

Cracked Altimeter

Volume 1

Joe Milford



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NOTEBOOKS OF PRIAPUS SEA LEGS 1990-1994

lanscape

on solid ground the sound would be “delphinium,”
the flower with poisonous spike-fins
an oracle you pay too much to
to know what you’s inside you, etc.

in air it would manifest as a constellation
Delphinus swimming west of Pegasus
and in the ocean

there is the dolphin. there is the rising sun
of one prophesy. one word, the root
the winding torso through waves

the words, all of them Tinguely machines always
but never breaking, tailfins
words, vehicles, amphibio-avian

across mindscapes, morphisms, all-terrain
vibrations of chords, monstrous shapes
harps with legs tripping on their strings

spawning
plucked
notes, each a different name for the same thing

iii. **nocturne**

Nature withholds
its own tenements
allowing clusterings
in tiny increments
to enter her arms
and suckle her breasts
and here I do not
lie down to rest
unless I take to root.

The gooseflesh ripples
across my thighs
like a field of cacti spines.

Here, in the brush beside
the ocean where the unsaid
grows and scuttles and slithers,
the fungus, lichen, the shift
of the reeds, the tenements,
clusterings, the tiny increments,
here I feel that

the longer we pause
the deeper the sand
sinks us in undeniably.

Our hands become
our awkward fins,
our hair the shifting

sea anemone.

iv. **spirouettes**

swelling within perfect sacs until the moment of
ignition, certain flowers keep their stems for propulsion
flagellates winding out into jetstreams to explode
onto windshields and apart across headlights, these spores
breaking across the pounding thighs of Olympic sprinters
or flanks of jaguars and leopards, sticking to the static
of a young dancer's leotards to spread through suburbia
or flooding across soccer-fields in sporadic effluvium

the desire to lodge into, to borrow into, to find niche
so that the seed grows skin and can eventually erect itself
again, stretching its mineral-starved digits, its gills sucking
ravenously at sunlight as pods birth their secrets and secrete them
in corners of the night, the day a magnificent quilt
spread before the seeds' huge picnic

v. kaleidoscope

All points converge here.
Exerting my own gravity, I.
Windswept weed, spore pinwheeling
and injecting into a dune violently
then gathering the hill around me
an epicenter in bloom as the sea
tides to complete my empathy.

I knew the universe as a child
holding a kaleidoscope
the cogs of infinity spin
webs of interluscant harmonies.

I have known the caterwauling despairs,
I have captured, caressed, and fondled all the hairs
of every intuition, and now I am nursing my limbs
into fruition.

I will remain here in the midst
of my own incantations and invitations
holding the dirigible of my future
down with kitestring cutting my hands.

My hands are the farmer's hands,
scarred deep, cracked, reptilian.
My eyes are love enraged spherical
vermilion. I am within everything
that I touch and see, my mandala
in every detail and delicacy.

maybe in me

The dejavu, the premonition
of you
the first star I see tonight
in the hopefully, in the might,
in the May bee (courting the tiger
lily) to swim across
a Spanish sea with a rose between
my teeth, to fight the pirates
away from the pier with forks and broken
bottles of beer, to swing
through your mansion on your chandelier
to whisper in your ear
the first falling star
and I am your Errol Flynn, your sin,
your saxophone, your birthstone
your eyes thrown
at any yours I am as a star to see
and I am
all of the you
you have ever
lost in me

I invite you into me

1.

Everything, everywhere, everyone, the all-encompassing
black wings of the manta ray of the apocalypse
gliding above our christenings.

But I am erecting myself, I am erupting
my hands the grasping at stars, the elapse
of time, the eclipses as I hurl myself against the night

like cash or sex or fireworks
my eyes the slivers of neon and phosphorescence
my smiles like popcorns bursting

and I will greet you there
shirtless and sandals
I will be your gift
and unwrap you as well
I will put the ocean
into a jar
to know its beauty
in a glance
I will give this to you
I will have you with me
in my midnight liberties
as we breathe the darkness in
that is bleeding us

2.

And so you too have come to this
being that your hand is on this very page
being that my voice is resounding through your tissues
and tonight when you decide on a walk
I will be out there waiting for you

and I will stalk you
with a growling velvet texture

and your breath in the breeze
and my crawling feline endeavor
to have you in my hands
this enthralled sensuous gesture
and my hand in the trees
rustling the leaves into murmurings

I want you to give to me what you have forbidden yourself.
breathe me in, consume this, eat of this flesh
from the furthest gropings of my fingertips
I have prints of the deep, innermost heart on them

and even though you don't need me anymore--
I come to your door carrying the burning core

3.

as my hair writhes tangled vines on my head
my toes sucked by carpet over bed's edge
an insomnia brought by the most egotistical moon
nocturnal upheaval with secrets from you

I go out the screen door slams behind in its frame
I know some of you stars, your names, thumbtacks
of creation stabbed into the black corkboard of secrets
as the rapid tombstone orb of earth spins under me

there were things that were dreamed and pretended
pregnant I was with epics that ended up skeletal
after my hunger in the midst of cricket electricity
as I land Huck-happy in the field briars and brambles

these stars will remain that tap my windowpanes
as my skin freckles in the sun as a youth
I will age with my hair grayed by starshine
smoothed silver by moon sphere, and the lines

from my eyes the ruts of landed visions

4.

the ghost in the corner of the page
the song's nuance, or specific solo

the random beauty of an eclectic woman
the man in the moon his tongue hanging out
the coin impossible under the grating
the piece of the puzzle found years later on an island
the mirror image of the invisible dead clear
the peacock running into the cactus field
you try to count all of the eyes the moments there
the lizard articulating temperature by its breathing
the Venetian blinds setting the scene
the Christmas lights ruining it
the star that someone sees falling but you miss it
even though you see the fall in their eyes
the thing, man, the thing—and you know you can't ever say it--

5.

I am walking up College street.
I wear a carved silver Gemini medallion around my neck.
I stride like a lion wounded in youth and nurtured back by some pride.
The rune-medallion bangs against my chest in my lumbering rhythm.
A matrimony between silver and sternum-bone.
I am someone's Scotch-Irish king of this small-town jungle.
A big-fanged fish in a small Georgia toilet.
An albatross drawing a bull's-eye on his chest.
Just waiting for someone who can take me.

6.

I am the harbinger of things
that go bump in the night.
I am what the fat lady sings
to a face of madness in oil-lamp light.
I was a gatherer, a grave-digger.
I was an unaccustomed Mardi Gras
in a wet brown paper sack.
A spoonful of ice-cream sealing
a pavement crack.
Graffiti, seashells, marbles, bobbles
wrapped in waxpaper, scraps, matchsticks
a handful of helicoptering guitars
wailing in distortion sewn inside
a pocket of blue velvet
kiss me and then leave, but first

a lock of your hair.

7.

I suspect I am an alien and an offspring of Christopher Walken
so I have this hairline and this hundred-yard stare and this hair
worthy of magazine covers and leading-man parts and there
is an entire alien culture based upon my personal hygiene;
there are alien folk-songs based on my bad luck and alien vessels
mistaken for stars are my guardians above my apartment there
levitates a green-haired harikari go-go-girl who wants to marry
and dance me to death but for now she awaits my metamorphosis.

8.

They say I read too much Whitman.
No one reads enough Whitman.

9.

