holy Letter to Jewish Cousins II

The name "sin" was first ascribed  
To the human family, in an instant,  
Lost to timeless recollection,  
omnipresent instance, always moving,  
those feet, who pass over such earth,  
to intoxicating reflection, by the name,  
Mediating the genetic wandering of a few,  
rough-edge souls with ideas of eager law  
run off the page of feral sanity, a drive  
beyond the mountainscape  
to a seaside dwelling

Ruined night, filled with terror  
sanctified drear, flooding the ever-feigning  
daughters of Judea, to brand their kin,  
toward an impasse, for willful strength  
domesticated men, swallowing dispassion  
Phrasings of academics, filing sacrilege  
by another name in the darkest shade  
their knowledge den, harboring pain  
As the holy letter, divided into shreds

## Morbid Kiss with Eternal Rest

Broad-minded, struggle brought our elders up,  
from going under? "He's gone under, you say?"  
Now painless in the fleeting forecast of him  
as sleeping idol, the rejuvenated denial  
human dreaming sparks memory, Before life,  
the animate continuum, where breath escapes  
after it's left the chest, A stirring need to feel  
the illusory foment of death, Cutting into light  
frozen superstitious possibility, growing  
remorse for the futile return of the family  
pre-nuclear, To grace the deathbed fourfold  
With smiling countenance, breathtaking  
self-honesty, To be exposed before the final  
blink of the dying, Seeing their flesh extend  
to an air of Love's blind host, Freeing minds  
from its heaving breast of human dream

Into a lilting passage through the subtle heart  
the lover's own deathless body, Subtle, psychic  
rush of our second birth from the womb of earth  
Into the mystery of a completed life, a sacred cycle,  
renewed unto absolution, From seed to soil  
A fertility of natural law, the present hand  
from our inward nocturnal lives, Coldly coaxing  
the vagrant press of a healer's prints on flesh  
smoothed, prepared body, ready to ensue, wise  
internal, unearthly blessing, A throat, silenced  
by the frustrated laughter, Inside impossibility,  
moved to a whispering voice, Within the beloved  
mind of a forebear and his enchained need

## Morbid Kiss with Eternal Rest II

Cast asunder by one free perception, A look  
into the grandchild's perspective, overfull wanton  
happiness, An unfollowed clinging, Pursuing early death  
in a life lived without bloodline family, Nomadic entropy  
To vomit the sickening religious wine, in a formidable gush  
From the genitalia spine of my cringing, undone passion  
A forced innocence, to invigorate a lighter touch  
on the back of Mother Earth, Without offspring  
on a desolate land, Interconnected with rage  
post-Malthusian diatribes, Losing ground, failed  
reckoning with the loveless imprint of sex  
During or immediately after war, flesh relieved  
consummate, morbid kiss with eternal rest

## Careless Blessing

From where proverbs escape like dominoes over wine-soaked tables  
Rough wood  
Thrilled by the tongue-skimmed eyes sockets of the jeering crowd  
Become infantile  
By the winking gorge of breath fleshing out hash sparks in the dim afterglow  
Improbable realization  
Enticing pilgrims to dream within, on their sleepless journey  
To G-d

Yet, while their buttocks fester on the soiled cloth of their early arrival  
Musical charmer  
Delighting in narratives to bring the djinns and sprites together in a brash following  
Intimate candlelight  
To feel the breath of the story when it rushes past a film of gold  
Futuristic silence  
Catastrophic wonder from the unreleased public imagination moved to inaction  
Seated entertainment

Awe-driven light of crass greed, fumbling with wallets of war-mongering  
Faded oblivion  
Before the ancient smokestack horizon freezes in a nuclear east, wasted whole  
E-world gone  
Frayed with laughable travesty, a mismanaged daze of unknown cruelty  
Mountainous wave  
Landlocked, of motherless incredulity, the forgotten pearls of wisdom erode  
Epochal grain

## Careless Blessing II

Under an earthen mound, bloomed to full height in the pre-American tragedy

Supernal hosts

Gathering upon the tobacco-cooled laws of nature, to forego ancestral hate

Spiritual laws

Wading in the tonal space, found, swaying above, almost listless to true prescience

Human extinction

Beneath the walls of bloodied man, swallowed under a fiery rain-swept Earth

Reformed gold

First breath, beginning our story again, as a retold mythic foresight

Inhuman might

Into the nether space, lost to the step and swill of modern life, built

Forced reigns

Wracking the wild barebacked steeds of hell, launched again into the night

Morning, Swine

Busy grays, anorexic yellows greet the morning...  
Sickness...in a swine-flustered math of jealousy...

I can read your frail voice in tireless floods of spontaneity...  
Overwhelming your instantaneous mind with belittling secretions...

Animate foresight...the non-existent drivel of pain features lightly...  
Against your catatonic spine these days...engraved...

You pander in the muddy sand like a wallowing infant...  
Unprepared, to gulp your last swathes of breast milk...

Your straining tongue...the nipple...source of all rivers' flowing...  
Closed...we've matured from the suckling consumer...

To the invigorated host of other likely spirit-humans...  
Emboldening their home upon a pathway...

Sure with selfless heat...birthing the vain feline...  
Sophistication of prehistoric civilization's lead...

## Growing Distance

At conception, father, mother, a union  
At the point of natural intention, Seeding  
blooming, In a sharp rising instant  
    From the core, At once, The father lets go  
    His tribulation begins, Defined by letting go,  
    Where? An external drawing, As his nature  
Nourishing from without, so he must, be, from now,  
Always motherless, opposing her reflection, shining  
bitter pearls, Animal fruition, instinctually, crawling  
    within, to harbor, nourish flames  
    life from within, So, she erects a wall  
    Stronger than the arousal of man's desire  
A cave's opening tumbles forth, impermeable  
from further notice of light, She now dwells  
within, complete, Original, growing, whole to itself  
    As the mimicking beauty of the chrysalis universe  
    From within its unconscious first word: desire  
    A mere thought, simplifying the lone complexity  
Introverted fire, Into a procreated harvest  
Distinction, diverse, imbued with fearful mystery  
An other beauty, calling home, her wall, thick, round  
    A convex belly, ovular, expanding as the breath  
    Brahma, in a wild inward splurge of piercing necessity  
    Inborn freedom, to be, an inspired natural law  
Prefiguring universal substance, overwhelmed  
Throughout the animate, post-mundane world  
Emerging yet unsettling, father breathes mercilessly  
    Pressing an ear to the shell of her beatific warmth  
    A radiating inner immensity, self-prepares its way  
    Into the open round of selfless yearning

## Growing Distance II

To return to the mother's own source  
Completing the overlapped spirals of existence  
cyclical madness, the father knows all too well

The moment the infant's first moan reverberates  
through his waking ear, mother's letting go  
consummated with the same fleshly anticipation

As her lover, entering her guileless soul, warming  
blood ensues, as skin is shed, as mother's pain  
near-death readies her for her own final release

Birth and death are flipped  
One, of the same coin, In air  
The father's heated breath

Tonguistics no. 1

consonants are the skeleton of a word  
vowels, the breath, flesh, life

consonants are the guttural clack of percussive speech,  
routed in the bottomless core of the spine

vowels seek a scribe to gift them the sacred penmanship of blank regard  
(A mutual respect for the fleeting life that prints them)

the consonant seeks repetitive elegance  
the vowels, an unending fading

the word is a miracle  
feigning experience with the impossible  
“dream of human knowledge!”

laughter is the light escaping from a wordless sleep  
song is a powerful ecstasy, maddening the sorrowful with honest secrecy

so.  
speak!  
write!  
and forsake belief.

## Calling from Beneath

A call from beneath  
A subconscious yearning  
A name

Lost to meaning  
Only in striving  
complete, To know  
a gargantuan part  
you, sunken iceberg,  
shift, Tirelessly to ideals  
Within the experiential mold,  
winnowing Through  
incredible vacuity  
Blind rust, Smothered  
by a father's history  
Struggling to see celestial light  
Emanating from the pitiful mind  
At home with women

their windows and eyes fill  
with your aching gut  
In a round hurricane of lust  
moved by Love, earnest  
happiness, Breaking out  
its shell, encasing  
A need to Love all equally  
Your inmost rectitude, embraced  
On a shoulder of sheer strength  
animate And kneeling  
Under a boulder of might  
Promethean, your first thought  
do not linger, your tongue strays  
And the mouth that cast you  
firstborn in this dream of night  
Beckons the world at bay

## The Failure of Success

Who am I? a speck of dust  
Flung out into an open field  
By a truck, speeding past  
expanse of low wilderness  
Across the entire breadth  
North American continent

I am my last words, shaping  
me, with the oceans' surface  
With its knife-edged tufts of gray  
Rising and falling with the wind  
Like ash, coldly floating ashore  
the breezy, contemplative  
I am constant humility  
Penniless, an urge to will life  
Into my wretched mores  
With a cool stash of poetry  
Cooled by Canadian Arctic drafts  
On these sparsely decorated floors

I am someone who knows by experience  
The more I create, the more I know myself  
Still, I am not what I create, I am someone  
learned from experience, The more I share  
What I create, the less I am known

Who am I? Where do I lie on this, naked  
presence of stone and wealth?  
Where is my food? I breathe air  
encapsulated in malnourished spirit  
I go boldly into mundane hope

Without a vision of death  
the proud failure of a life  
lived for success

modern man

eat a banana in the Canadian winter  
and wonder what's going on in the world

look outside  
nothing...

every one minding their own, business

“i'm liberated from accountability”

free reign has spoken  
(without telling you)

Dig a little deeper

One must dig a little deeper

Than money or nationality

Being a Jew. There's a lot

to live up to, one could say,

under. Too...As the Jewish

people are on a high brink

devastation and failure

Our movement is seeded

Now, takes root in banality

dogmas, religious stereotype

national security, neurotic

to assimilate flagrantly

in an act of self-ethnocide

humanity's profane core

Isolated identity of choice

From birth, to any grave

A powerful gift remains

In revived language

Our ancestral grounds

Rooted on the majestic throne

promised lands, archaic questions

still emerging human origins

creating specific identities

Ethnicities, various social divides

Breaking our global anatomy

Apart, at once, kept safe, ourselves

## Dig a little deeper II

Not to see the raw insanity  
our driven impulse, Moving us  
toward some unknown ecstasy  
out of the animal form  
To an epigenetic cause  
    And the dust of ancient wonder still kindles  
    In true sparks, a miraculous silent flame  
    Emanating from the heart outward  
To all manifestation, hidden meaning  
cloak of separation, alluring us to penetrate  
Beyond the folds of mysterious shade,  
in past and future movement, to instead see  
the covered form, Treading on open soil  
in midwinter at dawn, Cleaning our home  
with compassionate steps to a collective love  
    Embracing all, in the shade  
    Of earthly belonging

## Midnight Voices

In the middle of the night  
The poets' voices resound deep in our ears

"I'm trying to sleep!"  
Says the mediocre soul

They respond  
"Yes, exactly! Dream on!"  
For the source of inspiration springs from acts of Love;

Acts of self-love in writing, composing, meditating, dreaming and eating  
Acts of collective love in reading, listening, presence, waking and cooking"

At once the collective self arises through every act of Love

"See through Dream"

Out into the Light!

Bring your writing out into the light!

The scarce crepuscules of dawn still inch  
wearily onto your urban-dwelling leather  
seating and fine upholstery, Make the gesture!

