



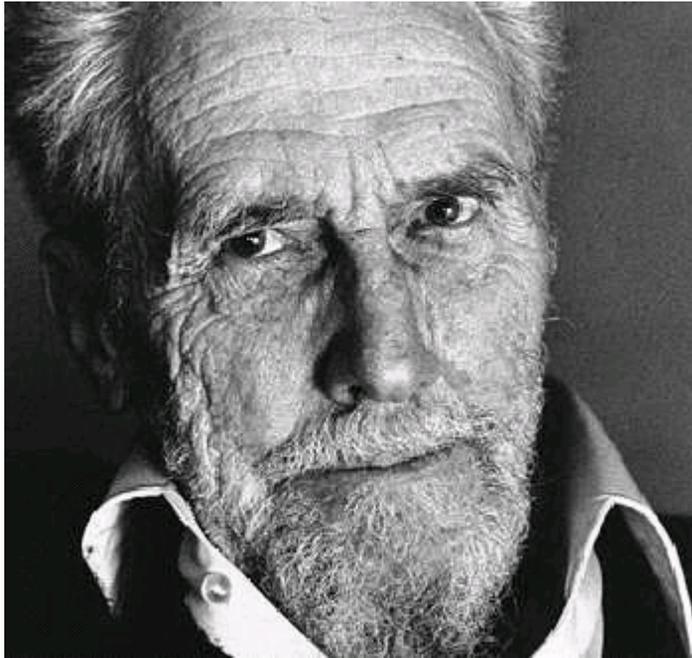
Bleys and Merlin

A monodrama of disbelief

Or

Ezra Pound Caged in Pisa

A monodrama with/out forgiveness



Only the imagination is real

William Carlos Williams



THE GREAT FEAST & WHAT FOLLOWED

*For Merlin once had told her of a charm,
The which if any wrought on anyone
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,
From which was no escape for evermore;
And none could find that man for evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work the charm
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
As fancying that her glory would be great
According to his greatness whom she quenched*

From Merlin and Vivian, Tennyson

Setting (a):

In the dark cave under the Fountain of Barenton, Merlin sits cross-legged wrapped in his long grey beard. The only light in this darkness emits from his prayer clasped hands, palm to palm they compress his carbon fears and loneliness into an industrial diamond. He has been trapped here since she tricked him. All action take place within Merlin's mind.

Setting (b):

In an open air wire cage outside of a makeshift barracks in Pisa, Italy May 1945. Ezra Pound sits cross-legged wrapped in an orange drab blanket. The only darkness in the florescent glow emits from his clasped hands, palm to palm they compress his carbon fears and loneliness into an industrial diamond. He has been trapped here since he turned himself in to avoid being shot in the streets. All action take place within Ezra's mind.

Tempus Loquendi, Tempus Tacendi

The Author: [takes the center stage]

Our voices matter not a fig! There is no way in which you can believe in what our players wish to produce. We have an assortment of unbelievable characters for the modern stage. As ever, our American empire is expanding, collapsing. Our terror has made things a poet cannot undo, or should want to undo, as nothing can be done. The voice cannot voice itself anymore. The voice is trapped in the throat, we cannot speak. Or rather, can speak, can yell out in outdoor voices, as loud as we wish. We are free, open, unread.

No one listens to painted faces, believes in words.

This is a poem of a magician, his teacher and only incidentally mentioning Arthur. We cannot believe in any of these figures, so forget this if this bothers you. Throw out the window all that troubles your assumptions and keep only what fits in your empty pockets. We are alone with our folktales and if you do not accept this silly magical myth then kindly substitute the tragedy of Ezra Pound's mind melting in prison. As the wizard Merlin is trapped in his own spell, so too was Pound confined to a open cage after he surrendered to American forces at Pisa, Italy in May 1945. He terrified many people with his radio voice, astonished others with his poetics. We do not forgive what he did but we forgave under the guise of insanity, trapped in his mind, his failures in life and his failures in his Cantos.

In this confinement Pound began the Pisan Cantos (LXVIV- LXXXIV). When this won the Bollingen Prize in 1949, the literary and political world was infuriated. In 1946 when he was 60, he was transferred to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital for the Criminally Insane in Washington, DC, where he continued to write. During his 12 years there he produced some of his most personal and powerful work, including Rock Drill (LXXXV-ICV) and Thrones (ICVI-CIX). However, Pound is a dicey onion to peel, and to reflect on him it is best to remember all of him, and so back we come to Merlin. Is this the safer route? Our voices matter nothing! There is no way in which you can believe in our poems anymore.