People love to play with candles. Melting
slow molasses rivers. I learned that glass
is also a slow liquid. In older houses it gathers
at the bottom of sills distorting things. A chain
of defiled paper-dolls are the days, these
Mondays, Tuesdays, Sundays, all decanters
full of what-ifs, sacks full of maybes that
you just can't close tightly, you tug at
the drawstring, you buy the vase full of
I-wishes, but you are only bound in more tether
and twine with your back arched against
a stubborn table of timelines. Well we are all
made to be free, made to inhale a soulful
burning sweet-ness. We are instruments
of smooth form birthed into completeness.
I am not afraid right now of the candle-light
that surrounds us here and completes us.

10.

To dance is the imitation of animals.
To flutter and flicker bright and brief.

To crash against the reef and be ripped to ribbons.
To give back what was so given.
To hold snakes eternally while others coil within you.
And you wander through honeycombs and rivers.
How much is ever really hidden?
Shoulder this world of yourself for a moment.
Learning is a craft of painful giving.
The greater things than you.
If you choose be mine as well as every one's.
Be yours well unto you.
Their is music trapped within this instrument.
The siren screamed to make the bow bend.
The violin screamed like a stretched tendon hamstring.
The sound of the night suddenly ending.
The curtain catcall of macabre laments and aubades.
The dusk the dawn the twilight the requiem.
The misplaced moments between births and deaths.
Endorphin dolphins call through your posters.
They find planets like your eyes.
I pull the sheet up to my shoulder and then realize
that I am not cold here.
That sheet saved me so many times.
I wish I was cold here but I never will be again.

gladiator journals

I am hero with tin can.
the lion who will eat those men
is not as fierce as their disposition
and its modified alloys again.

how can I say not what has been given
in an ardent chitin of nakedness.
you must remember your fangs enough
to edify your slangs and slings.

minotuar or telamachus
which will I be? both orphans.
one in the maze of the mother.
one in the maze of the father.

anyone can fuck-up a good father-son relationship.
western culture was founded on the religion of it.
wings are decisions that only birds can make.
we decide to make an Icarus and then lament

pre-pubescents in biplanes over Europe,
bad weather, no banquets.

the one who slays the bastard
reptile knows not his mother
or else he would not have slain her.

we had filets of largemouth bass.
we did not know of poisonous until
a rib was dipped in blood for ink.
we then had ilk and time to think.

incestuos and delicious, Spartacus says
we have a chance, but, he hasn't seen
his own movie, and hubris is interdimensional
angst on the ends of edited for commercial battles.

virtual Valentino

Our hero, demigod-diva
 when opposed to lesser backdrops
and cheaper scenery
 steps out of the lens,
out of the
 spaghetti-western-safari
to begin his race. He pursues
 coins across the desert
as they fall with divine lace
 from a charioteer
on the star-track
 and he places each
doubloon in his mouth. This finger-food
 manna, belladonna, each
morsel a miniature poison-oasis
 and he would have visions
of harems and Dionysus
 every taste of flesh and wine
entices more need
 for nourishment, and so
each bite becomes pemmican
 for the boiling broth
of the soul. Our hero
 strides into the sunset
of another cameo
 the smile of Valentino in stereo

another neon no one

A black market in my pocket.
The deals were made over
my decapitated head.
Magic Marker superettes.
Pants of centipede tweed.
Hot Bronx ex-porn waitresses.
Corduroy-craved naked boys.
Bluebottle-necks skybent.
Kissing veins on the models.
All the drugs' doors unlocked.
The kook contingent on its horses.
Magic words click deadbolts.
Something creeping in the night kitchens.
Electroshock hellions. Monkeyscreech
fervors of dervishes with nitro-glycerin
tambourines. Booze syringebinge singed
zydeco. Music going up my nose
is noise. Bursting ear drums cracked
shaft of spears and teeth gnashers.
Overcoat envelops the entire scene
in vermilion of cities obscene
styrofoam latex fiberglass astroturf
cycle of synth-trash for our microwaves.
Curbsurfers banking on the pot holes.
Petrified uber-saints on the steps
of cathedral big business your urchins
are punks stealing the best ideas
from other punks' needles in the sewage

my soul

an origami airplane
lit with a lighter
thrown from a truckbed
70 miles per hour

how I came to New Orleans

I was found out on Decatur
had blood in my hair
I was trying to use my hands
to tell them something
as the equestrian bluebloods
circled with their nightsticks
and the glass jutted out of the walls
foreboding as a runic language.

I tried to point out the approximates.
I instead made approximations.
No coma of veils, no heraldic lights,
no near-death eyewitness reports,
no astral trail of angel's tails, no dizzy
spells or vapor squalls, no ticker-tape
parades to the golden ladders of truth,
but nevertheless it all came together
in my scribbled affidavit.

This whole enchilada, the final shocking
rectifying chakras. I knew I had to join
a jazz band. This perplexed them.
I had no instrument nor identification.
I should have stayed in Paris, Texas,
that is. They laughed. They got the chair
up their, don't they boy. I said yep

and one officer got off his horse and whispered
where to find the anti-venom, a clarinet, a black cat's bone
and the man who would teach me my embouchure

Priapus/cummings poem

I cracked an egg
and a flower fell out
I plucked a flower
and a bird flew out
I caught a bird
and a flute fell out
I played the flute
and Spring fell around
us like a very
unusual snow

ghost of a guy you once knew

I will pass through	these nights, these rain-sheets
of walls	contrary to candlelight or fate's
baby blues at an opera	I emerge from the tunnel
with a nightcap in hand	with what dark is defining me
I defining what	is written on the slat black
streetscape	starkness
loneliness of city paintings	in my hand a butchered headline
around a half-sandwich	and the solemn arms of clocks
lovers and agendas	barely grasp me in the misted traffic
and I am lion	my hair
and I am angry mother	my eye
and I homeless dog	my gait
and I am crying raptor	my cry
and I am horse	my bones' awkwardness
and I am squid	my guts swimming
and I am man	respiring poem
and I am life	poem writing itself
and I am the night	I slip through creases of
and I am using the word soul	and I am not afraid to use the word soul

and I will one day learn to walk through all
these walls

for Gary Snyder

Landscapes and the full presumed palpable
smell of a word in the mash of roots inked
I also understand. Manzanitas, being in shit
of a bear and other underbrush tokens, under
Buddha-clouds the riprap sidewalk you talk
like Thoreau's gait without the Tao. You would
lie down stones and un-niche things only to
regather each armadillo-shelled helmet
covering the writhing roly-poly blind albino
larvae and the smell of the earth's pubic places--
the hearths under stones, the life slowly sliding
forever down the wet slope of the softening cliffwall.
For the calm of ponds and the violence of rivers,
and the complacency of questions answered
by a stone's throw. I would just continue to fling them,
a catalyst on the path, rapping the riprap, a lyric
of flung shrapnel, a slingshot of poems through air

like fish through water and God-like
the hunting bear hovering there

score

A score of stars
more than bards
could report.

A score of poets
more than stars
could court.

A core of loves
more stars
or poets could sort.

Night is such
an unregulated
sport.

happy birthday suit

And if I gave these things to you
would the proverbial breaking of wings
or falling of brilliance be expected?

You've got the lens-cap on at the foot
of the aurora borealis.

And sweet nothings are always
so mountains out of molehills.
In me are the parts of you

I found in some Mediterranean grotto
in some pothole of budding life
that lava-flesh spewed and spread

steaming into a new agony
and you had no means of registry.

The sky has an invisible taunting finger
and a horizon that stings it constantly.
Let me hold this for time's sake.

There is a tattoo on your pelvis
of a tiger being eaten by an iris.

I paint canvases of hybrid angels
on fractal petals of butterfly wings.
I am so full of it, of these acid-washed

jeans hording spirals of corona rings.
Hold my hand until the palm-reader is forced

to notice a subtle change in color.
A loveline traffic jam.
There is something peculiar here.