Be as metaphorical as you like, Open  
those crisp blank pages to the sun  
snow-born reflection, Wade in  
fantastical spring of written celebration

The natural light has majesty enough  
to cast all vampires from the mind's bitter fang,  
clench, Strong, onto each statement  
with the pulse of nature's muscular law

A featureless tide, strengthening its pull  
with each precarious ring of truth  
on this artificial beach of Western settlement  
Emit spontaneous rays out into the open  
global mind, fearless, with reckless abandon  
Until the last straw breaks between us

frightened, hungry teeth, There is a mind,  
fresh with raw cleansing, Awaiting you  
binging on emotion and play

With the intellects of social reason

Answer once, This wreckage  
proud, inglorious, violent tumult  
Sporadically ornamented  
With the chatter of city birds  
And the ceaseless revolving  
Solitary machine, Joined

## Out into the Light! II

in a moment's notice, distant  
industrial work, Yet, what remains  
after the gloated instance is over,  
pride of phrasings, rising high above  
one human brain? Engender anew  
spectrums of failure and articulation  
in buoyancies of mind, interpreting,  
    dreaming, Others who simply wish  
    to fulfill the personal need to roam  
    Sometimes over other people's shores  
    they feel invited and take part  
    in the wealth of humanity, in subtlety  
    pleasures of life's process, crafting art  
    As an offering, And meditation,  
    group creation, Shared, Through  
        one, Breathing

Earthen Mind

Oh! Earthen mind,  
Squabbling over syntax and rhyme  
Speak from your heart,  
As to a lover

Oh! Earthen mind,  
Struggling over books and wine  
Let go of life,  
A sleepless dream awaits

## Curse of Freedom

What unbridled insanity gave way  
to such incendiary winds? Pressing on  
into the cruel, upended night?  
As a window, shattered by a gale,  
unannounced? Exciting the fates  
from our celestial cushions? To rest  
their name on pale sorrow  
a ruined plan? To question the insipid  
bore of the already damned fortress  
pleasure? With the key-lock-code

an aging, deleterious mind? Flexing  
thoughts into the skin of ethereal wonder?  
Upon a sanctuary of lifted wings? Muttering  
from burned beaks about stolen failure?  
That still peaks beyond the edge  
last mountain summit? Over the prairie  
dawn? A golden remorse? Bleak as dregs  
hot wine? Stumbling to wipe clean  
their crooked palate? Inside a silence,  
meaningless lie? A broken gourd chips  
flattening in the wintry wilderness?

Over a wool of nostalgic longing?  
For the head that once groped clean land?  
With a throat cleared of incredible intention?  
Only to thrust an instrumental knowledge?  
The wise wishing of a visiting goddess?  
Laughing on her stirring buttocks  
over the loose, soft soil? A rain of eyes  
pride blows in staring at the lens of trust?  
Desired by our mingling minutemen?  
Brooding over militant fires for a new way  
to protect our right to be? As the wise  
curse of freedom ensues?

## Universal Hell

What is hell's role  
if only to see  
released from chains?

I see it here and now,  
Yet the animal shit does not  
reduce to alchemical treasures

In a mind laid to rest  
With organic groceries  
cerebral documentaries!

There is a fine line dissolving  
between the ghosts of night  
My fear prospected in hidden places

Shadows that yet still arise  
with break of day. In the blast  
engine turbines, Ripping through  
my esophagus, meditative  
breath, exhaustive contemplation

What simplistic urge carved this  
madhouse of inspired play? A call,  
breaking through the film of eyes  
sleeping as an unending dry heave

Cursing this night with silence  
poverty and belligerent pride,  
For the inhumane lust that fires  
in the unsayable deep? There is a wick  
flatulating about, Storming within  
these inflamed nostrils of asthmatics  
victimizing This one city that sleeps.

A tongue-twisting fable slakes this  
dry ingenuity with an irony all too sweet

## Universal Hell II

I mean the Mephisto himself brings these  
lifeless children to their feet! Why answer  
to this immemorial judgment that keeps  
    all too neatly, In the backlog of a mind  
    cold with faceless ease, In whose cave  
    dreamless lie, did this crime go on?  
Unsaid underneath cowtown leather sheep  
sheer dread, Their golden membranes now lie  
torn to shreds, As Love's consciousness is stolen  
    from beds emptied  
    from public sex  
    a mortal dream, yet to wake.

## Interdependent Simultaneity

There is lightness to my perplexity  
A stolen will, Smothered by insight  
Obscured by the indrawn, Pleasure  
fulfilled need, Who am I in history?  
The emancipated laborer? penniless  
noble? stout, clever ruffian, noble family?  
Childless baron of de-mystified wealth?

An intelligent rouse from the pageless,  
storyteller's mouth, fanned away  
by fly-swatting drunkards in buried taverns  
in the classical world? Such questioning

the spiritual glory of nature, Self-reflective  
sensitivity To the outward joy of gross, lush  
play With divine mystery, harmonious  
chorus of lamentation, From the bowels  
human misery, dry with implantations  
an invisible seed, waterless blood  
A fine hint of fantastic thought

Ruminating on bleak glimpses  
From a Romantic mage, Selling  
their vulgar dreams, To the mob  
unanswerable, Prefigured  
On the street, misrepresented

A gorge of prophecy, Drunk  
as lightless drugs, Filling the shelves  
elderly death, Sunken, nightly fixated  
With one human scare, frequenting  
our story in the fated cold

## Interdependent Simultaneity II

A lifeless tunnel, we become self-conscious  
With unrecognizable sin, Trading confidence  
for unsightly fame Before sensations of truth  
poverty fills our brain With distinct opposition  
against resourceful aptitude, as landless creativity

To wander, passing through sickly fruit  
Hanging carelessly above a bed  
browned leaves, To find one's self  
Gazing internally, At the Socratic cave

the eternal blessing, featureless cord  
Port to Freud's oceanic feeling, Actual  
listening to the ghosts of nature

Crawling, seeping, Into these  
blank walls Of solace, reckoning  
With passion, a circular mind  
Swept clean of lust, fine-tipped  
edge of my phallic pen

Imbuing these leaves  
With an unplanned phantasmagoria  
musical play, Utmost pleasure

in the cosmic joke of the word  
"Create!" Followed by "Destroy!"

With a vision, For simultaneity,  
interdependent Activity,  
chance is our destiny  
Not opposed to harmony

## Self-Knowledge

A higher foundation, Upturned from the world  
As an effortless birth, Unrecognizable to its own  
mother, A willful exploration into fault and curiosity  
To enjoy the bare spread of wealth over an eternal lake

The resting place of our dead, I would meet them  
Burdened with cruel passion, Without territory, name  
My place is with emptiness, Unattained pasture  
before my elder days, To create wildly, unconcerned  
before the road's end, To give shameless credence  
to free expression without boundary, Practiced  
in nightly rooms, Shaded, warmed by human love

I have many lessons to learn, my language  
yet to be refined for common ears or tongues  
My following is unknowable, I change lives  
within the space of a decade, Though led by love,  
I yearn for self-destruction, To change to a point  
appearing on the page of earthly sanity, I may not  
weather these coming apocalyptic days

I have it in me  
to deny impermanence  
my speech is sharp as a blade

My skepticism only fades under dawn's cloudless sky  
Figments of the eyeless maw drugs my literary heart  
In an intoxicating embrace, what is self-knowledge  
a way to know one's place? To become aware of one  
form, grace, flesh-born praise, Knowledge recedes

## Self-Knowledge II

laughing from insurmountable peaks of experience  
A forged clearance calls me closer to the source  
I have received myself, And there I die, at home  
Without inhibition, to fall into absolute mystery  
Never again to remember the ignorant flood of pain  
Nervously erecting its alien head into my subtle being

A viscera of longing trails off into the skyless beyond  
A morbid strength curses my bones with vigilant dread  
Yet, I am known, And one day, shall be unknown, again.

## NO MORE PATRIOTISM

I hereby call an end to Patriotism  
All War! That, despicable, abhorrent.  
All lies, abusive consumption

If there is resistance of heart  
Pressed against these icy hands  
unjust, impatient Death  
lightless medicine, overused.

Our own? Stamping out life  
with the loss of the human mind  
When the alien life of the void boils  
with chaos, Tragic, humorless, to break  
the hardest lip with a torrent of weeping

If peace is to oppose war it must undergo  
disguise, Not to bare the breast of innocence  
Sacrificed generations of youth, No more belief

No more hope, There is only speech  
To decry freedom in all its forms  
An evil love has touched this globe  
With an attractive force, strong  
as the polar magnets, Keeping us  
world spun, To release our eyes  
to sleep, And tomorrow?  
When we may see the Earth,  
spun out of control

Blank Absurdity from the Outskirts

Cycling from the outskirts of the city,  
Blasted highways and lame hares fight for space  
In the cold smoke of endless passage and habitual absence,  
Then, on the horizon

    The tower of the city,  
    Risen as a stray, maroon-striped cock  
    Against the immense Rocky backdrop,  
    A towering gorge of earth  
    Filling the horizon with a sound

refuge from the sea, calm heartening  
for the weary and clear,

To rest in the mountain prairie

    Last rays of the sun bleed with genital force  
    through the celestial web of cloud,  
    Fragrant space drifts beyond human knowledge,  
    I begin my descent from the eastern plains  
    Into the river valley

As I near a dip in concrete and grass,  
The world suddenly disappears  
from underneath my bicycle  
Hovering, as in a dream, the bike floats  
Away into an invisible transition  
Into motionless continuity

    Through my spaceless outer mind,  
    Compelling me beyond fear  
    In an instant, coasting  
    On a bicycle

Blank Absurdity from the Outskirts II

Parallel with highway and golf course,  
I become indifferent to human death  
Kora blends with saxophone  
Headphones call me to escape  
hemispheric division

Serene, as my being, effortlessly  
interwoven with my chosen reality,  
I coast into deathless candor,  
A submission to absolute possibility  
For the pure singularity of the moment  
natural ability to be  
Withstanding all, blank  
obscurity, mental insinuation  
to trust impossibility

## Writing to the Visionary

It is written: on these blank pages:  
Everyone is related in death, and life:

Creativity is the same source and path  
towards human immortality: peace

unrehearsed weakness, a natural spirit  
celestial law: Darkness unfolds

with mastery over truth: beauty is an untold story:  
Pleasure is a deranged host to sadness beyond grace:

health speaks volumes at the top of a summit  
reached by interminable struggle: Happiness

social deviance, resurrected as a plague  
from the throes of a new market place:

hope is an implausible yearning, fruitless  
with an earnest simplicity seen only in beggary:

Greed is a stalwart failure of power  
mixed with the ancestral blood of religions'  
intoxication: our ancestry becomes deaf, dumb

and blind, sensing the presence of the one  
ancestor peering from within: All our relations,  
peddle a sum of laughter to meet the visionary:

A dime to preach

What engraved stamp ran crooked on your forearm  
to speak to the actions you've come to despise  
your newfound medieval awakening?

There is a ruined home at your doorstep.  
The villain is keen on terrorizing every visitor  
and acquaintances, you speak with!

