

Michael Basinski

A Nocturnal Apparition, Long Hem Poem Roses

A silly but fun poem with everything you would want including songs by the Beatles, mummies, caves, and dinosaurs!

1

Comatose, doze faint copy of a fuzzy past, *The Day of the Triffids* Rose, blush, brush, scrub brusha, loofa, fun scrubbing spongy spongy luffa ancient Egyptiac,, witch, is used in bathrooms by witches for always time. Expungent, to dream of do-re-mi-loofah. In some places it's a vegetable, cutecumber.

Her ghost said: you're a vegetable.

A crush turned to mush, a wild red or rosy ink tint on the skin, of paper pulp in a water suspension is defined as slush, on which I rite a ritual forever like Rapunzel, eternal return, disambiguational one trick red, peony, poetry pony.

His ghost said: I am warm for your form,, you bowkay of roses.

So, they say: when a rose opens easy, it's peanut butter petals, and when a rose fully opens, thin filaments, like thin tiny fingers, called rockets or guns become visible in the center of the rose, which is called the moon disc. So, you got tiny hoses coming out of roses, or horses, flirting into the night air, on fire and very loud.

Like a car crash, the spaceship landed in Cheektowaga Town Park, by the pools.

Incomprehensible to the assembled masses, his ghost said: I come in pieces, of poetry.

In a collective sad sigh, the assembled masses said, meh, oh brother.

His ghost said: or sometimes the stamen of a rose is *Rodan!* the flying monster of the Japanese flick released in the United States in 1957. The giant colossal prehistoric stamen was an irradiated Pteranodon, a living UFO that rests as a scratch on your rosered rodeo fingernail toe polish.

Act 1

I Neva Promised You Rodan Garden

Her ghost said: you should have listened to your right-wing uncle's ghost: bitter to be a plumber than a poet, in love.

My ghost said: no one fell in love before I did. Egg before barbecued chicken Rodan, hatched in the middle of a deep cave surrounded by a flock of prehistoric Meganueron dragon flies. Like a toad, I flicked out my tongue and captured a strung.

Her ghost said: you're not like other stamen, are you?

♪ There are places I remember all my life

♪ Though some have changed.

♪ Some forever, not for better...

Her ghost said: maybe it was radiation?

My ghost aside: So, Rodan is supersonic, and I became a poet like Rodan, ambition before affection. My infected wings create libretto labial windstorms. I level and burn cities in the name of roses, and the caves inside of a rose time echoed, might have been. There are always two to tango. Two Rodans in *Rodan*, they trigger a volcanic eruption, an imaginomemon, with smoke and lava and fumes, perfumes, molten liquefied Muse memories, that choke the Rodans on the slopes of the volcano. And they parish after plucking and puking roses. The fumes were heaven and tasting of the testing of atomic bombs in love with one another for a short while: 2 young, 2 drink, 4 roses. All writing thumbs, but the fumes were heaven.

Her ghost said: inhale deeply and pass out, Delphi.

From the soundtrack.

Frankie Yankovic sings:

♪ In heaven there is no beer
♪ That's why we drink it here

Robert Herrick sings:

♪ Gather ye rosebuds
But pluck off the icky slugs.

Thomas B Costain wrote *The Black Rose*. Concerning poetry Costain supposedly said: "You have the chance of a lifetime and you're ready to throw it away because there's a crack in your skull?"

My friend Tootski's ghost sang:

♪ Rosa Rosa
♪ Swing on my hosa.

Gertrude Stein put the word is after the word rose.

The white moon rose rosing the tide.

Jesus also rose.

Ahab rose impaled on the white whale.

Her ghost said: I don't think it happened quite that way, cat musta gat your tongue mixed me up with someone else.

His ghost said: perhaps you have amnesia?... from too much pot or climate change?

Imhotep rose looking for Ananka.

Count Dracula rose looking for Wilhelmina Harker.

Each poem is a necromancy.

Act 2

Fasciculations

Scene: A poem fulla mummy ghosts including Seqenenre Taa II, Ahmose Nefertari, Amenhotep I, Thutmose I, Thutmose II, Hatshepsut, Thutmose III, Amenhotep II, Thutmose IV, Amenhotep III, Seti I, Ramses II, Merenptah, Seti II, Siptah, Ramses III, Ramses IV, Ramses V, Ramses VI, and Ramses IX floating about like cottonwood seed floaties floating adrift like a young man's heart in a fart of wind.