Tonight as I dream beside you
there is a wad of my gum in your hair.

when you murder a moment

the magician never lost sight of the incantation
without words like without swords

but this is old school
I am left drunk and vacant and complacent

in the terrific
my sacrifice and sacrament and sacrificer

was a face cut in a maraud of millions
when a god sneezes it's like forgetting

or accidentally creating something
in the sex of the next's moment's suture

is an orgasm that ruins all maps
and map-makers

stuck haphazardly together
on an island of wind-chimes

make maps sharp legends longitudes
when you murder a moment

you never regret it
all day you murder

yourself
whistlin' Dixie

at politics of
conquest and physics

while stalwart
poets fix the helm

don't trust poets at the helm
but by God let them fix the helm

the music don't stop after the instruments are broken

Born under the rusting jaws of an abandoned tractor on the outskirts of the fractured skeleton of a ruined resort under construction, his mother would not abort. She carried him marsupial through the jungles, the riots, the bonfires, the debris and hid him inside a gutted TV-set as the mob bore her off in a rape-parade.

He then grew strong, streetwise, wiry and with insane electric dreadlocks. On his left shoulder was a tattoo of Jesus nailed to a radio tower with spark plugs. He named himself Glass. He had perfect eyes, smile, abs, structure, and ass. He ran naked through crack-streets and trash, a child of concrete and crumble. This new animal for an infertile jungle.

He could make music with his brain.

Insane songs of mental agony and angry lion-roar, unleashed Swahili pigmy-songs, songs of birds feverishly caught in black holes, of flowers sprouting painfully out of microphones, on native lyres of sinew and bone and hair of the forgotten gods of his mother, piano strings and windchimes wrapped in Christmas lights and plugged into amplifiers, angels' ears ringing for a fortnight, UFO calypso tunes, jazz of chaos fusion over Brian Eno ambient cruising, nuclear waterfalls played through Marshall stacks.

He wove amp-jacks into his hair with copper wire. He could plug himself into sound-systems through his tresses and warp the very air with his thoughts. He drove the silverfish out of New York City (he had to be careful not to bring the whales up out of the sea). He was the vocal-chord brain-sword, a Giger Pied-Piper of dead mothers, cities, and civilizations. He would bend the junkyard metal with his nightmares and transcribe the moon's songs in his dreams.

The black exploited angel sang the entire world to sleep with his billion decibel epiphanies.

A final lullaby. Standing alone in a stadium, a coliseum, he poured his poison he rang out the serum to purge a world with its own evil symposium of noise pollution.

He made the cacophonous beautiful.

Man-instrument of death and lethal sound, he became in a sonic boom a rocket-soul star-bound.

nomad's rags

1.

we don't have no homeland
we make this land our home

we don't have a mythos
we've triangulated it into one

we have no mission
are missing in action

witch-doctors stripped of culture
and cut off of its wish

sucking signals from a satellite dish

born postmodern, abortion post-partem
I, a speaking morgue of a thousand axioms skinned
seasoned with the need to icon, carrying the pelts
of culture-killed myths, and I will deliver
this unidentified object to you, try to
figure it out, try to fly it

2.

we wanna do things from balconies
we wanna ticker-tape parade parachute
we wanna confetti factory endless handfuls of spades
we wanna be aces, speed-demons, dust-clouds, heathens
we wanna be black-eyesores of good times
we wanna have fireworks constant in our minds
our voice is memory unraveling a favorite shirt
our voice is youth and torched and hurt

3.

in the telescopic I see
one specific place for me

in an interstellar tropic
I ride the lightwaves

microscopic

4.

Rain of glass, I should let you know that

I am rain.

5.

there is a glimmering placid of undecided gleam
shining its sheen on everything

6.

tighten your belts for the treks
the sun does not inspire religions
it bleaches bones in its ultraviolets
the eternal trash-can night of man
but we leave home without our license
driving towards worlds we can't afford needing it in

7.

I found that cassette tape and bra
that Barbarella dropped
in the run-down strip-joint
I don't know what I dropped there
But I did drop all or nothing and now life is not the same

8.

decanter girl met bullshit gulper
we procreate and hate each other
liquid was language
no poet wrote poems
no war ever had bad knees
no hat ever fit Jehovah

no nomad ever punched a dromedary
crops kept growing where they could
toxins kept up with them
like weeds we infiltrate every field
we chop each other down
then laugh at the girl with a mug
of bull's blood gulping it hard
on a commercial shot like
a signal out of a satellite's jugular

9.

when I fly over
in my protracted
 aerial maneuvers
I am giving to you
the finger
 and sunlight gets obscured
by it, the it that always obscures
sunlight
 the it that is worshipped
the earthship and shit
and stuff
 nothing can flower
with its nourished other
wax like congealed
 fruits
in museums
when I fly over
 I create
museums about excursions
 not observations
there is only the cartography
of the soul
 which is a map
of the last time
anyone
 has fallen in love

10.

I live in a hive of -isms
I have been stung intermittently

I am an anarchanachronometricist--
 I made this word up, this occupation
 out-of-context with timelines
I am destroying by contextualizing
and no one will ever admit to killing me
it's like a Cain cursed with unlimited ink
the soul-students sold their souls to art-students
 and so now we have wonderful furniture
 that no one will ever dare to sit on
I guard a horde of the last of the smelling-salts
 tons of it
to revive all of you motherfuckers when the cities fall
like New York never doesn't

11.

I did a triple-lindy through the halo
 cracked the crackle-glaze horizon
made everything into a snowstorm with acid
 and a Master's degree in semantic self-doubt
masked with metaphor self-filigree
 a bastion of me
shrill self of feedback shells
 the amplifier shrieks into a powder
of pulverized guitar chords
 settling where they should
like shattered halos

12.

we had twelve good reasons
to leave home at twelve
but,

we were killed instantly
by twelve-year-olds
with guns that had been

forged out of reasons and ages of them

13.

I would fly across the eyes of skyscrapers

like never-read-before newspapers

14

that's the way that I'd learned the star laughed.
light has thinner and thinner chapters, too see it
watch rivers and drink beer with beautiful women.
I will joke like the water and never drown and I will
bamboozle what is worth it and sell it for what it's
worth.

15

my joyous Renaissance of misreadings!

language the cagers
netscapes the syntax-tentacles
umbra no umbrellas

the making of menageries
 a push for domain
 the poem lost in betwixt

a teen frustrated limpid
 insipid epic
autobiography with a joystick
 that sells millions

hunt this vista, we all are
late for our own date with an abyss

when we meet her
we dive in
misogynist remiss

plunges, lunges, excuses
 echo-minded
 dual nature
of a two-headed beast over-fed
 is redundant
in its gender

the deserter of the plain

was untainted by naming it

as nomads we leave
 only when
 man or nature

forces ideals upon our foodsources

16.

we are frail. I am scared. birds are so strong.
always was stricken. aerodynamics lost its poems.
evolution is so full of lye. learn to sell yourself short.
make a million fast and read many menus. die
as your progeny gets an allotment. your moments
of greatness swimming in the jars of the loins
of the next humans growing less soulful, and less
nomadic. well, I guess those of us who remember
that the journey is important will make up for it--

I see a road up ahead I have not taken yet

17.

feathers fall from biplanes
a flock was clipped
I guess

and just think
you could shoot a rifle
at a tree

and never hit

one leaf

18.

are these the landscapes that I write from?
the Great White Page, jaws profiled in a snowscape
the sturgeon swimming under the textured pure leaf
or barely missing the lure or hiding under ice-sheet
the urging white into black ink letters like insects

on kitchen tile with the help of the mind-hand
to perform alchemy, turning white into black with
newfound meaning, hope to be good as gold, an ice-cube
in the desert of a warm palm, melting-hurry, we must
use these drops to whet our lips, we have more to say
emaciated in this here page as we shakily chart
the landscape and piss our tiny oases of truths

19.

cross my heart and hope to die
if sticking a needle into my eye
would help me stop the pain I feel
I would probably ride a migraine
through the eye of a closed needle

20.

it was no optical illusion, reaching into my ear
I pulled out the entire brigade of bayonets,
Hannibal's elephant legions, flintlocks firing
and banners flailing in the wind with songs
and you should have seen their faces when
I donned the uniform of my soul and wore my shin
like a cheap cape and completed untold destinies
of distant corners of deceased empires and with
exquisite Japanimation perfection I crumbled
suddenly back to normal.