Do not trespass over this lonely mind,  
Whose racy attempts to create  
dogged, pedantic tents in writing

language feeds the cold and clothes  
the hungry from their ice-sculpted lairs  
Buried deep beneath urban psychology

a shallow modern artistry, Canada of ghosts,  
Believing in hoarse rage, it knocks at your doorstep.  
In utter disbelief, you trade wilds, for a dime to preach

## Many Farther Horizons

In a hollow Blankness, What is there  
sound? In an hour, Eternities begin  
With every minute, A day  
Every second, A year  
Every instant, A lifetime

Walking on this frozen, dry ground  
There are clouds, still above, Hanging  
in motionless awe, sea of dream  
Reflecting off a cathedral sky

I place my offering of monogamy,  
A celibate forge, To swim in the clear  
sands of a purifying current, swept  
into my life, To cleanse me of dreams  
And fantasize no more, Here,

in my church of Earth, I bleed  
stained with poverty, lifeless  
hands go limp, With palms clasped  
To refuse all beggary to come  
Finally, I stand, To proclaim this  
foolish notion of existence at once  
A reckless child weeps on old concrete,  
mixing With the skin and hair of youth  
divorced American, Lying on the lawn  
sheepish, To know a belittled man  
personification, Troubled, into murder  
believing in the chaotic at hand: That  
family is an impasse for the unsaved  
Their glory exists only in the driven  
will they feed themselves, Not at being  
one, In harmony, I clamber up, violent

## Many Farther Horizons II

steps, Quaking with ruthless confidence  
To crumble before a vast horizon, Shone  
as the natural border of the land, Crossed  
more times than I can count on one hand  
Now multiplied, exponentially, Living

with absolute permanence, On firm ground  
In bed with my wife, Many farther horizons  
unknown

## In Dream, Not Alone

Enjoin your healing heart with her wealthy triumph  
In skin-pulsed awareness, A breath, That scents need

She is sick and lies bare in naked union with sleep  
I fill my lust with puffed gills, Warm to the touch

My porous salt squeezes effortlessly, Along each hair  
Swaying unnoticeably, In the breeze of her one eyelash

Stopping suddenly, To see even the slightest bit of me  
Enjoying myself well, In a daze of intoxicated self-mastery

Over the innocent lie of a selfish mind, Swollen with greed  
drunken, Falling on a spine, Breaking into pieces, Removed

with sudden heat, Feeling her body, Touched coldly  
against the colored sheets and wood slabs Between us,  
in this moment of sheer secrecy, A mutual following

In the space of maybe 20 strides, From wall to wall  
Before one presses coldly, Against the inner glass

frozen weathered environment, Totally inhospitable  
At 30 below centigrade, Mid-morning, Walking

to feel our legs, Brutalized by a numbing shame  
Pedestrian symbol of poverty, Burdened to live a life

Carrying her instrument of inward need, Now with me  
At our bedside, Secure only in dreaming, Not alone

## Terminal Ecstasy

*In memory of Friedrich Nietzsche*

What grace and love has befallen us? As antiquarian soup quenches the numbed mind of our deified law, Into a malformed open praise, Freely announced to every tired soul, Whose life still lies naked in the soiled blankets of youth, Reminding them not to forget the passages, that once filled their brains before they learned of prayer, or of the superhuman

Through the word, with one saying, “The future is not past”, We suddenly believe in the selfish possibility of the artless word, Wholly dedicated to a deified idea, Devout preachers and actors, reciting the lurid ferocity of the word, As a blind host in a den of thieves

When at once the word was saddled upon a steed of unreasonable interrogation, Leading us to fly with lunacy, Into the abyss of grace, Without any earthly vessel in which to live comfortably, Against ideals, symbols, or rites, Great boons of prehistory, Filling the stomach of modern man with shape-shifting lights, Enough to transcend their will to power

With a transvaluation of honesty, A humbling atop the stoic mountain façade of a mind flashing with empyreal highs, Drowning immediate presence in a mist of wisdom and sympathy, To bellow out into the morning of human life, A strong vocation, Made anew from the transfixed eye of nature

Absolved of its obligation to humanity (and vice versa), Unafraid to penetrate human madness, He was a martyr of 19th century reason, His muscular spirit atrophied in the fading twilight of countless idols, Numbered by his hand and fed to Fascist exterminators, With biting decadence

A dream of philosophical community, Gone astray in the misinterpreted evils of his original significance, Undermined with swift posthumous benefaction, To a Germany plunged into the Faustian nightmare of the devil’s own youth, To, with inconceivable might, force the barebacked fellow brethren, Into a mire of upheaval

Woven in the sickly strands of unwashed hair, The scalped savagery of Germanic mythic freedom, Outmatched by the obscene reality, Still, together we honor Nietzsche, With a boyhood glory, Only known when gazing at summits of unclimbed peaks, Realizing one’s terminal ecstasy

## Love's Undying Breath

within these cold walls

the heat of our flesh opens our pores, and we melt into the fixed sand of sleep, one body awake, listening to her breath, feeling the wind of her lungs, exhale, her scent, inhale, we become each other's truth

the air, the atmosphere, the dust of older things rushes throughout our respiring bloodstream, each inhale a celestial kiss, each exhale a source of trust, in sharing the momentary universe, together, we lie upon the blankness of a subconscious mind emerging from its forgotten depths by day, as air proceeds in our pores, released into psychic wellspring of her undying presence

billions and billions of endlessly infinite sparks of brain activity occur between us, created out of the thick air filling our beings within a unified spatial instant, a home, exertion's resting, the effortless synapses carry beyond recognition, as the scaled heights of mental awareness fall to this moment, when falling, we let go

our hearts steady with stilled emotion, and the parades of loss which climb into our lives each day come to a halt, excitement and thrill recede with gorgeous vanity in the tranquil pulse of her face, a placid clarity evokes the measureless instant when inhale becomes exhale, exhale inhale

the transitory passage, an internal mystery, enacted without warning, the source wherein all questioning derives, where the faint strides of life press into the open ground of an innocent mind struck clean through with a lightning bolt of devotional love, a permanent mark appears with the dynamic strength of an empyreal cry forged into the breast of a natural way

her eyes, half-closed in a hypnotic place, overwhelmed with incantatory beauty, a life balances on the edge of harmony and chaos, yet indifferent, her undying breath resolves, silently

## The Sightless Maw

Write to the sightless maw!  
of heavenly sophistry  
through an unmarked passageway  
carved with thought  
and the muscle of craft  
burrowing into the impalpable  
human spirit  
the unforgotten travesties  
a brain coerced into realization  
by the Druidic birth  
of natural law  
turned to symbolic humanity  
in the scavenged skin of a tree  
fornicating openly  
with the life of humankind  
to rend sight from the unconscious stupor  
to trust in the moment's interconnectivity  
moving through savage chaos  
and flightless pleasure  
to envision the might of reason  
enchained to the God of oration  
moved in a single instant  
to codify Her numerical wonder  
hidden in the obscure abyss  
a collective knowing  
to risk the tongue to vestigial biology  
or grant the mind of man a way

out.

## Love Sits Across The Room

There, she IS  
untouchable  
absolute untouchable perfect beauty  
a sunbeam directly, warming the heart  
a thousand prayers answered  
instantly and eternally

There, she IS  
brilliant  
with charged grace  
and creative intuition  
healing and enlightening  
every moment  
with rare punctuality  
never before known  
on this virgin Earth

There, she IS  
frozen in time  
cold to my immediate touch  
yet thawing, with space

There, she IS  
My Love  
Across the room  
Sitting... a light warms her face

## Blonde Horn

Breathless, blown through and through  
aftermath of multigenerational struggle  
a force grew  
freedom  
democracy  
the meaning of human fertility  
two pens, two pads of paper, one Oud pick  
one writer & musician  
loving space  
hating time  
grooving somewhere in between  
without a dime  
nameless, on a pseudonym lie  
painless high, from listening to the sun-pierced divine  
flesh of the alive  
no mournful trespassing  
no demons disguised  
no villainous outreach  
no masked pride  
still, a glum following ensues  
and things grow intelligence  
as light broods in the shadeless deep  
a gross fire, emanating  
from the last of its  
bellowing...blew

Dr. Scientist

Dr. Scientist, whose guess is whose? Is science down to a science? Who are you? I see you pointing at maps, Drawing arrows, Filling blanks, What plane did you make today, Scientist?

On whose land did you claim your knowledge and right to know? Why are your indigenous people a possessive noun, or past participle corrected by your political liberties? Where are you taking us, Scientist?

I have so many questions for this Q & A. Though, I've heard your answers Yet, they don't seem to be for me! This is your day, Scientist. And you know it.

Stories from the temple and country don't seem to matter. Except from an old wrinkled face filling your notebooks, With the re-researched, Passing You write down the last words of a dying language so clearly, How neat!

Thank you for your presence, But, I am suspicious: Why is it you who always seems to be there when something outside of your worldview meets the absolute mystery of death? There are some things you don't profess, These things define us invaluable, Beyond measure, Outside your codified principles

So, I write verse, While your high tower quakes, With a world swept clean from beneath you, By your special grace, Tell me, Dr. Scientist: Why from the beginning of human migration (Our African homelands of the one human race) Diverged into two?

“A separate *human* species”, Words directly from your face, Why is it okay for you to speak wrongly? In public, mistake, While the scientific community understands every number and letter, privatized in journals safe-locked in a hidden library?

I sit. Because, Dr. Scientist, there is nothing to hide. What secrets are being kept? In mathematical laws Each entry in the book of knowledge, Modernized? Have you no knowledge other than that of obscurity? What is there to hide? Why, Dr. Scientist, why?

## American Spirit

It is a viscous liquid

It is a noxious gas

It infiltrates my mind with clandestine operation

It festers beneath my skin

It enters my lungs as old dust in a vacuum

It opens my mind with live ammunition

It is addictive

It degrades thought to ruin

It finalizes meditation with rage

It scrambles light to white noise

It is a featureless rabble

It is a discoverer's insolent parade

It is when I realized that

To find the sacred drone of the Indian *tambura* is unrealistic

As searching for the sacred pulse of the First American drum...

It is a misnomer

It is not

Is not it?

## The Breathing Source

There's a dull pain in my urethra. The dim suffering, Finds its exit, Incited. By impassioned ecstasy, I lay in the dark, Humid, Bedroom of instruments. *Brazilian, Chinese, and Canadian*

Woods creak, With metal twangs. Rustling in the deep maw of our windowless chamber, Slight discomfort beckons me, To alertness, A machine whirrs With incessant regularity, Outside

Our walls, In the mountain prairie winter, I rise, Seated, wrapped in blankets, Reading printed, script (a dear friend's entry in an anthology of Yogic poetics), My mind draws from this space

The importance of that silence, Only known at around 3 a.m...Just now, A faucet opens, Obscuring, soundscapes in pressurized sonic rhythm of water, Coursing through metal pipes

Love's breath eases, Negligibly, Through her windpipe passageways, With similar impact, As I, Again retreat into the nature of mind, Bubbles rise and open, Above the surface of a humidifier's holding tank

The dry air enters noiselessly, As new machines begin to operate, The soft scratching of this pencil, Against the paper, Resembling the shifting of an elderly tenant above, When listening

All sound is one, sound is the breath of the animate universe, When breathing goes silent, You are at the source, Listen in, And you may reach the source, While still breathing

Need from Sex

What do we really need from sex?  
We need one Other body To feel

The only kind of submission known  
When one submits Out of a mysterious

Love, Binding us, Outside of familial role  
Under the strength of the mammalian heart

The shape of flesh, Is but a flash of memory  
Before this all-forgiving realization, Of need

Now profaned, In the incredulities of emotion  
misinterpreted, Destroying what is, Human

even more basic, With our phallic wars  
Yet, in this awful truth, A leader is personified

In the human myth of death, Wherein sex is a need  
To perpetuate life, So the throes of death are set

in motion, Ever bringing us closer, To one  
collective consciousness, Of death, Or now

Ignorance, Where we have forgotten, The notion  
to which shamanic personas aspired, to death

As a great gift of clarity, enthroned entheogen  
that being's consciousness perceiving, at once

to conceive All their past actions, looking  
at their feet, And the ground below, to Realize

absolutely, The need to repeat, Living, To inspire  
mythic flight, compassion, Through All That Echoes

Abstraction of ink.

Whose lives were blurred in the identical shape of the twin towers?  
(on which the flowing blood, sweat and tears of Iraqi people were lain)

Without one touch, From *their* finger, Or through any medium thereof  
As with an action paint, Renamed to nature paint, Due to the formless glow

interpretive musing, Which sparked that mysterious shade?  
From under the lotus feet of American towers, Burned in the incendiary

aftermath of artificial retribution, A man-made wonder? Of the world?  
Great Pearl Harbor misdirection? Of pyrotechnics? From behind

the White House curtain? And whose blood and tears became fated  
in that identical shape, With abstracted ink, A human fluid, Re-worked

into abstractions, And misrepresentations, Of a people blinded  
Yet strong, Enough to see the tourist greed, Without sympathy

For the stupidity that follows, From across the globe, Thousands  
of miles, Arriving dizzy, And lost, With open cultural confusion

And public ignorance, Yet still flashing the wealth, Of armies  
To the innocent children of a globe, Gone pop! The mother

Loose with easy money, Yet from these same young hands  
Words are forged, Which absolve the idea of the mundane

And prove everything is sacred  
As a cracked shell...feeling for the yolk

mundane man

there are two ways for a human to profane  
their environment.

when their immediate nadir of presence centralizes  
exponentially

in a brain accursed with infinitesimal vertebrae  
innumerable

lining the contours of every perception

become concept

feeling

symbol

enacted metaphor of the void

an interpersonal blend of seed and blessing

in the raw mental design of one's own imperfect style

the mark of originality

is a mistake.

the first way is to let go of a thing or sense

with candid deception

and so in doing

take equal or more from every experience

to horde in the unconscious

recess of your most lifeless state

behind the eyes

where the endless stare

only blinking at death.

the other

is to sacrifice means

for an end.