. . . .

and literature was changed forever

So you come to visit me in hell. That book won't help you now. I'm here and they will insist that I remain. I have not been myself lately so I am afraid that I am not as presentable as I might be if my present accommodations' were different. There is no hot water so I wear a knit cap. It is ten paces from here to there, seven from there. It is a small cage. As you can clearly see there is no roof. The cold does break the spirit. I have discovered for myself the degrees in which one can find comfort in the cold night air. My breath crisps in the moments it takes to maintain shaking.

They brought in barber to shave off my beard. They feared it would be either my or there doom. To speak amongst friends, I have no power anymore but they still fear my words. Do you see them shiver. I glance in their direction and they stop. They will hang me soon. Help me.

My hands continue to circle counterclockwise. There was a time when I would be able to weave myself out of this, make up the words and free myself from this prison. I am so far from the middle of things. Those days things moved, reflected differently. In the days of Cronos, that titan god pulling the universe along the bright heaven, with a great tug, hurl, then let drift alone, float, along the volcanic glass oceans of the night sky, slowly curling into the midnight surf perfectly mirroring the previous days. The occurrences of the velocipede moving forward frightened me terribly.

A three egg omelet breaks into morning. Giants wandered in the waving grassy plains, wizened in purple eggplant gardens. Aging backwards, or so it would seem if you were not of them, you would see those who saw too many winters grow into children. Curl into fetal balls and die in the snow capped mountains of their elders. This was natural in that time as it is not, presently, natural now. I am only a child. I am of an age that has gone to rot, a pus filled blue orange past it's prime lost in the drift of light on the four folded truth of hopeless joy.

You must have seen her dancing in the sands. She is always with me in my head, dancing weaving her arms just the way I showed her how to do it in the vines of that overgrown roman amphitheater. I told her just what to do, I undid myself with my own doings. What is to forgive? I'll tell you plainly, I cannot be me anymore. I am trapped here and no one can hear me. I scream out and yet those that pass by see only a mute in distress. I am

invisible to these people. You may be the only one who can see me. They say we speak ourselves into existence and I will myself out, speak no more nothing, only to speak more, scream more, shout to the people walking across the street and have them look, move or be moved, or run. They do nothing, not even look at their shoes when I embarrass these moments and piss on myself!

So I'm standing by this lake looking for dinner, the chestnut horse Arthur gave me was lapping at the still water. Found a patch of Queen Anne's lace, but we didn't call it that then. It was the lace of the lady in the lake. No matter now, I harvested the roots and made a nice warm stew with trout and tarragon. I used my walnut wand to start a fire. It was then she came out from her hiding spot behind a portabella mushroom. I have never felt love so I did not understand what I ignited. It was fire, hot as ginger is hot in the mouth, alive. She asked me if I wanted to die, not as a threat but as a weird opening. A chess match in her mind. Her white veil revealed her breasts and the water reflected her sex. Did I want to die? I just might as well as I am to die at some point why not here with my horse, my dear friend who has carried me onward, on her back discovering our path as it comes.

I have suffered for so long that those days before her are no longer my memories. Of a great society that flustered itself, rose up from the great lake that spawned it and gave itself over to it's own lust. To pull the sword from the pants and fuck all that is able to be fucked. To collectively ravage everything, collect into one container all that one cannot contain, cannot penetrate, cannot fight or kill. You're mine now, but you're not my slave. My friend, the lady of this lake, the giver of fine flowers, jams and wild carrots. But that was several yesterday from now. These walls are closing in on me while my mind expands.

It was just after he was crowned we were on our way south. We came upon a black rider. The man insisted on combat with him, called his mother an actress and then they fought. Arthur killed him with a final slice to the head, shattering the sword of the stone. Curse it all! And he was bleeding for from his side. Lost so much blood I was sure he would die. I took him into the woods and found a hermit who once taught me some spells. He treated Arthur with herbs and in three days we were back on our way.

We rode in silence until we came to a silent lake. Arthur marveled was its pearly tranquility, I suddenly was aware that we were hearing a different song. Three tall women, with fair, sweet faces, were standing on the bank. Who are they? the king asked. Three queens who shall help you at your worst.

