

# BlazeVOX 2k9

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## he (now) knew

*(In the land of endings he discovered a land of beginnings so he  
set out to map the terrain...)*

he started to know things he never knew he knew

he knew

he was identical

with otherness

yet being so was

alternately hideous

and delicious.

(this he could not dismiss --

that desire, once aroused,

incurred debts and gave birth

to violence...)

he knew

in expecting nothing he could

see everything, the unseen

giving rise to

and informing surfaces where

every little detail had some result for which

consequences had to be paid

and signs

and symbols were going

under all the time (yet

not to acknowledge

them in their passing diminished  
their vitality)  
he knew  
with earth as his witness  
(since it's not mind-over-matter  
but minding matter that  
matters most) that  
via  
nights of burps and farts  
were  
days of wine and roses when  
a child at his or her most vulnerable  
would rule  
he knew  
that for every act of humility there was  
pride rearing  
its beautifully ugly head  
and that if you ate shit  
you got dead fingers  
he knew yes he knew  
that if you gave more than you had  
the neediness of the have-nots  
often wasn't half  
so needy as  
the neediness of the haves,  
he knew  
against the toxic fumes of his unknowingness  
to put on  
his 'ask mask'  
and to learn to ask  
why  
while everybody was making their bid for happiness  
there are those who  
in not counting the cost  
have no choice but  
to wager their lives  
he knew  
that one's unique experience  
—the most impeccable credentials—  
is what restored  
dignity to honoring the world

as it really is  
even though the things  
one loses  
in one's life are what is most difficult  
to  
adjust to  
and he knew  
that if eternity began  
and ended where he was  
then everybody was a poem hazardous to  
the status quo  
yes he started to know things he never even knew  
he knew  
but most of all he knew  
he would never  
know  
if everything eventually turned  
completely inside out so  
he wouldn't have to leave  
here to be absent and  
he wouldn't have  
to be alive  
here to be living either  
this he knew  
he now (k)new

**who wants first dibs on the last laugh?**

An ego ago, I egged myself  
on, to be born  
anew, and to my relief  
I was. It was hard.  
I survived  
to tell the story.  
(But I hardly had arrived  
when I had to leave.  
So sorry!)  
(For to be pro-active is to  
pre-empt the co-opters, retro-actively... so  
I hereby declare first  
dibs on the last laugh.)  
(...but in reaching the bottom of the world, what do you see...?  
that Buddha was no 'Buddhist', Christ no 'Christian',  
Mohammed no 'Moslem'.)

## the healer

Quiet and solitary,  
he is lucky  
to be alive,  
knowing the trail  
--the silent trail  
of secret vows--  
will lead him  
where there's beauty  
(You have to  
believe, to see...)  
his unseen life,  
ordinary and plain,  
(heart in waiting)  
telling its story  
as he listens:

*There are prizes  
to be won.*

*the sun, for  
one, is shining  
today upon us  
all... And we  
know we'll love  
all whenever it's  
time to go...*

And hearing this,  
(realer of healer)  
he listens closer:

*There are lizards  
with blue tails  
that slide along  
the red brick  
under the gaze  
of yellow butterflies...*

heart be empty  
heart be full—  
*going going gone  
with the wind  
or is that*

*six feet under...*  
*all things pass*  
*in a trance*  
Not done yet?  
Being systematically chaotic,  
the universe grows...  
(But it knows  
time is precious.)  
Love: you felt  
it. Now how  
to share it?  
...Catching on fast!  
Love is calling  
for us all.  
A new life  
is what's wanted,  
is what's needed.  
We are together,  
brothers and sisters,  
in the void  
subtracting from silence...  
(You feel you've  
been here before?  
Living and learning  
the hard way,  
to begin again--  
the Moving Wheel  
that loves all.)  
of nature born  
and nature returning,  
one who is  
deconstructing the hero  
is no hero  
just nature's beau  
(history will confirm  
eternity is loving  
past the present...)  
Is it true,  
the *new* science  
creating one's guide  
in one's sleep?  
What an adventure!

New worlds interplaying  
on old frequencies,  
discovering order in  
a chaotic world,  
a cosmic order?  
(What? leading role  
the reader's soul?)  
Everybody's getting in  
on the act  
through the cracks...  
...this script's being  
ripped to shreds  
by the book—  
book of life.  
Play your part.  
*Join the pact,*  
*You orphan king,*  
All hands together,  
This love flower...  
We the people  
Long for you...  
Chains of thought  
By free association...  
how now, brown  
cow? No pain,  
no gain? Been  
there, done that?  
Hitting rock bottom,  
O bridge builder?  
In too deep  
over your head?  
Help is coming  
where angels touch  
the still waters  
(say it's possible)  
*It's time to*  
*reimagine the beginning*  
*at the end...*  
fade to black  
fade to spirit...