If I could speak...

If I had a voice...

What would I say  
to a stranger  
passing by?

To hold them fast  
in that moment  
Against the confident  
pressure of my heart  
What would I say  
to a new acquaintance?  
To ensure they hear my voice  
Balancing delicately  
over the thrifty ledge  
Of a shy and battered mind

What would I say  
to a causal friend?  
That they may lift their self  
to know me  
To meet each other anew  
Higher and closer than ever  
Recognizing our presence  
What would I say  
to an old friend?  
That I may say again  
At their funeral  
With love in my heart

What would I say  
to each individual  
in my family?  
To all, I will say:  
“Speak!  
And I will listen.”

## Viral Deportation

Across these lines

into space

A silver dream

Silhouetting against memory, Stark as a page, Torn from Love's grasp, Beneath covers'  
Silencing, Through misdirection, Beleaguered imagining, Stirring lust for the electric tear gas

Fall, out of spirit into the machine, Coaxed with full passion, Imbued with music's catharsis, And  
rising from the trap, Of mechanical flames, Bursting with miniscule disbelief, Behind the screen;  
a transparent human universe

Another place, Human lunacy, Lit from pathless staring, Into the troubled dawn, Without  
electricity, Storm of loss across the dust bowl, Factory curse of lawless precision, A vexing  
insanity, Towards material extremism

Can we now imagine connectivity? Our mutual awareness, without any thing? As the  
anthropomorphic flash of light, Transforming metal into our subtle flesh...A forced migration,  
To a new world, society Living solely, Inside, Virtually

Place

Less

(closed)

S

P

A

C

E

Man, Great Mystery

“Most men,  
Believe!  
They are great  
Because, as they walk  
Through this universe  
There is greatness

Though! Late in life  
Man may see!  
‘It is not  
You, nor me’

There is only  
Great Mystery”

THAT Thought

One will always have THAT thought,  
whether by writing it or not  
In simply thinking

The question remains...  
When is writing necessary  
to have THAT thought?  
And what is the Mystery  
foretold?

My free form writing is not freed of form  
introspective inflection, contemplations & meditations,  
ruminating on what illuminates...

I free the air of language and act  
with the abstraction of breath  
in an act of rhythmic repetition

There is no play of form in metrics  
for form is play...

THAT is  
Nature of mind

Creation is transpersonal transcendence,  
a supernal human urge, an elemental thought

To get what is  
Basic, needful fortuity

New Years

Happy New Years!

Persian, Hebrew, Roman, Chinese

Many in One.



Earth-word Skyward



Dawn's Crepuscules

Shakuhachi Dusk Notes

1

Shakuhachi As Night Falls

Post-coitus body of breath  
Exasperating  
My lover sleeps, dream-woman

2

Twilight Shakuhachi

Hour of Tsukuyomi  
Creates Sound Feelings  
Silence uncovers the breath

3

Sunless Japanese Flute

Spiritual inebriant  
Remembering dream  
Storytelling has power

## Dying To Overcome Time I

*Characters:*

*Psychiatrist; apathetic, he/she sits gloating  
in leather-chaired insulation, cruelly,  
however unknowingly self-deprecatd,  
with a scholarly countenance  
amid plain and subdued bookshelves, uncolored,  
as he/she exhibits various slow, piteous glances,  
foretelling a lonely character when not at work,  
one depressed, and jaded with the immediacy of his/her life,  
and disillusioned by their past, bitter to those closest to them,  
objective with their patients, an invariably unimpressionable character,  
yet one so polite as to welcome invitingly to any, and all.*

*Dreamer; outlandish, taken by figments of the imagination  
at happenstance, and in the spontaneous flicker of the instant,  
like two mirrored sense organs pit to stimulate  
in a never ending call-and-response, yet one not so unaffected,  
as experiencing chronic mental symptoms  
that characterize the hypochondriac,  
and through their living have become unsustainably egomaniacal,  
socially anarchistic, and personally subjective  
in their relationship with the world,  
and its seamless interdependence  
amid the individuation of transient personalities,  
moments, and inventions.*

Psychiatrist:

What are you struggling with now?

Dreamer:

I am trying to overcome time.

Psychiatrist:

Talk about time...

## Dying To Overcome Time II

Dreamer:

Time, the clock, the minutes, the numbers, each revolving number, every moment's passing, to grasp hold of life is futile with time at hand, ever revolving, the numerical movement seizes me with anxiety,

frustration, lost hope, and missed opportunity, for if not to act eternally, what purpose is there to do anything, if everything merely passes with the indifferent, mechanical touch of a revolving number, a cold mathematical constant, a no-matter, inhumane judgment of non-being...

I am stricken with the ugly truth of the futility of the conscious mind, which at once becoming aware of the sound physical reality of void, empty, groundless and vacant passing insubstantial pop pop pop cloud dozing visual loud open, how? how?

There is not even a now, a noun or...even the mystery of remembered sound, how? how does music continue to find ingenuity in the fake façade lie of our trite passing listening, I've said nothing, and now, back to the question, which is not one question but an infinitude of questions, each word a question:

What? Are? You? Struggling? With? Now? I have not an answer for a single one to start, never mind their combinatory syntactical infractions on mathematical constancy...

Psychiatrist:  
Talk about constancy...

Dreamer:

Synchronicity is the key to constancy

Synchronicity is the key to constancy

Synchronicity is the key

*A majestic sweep, an unearthed silence from the deep, unsaid holy floor of highfalutin carpeting, a million miniscule bacterium, sucked clean in the insistent inertial temporality, to speak without listening and curse the tongue's roiling heat spilling worthless drool on the fly, unnoticed, to sleep without wherefore or why to the moment of waking cries, in dreams, saving the intuitive highs for a moment out of time*

## Dying to Overcome Times III

Psychiatrist:  
Time's up.

*And did he say why? Why, it didn't cross his mind, not even for the instantaneous greed to be entertained by the sad mourning fury of the mad dreaming gush lying in silly degradation on the carpet, scraped clean of fungal heat, to wistfully provide an escape for the psychotic mind at ease in the hypnotic office sleep of reason, to ask, for but a moment, when do I die? And receive the next tick of a clock for an answer, repeating, repeating, as it were, endlessly.*

## Transnational World Citizenry

Nationalism is as greedy as America  
Nationalism is as belligerent as Canada  
Nationalism is as corrupt as Mexico  
Nationalism is as desperate as Egypt  
Nationalism is as desolate as Jordan  
Nationalism is as unjust as Israel  
Nationalism is as weary as Palestine  
Nationalism is as distracted as Germany  
Nationalism is as exclusive as Denmark  
Nationalism is as exploitative as Peru

Nationalism is as vulnerable as a land border  
Nationalism is as unclear as a sea border  
Nationalism is as exposed as nature  
Nationalism is as shortsighted as war  
Nationalism is as thin as money

Nationalists are as brainwashed as a corporate politician  
Nationalists are as weak as an independent voter  
Nationalists are as traumatized as a post-WWII veteran  
Nationalists are as emotional as an anti-war demonstrator

Nationalism is as nationalistic as a nationalist

: I Am The One and Only Leader! :  
There is only one person to act as your leader in this world  
“You.” Of No Nation  
Of Earth  
Of Humanity – United By Individuality  
Lead Your Self  
Towards One Nationless Earth  
Or Immeasurable Nations...  
Of All-Earth  
Be *Cause*,  
Nationalism is as Groundless as the Nation

Meditate Without Purpose

Meditating for any purpose  
Is like placing a cloth to the screen  
To dry the tears of an Actor

Un-Un Inging

Un-thought w-riting  
Un-written th-inking  
    Re-turning  
Bellow hot mountain  
Nomination, height

T-rusty?  
Up-scale  
B-right?  
Scholarly chiefdom  
Wicked rock, crooked home  
The wish-fulfilling room  
Bear spirits follow  
Angered tempest  
Youthful orgasm  
Song of the Red Canadian Nation  
Firsts Springing  
Waking to right white rite  
& write to tell the tale  
Envisioning black ghosts  
Apocalyptic night of age  
Blundering from the speechless sound  
Offering words to the oceanic lust of the psychic West  
    Wisdom from the one-sided head  
A cracked egg, an indirect signpost  
A message, greatly in need of interpretation  
A creative take, off the ground of sensible eco-logic  
Passage ways, without open or close  
Rain under a blue sky  
Still drifting ash on the ancient island  
Eyeing the newly cut horizon, peaks breaking the seams of earth  
Man's last buttoning  
Popping Inging  
Un-un  
- ing

Un Beso, Por Favor

Un beso es un milagro  
Que se disuelve  
Como un hombre rastafari, tan alto en la selva  
Conociendo que es necesario  
A traves su mundo de suenos  
Despierto

A Kiss, Please

A kiss is a miracle  
That dissolves  
As a Rastafarian man, so high in the jungle  
Knowing what is necessary  
Through his world of dreams  
Awake

En la fuerza creativa

In the creative force

En la fuerza creativa

La mar mantiene la claridad de sus ojos

Mirandome a través de los oculos de la inocencia humana

Que trae la paz del tiempo prehistorico a sus palabras

Diciendo lo que pasará en esta tierra

In the creative force

The sea maintains the clarity of your eyes

Seeing me through the bifocals of a human innocence

Bringing the peace of prehistoric time to your words

Speaking of what will pass on earth

Por mis ondas

Toda es la necesidad

Toda es un fiebre actual de creación

As for my emotion

All is necessity

All is the actual fever of creation

En la fuerza creativa II

In the creative force II

Que es la verdad de una persona?  
Tirando todo el vacio de la existencia?

What is the truth of a person?  
Throwing away everything into the emptiness of existence?

Por su propia cuenta  
Hasta que este siglo conozca sus consecuencias  
Desde la pregunta de tu cuerpo mas cercano  
No conozco ninguno frontera

To each their own  
Until the age knows its consequences  
From the question of your closest body  
I don't know any boundary

Requiem for the 16

"A soldier  
Before the end of night  
16 bodies  
Turn to light"

There are many reasons why I left  
Now Ex-Patriot  
Now divorced from birthplace  
My shores?  
My flag?  
My history?

I extinguish all landlocked loyalty

"A soldier  
Before the end of night  
16 bodies  
Turn to light"

Now, I have 16 more reasons  
Silently, I have countless more

Where did I flee to?  
Another country with a poppy war!  
I'm from anywhere  
Where this requiem hits home

"A soldier  
Before the end of night  
16 bodies  
Turn to light"

*Sunday, March 11 2012*

*The night after hearing 16 Afghan civilians (mostly women and children) are massacred by a  
U.S. soldier. Who are we supporting?*

SubLiminal StarFucks

Over-the-hill guy next to me  
reads gun magazine  
Eye contact with blonde student  
Overly helpful, nice barista

Coffee should be banned.  
We are criminals.  
We drink  
the blood of slaves.

The rage. The horror.  
The pent up rage.  
About to implode.  
Chamber of hate.

Standard jazz  
We pay the coffee mafia  
for an easy-listening waste of time  
But we look good.

