

Nathan Anderson

Demarcation

Shuttled through the scars
 entreating Moses!
woken in the trench-works
born within those sunken alleys
as scattered ghosts of luminescence

seen through my open window
as a breeze
a gentle gentle
touches my cheek
smelling of smoke and burnt abrasions
with visions of Damascus caked and tourniquet
 wrought from the iron wheel!

held in beef cattle class
silken in the purse of
 haha haha
as embroidered neon gods pass over
 river Jordan
 river Ganges

I see igniting daylight
as the pregnant bombs
collapse on houses

the water cannons wreak
across the banks
and whitewashed roads
and whitewashed temples
as we contemplate like monks
and wait for vistas to accrue
without weight
without sacrifice
and sacrilege
with a filthy raven
in the kitchen sink
still left to wash and dry

Sadhu Hymn

Oh cornea ripping sensate
dog toothed polemicist
sit tightly on the opened cloth
worn down
worn down
you bit the threadbare end
consuming new asceticism
reprehensible in your name
wonderful
wonderful
lovely Sadhu!

Oh Sadhu, penumbra opens out her brutal eye
cast in multifaceted noise
frightening in your barefoot fatalism
love the chewing teeth!

Sadhu, Sadhu, Sadhu!
let go your open elephant ears
wax lyrical without your curling skull
walk backwards through the temple
of the horse's name
pulled as though on city streets
as though in airy lyric majesty
as though bought out by funeral barons
and left as nothing on the Shangri-La steps

howling, Howling, HOWLING!
howling at the absent words
howling at the monstrous abuse
howling at the moneyless automaton
breaking, breaking, breaking
Sadhu
loveless and lonesome
rhapsodized in acid rain

Arriving, a fragment

Yes, these voluminosly clipped horizons
growing larger
my un-working legs!

Yes, yes
'friend of the devil is a friend of mine'

I as in I
walked into the
river
and caught the
fish
with my hands
told by my
council
through loud
speaker
that I could not
hold it

drenched in cold water

Parades of amphibious lovers jostle the hydroelectric projectile. Lost in deep trance, thought to be an abundance of care, thought to be meticulous movement. Wandering none the less in the emptiness of brutality.

Onwards to Jerusalem!

Dream of a Rhinoceros in Multicolour

I want to live with only one eye
to seek enlightenment in your diphtheria
to breathe only chalk
to sing electrified hymns
going
once
and only
once

Proudly wear my singular horn

Proudly display the apparition
and the base of the tree
and the dust
and the dust particles
terrified
and causing the skeleton
to eject its vessel

lonesome without

designation

4/11/20

Gravitate my stomach

visionary night

wavelength upon

wavelength

spinal

abrasion

left over from the fugue

coalescing without number

as though thought of nothing

without the ambulance flare

'come again'

'no service'

the white coast has fallen!

the angel is miraculous!

wait!

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