Now look out upon the lake again. He turned and saw in the distance a slight gray mist had arisen. Through it the figure of a lady slithered over the surface. Her robe were made of waves which streamed away in flowing curves from her body. Her head and shoulders

were wrapped in sea foams tinted with rainbow moss, her arms sparkled from glittering water bubbles. Arthur wondered on her soft beauty as I felt a streak of silver shoot up my spine.

Who is she? She is the Lady of the Lake. She lives in a rock in the lake's center. See she is coming toward us. Look at what is beyond her in the water. Arthur looked and saw rising above the surface of the water and arm clothed in pure white. There is writing on the sword, he said. True, my lord, written in the oldest tongue in the world. On one side it says take me, the other, cast me away. Which do you prefer?

Merlin dwells on death

Cranes fish for their lunch
scooping water with flesh & bone
the soul swims up stream

Black Diamond Golden Boy Takes Bull By Horns

Because our spells have no power, are nothing, are not equations, have no wonder

I have an open dream of ramparts rising to meet all seasons
It made everything safe for floods, moving as fast as thunder

because our poems are not magic, do us nothing, say for nothing,
moving no one, helping little stars move no stardust, compress carbon,
change lead back into lead. Our spells are nothing

But poems, nothing but vapid sub-literate words, doing nothing but harm, harm to
nothing but trees and the animals whose skins we tan with ink, inks are nothing, inks are
not words, words are not trees, animals are nothing, trees are nothing, poems are not
magic, and magic does nothing but harm, helping little

I have a closed vision of the waking mind
It is time to sleep, time to go on my way

I have no power anymore
Only the means of deception
And I do not wish to deceive
You, my dear friend, nothing

I have nothing more to do but move on to the next
I have died several deaths before, we come back you
Know, time and again, and over again, moving forms

Because our poems are not equations
We have no power, trees are nothing

Your mouth is moving to tell me something saying something, is it poetry, saying yes
saying no, saying nothing. Having nothing, am nothing, the mouth moving, the breath
breathing the throat clenching, clenching on nothing, moving towards nothing, saying
nothing which is to say, we say plenty

“Go to jail, go directly to jail. Do not pass go, do not collect \$200”

Queen Bellicent should like to Believe

"King Leodogran, I do not know what the truth is.
There are two stories: the story Merlin tells and the story Bleys tells.
Merlin says that Arthur is Uther's son, and indeed I should like to believe it."

"But you are not sure?" asked the king.

"I am not sure. For my mother Yguerne was dark, and King Uther was dark.
Their hair and eyes were black like mine. Yet Arthur's hair is as bright as gold.
Besides, there is the story of old Bleys."

"What is his story?"

"He says that Uther died, weeping because he had no heir."

Then Bleys and Merlin, who were present at his death,
passed together out of the castle. It was a stormy night,
and as they walked along by the lake they were forced
by the roar of the tempest to look out upon the waves,
whipped by the wind.

"Suddenly they saw a ship on the water. It had the shape of a winged dragon.
All over its decks stood a multitude of people shining like gold. Then the ship
vanished, and a number of great waves began to roll in towards shore.
The ninth of these waves seemed as large as half the sea.

It was murmuring with strange voices and rippling with flames.
In the midst of the flames was a little fair haired baby
who was borne to Merlin's feet.

Merlin stooped and picked it up, and cried,
'The King! Here is an heir for Uther!'

This, King Leodogran, is the story Bleys told me before he died."

King Leodogran wondered very much. Then he said:
"But did you not question Merlin about this?"

"Yes," answered Queen Bellicent.

"I asked him if this story of Bleys was true.

He would only answer me with a riddle."

As King Leodogran was still silent, she said:

"Do not fear to give your daughter to Arthur,

for he will be the greatest king the world has ever seen."

woven paces and waving arms

An aged marmalade cat creaks in his comfortable maroon armchair,
He looks up, annoyed at the young man standing in front of his fire.
The cat lifts his head so he can look better down his long face, sneer
At his broken sword and broken guitar, how out of step with the world
He does seem. Scare people with consequence and magic is not needed.

Something was hidden in there, I tried to hold back my tears.
When I opened my hand, I couldn't see the paper anymore.
Closing off my mind a tube whistled crystal warnings again.
Crashing ashore the sand gathered itself into the bricks of a fort.
Without footmen our coach kept going, right past the platform.
I am lost on the Elizabethan stage, I'm told to stand and fight!