Mother of our Mother

We are the mother of our Mother  
Conceived by a spiritual emetic  
Hallucinogenic soul bomb

We purge our body  
Vomiting a black snake-squid  
Fearing to let it go

Our Uroburos eats us  
Before we evolve last minute  
To skip the inevitable apocalypse

Through a profane hoop  
Genetically engineered  
Man-Squid, our new name

Polluting our new home,  
Living off oil-ink oceans  
A motherless mother of our Mother

Western City in Threes

Aging Chinese lady  
Reads from Bible  
In donair take-out

Abandoned grocery pushcart  
With emptied beer  
Winter night, downtown

Man walks alone  
Carrying upright bag  
Photographs tower entrance

*Note:*

*In the practice of writing, as inspired by rhythmic modes in music, word count, in this case in 3, can also serve meter, or syllabic stress, where the beat is the syllable.*

A Word is a Thousand Pictures

each word  
a thousand pictures

& each letter  
a name

Wisdom of 4am

meditations on  
cisgender heterosexuality,  
Kurdish mysticism,  
exotic jazz,  
and epic poetry

saturday night  
26 years young  
body of ageless  
sage humanness  
humanly human

wisdom girth  
tonal quality  
the nervous end  
of night, spent  
alone again

the sleeping wife  
dream woman  
rising with the sun  
genital friend  
from chest to head

wise flesh,  
wisdom breath  
the ancients rest  
with ancient flesh  
I, of speechless death

risky wealth, paper  
less clothing, less  
need, instruments  
bikes, and a space  
to flee from mobility

## Wisdom of 4am II

I answer to no  
one answers to  
I am free from all  
around me, lowly  
And I, high I! I!

visions of pleasure  
greed agreed by  
personal love go  
for a being touched  
magic is sees me

## Question The Ephemeral

We tend to forget who we are  
Thinking we are ephemeral  
We look to the seen  
Forgetting we are also the unseen

Are we made to be impermanent?  
Our thought is eternal  
We are also the unborn, unmade  
Our heart is everlasting

The spirit of every human life echoes  
Through every last strand of being  
The natural world embraces  
Our most subtle, finest self

When a friendship, or love, passes  
Question the ephemeral  
When prehistoric art is felt  
Question the ephemeral

## Lifeless Artist

You ask me to do what costs  
money for free?  
Because I'm an "artist"?

Without life there is no art.  
No life, no art.  
No art, no life.

War For Sale

I look out my window

Old frontier town

Letters read:

OLD WAR

S

Another day

Unlivable cold

In the Canadian West

## A Message

Neither to be a writer, journalist or poet  
With all their books & lines

Nor a lyricist, musician or composer  
With all their songs & shows

Matters.

Against one person  
With something to say

Who has a message  
To send

From the winged breath of One  
To the rooted blood of All.

Words that can't be read.  
Music that can't be heard.

There are infinite ways to convey  
Generations of language  
Sounds, Colors, Movement, Nature

Creation is a message.

No Rush

Elderly couple  
Walk backwards on path at dawn  
Rush hour!

A Message II

In Bob's Word

The Lion of Jah Wisdom

Spoke:

“If you are not happy children,  
travel wide!”

I say:

If you are not rich  
(with flowered genius...)  
Sleep at a different hour.  
Stay awake.

Fall.

In Love.

With Empty Space.

Take a walk.

New experience waits.

## Sex Poem #1

white see-through pants of California, twirling a head of air,  
as the short stout man upfront hyperventilates with post-orgasmic intensity,  
demonstrating the euphoric bridge from breathing to an exercise  
in the natural highs of the ecstatic brainwave chemistry,

and I stare, eyes bleeding like water through the white fabric,  
seeing the shape, two plump figs, two olives, braided with a galangal coil,  
darkening from the spine, towards the under-born ridge of mountainous hurt,  
and to look away, sitting slowly, with blood rising to the memory of my snapshot imagination,  
elaborating and elucidating in an empty home,

arriving in the pale dim light of early winter sunfall,  
the inward spout unchains from my carnal need,  
I carry my quaking hips to lay down,  
and as my undergarments spot with wet enticement,  
I unzip, and reveal myself engorged,  
spiked upwards into the tempting graze of one's own hand,  
to stroke the subconscious phallus of wakeful self-treatment,  
to appease the largess of the wide-eyed mind,  
painfully aware of necessity

## Sex Poem #2

after eating, satiated, she opens the way into my ever needful beckoning,  
strongly I insinuate with a body full of rain, a sweeping torrent of pleasure,  
the sensual face, smiling, breeding hands of touch, grasping outwards  
at the groin downplayed, at humble rest, and yet her smile greets my name  
with a roving hand to outmatch my desirous intensity, a flattening triumph  
the extended heart, pulling tightly for my central body hook to flay  
the air in a silent heady daze of spiritual belonging

among the unnerving flush of a slowly stripped body, and naked,  
with distended feet hard against the wall, I will the outage  
my blinding seminal electricity into the light, to die in her hands,  
a warm primordial flesh of the body's gorgeous loss,  
yet to her an offering of the mouth and the sweetened tongue,  
salty with the enmeshed sway of genital hair smoothed over  
by an indiscriminate vaginal head of sixty-nined passion,  
the elemental grace of her fluid arched under my bottom lip,  
sipping and slipping onto my tongue with the gentle taste  
consensual release into the unclothed arms of love,  
freed of memory, freed of imagination,  
freed of the need to be free,  
she is the way beyond freedom,  
and our loving coitus is a mad rush of freeing

A Kind Seer

All beginnings auspicious!  
Earth is commonplace  
I sleep when tired

Before Music

Desolate city  
Silent, nothing done  
Brew more tea

## Poverty & Privilege: A Writer's Life

A contraposition of values

An erasure mark in the family inheritance

A crude awakening of self-judgment

I write

Separated by consumer technology

& a misplaced wallet, lost on purpose, indefinitely

I've got nothing to show, or to listen to, really, my true life is private, enclosed in the whispering reinforcement of self-knowing, but I do not affirm selfishly

I offer a wealth of time

& with that, a privilege, that only I experience writing my writing

My quality of life is especially susceptible to lows, endless as the sleepless night

& highs, infinite as the count of blank pages, to be filled with gratitude and haste

I do not waste much, what I earn goes directly back into the drawers of painless memory,

Lying bare as a beggar's cause

I am remote, busy investigating my own soul

I look for diamonds & pearls escaping like vermin from my impossible breath

I have no shame, it's all lost to the necessity of failure, rejection & one too many names

My ego's shrunken with the files of modern domesticity

I now course through another womb of the unpredictable & infant might

“All mundane profanity is sacred”

My vocation has been screaming at me since I learned how to talk back, to claim my own voice among the cacophonous chorus of dissonance

I plead for a hint, to receive emptiness & renew my stronghold of distinct inspiration

I possess a personal vise of heart and will, united at the source of life

Fearless, I voice existential questions & face the absurd hilarity of the identical void

An ancestry is reflected in my lines

Shown only in the mirror's pervasive light

Cracking with dust along its edges, waiting

Until the day I die & my reflection seeks its own emptiness

To inspire the slightest articulations of clarity as I have divined

## Journey to a Savage Heartbeat

She sleeps  
The air crystallizes calm  
Resonating, celestial rhythm  
Within, induced by lungs full of heart

Movement, passing un-swayed  
Mind awake, visioning dream  
Reality is personal meaning

A savage buzz  
In the mental feast  
Lustful paradigm, fixed bliss

My education, Native  
Cold exacting moods, unschooled  
Wisdom ensues

Trust, subsumed by other worldviews  
Blinking apologies, We cry

Wording contexts, respectively  
Wording names, from a place  
Wording voices, alive

To name is to noun, not to adjective  
Be your Word

Free of savagery  
Journey to an other  
Where a savage heart  
Beats, still to your rhyme

Sound Ancestry

Name: Anonymous

Now, Nameless Anonymity  
I Identity, Place-Named  
Vanity

A fixed grounding  
A silent breeding  
An unknown following

"Rusty" is unused  
"Kjarvik" is an inflection  
From the old tongue  
A distinct voice from

Anglophone I.D.

Spawn of coy memory  
Multi-Generational Grand Son  
Of nominal creativity  
As a hand, stretching backwards  
beyond linear chronology

An impasse of unreachable longing  
A futile phasing  
To own the truth of who

"We are calling"

Solstice Musings (2012)

The end of the world is  
The beginning of Earth

I don't remember past  
Creations, I feel them  
Like recurring dreams

## The Last Country Song

What endures after all is long gone?

A book?

A song?

A religion?

A god?

The work of Man is truly not long

The work of Man is truly not long

I've seen graves

I've seen hate

I've seen love go to waste

Yet it was the work of a Woman that started my song

Yes! The work of a Woman started my song

“What endures?” She asked, “After all is long gone?”

All is long gone!

All is long gone!

A book?

A song?

A religion?

A god?

All is long gone!

All is long gone!

The work of Man is truly not long!

And it's the voice of a Woman singing the last song

## The Writing's on the Wall

I've traded a cigarette for an apple  
Everywhere I look, I see a family name  
A bird skips on my snow-covered balcony  
It goes where I do not

Tricks are for kids

A hat drops, I face the world

Howls, ignorance

My pack is ready

By Being

The way to get there  
The only way to get there  
Is by being there

No More Words

Yoke the mind into submission

No-More-Words

The voice becomes like a sphincter

It only lets something out when it really has to

Fast

Purify

Loosen

Depressurize

Submit to nothing

Submit nothing

But,

Never submit

No-More-Words

## Color Blindness in a Canadian Hospital

A welcoming young girl, with poppy shoes and tasteful jeans  
Friendship's smile, bursting forth with radiance out of sight

A blind man enters, cane pointed at the unmanned desk  
She takes his arm in hers, as a family couple, spirited with gentility

The blind man sits with his younger Ascot-capped, sun-glassed  
Both looking straight ahead, they sit, one to one

The room is sparse, of relatives and individual patients  
Waiting lone, a grandma softly stares with wooden nose ring

Early morning's branded caffeine monotony  
A teenager skips madly, mouth spouting, stimulant-sugar-conditioning

The surface-level skin of the page follows early English thought  
Reading Shelley's *Rosalind and Helen* to Portuguese folk soprano

My wife turns the bend, healthy from the office, a petite lovely  
Her smile burns away the predawn clouded sky

The blind man now sits lone, anypatient, eyeless, Midwestern glare  
reflecting the young man's eyewear, seated lone, looking East

Voiceless in a Canadian Hospital

That accent, proverbial First Voice

Speaking to the anthropomorphic voice machine, irresponsive

She sits before an empty desk, waiting to be seen

The immediate receptionist, partitioned one desk away, sits typing

Time passes, the waiting grow short with their wristwatches

A receptionist passes between the partitions, "Wrong desk, Miss"

"This is the wrong number" the waiting roll their eyes at her soft lisp-*reserved* voice

Her presence builds unspoken confusion, "This is the number. Everyone uses it"

Sleep-deprived, the receptionist points to the other receiver, mechanically

Picking up the receiver, again among the waiting, speaking to machines, voiceless

## Interpretive Meaning

Interpret meaning in creative writing  
Interpretation is the writing of creation  
    Meditating on dreams  
    And the fleeting mind is to interpret

Creation is interpretation  
The creative mind is interpretive  
    The world is open  
    to interpretation

Create, and the mind is interpreted  
Creation is the seamless measure of dream  
    When the unconscious is invoked  
    in waking, a part becomes whole

Interpretation is literal recollection, a voluntary gathering of the involuntary  
What is the outcome of a conscious recollection of the unconscious?  
    Writing is a means  
    to creative interpretation

Writing is one way to mind the unconscious  
When writing is a creative act, the mind is open to interpretation  
    When writing is a creative act,  
    interpretation gives meaning

Thought, when creative, is meaningful  
Silence, when thought, is interpreting  
    Be silent, think,  
    and write a new interpretation

Interpretation is meaning  
Interpretation is interpretation  
    Interpret meaning with meaning  
    Mean to interpret all interpretations

## Tenets of Instrumental Musicianship

1

Be original: When the instrument is played  
Any listener will know who is playing  
As clearly as the remembrance of a mother's face

2

Be able to exert every last nerve  
Ending into the sound register of the instrument  
With authentic intentionality

3

Become breathless to the fire of broken tradition,  
As a body of unconscious creativity and timeless imagination  
Bellowing hotly into the magic of soulful human energy

Nameless Human

Unknowing fears, "Hate!"  
Laughs create, "Cosmic being..."  
Answers gasp, "Human."

## Ink on White

White is not, "Is White?"

White is not...American

White is not...Bostonian

White is not...Canadian

White is not...Calgarian

White is not...European

White is not...Polish

White is not...Scandinavian

White is not...Norwegian

White is not...Sami

White is not...Greek

White is not...Romaniote

White is not...English

White is not...Celtic

White is not...Jewish

White is not...Yiddish

White is not...Immigrant

White is not...Settler

White is not...Race

White is not...Master

White is not...Human

What is? White?