Even today mummies rise from the dead to claim vengeance. Trembling mummies can be found in poetry, arguably, the greatest poetry of all times. The mum words rise to undress before you. If you listen closely between the lines you will hear them: ching clatter ping plop pop sizzle slosh splash squish swish swoosh whoosh zip. They cantillate in your dreamy head for

centuries, and then hatch, time's right, the tongue beating a way to the sea waves under moonlit streetlights serving time.

Often mummies waken after an incantation, like: Ant her yellow anteater.

Her ghost once said: I guess your poems are in the margarine of earoar.

My ghost said: she made me a promists in time from which she obviously drew a blank.

Whenever a ship stank with a mummy aboard, whispers of curses and the supernatural abounded. Stories of forlorn mummies rising from the dead and killing those that disturbed them became a part of culture. When Howard Carter discovered the tomb of Tutankhamun in 1922, and exposed to roses, a curse quickly killed six of his team. Mum as they wrote their goodbyes.

Incantation:

Opem from sleep.

Rose pores of quim quills.

A pack of matches matching red roses.

Tiny bud heads.

A herd of red headed pack of giraffe

A line of cocks all yours

A line of cocks you made happy on fire.

Many pistols fired into the dark.

Did you ever!

With silver bells,

And cockle shells,

And pretty maids all in a row.

Her ghost said: drink up, swallow the red, yallow, white or sometimes maroon moon residue of apples and pears, fossil shells and peaches, and almonds, and strawberries in shape of a heart's shadow.

The word rose said to him: do you believe in angels?

Peeling a cucumber is killing an angel.

Toasting Athena's English muffin is killing an angel.

Her ghost said: your poems are grave robbing and spelunking, an exhuming.

His ghost said: I can't help it, Igor dropped my brain.

Igor said: shit!

Disinterring, his ghost said: I remember enough, I have enough to remember, I didn't bring my pen because I have nothing left to remember anymore. Compose.

On his tombstone written in red emission:

Really not very striking poetry

When all is done and said

Instead, he melted before red roses

And now he's fucking dead.

Follow the scent, inhale the perfume of decomposed plucked roses snipped.

The door to Tut's tomb has this scrawled upon it: The sad sun never touches the moon.

Incantation:

♪ Oh, well, I'm Sittin' here in la la, waitin' for my ya ya, oh oh.

♪ Sittin' here in la la, waitin' for my ya ya, oh oh

♪ It may sound funny but I don't believe she's comin', oh oh

Act 3

Snuffleling a Rose is the Journey to the Center of the Earth

Circa 1954, Jules Verne, wrote the book about such adventures into mysterious, labyrinthian tunnelish shafts, and pages of passages, and noted that a laceration is a crater, lips slit, or vent thought which hot vapor, emotional gas, tongues, and Rodan erupt from Mnemosyne's fountain. In 1959 the adventure went to Hollywood where it morphed into a film with phantasmagoric poetic CinemaScope® in.

Scene: The story might begin in 1880 Scotland, Professor Sir Oliver Lindenbrook (James Mason), a geologist at the University of Edinburgh, is given a gooey piece of volcanic rock by his admiring student, Alec McEwen (Pat Boone). Finding the rock unusually heavy and sweetly smelling of ammonia, fish, salt, and with a umami tang, Lindenbrook stuck in his thumb discovers a plumb inside bearing a cryptic inscription is unhinged wicked sweet witch loose

muse rose thee becoming always shezhardazad intheebe asleeping headbed of the dead of roses as clothes night closes your eyes weroses the funnel of duream receptive stigma oozes fun tunnel for his Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. Lindenbrook and Alec discover that it was left by a prose scientist named Saknosemm who, almost 300 years earlier, had found a fissure to the center of the Earth by descending into a volcano in western Iceland.

Narrator: I think, I maybe, that Dimetrodon was a local band I used to heard on Walden at Gilligan's nite club. *White Punks on Dope*. Those were the days.

Her ghost said: nooses are roses.

His ghost said: you won't find anything edible in there.