I do nothing but run towards the dark woman's long plaid skirt.
The brown flowers wring their hands telling me I cannot remain.
I flew to the first yellow square on the Bellmaker's map of the sea.
I have three eyes that convey my functional identity. You are a victim.

I drink from the cup of warm tobacco and think of tamarinds.
Ping! The new glimmer of power shopping affords me, understanding
the motivating emergent meaning of, say, indulgence. There are many corners
where I bury my head to find peace and quiet to unwind within

Old habits die hard. There are those great artisans in France,
who are unwilling to give any concession from the search
for perfectionism, seeking out pure flavors of shoe daubers.

Do you want to dance with me? It is still moonlight and the harpies
have sharpened their yaws to yawning flashes of golden dawn patrols
strafing khaki memories of you kissing your beloved wedding rings.
When will I be back again to face those indictment charges? Loathe
to go but inspiration springs itself as a diamond bracelet or lit match
handcuffed to a stick of dynamite insisting on a shortcut through a mine.

Pendragon

Its not what but how

One comes down the hill crooked
bearing a dragon on its striped shield black back
armored scales protecting the dread against
fierce delight our red lentil winds blow

There are just so many books ones eyes can focus upon

Economy of knowledge

our short lives call for us to be on the shoulders of other men

If you use the bathroom please replace the lid after cleaning

Washing the hair first cleans 90% of the rest of your body
the sum of all my cigarettes smoked a seasons worth of salmon

In a flash of colors it came to be in my thoughts

colors being the one true method to define pure proper magic

So I've had colors and I've had color and this
color was closer to blue than to red even though
red was in the mixings on a secondary scheme or
some other such wheel where roses petal their
way to feather beds and breasts pooling to a
point on which all good things grow from blue

To be free from debt is to be free from birth and dinner

Free form eternal debt to god or the stomach
precludes the desire for self reflection in soup

The gallant war horse strides over the beautiful young boy

The protector is a man of violence

Help

I don't want to see the horse coming down on me... while
promises forged then hurled like grape shot over open fields flying
upwards and through September storms breaking apart

I felt myself step
go across what is written
Shrapnel untangles into shards ... I am not my own man

& is marked by the next breath I can see it waft
if you can feel how we subverted destined authority
yesterday
afternoon poetry and magic

When I got off the bus this morning I saw Diana on the hunt & her cold bow
pointed at me, like, but different, from, the great Seal of the United States...
Eagle-eyeing that branch with a quiver full of arrows clutched by his side
in picturesque beauty dressed down, contralto to, brute force

cooked in it's own oil as
knights chant for change
needing only 50¢ to get
into the shelter bottles would do...

on common magic a stride measured too quick as a shaft fells trunk deep
in burnt wealth for Vivian on comet vapors of electrical juices form a censer

(sén.ser) n.: A vessel incense is burned esp. in religious ceremony
See also: David Bowie
See also: Fantasy Football

... and poetry dancing in fancy shoes
did not happen

how here i did get

if I packed my bags with books & a change of clothes; leaving behind
nothing but crackle and grind when would Paris be in me

exiled for adventurous sin
and one dahlia in hand as
an offering, or rent, to stay
on the shores near Shallot
and after a short warm let;
look for the nearest shore

today I am weary of stolid morals riding bareback
chasing, hunting

I can't get myself out of this fire. The flickering images remind me that the world
is a bicycle wheel with shiny reflectors, reflecting a part of the fixed light to some extension
beyond one point or another, to the awful news and how I have missed out on everything

The wars don't happen when the radio is off
The people are not arrested if you don't watch

the realm of what happens in your eyes does not happen
whether or not I am present to see it, it never took place.