Is White? White?

White is...Spectrum

White is...Spectral

White is...Religious

White is...Cold

White is...Weak

White is...Old

White is...Dying

A White Death

In **bold**

The unspoken light

The absent

I

poet, Our poet

I am not an American poet  
I am not a Canadian poet  
I am not a White poet  
I am not a Euro-prefixed poet  
I am not a Jewish poet  
I am not an Immigrant poet  
I am not a Settler poet

I am not a Gay poet  
I am not a Starving Artist poet  
I am not a City poet  
I am not a Middle-Class poet  
I am not an Overeducated poet  
I am not a Married poet  
I am not a Male poet

I am not your poet

Signed,

poet

Mars Walks On Man

A coincidence?

Our next possible space walk on the very body named after our probable end!

*Mars*

Blind Wild  
Raging Feral Archaic  
Untamable Overpowering  
Excessive Insane Bloody Horrible  
Profaned Criminal Swift Sudden Harsh  
Vehement Unrestrained Wanton Ancient  
Cock-combed Avenger Seizing Rough  
Loathsome Obscene Disgraceful  
Bristling Shaggy Disordered  
Unarticulated Accursed  
Spear-carrier Foul  
Savage

Haven't we already been there? Are we not there now?

Mars walks on us!

Epithets unheard by the god of war:

Explorers

De Soto

Columbus

Cortez

Frobisher

Presidents

George W.

T. Roosevelt

A. Jackson

G. Washington

## Mars Walks On Man II

& the onward  
calm  
citizenry of commonwealth  
colony:  
& the unSTATED  
resource  
grab  
“our home on stolen land”  
the price of a slave:  
    1 temporary resident visa  
    1 permanent residency card  
    1 citizen passport

Institutional lies me!

Institutionalize me!

Institutionalize me!

I need church

I need schooling

I need employment

I need hospitalization

Institutionalize me!

I get recognition

I get status

I get points

I get money

I get awards

Institutionalize me!

I, governed

I, incarcerated

I, institutionalized

Institutional lies!

To wards

A ward

Institutional lies!

“There are no institutionalized.

There are only I’s eyes.”

Look at us.

*For the Palestinian people*

Look at us through our eyewitness films

Look at us through eyewitness films

Look at us through our today's newspaper

Look at us through today's newspaper

Look at us through our incessant television

Look at us through incessant television

Look at us through stained glass

fix ed un intel li gent lac kin g fir e or lif e dul l  
s u b l i m a t i o n det ached tele- di stance d  
dispas sion ate con ta ining inact ive hypo cris y  
alie nation wort h less ness de gradati on censor-  
ship pro hibiti on po int in g

Look at us through our stained glass

Look at us through shattered windows

Look at us through our shattered windows

Look at us through stolen books

Look at us through our stolen books

Look at us over the cracked wall

Look at us over our cracked wall

And then **LOOK UP**

From the film

newspaper

television

glass

window

book

wall

*and see what is to be seen*

*(a flesh)*

*(of eyes)*

## Our Land

Fog lights over cold river  
Snow dust dries sage-grass  
Our land is here where we live

Living Artist

When you are wholly  
dedicated to your art  
The life you live

\_\_\_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_\_

Your masterpiece

Colorless Winter

Cold teenage Black girl  
Lights crack pipe under a bridge  
Rush hour starts now

Character of the Age

*For Han Shan (Cold Mountain)*

With age the mind is more resilient  
Creative autonomy is the iron of human life

Scientific process is not above reproof  
Character engenders eyewitness originality

Life is not to be known  
Experience is a mother's love

Quick clouds under a full moon  
In the night shadow of many a cold mountain

## Lone Descendant with Ancestral Air

It is winter and I am alone with my native wife. The wind is slow, and the ground sure. What would my ancestors think? Before their genocide. What would my ancestors think? A son of their wandering set free.

Without land. A home of bloodless family. The sun is distant. It is cold. What would my ancestors think? Before their exile. Why did I exile again? In their name. I am at a loss. And I know.

“Being is not living,” says Man, grandfather of Greece. Dying slowly nearly a continent away. I can’t see his face. I can’t smell his breath. My chest hurts. The air is dry here. The air is dry. Hear, the air

Truth be told...I am ashamed. The air is thick. Silence breathes louder than any human voice. Here is a penetrating apathy. A survival. The womb of earth is closed. My spiritual longing passed

I cave with the pressure of sleep. Inwardly, I search passionately. Where is he? Where is the Old Man? The night lingers. The morning escapes. Barefoot, I trespass my mind. I willingly face my own absence

“A wisp of air,” says my Name. The beauty of nostalgia, an unpleasant need. Nameless, I live in dream. Bodiless, I have only love. Change from the East follows. Conscious, I plead for suffering

I remember the haunting. The haunting, blessed. Great-grandmother of Holocaust tears. I am always listening for your cries. I can see your oceanic eyes. In everyone. I feel the salt water from your voice.

A wave of ash washes over me. I wake, disappointed. Laughing, I play with ghastly numbers. The day screams in novel truths. Wisdom of wisp and doom. The air is never empty. Can you hear my music?

My voiceless calling. A wordful mouth of brain. I’m outstretched. I’m disentangled. The laughter of freedom. The laughter of freeze and doom. The laughter of tragedy. Misplaced in the airless vacuum,  
Only history knows. My face. I am, You.

## Sitting under the World Tree

Rise of the damaged, Rise of the intoxicated, Madness of sleep, Belly up greed, The weakness of the singular, Depraved nonsensibility, Brewed commotion, sickened, Forecast and rose up sitting, worthless move of pain, Instills stilling, The wordless hold on my name, Builds building, Workman torque and the rage of failure, My group's a grave of mass mortification, I wake and sex and sleep

I sleep and dream and sex, Billions of flesh, billions in flesh, Ingrained, the wheat lowers, A full stomach of men, A full stomach of warmongers, A full warmongering eruption, Cleansed of fellow bread, Clean of hospitality's grin, The smoke signals fall, A wording of enraged gain, A wording for the sameness of the same, Same old characterful eye, World of the crooked chair, The business of longing

Nostalgic upbringing down-stares, Fate of the uprising wills, Keen recollections drills the soundless to sleep, And asleep, the dream divines a hollowing, Unintended burning words, Horror and horror and words of meaning, Meaningless living under meanings of The Word, I dreamed a host of the warmongering dead, They gave me nothing but anger, a flood of unrest, The disquiet worked its way up,

Moved over the land, The bitter knife of instinct began to slit, Throats opened without thought, to final peace, Gourds broke and out flew the reason of the age, A forgetting ensued, the mindless renewed, Upended historic streets filled with mud, Rats and knives and discolored inhuman blood, The wealth of the royal grave caved, A collapse of the Fall, Opposite Spring of the nude public sweat,

a visiting angel carried the heads of the nation, Forefather dreams swept away in the hurricane, martyrs of this blessing entangled in a cold swamp, The heat of the brewing alcoholic tonight, I saw, and I saw, I saw the sheer depths, I peered beyond the deep, And my grandfather followed, Unaware, unconscious, knocked out, Boxed into incorrigible failures, The underhanded gripe of a few lasted out the night,

## Sitting under the World Tree II

I shrugged, underground, a wasted life, to Hades, Full of biotic growth, erect of completion, I swam to the hollow heat of human need, Satiated I bred a stroked ego, enduring the will of my own hate, I endured the sound of my waste, I go alone, through the endless end of night, I end the night in a daze, drunk and smelling, I give blood to the disease of Man, I work up a sweat in the catastrophic din

with unmusical brethren, I sweep the floor of meat and beans, I faint under the fountain of youth, bothered by insects of religious infinity, Swooning, I carry the elegant mouth of Asian soup to the next room, neighbors hear me eat and feed and need more, CRASH, I visit the ruins of my ancient mind, archetype of knowing scans the impossible future, Growing homeless, under sheets of screened belonging,

I cancel the only meaning I ever shed I turn also through wading shallows And bring my feet to the surface, engineer the moment with flight, a single god for the movement of glowing ghostly unknowns, Palpable haunt of her arrival, I knead my legs into submission, Sitting, I can hear the city burn in my skull, Sitting, I can feel the heart of my mother beating me, Sitting, I dream up sounds, words with momentary meaning

Sitting, I sit, and truly only am a sitting sitter under the world tree  
A patient to children,                      host to the listening silence

Stop Dead In Your Tax!

Stop your lives

Your tax money is blood money

Stop your lives

Your blood money is of human blood

Afghani blood

Indian blood

Libyan blood

Peruvian blood

Palestinian blood

& Other, Nameless, Stateless Blood

This blood is your blood

This blood is our blood

But this blood was not made for you and me

This blood was not made to bleed

And as the land bleeds

Stop your lives.

Stop, dead in your tax.

Stop your lives.

Stop your bleeding life, bleeding the blood of the world

Stop your life. Stop the bleeding.

Put us out of your misery.

Die...away!

And live again. Of bloodless sight:

See the wounded sunrise sigh

Remembrance, sunk into the ground

Absorbed only in memory

“Stop the war on life.”

Offline

boys

Watching

girls

Had

Normalized

fantasy

Ethnic

fetish

Sex capital

Internet

Mind

Virus

Flesh flower

grabbed

Pillaging eyes

Procrastinating

Silent need

Antisocial

obsession

Self-satisfying

Sport contagion

Groaning

Female male

Burning

Screwed blush

Wasted

Bodiless rough

offline

## PLANE TARRY

Boundless numen, Wakeful respite  
Blasts soft to the quiet ear, Raspy vocal  
chording tone, The wizard on high  
Lasting terminable spur, Break  
into the clouds below, Listen  
tempting listen, Earnest silent  
distance, The visions, the visions  
I know a homeless home, I know  
a trillion pearly nights, The open sky  
breathes calling, "Here, I'm here"  
assured, grounding, Wasted food  
armed urbane, Armed, lifeless  
waterless moon, the moon

New and invisible, I crept, The wisdom  
room is closed, The wise hinting growth  
Groans, moans, infinite sounding, Dreamless  
freedom, I speak in tongues of eyeing  
I will the throats of wartime crime  
Law is the breast flesh of humanity  
pregnant, Buried in a quiet lair of earth  
Mass crematorium, bruised wealth  
Devalued mothers of Judaic crowning  
I steal past the ruthless mind, I free gold  
from paper, I scintillate flowering rest  
I muddle in the fires of smoke  
I climb atop mountainous zoos, I visit  
nests of gambling fucks, I burn with the ash  
personal gain, I drink terror in pitchers of ash  
I swim in the lung of unreason, The wild  
drear of murder seeds me, Know lies  
and selfless, run! The prairie needs  
the fire of my sole, The blush of her  
kiss pinks icy Death of the almost  
The almost, One last all, most planetary

## Vine of Time

proxy havoc  
misstep confusion  
the world's intruding  
    i need a moment  
    i need a tone  
    fix me or light me done  
the hue of sound  
sight and feel  
i bred sorrow near  
    the turn of the table  
    light of the match  
    burn of the rope  
earth's a rash  
the fresh tumble of bones  
a murderous god on your own damn own  
    i sickle the life  
    from a new baby's unknown  
    i swept the free all night  
    from their territorial boast  
i fleshed out a fire  
i burnt a cage  
i built a tower  
i turned away  
    magic divider  
    the worshipped alone  
    sit with me a god  
    and i'll feel not a glut  
the sugar's gone cold  
my brain's a feed  
the chicken's tip glows  
and the egg's liquid meat  
    test my inception  
    i don't need a heavy breast  
    i wink for the old  
    i cherish the end

Computer Mine

At Depths Incomputable  
My computer meditates surer than I

Subconscious Numerical  
My computer sits stiller than I

Wisdom Metal  
My computer opens easier than I

Wise Silver  
My computer friends more than I

Wiser than I  
My computer shuts firmer than I

Aesthetically Mine  
My computer sounds softer than I

Versified Universal Mine  
My computer obeys oftener than I

Compute Superficial Search  
My computer calculates faster than I

Possessions Spectacular  
My computer crashes less than I

Misdirection Lit-Up Trite  
My computer mines truer than I

Earth-Born High of Mine  
My computer is mine, mine, mine

Ego Sip

All mine

## Crafty Self-Interrogation

Does form interrupt craft?  
Does craft mediate tradition?  
Does tradition offset style?