(A TURNING POINT)

...now no borders  
now beyond borders...  
all of this  
bordering on fantasy?  
Sailing on the  
blue black sea  
glimpsing the past  
glimpsing the future--  
The bright stuff  
exceeding your vision...  
In the bedlam,  
lion, be lamb  
(Yes, you can,  
a bold match.)  
you who come  
this far come  
not alone...riding  
the wavelength of  
a vision being  
born daily questing  
for one another  
--we who are  
the wealth of  
nations, of cities,  
of streets past  
the crowded sidewalks  
of our synergies  
(where one is  
not so valuable  
without the other)--  
we the people  
we're in sinc  
we love you  
to be alive!  
the god dam  
the god dam  
the god damaged  
of us too  
world of wonders  
we are seeing  
for god giv-  
for god giv-

for god given  
capacities of joy  
and healthy discovery  
while putting yourself  
in our shoes...  
(Been killing yourself  
to live? Oh  
all for naught?  
Been cracking up,  
who cares? You  
eccentric spiritual soul-  
man bold sonic  
explorer a personae  
for the ages  
(...just a thought...)  
your heart's been  
shattered then scattered  
so as to matter...  
it's about time.  
One by one  
piece by piece  
places to go...  
love reinventing you  
as you go...  
We the people  
we know you.  
(with this ring,  
we thee wed...)  
read the greed  
on our lips,  
malice no mistake...  
watch what happens—  
after the honeymoon  
start taking stock  
and stocking up—  
let the sunshine  
come pouring in—  
see next bogeyman...  
under a midnight  
sun we go...  
sunshine hitting us  
one by one,

mind of many  
for you now  
mind of one  
for you then...  
you forever circling  
around the ring  
of two cultures  
united in weaknesses  
divided in strengths  
...covering more ground  
(slower than ever)  
a million stars  
lighting your bones  
late in life  
early in death  
taking the heat  
the long way  
bringing it for  
the short end  
of this schtick  
Don't know why?  
Use your imagination.  
Don't know when?  
Use your imagination  
Don't know who?  
Use your imagination.  
Don't know how?  
Use your imagination.  
The bright stuff  
in this darkness...  
You got taught.  
(He's no fool)  
this so hot  
it's cool!  
'Stop reading this  
and live' is  
the real message  
of every poem  
ever truly written—  
open the page  
to your own  
book of life!

Watch it grow!  
Here we go—  
the right stuff  
(hope it continues)  
coming from within...  
coming into view--  
at first sight  
the clean slate's  
a bigger mess  
than you thought?  
down on your  
hands and knees  
does the trick—  
once you're through  
this healing night,  
out you'll come  
just like new--  
clean as day!  
It's a miracle?  
(It takes one  
to know one...)  
No more tears...  
Surprised to learn  
feelings are facts?  
Pain, addiction, grief,  
insomnia, rage, panic,  
paranoia, dizziness, mania,  
depression, anxiety, dread—  
all have made  
*their* presence felt,  
laying you low  
not stopping you,  
all, all for  
(Are you listening?)  
the long run...  
the long haul...  
Then listen well.  
A revolutionary story  
to give away  
(informing when performing)  
but only together...  
starring us and

everyone else nearby--  
slow and steady,  
and in faith...  
(Some say "I"  
without knowing it  
is the reason  
for our "our"...  
I know because  
I read it,  
says the historian.  
I know because  
I observe it,  
says the scientist.  
I know because  
I imagine it,  
says the child.  
I know because  
I feel it,  
says the poet.)  
tell us stories  
again and again  
We the people  
of pain, how  
have you survived  
to live again?  
myth of renewal  
of being human,  
of human being  
who lived once  
and died forever  
and ever wide  
awake and sleeping  
in his dream  
where imagination's leaping  
are gaps redeemed.  
taking your time  
letting it rhyme  
in the heat  
of the beat  
one, two, three  
one, two, three  
to be free

in this waltz  
we will water  
this sacred ground  
for you too  
one by one  
the more, the  
merrier-- easy come,  
easy go, finders  
keepers, losers weepers...  
time to shine  
in this darkness  
for other voices  
coming their way  
--voices in ecstatic  
union and suffering--  
those lacking all  
splash and flash  
heeding the call  
finding their footing  
paying the price  
like you are,  
going in circles  
around and around  
looking for signs  
carrying what universe?  
whose true story?  
based on fact  
(and tree events)  
still growing strong...  
building a mystery:  
(build it and  
they will come...)  
how broken heart's  
piecing it together  
the sacred heart.  
(can't let go?  
all things come,  
all things go  
world on fire  
do what you  
have to do)  
dirty little secret--

full of grace  
not good enough?  
do what you  
have to do  
path of thorns  
to change yourself...  
this the burden  
this the cross,  
you are carrying  
through the fire,  
this shining you're  
deep inside of—  
but for darkness  
it can not  
ever be seen...  
still and all  
work work work  
harder than what  
you can do,  
getting down on  
hands and knees  
where we are  
(for Coleridge-- ferns  
for Whitman-- grass  
for us—clover...?)  
cultivating the field  
of looking deeply  
and being present  
to the sea  
writing the wave  
of this rhythm  
steering the craft  
circling and circling  
the circles moving  
where heart is  
in your 'awful  
rowing toward god'...  
(something telling you  
nothing is real  
until everything is...)  
riding the ox,  
what exactly for?

training the mind  
in the body  
for the body  
that carries us  
back to nature...  
to Love's body...  
where heart's worming  
turns heart-warming...  
all the world  
watching the watcher  
in the moment  
watching the world  
shine... shone... shun...?  
all things pass  
going going gone  
we love you  
teaching your brothers  
and your sisters  
what this is  
what is this?  
they will wonder...  
Just tell them  
--'a way of  
happening, a mouth'  
where the river  
(river of of)  
sifts down to  
the ground unstoppable  
and goes on  
its meandering way  
to the sea...  
We the people  
we love you  
telling us the  
fable that will  
never ever end...  
from the man  
full of himself  
(Thou art that)  
who planted trees  
and freed bees...  
to the man

full of us  
all of us  
--when it strikes,  
lightning that lightens  
one's load? ...unheard  
of, until now.--  
for us all,  
descending into otherness  
for one's self  
(changing, the subject,  
mystery, the object.)