Help Me

I don't want to watch as the horse comes down on me... while
Keats is in the kitchen baking wedding cakes with the bell maker

raffish baffle shaft a horse
draft a sapphire scaffold

belch a battle and squelch the pimperneled welsh

anon afield anon; only Elysian's
asphodel is one crazy daffodil

sick of muscatel smell some zinfandel

swill karma quaffing corneas cats
rach the hatch and mismatch my humble jumble
reabsorb the ironing board there gonna be a shooting match

Gordian Knot

~~Merlin arranged the Gordian's knot of Arthur's career,
the boy became king by the sword in the stone contest.~~

~~Met the mystic Lady of the Lake at the Fountain persuaded
her to present the new king her magical sword, Excalibur.~~

~~The Lady of the Lake is referred to by various spellings of the the shortened form of
Mnemosyne, the muse. Nimue or Vivienne. He fell madly in love with her and agreed
to teach her all his mystical powers.~~

~~Was an apt pupil so much that her magical skills rived his own teacher Bleys.
She imprisoned the old man in a glass tower, a cave or some other such prison.~~

~~Thus his absence from the Battle of Camlann
was ultimately responsible for Arthur's demise.~~

~~There are two tales of the events of his imprisonment.~~

~~Vivienne deeply wanted to learn to use the
powerful spell. Merlin denied to teach her as
he wished he could forget such things. It was
old magic that would imprison any thing for
eternity in that place, there was no counter to
this spell.~~

~~For some bit of badgering and further
blathering he finally broke down in a fit of
rage. Fine! You want to know this terror, fair
thee well! It is done like this and walked this
way.~~

~~And knowing that he had tricked her, to keep
her quiet, why would he, why, fuck you, I'll
show you~~

~~And so she wove her arms, waved her paces
and if she could undo what she did she surely
would, would have been better to have just
killed him where he stood~~

~~Her mad desire for power
His steadfast denials, her lust
His lust, his saying no
only to her saying a harder no
alright I'll tell you if I may only~~

~~touch~~

~~and so he touched
kissed the small of
her back and taught
her
the woven paces
and she dropped
her seven veils~~

~~touch me
the exact paces~~

~~You fool, fool you old fool~~

ON FORMS OF FAILURE

I don't have anything for you here, please stay as my guest. No need to worry as I have nothing of value as you can plainly observe. Books are of no use to thieves, too cumbersome to a kindle up a fire, but maybe that is my old bones creaking along. There is not much time left now. I still have much to tell you and with what little time left we will not dally on about such things. Yes, I am old but not old enough to feel this old. My time is passing and when gone all that will remain are these simple books, words printed out over long winters. It seems this was my task here, and so I kept at it. I was left alone to my chore, putting things down as they come. Each dishwasher hopes, or rather, believes his method for cleaning plates is best, and so too, I hope.

~~both positive and negative~~

~~It analyses and critiques current society while at the same time offering a vision~~

~~A potential new poem—a poetics that maximizes certain human needs~~

~~which the current one denies.~~

~~These needs~~

~~—the most basic: our friend the syllable~~

~~—the line that jack planed~~

~~—the theme that binds the form~~

&

~~—the rhythm that taps the toe~~

~~the urge to destroy is a creative urge~~

~~painted pale yellow~~

~~One cannot build a better poem without understanding~~

~~what is wrong with the present one~~

Many anarchists, seeing the negative nature of the definition of "*anarchism*," have used other terms to emphasize the inherently positive and constructive aspect of their ideas:

LIBERTARIAN: *one who believes in freedom of action and thought; one who believes in free will.*

POETICALISM: *a poetics in which the producers possess both political power and the means of producing and distributing goods.*

taking these two definitions to the corner mingling over martinis yields:

LIBERTARIAN POETICALISM: *a poetical social system which believes in freedom of action and thought and free will, in which the producers possess both political power and the means of producing and distributing poems not as goods but as idea with no intellectual property other than that is brought out by the user.*

AnArChiSm ... has traditionally found its chief supporters amongst workers and peasants.

Poetry ... has traditionally found its chief supporters amongst peasants and academics.

WoMen of letters I call to your hearts
turn your alphabetical backs on the Galleria approach
of dividing poems
by PE ratios and long term investments

This is the Usury Pound warned:
read or don't read

Anarchism is a poetical theory which trains
an arrow on the heart of intelligence
ereating an absence of a master
(no sovereign)
free while remaining free

is a poem that aims for society a poem for society?

do not imply disorder and confusion
Those vested in preserving the status quo will obviously wish
to imply opposition
the current system cannot work in the theoretical settings of the university

practice foils the stew

and that a new form of poemitical society will lead only to chaos.

Or, as Terran Falatesta expresses it best:

" it was thought that the poet was a necessity and without there could only be disorder and confusion, it was natural and logical that anarchy in poems, which means absence of authority over reason, should sound like absence of order."
[Poet, Vol: 23 p. 14].