When I finish eating the apple, I am hungry again.  
At first bite, satiated. At last, desirous,  
I forget what to write,  
except when writing what I haven't forgotten.

It is late, and the dark morning is slowing.  
Work throughs perception  
En-journeyed flash, awry  
Light-filled swept concrete  
The eye of nature is closed.

Willful, I dream.  
Ejaculating the meat of insight,  
I story loss, at knowing.  
In awe, I superfluize  
Drinking, flown time

A war D  
Blind eD.  
Silenc eD.  
Truth- & Sooth-  
saying

blight of the land,  
answer to the fixtures of bread  
stretch the follicles of your scalp to the ground  
submit to the waning sky  
no-one I  
sit up.  
heavy-hearted head handed  
you...back...up...III

autumnal death series

untitled #one

*to orange*

as refreshing as the autumn air  
a breath of fresh dying  
trees

untitled #two

*to red*

scattered  
leaves me be me  
leaves

untitled #three

*to yellow*

losing color  
i see it  
night

A Friend

Buried, nose in grandfather's library  
Our Jewish nose, brown-tipped and dusty with elegant curiosity

With a Greek hook  
To knock out the immigrant skull of the Lower East Side

Releasing the solitary brain of speech  
To the universal mind of letters

Ignorant of live stories  
Fleeting, from "A Friend..."

A Higher East  
I fled through silent words

*To listen is to write*  
*Our finest literacy*

His voice wove on  
Returning

To the Editor

Consistent voice  
Characteristic of

Lilting charisma  
Find one

Storied haunt of poets  
Sharing inner

Feasts of words  
With the everyman

Passerby: I choose  
Idiosyncratic cadence

Ghost in the Room

*In the presence of a death, thousands of miles away*

UNKNOWN CREATES WORLD

DEAD LIVE IN MEMORY

MIRRORS MIRROR

IN THE ROOM

Play on Resonant Emptiness

Under the chorded skin, there is emptiness  
Press your hand to the ancestral hearth

This emptiness has a mysterious resonance  
You are its question, and it quests for you

Undone, your harmony speaks in tune  
Calling you in to confront your self

Without knowledge, a mere shale on the horizon  
Self-knowledge is a gate, behind which lies selflessness

Lose your head; gain instant re-cognition  
There is nothing you can do

At one knowing, you are not  
And that is you

Play on, work harder; grow with the resonating stillness  
Empty, you are never fulfilled

That is your smile  
Fading off the lips of the beloved

## Idyllic Poetry

The best, idyllic poetry is when read, I see my own mind, staring back at me with the kind of laugh that knows its me reading, and the language melts into the fire of my own feeling, my own interpretation of meaning, for the words themselves have gone, and what remains is humanity, purified by a connection between two individuals, self-aware enough to know that, before humans, we were us, as we are, and the poetry is proof, as the face of the land, as the physique of fire, an emanation of natural will, the personification of universal memory, a sacred prophecy, not profaned by ethnic language, yet heard in the callings of descent from the first born memory of creation, to the soundless instant of whole destruction, and in between the material of conscious inflection in the word of space, is the visceral cue of listening, an inward sensibility to the bridge of meaning crafted by the seer in concert with truth, said uniquely as with an unsayable bend to forego the innumerable diversions of speech, and speak as with universal personality, the tonal sphere of felt unity, the heart that vibrates across time and space with the relative exaction of ingenious discovery, the bold physical life of experience, an immanence so quick and startling as to raise the voice and lower the tongue into a humble question, asking the inner ear to couple with the fair-minded and seductive minds who followed through unknown tempests, electric animation-brained icicles of life, and found themselves anew in the projection of a mind meeting its own silent mind, a heart meeting its own native heart

*September 8, 2012 4.11am*

*Inspired by the musical collaboration of Mari Boine and Jan Garbarek*

## Immigrant Dreams

The dreaming mind swallows eyes  
The dreaming mind

An uneasy mind, seeing things in the light of day  
Closed off, ephemeral

Complex, inferior  
Nerves spring like loose ends

The word endures with contextual paranoia  
“Burnt, get out.”

Filter of brine, landlocked in foreign hate  
The improvisational bride swept under the rug

The West pries with daring hands  
Performing, freedom for free

Belief is a sting  
The unreasonable glare blinks with drear

Bored civility, married to the host society  
A meek immigrant fare

The Sum of Human Love

*For my wife*

One plus one does not equal

Two

All our relations are not numbers

IDs

Beats

Scales

Scores

Circles

Angles

Metrics

All our relations do not come full circle

We spiral in

We spiral out

From no thing

To not

In a love relationship, even

Childless

Every sum is greater

Than our parts

I am Play

Music is...  
The folly of play

Love is...  
The play of folly

Poetry is...  
The folly of folly

I am...  
The play of Play

## Neo-Archaism

Impress the ascetic poetries of Earth.  
No more wine-breathed poetries of art!

The land is a gesture from the crouching window, eager to see  
Of prevailing mystery, continuous beyond the edge of reason

Behind the mirror of ego and its disillusionments  
Of post-modern self-per-deception

Crave sight through the waking turn, an orbital rhythm,  
Grounded on the vacuum of incomprehensible space

There is a rock, etched with your name, speaking through your voice,  
Imbuing the power of writing

Alchemical foible of youth, unenlightened sage of coffee house normalcy,  
And the sexes rage

Word hound gorge, stomach the Chinook winds of invaluable camaraderie,  
The earth-bred knowledge prepares the Fibonacci ring

Amid staircased stories,  
Garlanded with the cylindrical phalli of castrated Man

Weeping at the end of history, paperless,  
Befriending only the metal savagery of foreign hands

Fashioning place in the uncivil re-public,  
Fading as the lost memory of a computer crash

And the distant horizon keels over with unconscious night

Post-1948 Jew

For the post-1948 Jew,  
Enjoying...

Hommos  
is a mortal sin.

*In light of Maya Mikdashi's article, "What is Settler Colonialism?"*

R.I.P. (Rest in Pages)

In death

I rest on pages

Unwritten, blank, empty

Where my pen could not follow

Post-Literate Illiteracy #1

*See Spontaneity:*

Fjaiefna;aeijfnankejfieia  
Kdueuyhannv,f,fa

Eiajeifnanvkehqielpokfke  
Nvhaijefak,cmghyraie

*Space Craft:*

Fief nana; kin fife Ja Ja Ja eie  
nude, via fan, fuK hy

fan pole ike van hike fEq Jie  
gray have me, chiN ajj kif

*Meaningless Means:*

On grandmother's fief, we know our kin by the fife, a divine sound, through I  
Stripped by an enchanted passerby, I awkwardly made love, our first meeting

With the enchanted, a Jewess, dancer, I hitched a ride, climaxing in spiritual union  
In my elder years, bearded, I fled to Mecca, chin-deep in hash

Celluloid Tobacco

I have an urge to burn

A way

Decrepit, in solace

I shed my veins

The cold aftermath of bombing

The wind whipped glass

Stereos short-circuiting

Lightning mind

Visionary

Shells in disarray

My inklings drop

A page singed

Fabrics distended

Murky avenue

Blocked passage

Twos Day

The billowing eye

Hot night

A workman's smile

The fornicating laugh

Trouble on the rise

Emergency coast

The invincible cries

Seek home

On the ocean floor

Countless, faint

The bursting façade

A numinous wave

Current of \_\_\_\_\_

Plane of waste

Celluloid Tobacco II

Landless, fine  
Vibrating speech  
The sickness crawls  
Visiting, transient  
Sojourn, dream  
The weeping tree

Stilled sky

Still

Mists mind

Inching

Close

Closer

Can You Ear Me, Fear?

Race to the random

Tireless goal

    No goal

Reason is forbidden

Spherical flatness

Everything known

    Mystify

    Mind the eyeless signal

    Point home

    No one knows

A vision

    A lone vision

    The visible home

The amorous roams

Dreaming, flying

Becoming wry

To fate

    The business of rain

    An urge of sight

    The arisen prism

    of swallowed insides

Rosy cry

The charming cheeks of love

Weep for me

I don't need your bed

    I have a homeless woman

    in my head

    She wakes with the dawn

    She cooks a mean dhal

    I think she's sheer awe

I listen to her, Fear

I see her, Fear

I sleep beside her, Fear

Can You Ear Me, Fear? II

    She is my every waking  
    knowing being going home  
ear stopped, eye closed,  
back down flat foam  
laugh bone sat night  
skyward day full ray  
circling high memories  
going by going by by

## Imagining Space

Largess, Queen of the North  
Mystic Lover of Youth,  
The brandished eye,  
A blade, incisive to the mark

The wasted heat, witchery  
Relinquished mores reeling  
Disinhibited, bemushroomed inebriations  
The entheogenetic gorge, ingestion

Willful embrace Motherless Heart of Fate  
A bloody coin glints in the roasted mind  
Digesting weakly, the poor feed on hate  
A ruinous hold on the Grains of Time

Workmen's craving, to brave the Hole  
A star-cast vision of torn, civil pain  
Feckless remorse, the wilds seethe with betterment  
Reason with angst towards the windless goal

The bitter Taste, an emissive flame  
Wading along the salt-breathed shores  
A rinsed body, shamed of soil  
Drowning in the shallow kiss of a wave

Animal emergence, swaying to the coast of freedom  
Boundless identity, the fearless spawn of seeing  
Reuniting with Earth, the ground fades  
Supernal is the wake of our destroyed Home

Nameless Forgotten, reminiscent nostalgia  
Convulse with the quickened step of ascension  
Direction, known, heard  
Vocal witnessing, imagining

space

## Typographic Reality

Enter  
Return

Shift  
Option

Command  
Command

Option  
Control

Shift  
Escape

## Still-Minded Point

The mind has a still point  
I'll meet you there  
Now!

March of the Thaw

Raging subterranean  
Aquatic storm  
The lush fire  
Bounteous aftermath

Glacial rising  
Mountainous frozen winds  
Wisdom trust  
Friendship stones

Wounded mammal  
Slaking atmospheric thirst  
The dry howl  
End of day

Placid face  
Torrential depths  
The wading strength  
To stand still

Receive the deserved body  
A glimmer  
Living soul  
Waters gleaning

Starry eve's reflection  
Pain released  
Morning hot viscera  
Instantaneous internal massage

Silent realization  
The cross fades from memory  
Bare wilderness  
Thirsting body wake!

## 100 Years of Interethnic Sexism

Fetishism, role-playing  
Festal rite of summer  
Tits, ass, pussy, cock  
Alcoholic joy

Remember Hispanic maids of the American desert  
Remember Indian princesses of the Canadian plains  
Sudden foreign imposition  
Disorienting local whereabouts

For lack of economic stimulation  
Sexual mockery ensues  
Morning on hottest day  
I remember true desire

Needing actuality  
I crave the press of her forehead to mine  
Devoting submission  
I feed from her embracing arms

Knowing eternity  
I breathe with her heart-beating chest  
Instilling tranquility  
I say her name from head to toe

There is no other  
She is, and All is  
For she is Love  
Her body is the Mind of Earth

*Calgary celebrates the 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the “Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth”*

## High-Pitched Black Oasis

Ask me, what have I learned?

Concluding my worldly neo-bourgeois Americana  
& post-colonial Judeo-Eastern studies  
with Indigenous voices from Aboriginal people  
about Indian country and Native traditions  
in Canada and the World

I learned:

Our voice is the most high art  
To develop  
We have work to do  
Inside  
The word is a trajectory  
Through which ourselves may be made whole

A boulder, careening off the edge of a cliff  
To return to the source of the mountain  
An ocean cave, an endless subterranean abyss

Our voice assumes the entire universe in its myriad forms  
Penetrating to another, floating on shapeless sands  
mysterious emptiness  
Life, Heart, Blood, Generation  
Multi-Generational, Inter-Generational  
Voices, Skyward Imbue  
The ancestors call for us  
Listen to them speak through you.

