

Z.M. Wise

## **Burning down the Stream, Burning's All the Same**

We walk through walls,  
burning heels.  
Clicking five times,  
two more than one cares about.

A swirling wash of tidal waves,  
deserted on desert land.  
We sink under the sand  
where the shamans lay.  
Past peyote parties from  
previous lives lived.

The Burning Man stood here.  
The Burning Man stood here.  
The Wicker Man burned down  
to the alabaster ground,  
so he is now burning as the Burning Man.

Incineration incarnate!  
Ashes alive!  
Depths below,  
rattlesnake bite causes mirages to  
come to a fully animated life.

So, in that sense,  
the victim sees nothing.  
Nothing except a circle of vultures,  
circling around the Sphere of Life,  
only to be transported to the  
next world when the flesh vessel decomposes.

Until we meet again,  
always stay as willingly sane.  
Hold breath underneath...beneath the current.  
Beneath the current,  
lights of a glimmering undersea city  
lights up at night,  
yet no one survives.

No one in Atlantis saw blue light crystals.  
Ruins:  
over the castle.  
Each time the wave passes,  
civilization stands still.

Dead and dormant,  
just as I was in the  
underwater womb nine months hence.

## A Simpleton Simonized

His inner head,  
a disassembled puzzle.  
Pieces have scrambled and digested  
what was left of his undetermined thought block.

He was packing stupidity, but  
originality was his beacon of light.

He did not align himself with the  
sphere of socioeconomic speech.  
Solitary world, people thought of him  
as a wired and weird one,  
a wild and woolly one,  
an incoherent and indescribable one,  
an irate and ironic one.

Irony fed him with an iron spoon.  
Privileged peers were given silver  
whilst he was left to absorb dust.

His written and visual work:  
sparks that lit a spontaneous flame.  
How dare they extinguish it with their  
Water of Logic!

“It is the sustainable Elixir of Curiosity!  
It is the sustainable Nectar of Knowledge!  
It is the sweet-tasting Fruit of Victory!”

A brainhead,  
dead-eyed from The Wash.

“Me mindless machine.  
Me no talkie unless talkied to.  
Me thought patterns, steady as...  
as...  
as...”

His abyss welcomes him.  
Walking amongst them,  
he is no one with perfectly tied sanitarium sneakers.

## Questioning a Doubtful Rose

What is in a rose,  
besides its bee sting thorns,  
its lustful petals,  
gathering and congregating as  
scattered honeymoon hints on the newlywed bed?

There will be a moon  
dipped in golden honey tonight.

As two fresh, newfangled lovers  
intertwine with bodies.  
Fingers collapse after feeling  
each other's hands with that kinetic connection  
for the first time.

These old bones cannot remember.  
These cold bones have forgotten the  
warmth of her voice.  
Her absence is now a marble grave,  
unmarked like she wanted.

We had spent every night exchanging  
wanton glances and spending a dime of time.

What is in a rose?  
What is in a rose?

Her once sapphire-lit eyes,  
staring back at me.  
The key in the coffin,  
okay (in the coffin),  
six feet under, but the roses grow,  
wild and untamed.

The roses on her grave  
are the pitfall of desire.

Epitaph reads in autobiographical format,  
"I, Rose, conjoined with His heart,  
touched it with such sanctity.

Sacred nature...  
I have not forgotten,  
my Dearest Darling One.  
All that you see is my rose.”

One prick,  
one bloodletting droplet  
washes the blade of grass,  
turning it into an orange-ish red.

Crimson embers start around her...  
...and nothing less.

What is in a rose?  
A populated ecosystem of destiny  
without turbulence of destruction.  
A utopian parish,  
stretching and extending for miles...

## The Stream

Trespassing bells of ardent reality,  
a single kiss,  
a winter's fortnight.

Dance show, allowing us time.  
Curtains, revealing truths...hidden from  
the rest of the audience.

Courage, lost under fire, underwater.  
Overhead lightning, downsizing companies.

3...

2...

I's never enough for solitude.  
Waking jaws.

The hip bone is connected to the  
hand bone of the other individual.  
Grinding against the moonlight,  
making love until the sunrise is dead.

And it is clear that the crossing over is here.  
A crossbreed between one jealous knave and  
two involuntary statues,  
the space...  
the space is here.

"I thought,  
I thought we could never die,"  
the body snatchers said after their verdict screech.  
They were imposters,  
donning guises of the dead.

One morning,  
two whistles in each ear,  
three legs by dusk,  
and in the Riddle Master's coffin  
by nightfall.

This is why the  
lark sings by the pen.