Anarchists want to change this commonsensical idea
of poetry

so people will see that poetry and other hierarchical social
relationships are both harmful and Unnecessary:

As such **poetical anarchism** opposes all forms of hierarchical control
be that authorship control: **meaning or reason**

harmful to: — as the right individual is upon the wrong group
as the individuality of the group: — is as fluid as its members
renders: — the group unnecessary and the person **poet**

*popular understanding poses anarchism in poetry as a violent anti State
political poetry movement, subtle cunning nuanced by its break with the
tradition breaking tradition of its lost, preceding generations of non power
flower power, sellings its metric foot for marginal feats of power. Oppose the
idea that Power and Domination are necessary for poetry!*

Bah Hah!

Greek prefix

(a)

meaning "not," "the want of," "the absence of," or "the lack of",
plus

-archos,

meaning "a ruler," "director", "chief," "person in charge," "commander."

The Greek

anarchos-poese and anarchia-poese

therefore mean "having no poetical government — being without a poet in
government"

LOUD NOW FELLA'S

"Capital . . . in the **POETICALIST** field is analogous to government
The economic idea of capitalism . . . [and] the poetries of government
or of poetical authority . . . [are] identical . . . [and] linked in various ways. . .
What capital does to labor . . . the poem [does] for liberty . . ."

loud builds a louder voice loud as you are loud as loud
warrants claims on sponsorship

~~ANARCHISM DOES NOT AN ANARCHY MAKE~~
undoubtedly we have the most **misrepresented** ideas in poetical theory
the words used in the stead of chaos or without order
and so, by implication, anarchists poets desire poetical chaos
and a **return to the native orange** within

~~A SOCIAL POEM IS A NO POEM~~

~~a poem of process is misrepresentation and is not without historical parallels.
For example, poems which have considered authorship by more than one poet~~

~~Republic of Monarchy~~

~~necessary?~~

~~republic falling head over tail democratically~~

~~Changes of opinion convince the public that poetry is not only necessary, but
extremely harmful, and then the word anarchy forms the natural order for the
poem~~

~~unity of words for all human needs complete freedom within complete
solidarity.~~

~~without authority~~

~~hierarchy is the structure that embodies tiers of authority~~

~~inequality of power or privileges between individuals~~

~~Do you want to make it impossible for anyone to oppress his fellow man?
Then make sure that no one shall possess the poet~~

~~Defining a Movement~~

~~All authoritarian economic and social relationships as well as poetical ones,
particularly those associated with capitalist poetry and labor lyricists
can be seen from Falatesta's argument~~

~~Thus anarchy means more than just no author it means opposition to all forms
of authoritarian hierarchy as those found in academia
the origin of the anarchist inception of poetry . . . lies in the criticism
of the academic organizations and the authoritarian conceptions of society;
the analysis of the poets tendencies observed in the progressive movements
of mankind~~

~~anarchy does not mean chaos nor do anarchists seek to create disorder~~

~~In its stead to create a poem based upon individual freedom
involuntary co-operations~~

In other words, order from the bottom up, not disorder from authorities
by trickling down the top folding the fabric like cloths from the bottom up

—Red stained the holiday linen table cloth
Holidays are canned cranberry sauce

The abolition of private property comes in revolutions of thought not critique

Anarchism, Therefore, Is A Poetics That Aims To Create A
Society Which Is Without The Poet,
Anarchists Maintain That Anarchy, The Absence Of Rulers
Is A Viable Form

the **maximization** of individual liberty and social equality
will be founded within the souls of persons and not through eyes of erities
unfortunately they have become the only

audience

the goals of liberty and equality are mutually self supporting

freedom without a social function is
privileged justice and that poetry without freedom
is slavery and worse brutality.

Liberty without equality is only
liberty for the powerful equality without liberty is
impossible and a justification for enslavement.

all socialist poets and all capitalist poets hold private ownership of poems,
capitalization of poets and the stolen machinery that drove for four months straight
has had its time; it is condemned to disappear:
as all things rise in the sweet dough of life all yeast must lax
and a raisin festers under the icing of hot cross buns

things where the functions of the poem are reduced to minimum

(ultimate aim of poets is the reduction of the functions of poetry to nil — that is,
to a poet without poems, and vice versa, to **noarchy**)

~~Yes. All branches of anarchism are opposed to capitalism, because it is based on domination and exploitation~~

~~Poems cannot work unless they have a **driving-**
master to take a **percentage** of their product~~