21.

I see these sails sailing away in saline
decanters of soft scab wings these empty
silos my lungs within their perishing fires
I see these batteries diminishing such
great poetry in parachutes falling
after their burden has safely landed
and there's more wisdom than wine in these words for once
so fold me up like a flag after battle
hold me up like a torn sail
a saddle I am in the midst of domestic wars

hung on iron hook reeking of sweat the horse put out of its misery now

22.

when you see the number twenty-three on the horizon

23.

proceed with caution

newspaper hats before we could read them

pirate ships were easier to build when
digging our way to China salvaging
larvae for insane hatchlings in our heads
our hair cropped for summer like the thorn hedge

chest-naked Pan-like young demiurgers
craving malts and double cheeseburgers
we were the ones to win the nymphs of creeks
with slingshots and water-guns we'd lay siege

Spiderman's webs spun tall tales by midgets
treehouses, tall Coke machines, vacant lots
all the buddies I never had now here
my mind the unlikely photographer

on bikes, skateboards, barefoot on hot asphalt
the peachfuzz of Spring in our hubris caught
nudies Mags found in pinestraw pile, my first
full glimpse at a woman's form a new thirst

and I standing between two pines arms spread
into kudzu vines where skein becomes aged
where peripherals are blurred, birds flurry
a boy's mind can like a squirrel scurry

the forests of my youth don't look the same
sentry-like, teeming with too many names
in the creek-beds now there is too much said
between my ears no ships, just dry salvages

wanderlust

The sand would scrape itself
 I heard it whisper
as I breached the whitewashed torrent
 with my chest
emerging forth everclear and green
 drench-dripping in the first
positive moment
 hungry for the textures
of earth and flesh
 the mortal opacity.
I carved a monument, an easel.
 Then portrayed a pastoral.
I will try to find you there again
 around and behind every root and knoll
into the craters of every erosion and explosion
 straining
the furthest inherent peripherals.

The wind separates my limbs, it tousles
 the hair of the soldiering trees
I lie on my back and shape clouds
 around your name
I lie here barren in your memory.
Spinning under the moon, hand in hand
 with the animals
into the torn lace outskirts of evenings
 the blue the pale the pagan
suckling an entirely different oxygen
 and I saw you there
your arms flung open
 the mouth of churches
 spilling light.

I will press your flowers between the pages of a book.
I will press your book between the eaves of a shelf.
I will press your shelf into a web-haunted corner
and in the vacant room I will try to remember.

I will walk barefoot
 down gardenpath
wrenfooted, prufrocked,
 I will harbor a love
of stain-glassed windows
 and gasoline rainbows
all the jagged mathematics
 of broken sea-glass
the multiplicity of prisms.

I will cultivate flowerbeds
 into festering expulsions of tenderness
cupping in bowls their resins
 of loveliness
until I arrive, trembling, blood-ready
 for the slaughter

maracas and mass-murders

When I was a kid
I'd take ninety degrees
off an old oak tree
and bank just shy
of a window-ledge pie
cooling in the breeze
and land butt-first
in the arms of a nurse
or a grandmother
but when the cast
had finished its molding
I'd be ready for another scolding.
Sitting there in my highchair
as papier-mâché' dinosaurs
grazed silently on the windowsill.
I would skip stones across ponds
and watch them sink into
futility, tranquil, and empty.
And I would desire that emptiness,
or finality, or tranquility, later.
And they can weigh the air
on Jupiter, and clone a human heart
from a pig's cell, and calculate
the gamma potency of sun-flares
and the isometrics of earthquakes.
I understood sun-flares as a child;
they are the sun's ultra-violet laughter.
I understood earthquakes as a child;
the planet is carving us an epitaph in itself.
Now we skip satellites across the pond
of the void. Our motivations notwithstanding,
so long as the pond is further disturbed.
As long as we don't go out quietly
like a stone into a man-made lake
thrown by a young prodigy.

abacus

the fast chopping airship
spreads clouds over
crazyquilt plateaus
as green and gold hemorrhage into
pavement grey and asphalt indigo
and leaf's edge wilts into penthouse windowsill
ledge and roots are confused by mortar. somehow
the disconnected pilot survives the rapid morphing.
environmentally inefficient anthills and landfills
of indelible I-beam segments
rocket-fuel vapor diesel mercury stained steeped
beehive complexes under distant monolithic
phalluses fucking the sky like the way I love
a city to.

Still, somewhere there is still a place
down miles of parched tar veins
where the Coke machines still spit bottles
instead of cans and where golden afternoons fall
friendly as burst piniatas, where love
is a hand-grenade contagious in autumn
where children would invent new countries
and toss a coin and wonder why it's not so easy
for the ambassadors.

We'd walk naive all day with no particular destinies but every.
Over culvert, makeshift bridges blanketed with gravel
and beside road-ditch canyons our war-trenches
and searching for shoebox treasures
those salamanders and four-leafed clovers
pretending to be homebound lumberjacks
while the die-cast cultivators
churned what was left of finer acres
and finer days.
Plastic pterodactyls
are always shaped the same
mass-produced, laminated, suffocated
in packaged cellophane
and these heirlooms of childhood

sink in gravel and fresh tar
as the driveway gets re-paved
after the divorce and pre-relocation
as the dinosaurs become extinct
under the wheels of my father's Volkswagen.
I may as well count fenceposts,
sidewalk cracks, tombstones.
Learning to count is the first step away
from paradise. It is learning to keep score,
to make the thread with its bead
denote less of everything and more of wanton adult needs.

The Seven Passions of the Messiah Gaea America

I.

The vines wrapped her temples like veins.
Her breaths are bird's bones but she is asleep.
Winter is the absence of her daughter.
Summer is the confession booth, the hothouse flowerbox.
Spring is the angry suitor, a handkerchief newly green,
when forgiving.

Her reward is the blossoming.
Roses are burst hearts stabbed upon spring's green skeletons.
In the autumn she is stripped to barren ruin
by the skins of her own lungs

by millions of golden martyrs.

Autumn,
atonement.

II.

every natural song of this blood
every bird, squid, pigmy, stone
every sepal, arm, lily, pinecomb
every stem, wing, tiger, and bone
every man, every woman, every life
whose home is found in these wild eyes

may have their Paradise.

All names of Heaven
become a universal spiritual phonetic
the infant Christ carrying Buddha
while riding a majestic Brahmin elephant.

The sound of the falling Japanese letter
does it make a sound if I can't read it?
The stroke of the pastoral painter
wrist at perfect interstellar angle
The artistry of lovers, the lyre and reed
the birdsong of angels, the birthsong of seed
the colors of all of these heavenly tones
the ignescent moment before the crescent
of creation reared in budding domes.