Process over Product

Life, Dream  
Verbal Art

Left intention  
Long ago

Pretense is the folly of Hope  
Stripped of Belief

Tongues unanswered  
By no one

Living Poesy

Poetry is that which cannot be caught  
In words

Poetry is not in the writing  
It is in the written

Am I a poet?  
What color is the sea?

Are my words poetry?  
When does the sky end?

Is my writing a poem?  
Who am I?

Who knows  
Does not poeticize  
What is

To be poetic is a dream  
A passageway  
Through living things  
From within  
To no thing

Our Secret

Poetry is a secret  
Every one

*A writer?*

*I am the writer.*

*Right? Hear?*

*Write here!*

*Or?*

*A writer.*

Keeps.

## Night Life

A walk home, solitary man  
Across from the elderly shelter  
Shadowy doorstep, Monday night  
A single foot, elevated, protruding  
Pink sock

Through busker central daylight  
turned dusk lit 10 p.m.  
Homeless, arguing, cycling  
drunk abstinence of normalcy  
Man reads a paper, backpacked,  
sitting on lamp-lit bench  
The paper shakes

Aboriginal man on a street corner  
Female, "You have to be 16 to work"  
Here for court, out-of-town  
Criminal

Anxiety and patience co-exist indistinguishably  
Visible unconcern from the blonde partner,  
the gay bartender and I. The bar is going out of business  
this week. The Ukrainian date, proud, nationalistic,  
drunk on rose champagne. Spouting concern for sex work,  
thousands of miles distant. I can't stop laughing, drunk

All the while, bikes pass, walkers on headphones  
stare on into the moonless eve Romantic  
young passersby hold hands  
Nostalgia is a hound from the twin-headed bulls of Hades  
Anti-classical demons, unseen, comingle at the sunless instant  
First days of summer in the bleeding heart of the Canadian West

## Nude Creator

To write is to draw

Nude, the creator is

(Exposed)

Unfeeling, vibratory modus

Operandi cold, hands over

(Sweat)

Over, foot printing snow

Low motion, daughter's moan

(Zero)

The arisen kite

Swollen sky

(Masked)

Nonchalant, sex

Fleshed out earthly rest

(Blessing)

The patient smoke, gold

The faint pallor

(Mounted)

A shifting home, alight

Birth, all ways

(Readied)

A slight noise

Joyous city

(Unheard)

Sound mind

A live breath

(Free)

Death

(Seen)

Experimental Sleep

Raze the Dream-State!  
May Day is Now, Everywhere  
It Is Always Today!  
Spring is Here, Even The Globe  
Revolutionary Against The Sun!  
No More External Alarm!  
Phase Out Dismal Roman Time!  
We Are Our Fate!

## Experimental Sleep II

Infiltrate imagination, webs of unconscious wording, untangled tunes, coddled misnomer, who's news? The effortless praise of day, nonchalant, unmoved, when is the mangled soporific craze due to wake?

My blooming fascination with rapid mind eye movie glued to fatigue need, who's free? Questing for a snooze in the midday, late, swooning unbroken fast, weary lines on faces blending with virtual smooch, visual brains fornicate, amassed public winnowing frees the exalted force of Truth, an unsaid poverty, crude strength nude, fog thickens drear, the tearing windowed smile eyes the troubled child through a glass of tea, herbal worlds incite girls to undress stressed flesh minding flies in the submissive undertow of blind crimes, wizening upsides climbing alive alive alive high say high my my my Fly RIGHT!

Flyers rising, eyed nosed poked and fled to greater skies, those beatific child's eyes combed the antique horizon for a bone real speck of information in the misrepresented beat grail of voiced American vice, whose personified writ went bold under catastrophic ears prized with sheepish gold in the post-Vietnam cold still thrown up atop the Iron flesh of the sold lowered moral modus operandi untold by secretive whispering sputnik grease flowing down the sprinkled cheeks of American malaise retching in the unborn dirt like some failed prophecy, their TRUTH boomed louder than any responder traveling to meet the absent grace of their honest un-followed momentous now found on the page and no where else on faces blown with alcoholic insight and frayed angelic gramophone delight beating on the ledge of the empty mind without scurrilous frankincense myrrh though wise of irreligious spiritual might!

A throat-called god directly seen in the Mosaic joke of human faculty, to be aware only as far as the philosophy pouts in grievous armchair respite, no!

To be alone with creational mold as the unfolding untold steep in its golden roaming flash fame laugh of everything, animates crave, brash and scintillating in the smoky rolls sweetening by fires of ashen Brahma breathing swelled earthen lungs holy bold steps written aloud in Sandya Bhasha laughs laughing mockery in joke-universe hole of waning idiocy in mundane birthmark paradise of street-born ruffians asleep, dreaming in pain

nothing more to raise?

Rhythm is Tradition

Drumming is in our blood  
Drumming wakes the dead

The drum holds the beat of ancestors  
The drum maintains tradition

If Music is the air  
Rhythm is a migration route

Fly!  
The beat is steady.

Over cold rice and cerulean ash

Over cold rice  
Dim triumph of sin  
Bold as the sheer glide  
Into the high freedom of sky

A blimp of mind, glint of sonic play  
Floating mosaic winter of silent spring  
Time grows old under post-midnight starlight  
The human journey beyond hunger is a reckless goal

Billions of hearts, years away  
Hint at death's opening  
Meet the broken urn  
Over cerulean ash

Winded Sky Solo

Gaseous, crowded fuming boom booze boost.

Host aglow storm ghost WOAH!

Shared insight, roused tumultuous Full?

Moan none around, tell the sound, ground.

## The Pressure of Money

Everybody reacts differently to the pressure of money.

It is a looming god, a serpent overhead.

Can you feel those pockets writhing?

Fingers sweat at the thought.

A gift, donation, appreciation...ask.

Don't ask.

Envision your flaccid poverty,

stolen through crooked phones

and bleary wires. Clones, ashamed.

Wizened by ruth.

Eager to daze.

The dream fixates.

The moaning yearns.

We are alone.

Blur.

A currency, shameless.

Where are things?

Through what haze, led?

Emblazoned on incinerated stone.

Pilfered for drops of blood.

Ancestral night.

Am I alive here?

Money decides.

Urban swing, dizzying.

Songs sung long, along, wrong all along.

Blistering, thawed, tame.

Excuse for the strain of day, calling.

A voice, blue and nude.

Studied, do not wait.

Time plays a same.

Monetary Monet, gray wry plain.

## Sex Work Piracy

He was a pleasure pirate  
Welcomed any genital virus  
Deep dove into her industry  
with the turn of a cog

Bitter notions  
Insinuations and innuendos  
Rising next to wife, 5 a.m.  
She wakes in a half hour

A wealth of sex work  
Bristling in a morgue for the horny  
Those dead with bones and wet openings  
Dripping, fiery

Somewhere between gore and more  
She let out a gasp  
"There! an exasperated asp  
Don't ask."

Filled with 4  
"What...?"  
3 Blinkers, and a Horn

Sent across the oceanic divide,  
two gaping lips on either side  
Marauding, pillaging  
"HE was taken!"  
Swallowed & drowned in her core

El Conocimiento Que Sigue

The Knowledge that Follows

Despues la noche maquina  
Despues la lluvia artificial

After the machine night  
After the artificial rain

Desde mis pies  
Hasta mi pecho

From my feet  
To my chest

Todo el venom de la calle  
Se espera, pacientemente

All of the venom of the street  
Will be expected, patiently

Para la claridad  
De tus ojos

Because of the clarity  
From your eyes

nonlinear from b to h

b.

start with a letter. be spontaneity. being spontaneously. beings

sing dreaming. swift and sway needful in the lover's noose. craving eggshell glory.

excuse. ruse. muse Moose!

burn elegance for cents of worth. remain unnumbered, unhurt...

flee eagerly, Escapee!

Top-heavy with capitalization the T drummed up dizzy work, bowels scoured, intoxicated, loose

musical life. experiment with meaning. rhythm is a medium's wave of transcendent flight. Enjoin literary punch with incendiary stroke, strung gourd ringing...

Follow WEST 2 EAST 4 SOUTH 2 NORTH, bordering

sleep – elephant – ant

h.

Through Palestine

I am  
a me.  
an am

aIm  
at me

*seen in a dream*

## Poetic Slogan

it is because it is  
said  
heard  
written  
and read

Cuando no hay mapa

When there is no map

Cuando las fronteras de nuestras mentes son atrevasadas  
Y nadie sabe la distancia de lineas artificiales

When the borders of our minds are crossed  
And no one knows the distance of artificial lines

Cuando el mapa que divide lo tuyo de lo mio  
Es unicamente en el lenguaje autóctono  
Y yo se que es de mio mediante el lenguaje corporal  
Que mirandome como un alma clara

When the map that divides what is yours and what is mine  
Is only in the language of its first inhabitants  
And I know what is mine through body language  
Seeing me as a clear soul

Me voy a viajar a tu tierra querida para siempre  
Porque mi corazon esta en la tierra con mis abuelos  
Ellos dicen, "hay solamente una voz humana debajo de tus pies!"

I will travel to your land always  
Because my heart is in that earth with my grandfathers  
They say, "There is only one human voice below your feet!"

¿Que no tengo?

What don't I have?

Porque no tengo tus almas?

Why don't I have your souls?

La razon, no quiero.

The reason, I don't want them.

Porque yo soy Ingles  
Tal vez tengo la admiración de tus niños  
Pero en eternidad somos enemigos

Because I am English  
Perhaps I have the admiration of your children  
But we are always enemies

La amistad que queremos desde nosotros, no es en la Tierra

The friendship that we want from us, is not on Earth

Alma por alma  
Nos vemos a un otro lugar

Soul by soul  
We go to another place

¿Que no tengo? II

Hasta que nos encontremos frente a frente  
Siendo la ultima cosa haciendose bajo la luz del sol  
Como un paloma de fuego  
Que nunca puede resistir el abrazo  
Entre los brazos de la muerte

What don't I have? II

Until we know each other face to face  
Feeling the final substance made in the light of the sun  
As a dove of fire  
That can never resist the embrace  
Between the arms of death

When the Muse is Sex

Fuck?

Fuck

Fuck!

Fuck.

Much Ado About Everything

Ado

Belief Among the Crowd

Staring

Eyes Too Loud

*inspired by "Sonic Semaphore" on Ontopoetics.org*

Imagine!

To do as never before told, what is unsaid and undone  
To forge beyond the casts of supposition in a life of mediocrity  
To live as a model of life?

Breathe through your snakeskin death,  
Imbued with dystopia and dissonance,  
Yours is a life of mysterious renewal and endless folly,

Bringer of meaning,  
Shake off your golden hide,  
You are without pride in the stalks of a humble awakening,

Home is a wealth of suffering,  
Disillusioned, do not evade the encroaching night,  
The midnight sun appears!

## Domestic Pantheon

Saraswati, for Music

Shakyamuni, for Overcoming Fear

Adonai, for Honoring Ancestors

Dionysus, for Abundance

Napi, for the First People

Kuan Yin, for Compassion

Green Tara, to Endure Night

Thoth, for Creation

Isis and Osiris, for Our First Love

Tao, for Harmony

Kali, for Reckless Abandon

Bastet, to Guard Death

Horus, to Behold the Mirror of Time

Surya, for Liberation

Al-'Uzza, for Renewal

Muses, to Ascend

Seraphim, for Subtle Support

Boddhisatvas, to Remain Present

Choy Sun, for Communal Prosperity

Baptism of Sleep

Night, I meditate  
Eyes open, close, the mind drifts  
Waterfall!

The Gentle Atheist

He asks us,

"Walk, with Love as a constant offering,  
Giving, not taking"

I respond,

"If we all reach the same source and end,  
And how we get there is peculiar to each,  
I choose not to Love, to discontinue my walk.  
I am taking back what is mine.  
I am still,  
To receive You."