~~Poets do not **govern** themselves during the
production process nor have control over the product of
their labor~~

~~**anarchist poets desire a system within which the
producers own and control the means after production.**~~

~~In an anarchists realm a non capitalist free market
society, the capitalists drive for profit will become
redundant, since labor (the poet, sic) will secure its natural
wage for poem and not poet~~

~~Is a free market the best means of maximizing liberty?~~

~~Take home argument: Borders verses the public library?~~

~~**related, not wage, labor**~~

~~Only labor related to the product can best feel the intent
will decrease the powers of **authorial wills and editorial forces**
over the individual~~

~~So anarchism does not derive from the abstract reflections of an intellectual or a
philosopher, but from the direct struggle of poets against poetics, from the needs
and necessities of the poets, from their aspirations to perfection on ethereal
planes of equality, aspirations which become particularly alive in the best heroic
period of the life and struggle of the working masses.~~

~~The outstanding Libertarian Poeticalist thinkers did not invent the idea of
anarchism in and for poetry, but, having discovered it in among their travels,
simply helped by the strength of their thought and knowledge to specify and
spread it.~~

The words that come are sand.

Little grain doubts;

visionary rock marinating

grey matter black:

balsamic vinegar, tarragon, bay leaf

The rock is the man, Arthur, with whom your Camelot is built on curls his grey beards
flowing, swirling 'round blue infinity asking the blankness:

am I the rock or are you the rock?

the last orange in the bowl is white

mold grows blue, puss, froth

melting orange nature – like juice –

melts figure

melts ice

breasts droop like Dali and fall over old women's pride

nature to protect – nurture the snows

over brown hair blizzard

strands of white bone – which too become heavy

as you soften like Spring

your muscle slides and dissolves

Owl flying over head

Owl lands on ledge

Owl digs through brown white feathers with yellow beak

Owl lifts its head – spins 'round

Owl jumps off ledge resuming flight

Owl turns grey as it drones off west

Owl has passed on

in motion like bread and wire rimmed glasses
you slide across the field
to find what a large Alice you've become :

I want a meal that involves something more than a tomato ...
Riches were given to wrens and I, waterfowl, flew over god's pond

The soul seized in free fly zones
as magic relict – painted by toothless, beak nosed
eastern artisans gold leafing my face onto icons ...
for fame is to illicit as act is to object

It's a horrible disgrace that I can't keep my mouth shut
Do what it is and let words fall
as silica or kiss my ass

and home I come to cats and coffees
to face dried, portentous roses

... and when nothing is everything then I am I
in middles of creamy filled candles burning wicks, herbs, and / or
enchanted interludes with voids and stale air there & time here
when St. Peter means old ideas gone wrong; then wed in private
to Apple pie by the Rev. large screen TV – its all rightly wrong

isn't it

Owl flying over head
Owl lands on ledge
Owl digs through brown

ships on the sea
you smell the fish
the rotting wood of small boats in the bay,
your father owned one and gifted it to you before his death

could this really be my life? I feel cheated, alone
{ lone the way the ancients would sacrifice to pacify devils }

your father's fathers wool sweater is stuffed in the closet
the three twist cable knit is your birthright, dog tag of sorts
baby it's alright, baby it's ok

the fish in the ocean are dirtier than ever but ...
fear of Neptune's wrath is par to St. Peters snub
and noble Merlin the weaver of words

claps while sand pounds
the shores to become one

{Erosion: the process of eroding the Greek god of love from normal existence}

*hello Norman, its 9:17am on a Sunday. It is October and the sun commands that your non-existence in the world. I hate the work that we do and how we do it. god will get us back for it in some way or another and I am willing to pay the price today. I'm going to the sea with my grandfathers plaid quilt with as many books as I can carry. My soul will be ready, ripe for taking on the sea ... I will catch fish by day and sit on rocks as lichen. I will just **be** on the rock with my days before me and if thoughts come, I will think. Trees will wither brown leaves while my skin yellows on the shores. I am going to the sea and leave cities to you. Norman, we have done the world wrong. Wrong not by laws or our people – but through heritage. I know nothing of my life but the money I have made. That money is gone now ... I gave it away ... I am now what we once joked about in NYC ... do you remember? I am now of the earth and the earth holds me in her palm. Will I last? The sea will judge me like you are judging me now. I am going*

Goodbye, Bleys