The birdsong of angels, the birthsong of seed.
The colors of all of these
heavenly tones, the ignescent moment
before the sun-sparked crescent
of creation reared in exploding, budding domes.

Today you will eat with me in Paradise
My fellow thief of fire of poetry.

Seasons in hell coming to golden ends.

III.

Her fingers were wrought
into cast-iron railings
on tenement balconies.

Her brains were served
to the maharajah and his
ambassadors by belly-dancers.

Her hair they braided
into telephone lines and strings
of dark mahogany tourist beads.
Her fertility was split, her seeds
scattered across a night sky

like torn corpuscles. I will not name
the constant abomination
of that gorgon's constellation.

Her ankles were chained in either ocean.
Her brown, bastard earth-children were placed
in concentration camps and reservations.
Her womb was scraped from sea to shining sea
in manifest destiny surgery.

If the last living earth-man
escapes in his NASA egg
and if in the space between sure soil
and the loss of gravity's embrace
in that infinite space, if he
looks back at her body
at the scarred, sacred body of blue
he too would weep finally.

The last human voice
inside of a throttled tear
sobbing inside of a hurtling stone
into the void of voids.

Behold your mother.
Behold your sister.
As you rocket away from them into wretched futures.

IV.

What if two sisters, two earths
orbited the sun's embers?

If two blue-haired nymphs
were engaged in an intergalactic game
of tag or two slow celestial fish
kept barely glimpsing one another's tails
thinking the other for food, and this around
the sun's fiery carousel and we never knew
the other Earth?

The sun has its eclipses. The moon has its phases.
The earth her axis. The orbits of change.

This lonely path follows its heart (inertia
is the hope of finding something better if
you can just finally round that corner). This planet
flies through an empty interval in its beauty,
its human spiral.

Blades of grass, volcanic ash, Chaos theory
as butterfly wings cause forest fires and bee-stings
with all of our irregular forms of "to-being"
and the oceans teeming with bizarre eccentricities.
This best of all possible worlds pulls us down
with gravity
and so this pull forces us to constantly look up
to the heavens
and to ask

"Are we alone out here?"

The word Alone still echoing as the Voyager probe passes it.

Fathers,
don't forget.

V.

The first surnamed erectus,
the bipedal, amateur Prometheus
would listen with an ear to the ground
and he would marvel at every natural sound
that we have found mundane.

And the Spaniard did not know
what sea-serpent or plunging Niagara-like fall
would engulf his expedition
nor did the Vikings or Phoenicians
and the watchers of Easter Island
have welcomed and warded generations
of sea-mad pagans, men familiar with a myriad
of lingo, with compass, saber, Da-Vinci-device
and symbols.
The thirstiest men all eventually become sailors.

The flag stabbed into the shore.

The hatchet stabbed into the oak.
The fence-post stabbed into the prairie.
The asphalt spread unto the soil.
The skyscraper scraping the sky.
Men with nowhere left to explore become thirstier and bored with thirst.

Meet me by the shores I have never seen.
Greet me in shells and sea-greens.
Do not deny me your maidens.
Clean these centuries from my skin with sponge and sea urchin.
Whisper to me, softly we will be

submerging.

VI.

The flesh is as far
as these fingertips.

The son is as far as the sun
allows these eyes to see.

The bread is broken;
it is my heart.

The ghost is a light in the eye
(and this dove flies freely between my love and I).

My treasure came to find me
no X marks the spot
no metaphysical leprechaun
was chased to the gilded pot
I can build my god in parking lots
with aluminum cans and shopping carts.

You are divine by birth, by definition.
You are the ear that hears itself listen.
You are a drop that finds it is actually a sea.
You are without boundary. Read this and run
to the closest wonder of nature that you can find.
If you can not eat of it, if you can not climb
then throw yourself at the monument's feet.

electricities, cyberwebs, exquisite toys,
all as my banzai tree is slowly dying.

What if lightbulbs grew on trees instead of fruit
and it was neon Christmas all year?
What if then someone suddenly invented
a pear?

Sometimes science makes it harder to love
or definitely harder to prove love other than
a conglomeration of chemical processes.
The skyscraper looms above, dwarfing
the most ancient species of trees--
this great man-thing.

Father, tonight I will be with you in heaven.
It is finished, my never knowing
who my father was
through all these earthly
sciences

The Stem of Strange Engines

Through the alley
on the caked whiskers of a cat.
Life.

Dripping into the bathroom-sink
from its bat-like sleep on the faucet-grill,
Life.

Banging hopelessly against the windowsill,
Life,
pressing against all membranes
with wings furiously beating.

And when the brash, ever-eager, swollen frogmen
one-tail flailed and one-tail sailed
to breach the oval bubble-cell
and as one dashing and gallant seed
in coat and tail died gentlemanly
in an ecstasy of unerring need
but his verve still grew inside the walls which hid

the roly-poly, embryonic elephant-squid.

Conception.

The pony expressed.

The definitive

Life.

Desire is the ingredient of premonition
the construction, consummation, the original ignition
carving the All from the Anti-fact
skinning the scroll from the artifact.
The will to live ruptures the sac to raise its head and breathe.
A flower unfolds in a random field in a precise moment for no apparent reason.

Jellyfish whipping her tails.
fireflies courting lighting thinner seas
snakes unsheathing sleeves like royalty
some stars are rotting, some suns are flourishing
all these things bloom for inherent reasons.
Life begets Life. The Music Intrinsic.

Time is the mad expressionist painter wild patterner
Let us go into the cavern
Climbing the rungs of a spinal column to a primeval tavern
where the anthropologist lectures ahead in his khakis
gesturing to the cave paintings and potteries.

And when the lone Harvard Ph.D.
deciphered the hieroglyphic recipe
he called it something Latin
and airmailed it to Manhattan.

The cave-mural depicts
Sun-God, herds, and stickhunters
then the Paleolithic newsreel begins accelerating
the single scenes on the walls become calendar pages
as seven pubic hairs fall from the loincloth of Jesus
and under the bootheels of seven Roman soldiers
giving feverish birth to a new capitalism
as God's hand has no opposable thumb
as we advance through Dark Ages
and Columbus's cloak is whipped by sea-breezes
(a Romantic will always defeat the Atlantic)

on the heels of the manifest destiny track.

Pulled by the velocity of the vanishing point
in true Renaissance perspective
we become locomotive
towards all epicentricities.

The walls were paved with seashells
then cobblestones, then concrete,
then stainless steel; they become cycloramic.

I saw the inventions of styrofoam, telephones, warheads.
I saw the vision of the fertile silicon valley
a river of circuitry
as the track began to unravel.

I am the diver witnessing
the rewind sinking ship slideshow
of the wreck.

The deconstruction of all histories

the spikes of the track loosen
escaping their wounds
becoming crucifixes
as the history burns our flesh.

The cross-ties are jettisoned
the man-perverted arms of the earth
the stigmatized staves
falling back to their soil, birth-body.
The history incinerates history.

The twin rails wind through the tunnel
to western lands, wastelands, wildlands
the perfect stainless steel bands eternal
more beautiful than bone, parallel poles, perpetuals.
The history hurls us forward.

The history leaves us skeletal.

The bare quintessential,
a spine,

a stem,
perfect negative capability
(flowers bloom for inherent reasons).

I am here to speak and be lost in the breeze
of an inevitable turn of a century.

The flower folds into idiom.