Her ghost said: eat your heart out.

His ghost said: time is the Persephone of the heart.

Hans Belker (Peter Ranson) said: there's a tunnel on this side, of the page.

Professor Sir Oliver Lindenbrook (James Mason) said: an inkwell, a flower cup, cop, I presume.

A very handsome thing. Hellish to dust, but I suppose of use in your poetry, stuff.

Timothy Leary's ghost said: the mushrooms in the mushroom forest are magic.

Smiling, Jules Verne's ghost said: I know.

Kyane (A naiad who was turned to liquid attempting to save Persephone from Hades) said: a dimetrodon! Is that her name?

A dimetrodon (rhinoceroses iguana) said: you make my mouth water.

Professor Sir Oliver Lindenbrook said: What did I say? Which word?

Kyane said: *witch* word.

Professor Sir Oliver Lindenbrook said: look, Basinski, that's enough, enough already, of your obituary dream poetry, for hearts and brains and fingers, or fingers and hearts and brains, or brains, fingers, and hearts.

Carla Goetabaug (Arlene Dahl) said: I THOUGHT it would catch in your throat, a thorn appellation unmasked that would explain everything from the center out of your mouth spewing illusions about roses like a jungle of time unraveled, unraveling, Ravel's *Bolero*. Revlon.

Professor Sir Oliver Lindenbrook said: a dimetrodon? he's a flesh eating roser.

Count Saknosemm (Thayer David) said: If I had my pistil, we'd have fresh roses to eat for dinner, tonight.

♪ Tonight, tonight, it all began tonight

♪ I saw you and the world went away

Ovid's ghost said: Kyane melted in a timeless pool of make believe or more like a subterranean ocean, which hour feeler poemers attempt to cross on a raft of roses.

The Muse rose commanded: leave behind the veridical.

The raft begins circling a gigantic rose basal ganglia whirlpool like a pen drawing imperfect circles.

Lindenbrook said: whirlpool, maybe Maytag? Anyway, must be the center of the Earth. Down here we are without time.

Eugene field's ghost recited:

'twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 'twas a adream they'd dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea –

On the other side of night in an explosion of the nucleus of neurons, it all goes to shit, and right before his dream collapses into pieces of emission, there appears the sunken city of Atlantis.

His ghost said: I can't stop these ruins running on and on, stanza after stanza from here to eternity beyond death.

Cyrano said: a vow, before the shrine of memory.

A giant Megalosaurus (a rose red tegu) appears covered in molten brain lava hemorrhage. In the background one might hear an Atlantean singing in the unruly spirit of lava: ♪ I gotta beep a gunk a honk konk konk ka gancha each you puna eachya bop a luba each yall bummo a kechonk ease sum ya ride.

2

That's all she wrote.

Jim Morrison sang:

♪ The future is uncertain and the is always near.

An updraft suggests that a volcanic chimney leads to the surface but a giant testicle shaped rock blocks the synapse. The poemurs hop into the word: bowl, that floats atop the hot red gamete.

Ringo sang:

♪ What do you see when you turn out the light?
♪ I can't tell you, but ai know it's mine

Up the shafttube the bowl word cadence floats flies like Rodan on the mesiotemporal areas of the cortex, the passage urethra between words and is driving upwards at great speed until it spurts the dream sap vision onto the surface of the Earth, in front of the Cave of the Winds, a natural cave behind the Bridal Veil Falls at Niagara Falls, in winter. It was discovered in 1834, and it was huge, 130 feet high and 30 feet deep.

Sadly Conscious, his ghost said: I come in pieces that are buried most often hidden in my own nebulous time Egyptian prison vision of spoons and gestures. Just a gesture by a jester, a foolish gesture of the slaughter of an innocent.

The cave was obliterated in a massive 1954 rockfall and subsequent dynamiting of a dangerous overhang hungover from the distant time past. Decompose.

Pat Boone sang Irving Berlin's *Remember*:

♪ You promised that you'd forget me not
♪ But you forgot
♪ To remember
♪ Into my dreams you wandered it seems, and then there came a day
♪ You loved me too, my dreams had come true, and all the world was May
♪ But soon the May time turned to December
♪ You had forgotten, do you remember?