

NESTED DOLLS

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NESTED DOLLS

For Kenneth Warren

Inside Mitt Romney: Paul Ryan.

Inside Paul Ryan: Ayn Rand.

Inside Ayn Rand: William Edward Hickman.

Inside William Edward Hickman:

the dismembered body of Marion Parker.

Coaticue within *Coaticue* again & again.

Lady Xoc pulling a thorn-studded rope through her perforated tongue
—as a spider transforms its netted prey into liquid
(one might say the spider drinks its witness)
so did the Maya burn blood-spotted fig bark strips to hallucinate double-headed
Vision Serpents in order to glimpse in twining fumes
the blood reciprocity between gods & humankind.

The Irish Sheela-na-gig with grotesque lower abdomen, cavernous oval-shaped
vulva, held-open, so big as to reach the ground.

Sheela's genital areas were rubbed (like the yonis of Hindu goddesses).

Birthing stones may have been placed in their genitals.

Sheelas were drilled, head & body, with holes, portrayed in vertical birth-giving
posture.

Some have protruding amniotic sacs or vertical channels cut below the vulva,
egg-shaped objects lying between their open legs.

Hanging between the open legs of the Romsey Sheela:

a baby's head with eyes, nose, and mouth.

There are bodies within Hans Bellmer's body raising
ocellated hoods.

What do they wish to say?

“We are fused in semen saliva seas,
earliest forms rising as protozoa pullets,
vulva bubble breaths.

And the Muse?

Ball-jointed causation rowing buttock skiffs,
Madame Minotaur's proto-loa smile,
her apparition in a sink hole's
ink flow
seeping migration.”

Wandering disappearance I scratch my rascal & draw ink.
Krazy Kat my amanuensis.

So, what is image? The mage in I?
An imago charged with pupa karma?

Image is the reality of the invisible world.

Reflected in every image:

the labyrinth underlying the poem,

the web underlying the labyrinth.

Buried in every image: Minotaur & spider

At Abri Cellier: the neck & head of a blowing horse

crudely engraved in a stone block.

Across the neck a vulva a bit bigger than the horse head

has been gouged.

The original sentence, the original metaphor: *Tat Tvam Asi*,

Thou art that.

Update: Blondie's vulva embedded in Sea Biscuit's neck.

There has only been one real change: the appearance of being.

As if the night itself is sarcophagus
& we the sleepers in pause between closed-eye vision
& primordial remove.

Absence, the weightless boulder upon which I broods.

Because of nothingness we desire to bloom.

When I view a Munch painting,
I am facing Edvard's soul. Morbid, but it is Edvard's,
& compared to America in the world
it is lividly affirmative. The courage of this forlorn Norwegian
a hundred years ago to confront the lineaments of melancholia.

O deep good blackness in the heart!