Priapus and the King James Version

1.

backwards inverted Michelangelo, painting
with a goiter, the commission killing him
hair must be as long as Christ's by now
daddy crashed the Volkswagen on the paper-route
the obituaries spread through the forests as
Priapus paints himself on thousands of successive
telephone poles in crucifixion lined up
on desertroads of cattle-skull souls, golgothas
of tarantulas and rattlers far from the pillars
of the impaled city, his skin is as brown
as a carpenter's, with the hairless chest
of a gigolo, eyes of a hungry young sex-starved Einstein

2.

the baby is left with the chocolate. the baby knows better.
the father forbids the cake. the prize is sacrificial. the
father knows what the baby will do. infants always go
with the sensual. the father warns the baby with miracles.
the bible is leather; the flesh is not marble. the infant
is eating. the child will suffer plagues for the father
for one moment of german chocolate.

3.

I am the animist who kicks the coffee-table.
I am the black magician who laughs at incantation pronunciations.
I am the Christian who holds mock crucifixions.
I am the atheist who prays in the event of disease.
I am the agnostic who would flip a coin at either heavenly or hellish gate.
I am the infant of accident but I do believe in small miracles such as poems.
I am as free as the horrible comedian who only laughs at his own jokes.

I am invisible to the authorities as I arson my houseboat.
I am strong as a two-dollar stopwatch.
I am slick like a good first baseman's leather snag of a speeding line drive.
I am as clean as my last shower and honest as my first poem.
I am to me as you are to heaven and I will steal your momentum.

4.

Satan wised-up.
He caught us all off-guard.
When the Anti-Christ came
no one was expecting him to be
a teen-aged daddy's-girl angry over the divorce.

5.

I play a crippled guitar,
not a harp, not angelic lyre,

however, Heaven
I will get there

6.

I do not wield an iron hand
and a soul can't rust
even though it must move

the metals out of man

7.

what you hold is a heavy song
what you hold is a child unborn
what you hold is a world collapsing
what you hold is a hanging garden
it is an honor not a burden

8.

this is what multiplicity is, I am,
like all poets, literally multitudes
in various registers of voice, and all poets,
all artists are fragments, groups of shatterings
orbiting a core of fire which they find
impossible to own or decipher.

I am a crazy and a sane and a pleasant of nothings.

I am a god somehow convinced he is human.

9.

to fight lexicons and cons
with dead consonant swords
with a pulpmouth dialect
a perdition of perfervid purges

and the wooden sword called "silly"
like Papa-Joe once carpentered for me
in the Alabama wood-shop, jabbing ruthlessly
through sting-rays of summer heat-waves

with splintering innocence
versus the ominous triumphant
intangible

and its intent towards my own
infinite indiscernible pubescent bible

10.

in the rapture of gluttony and sin
but the greatest sex I've ever had
is confession

just as masturbation is its own communion
and bodies holy in their earnest unions
the churches a collision of kaleidoscopes
a compound eye never-ending in a sky orgy
the pentagrams revolving around the blasts
of trumpets as the steadfast narthex spills

its light of all lights the Gnostic lasers

like the center of a universe, accidents do happen
I am a church having sex with a church
to conceive an altar hungry for its own sepulcher
hungry for baptisms and communions and miracles

I am a self-prophesied debacle
and giving birth to the altar
of my own soul is how I learned
that this desert in my hand
is a heaven in my mind

and this flesh I have thrown through the cosmos
is faith's vehicle and faith's alone staring into the star
of the only the first and the very last poem

11.

I have freed all the palominos from their stables
I have baptized in thorns and bathed in brambles
my life not a thing for books of fables on coffee tables
and a cartoon army of Roman soldiers
comes to roll the stone away today
and take me from my room
I am to be bathed and groomed
I talk to emperors soon

And I have come back as one who has crawled
through a bed of thorns for one petal of the rose
I am the vampire seer, no longer the harlequin
I am the Lear leery of harlots, the rightful heir
to a kingdom where you said you could make it
beautiful, all alright, but I had to take it into my own
hands like making a tight fist around broken glass

12.

chewing Aspergum in the atrium
as the Museion burns
and the alchemy runs like salamanders
into the sewers
ashes to archaic effluvium awash

on wafts of lost craft
a comet-tail winds its way through today
such portents
augers fear that the canopy has been sparked
the plenitudes in famine
the famulus is sick
vomiting glittering metals
diseased toads on the temple steps
red algae in the river
may or may not be a sign from God himself
I paint the door-frame with blood
nonetheless

Gnosticism, Satan, Newton

Through the canopy fell the only.
That which fell like apple from a tree
into an abyss of each of us. Icon
into the infinite depth of aleph.

Its constant plunge is our spirit.
The flesh lost in itself, a roman candle
inextinguishable through a human tunnel.
It is all scatological and celestial.

We have all been photographed
eating an apple. We are all
photographed comets' particles.
It is proven, great balls of ice

rocket through the heavens to leave
the dust our light breathes light into.

hymnal

I have brought these to you, O Lord
in certain understated tones.

I have brought these to its foot, O Lord,
to the puma's hunting range.

I have carried the ice cube
through the desert, my God

Though you can water your own burning ferns.
I will bind myself to this river,

Jesus, with the synthesis of my limbs.
Will I emerge upon the far bank?

Will I ever become your son?
I have brought this light to you,

My poem
to shine within your shine

afterwards

in the ground the great
burial mound therein, I
found a sound secret that
was murdered aloud

in the sky in the bitter
by and by I found a sigh
a cloud and in the sea
in the angel-fish piss

I breathed long-island
iced-tea and caught the bends
and with a shroud on my heels
I took a bow

and down in hell, I
admired as well
my acts, and the devils
were proud

and in the flame
I knew my name
but to speak it
was not allowed

stepfather

He strapped
a grinding stone
a chopping block
a loading dock
a pot of crock
a hospital cot
a dot-to-dot
mentality

within
a sackcloth
of mercury
and gave me this heart
a blackness
of his

taking the sackcloth
I fashioned
a loincloth

and when I became
too soft
too wretched
and too tired
to care
enough of apathy

I made it into
a flag-linen
and hid from him

in its shadow

mother

yesterday I noticed she was losing control
she was lining up pots and pans and Tupperware bowls
and pounding them with utensils

with spoons and knives and #2 pencils.
Her apron was stained with spaghetti sauce--
her frame evident of the weight she'd lost.

I am naked and angry in a nearby street.
She is vacant and broken,
child-less at a kitchen-sink.

Of this we will always and never speak.

they kicked me out of heaven

I got buried
with the bones
of Kerouack
killed on a Mexican
traintrack
in a stalled
Cadillac
and now I have come back
from heaven
which isn't heavenly
at all and where Christ
is not at all popular
with the Universal Pantheon
however,
Pan is, and, I guess
Christ showed too much
kindness to humans
who are the universe's peons
floating in their own
metaphysical spew and urine
yet I have returned
from the celestial poetry-slam
as Miller munched on ham and ryes
and screamed the virtues
of tropics, cancers, and inhumanities
with his drinking buddy
Nietzsche, as Whitman
ogled a young Ginsberg
and Blake was an altar boy killed
on his own altar during
a new and heretofore untried
printing and engraving process
and the cathedral collapsed
when I saw St. Thomas Aquinas
caressing Walt's shin much
to my chagrin and Dante
and Beatrice have just had
another domestic dispute

over Sappho I suspect
causing thunderclaps
and lightning cracks
and new circles of gossip
in hell to open up
like they do in downtown New York
selling poems for brownstones
and good for them but
not naming no names
and anyone can be Judas with enough
shillings and apparently shillings
are the celestial currency
and Calliope in her strophic rhythms
spins to the lyres
Brahma creates and Shiva destroys and Vishnu
preserves a boring eternal pop-song
and, sky-guys, proprietors of all
imaginations
we should have had better imaginations
for you to feed and feed off of
in this limited heaven
because all you deities
really are slaves in this
convert the human to us process
as Ra sucks Kali Ma's tits
and the milk dribbles off his lips
to form fertile crescents
and the crossroads where we compare notes
are taxed and tolled
and no one folio, mythology, paradigm
can delineate a common tongue or viable peso
and these gods are only swift during catastrophes
and they don't parade for our belief
we prove them gods by our religions
it's like going to the tag office in a new state

we die better than gods

we die as men better than any men
they could ever have been

they get soft in heaven

it's a shame.

mockingbird

God handed me
my autobiography
his best-seller, without
his autograph, without
ever having taught me to read

this is how I found my voice
as a child looks at characters
and symbols in a book
and attempts garbles, cooings,
sighs, stutters, the first attempts
at words, of claiming things
as it will be taught to do
starting with a name

there is a power trembling
in the first tones, in the primal invocations
of the mind's breaking and shrinking
into a box of language and a prison
of thought as sonic cord taut
I knew when I knew this
that I would never be a nightingale
only a bird mocking a god.

God is the bird, yet, I

the crude birdcall.

Hellenistic

I am sure that statues
are souls that stay asleep.

And that man has neither
a stone heart nor a terrible

obelisk inherent. I am
sure that I would make a great

Hellenistic carved curve of marble.
Standing in this urgency

with eyes as smooth as eggs.
And men are harder than any

block of marble that can yield
a likeness. Men rarely yield

like this.

how to fly in 134 words, roughly

If I drink rocket-fuel
will I reach the cloud nine of you?

An idiomatic idiot
to complete the tasks of Hercules
and drink the hemlock of Socrates
and bite the bullets of Hemmingway
and steal the bennies and beer
from Kerouack
and paint the life of Celine in dark oils
and party with Huxley and Crowley
and would I come clean like a razor
at your heavenmarble feet O Eternal Establishment?

I must defeat myself with a self-constructed con
in the conflict of Ultimate Irony
on the battlefield of Utter Obscurity
with a snapdragon between my teeth
throwing cigars up into the sky-womb
of the gods sprouting all around me
anointing me the Wounded Star.

If I resurrect Camus
and finish the autobiography
if I find Bukowski and Cassidy's jalopy
wrecked guard-rail sloppy
and drive into unknown mists and maya
and bring back bloody tattoos on my wrists
and the lithoglyphs and one immaculate manuscript
will I come clean at your heavenmarble feet O Eternal Establishment?

A feather once used for a pen.
Now a pen used to write wings.
Airsick I want to reach infinity
with a few raptures of words
spewkicks, soulvomits, warrior-kennings
sound-swords, syntax-tusks, demiurge-dirges.

In heaven and in hell we become our own editors.
This is the curse the blessing the putrefaction.
I will teach you my songs, God, if you will only
teach me yours.

crooning on a crag

After the last vibrato I have
flummoxed over this eagle's view,
the mountain will always be a mountain.

Mt. Cheaha, south of Tecumseh, these names
bent to English like tree roots growing in granite.
I can't speak the tongue of this mountain. I can hear

those at play echo from a valley lake below.
(I can't ever get away and don't want to.)
I have this song to sing, with

mountains all among, my guitar's travesty
announces me, as those below simultaneously
end their laughter and look up to find

a glaring sun breaking behind
a poor musician on a rappeller's pinion
not fitting in with the droning constant speak

of the tongue older than the centenarian
who watches the lodge and carves his walking sticks.

through clay all day to meet thee

reaching up into my hairline pulling down a veil
this treebark to cover my eyes

I reached behind each ear and pulled weaves
of birdfeather & batwing & covered my ears

I reached into my throat the burning persimmon there
pulled it out to cover my lips

into my nostrils I placed two cool green marbles
an opal, a moonstone

then I pried open my sternum and the human heart,
the red monkey, the folded fire angel, the pipe organ
of opera phantoms, the open Christ-wound, the broken
sword of flames, the melting red seal of wax and flesh
the folded fire angel

my hands closed become
books, bullets, ballast, bottles, goblets
hero's gullets, grey stones covered in lichens
weather-damage on the what-ifs and whethers
discarded bobbles, bricks crumbling

fall leaf fall, cry bird cry, burn angel burn
the world is powered by the constant silent feet
of millipedes, of gears in beetle's abdomens
the elemental sacrifice, the harvest martyr
has grabbed his robe of vines and retired

I have no blood vows to save any ceremonies
I have no sacraments to free my senses
the imagination imagined a rock and
crawled up under it making it the heaviest
cromlech of the imaginations planet

it is elemental, these lyrics and limericks
carved on the backs of our ribs and femurs

the scroll of every bane wrapped around
its soft story, these truths that whisper to us only
through the heart and blood, through the seasons' passing

I reach into myself and pull swords from my throat
I pull feathers from my mouth, wings
I pull fruit, the cornucopia, I pull the tempest also, I pull
the trinket and parcel of hello and how's the weather

I reach in
for what was always reaching out
a heart in its element
symbolic in its beat enveloped
and this ritual of writing notwithstanding
leaves a folded fire angel

unfolding

sheet-rock

stippled sheet-rock stipples my ceiling hovers
a floundering fishbelly-full of scales flickering
in a sea of candles in my ritual de la habitual

and the roof of my ulcerated mouth feels caulflowered
and my tongue stung-sculptured and bitten
in the way that candles sculpt themselves with fire

in the way that tongues whet themselves
on the sculptures of everything in sight
these chemical reactions, postures, postscripts, etc.

the cloak and dagger pitter patter of desire
and this is where every tourniquet, Marie Antoinette
and Joan of Arc has been, this Robbie Burns and William Wallace

last terrace of every domesticity, felicity, and synchronicity
my menagerie is not a petting zoo its gifts are fanged
and to know these animals and birds of paradise which kill

all you need to do is look at my hands
in this cheap room as the rock drips, doesn't

bedrock

speaking of life and death
and the average and consistent
amounts of time it takes to piss
ejaculate, krap, or other like
activities some men can't perform
in the vicinity of other men, unless
they are at war with them.

speaking of loves and if ever
and the stripes of tigers and
grabbing tails of alligators
and risks and trepidations
and dorsal fins and pale women's
wrists and a fist of a world
clenched at yourself when love comes.

speaking of pantheons and the peons
mortals all shallow on the Dow Jones
and grave and purple pills and paint
chipped windows and little things
sealed to save mortgages and marriages
and the plastic straw-like consistency
of bird's bones our lives are built upon.

bedrocks under me speaking above me
to hear myself think anchored in speech
I reek of self-importance but we all do
have those notebooks we've scribbled

diligently declaring the aesthetic of I
which should be like fragrant wood,
weathered air, or a deer disappearing

up the stairs. speaking of the word
and hoping the worlds fuse and pontifex
come across your vows to the Muse's carcass
and eat of it with me we are the carrion
crawlers sustained by crawling and here
I am on a hot tin roof, a 130 degree angle
thinking about the kingdom come

thinking, drinking beer, chewing gum

Priapic rituals

1

and games in the woods and don't crown me
with laurels, don't tie ribbons of ivy around
my waist for I taste hyssop I drink waste

not winning by reaching the summit
of any particular anatomy, I must pummel
supremely the invectorate after the pole-vault

whether or not your culture is chronically bored,
you know I will always take a trophy to far
horizons and too far at that riding a doe

into forests un-lumbered and processed forests
of words on pages and processed pages of blood
in books and processed books of men in trees

I will pencil the barks of trees unto you
this armor tattoo of ardor and arbors
scores of whores are treeing us in

we must fuck our way out with wild abandon
guarding the garden of your body creates a desert
your autumn is my wild changing wilderness

the sky a cracked carapace as my leaves scatter you

2

the moon one the marooned one the lycanthropy
riding the monorail with its gravity siphoning its velocity
I will pull you down to this window with grappling hooks
there in the ebb of tides and the eclipse and thunderclaps
and the women in the moon hide in all the monoliths
and I am howling up at satellites and putting on my asteroid belt
and I am climbing stalks of your phenomena and landspeeding
across your surface and to vanish into the sea of tranquility

which is never the sea you give us here on earth
with your women and tides and loons and poets

3

sucking honeysuckle-vines of time
warped around the shaft of mine and my
hermitage to seek my verse and seeking
is a cursed vehicle with too many eyes
and no directions in sight so disperse
cadavers and kill the worst paradise
in my mind that would make me cheat
on you or you alike a pair of dice tossed
across the voice of Sophocles, across
chance itself and a pair of die rolls
with its undefinables and Chance herself
has an incredible ass and chance is
evolution's new offering of an animal
here in the woods, where the prey is words
and the predator is meat speaking money
and the chase is lost except for those that appear
when the music makes the light quaver
and the chaos in the nebula is amassing

4

one cry budded from sprig into library
a festering fungi of harp-notes rippling
fecund through the valley ad infinitum
like field-study time-lapsed photography
vivid imagery I am making in your machine
that would render all of this lushness only
a simple forest among forests

5

I made hawk's and elk's calls from my throat.
I had no idea I knew how to do that.
I yodeled rainstorms as my girl got wet.
She is ermine and I am foraging ferret.
There are so many pinholes in Enlightenment.
That's what we thought after dropping all of it.
Echo and eon and transmigration and all that shit.

There would be no written records of this epic night
except for those we would carry in credit card receipts,
or, maybe this is the only receipt, this short
mnemonic of you that I still need after
echo and eon and transmigration and all that shit.

6

tusk, talon, muscle, throttle, power, power, powerful
flesh usurped in breath's visage and heart's visor
powerful, power, power, throttle, muscle, talon, tusk

7

adorning the headdress
of lightning
with guffaws, hrumphs, jeers
tightening one's jaw
masculine
Amazon
hermaphroditic kenning-bard
forger of maps
of words, of sound's
bear-traps
and bear-traps
for sounds

7

my teeth aren't mothers of pearl they strike bone
my trees are trees apoplexied they hit lightning
my lips are soft like up under smelly bark
my breath is lemon-tea and brown sugar while drinking it
my hands are leather birds that fly across cardboard
my chest is a crucifix of bone under a landscape not yet holy
my thoughts are ivory tusks surrounded by heavy spring musk
inside me the animal is invisible is an animal inside
it hunts through my hours at odd jobs
it sinks its cannibal teeth into the bloody idea-flanks
we are mad cow disease our culture is Vegas on ecstasy
I am the animal that I am always imagining

but I should only be the animal

8

I am becoming the sand not the oasis my skin is tarnished
my mind rust my ideas cracked with termites hovering my hands
in dust of dune-form like fire shifting grain by grain under hot sun
and I will smite in grains and grains despite to ascertain every gritty-slit
into the earthwretch I am to establish the green green grass of tablets
and plains of uncharted happenstance and accident where phrases
hyperspace and all memories become immediate while spitting
out spores and impregnating minds and opening out golden pollen
from bud-stamen to guild a virgin and cover her in tinsel and steel wool
and roll her over smelted in ore and dip her into the molting spore-forge
vat of churning springtime and she will be convex like a sunflower imploding

9

you have transformed the last tree I screamed
at the sun. I will leave these briars for you and steal
the saplings and the blooms and hide them in catacombs
and to defeat the fierce, all I need to do is show a simple rose
and he will fall down on the cobblestones and then leave
to join a monastery beyond the haywain of Bosch

10

what we want of the rain is to wash away the legions
of debris in our thoughts, if only for a moment and to turn
the pages into a pulp to spackle the walls of our relationships
and every book could be another skin, another dermis
in the germ-encrusted hell of saying hello to all of us
or a bundle of wet leaves heavy to rise to a heaven heavy with rain

and what we want of the rain is to short-circuit everything
give us a reason for naps, soup, afternoon sex, and a good reading--
it is always so acrid here can't it be damp and clean and bittersweet?

what we want of the rain is for it to happen when we want it to
fill buckets and make music by the sweating windows
and have a chair there that is never sat in because it could always be

debris is washed away from basins without us and basins within us

we carry crystals in our innards towards storms and

we are mean when we rain upon one another

11

butterflies eat my eyes as lions tear my ears
blackbirds eat the bloody pies of my heart crusted with fear
briar trees tear my skin in this forest I am blind in
stones become my toes and flying fish fins are my cheeks
as the red wine flows through the bowery
and I was not too fat to be a saint, I was not too nuts
to be a trustworthy bartender saving souls with alchemized
elixirs turning all beings into grid-irons of pure gold
anointing the cannon fodder the wormdust the bombfood
the public, all of the beautiful wreckers of expensive cars
are apparently all having bad days in Fate's casino

12

the earth touches the sky with an endless pirouette
the rotating of the gyre-oval axis planet
as the sky obliges with its sunsets
and the moon does the Doppler effect on the tides
but the earth can touch herself as well
this is called Spring
the seas touch the sky with flying fish
the leaves touch the sky with photosynthesis
the trees and the bark, the crevices, the cracked hexagons
the sap oozing in terrible humidity—the eschalon
and I abide here constantly, a spirit in spirit, not yet transcendently

sandpoem

blackborn crystalroot
entwined
with
white-veined blue smallflower
you and I
growing
on a crumbling
cliffhanger

wordwall

reality's resin on tongues' waves
of passive-aggressive adjectives
caravans of grim pills sideways
 stuck in the throats of prize horses

talking to yourself over banal subjects
careful to fall into manholes
don't learn to read and walk
 I know every time Rimbaud

took a piss, but my need to assess
is verbatim et cetera cancerous
and the words I will anvil on palates
 the masons before me, the poets

bricked into corners, upholding the pillars
canons built on cannon fodder, stilts
of legend shins with satchels of parables,
 wife's tales, collections

of wastelands. cool swans, cummings
and pounds, law wrenched from low wells,
kennels of gal, cranes and harts and green
fuses, one drinking one drowning, ash and
berries, johns and autumns, the inheritance
of fictive musics, and will walled aces of will,
shammons, and shame on us haneys for assuming
naturalism, and wit surviving horrible
 bastards of puns

we tore apart the pantheon
and reassembled it in the Panhandle
and as unstable as I am, grammar
 never separates my questions

the disintesciple into describable
my receptacle of burning parchment
made a theory of gendarmed regencies

lost as I am in any text

with stars above yes at its head and feet I stand star-full

hollow girl

you were standing by the coke machine
you had pet names for him your attitude
wrapped in leather and faded jeans
you much thinner than last week even
so pale I want to hold you see if you'd break
you lean against the brick and it'd pull
blond silk flax from your hair you discard
everything with a gaze intent on nothing
your words destitute excerpts over graves
walking away hands in your pockets bloodshot
blue suns burning in their sockets as leaves
crunch under your feet I wonder about
spring and what does it do to someone like you
and every street in the city is your street
and you live everyday on pins and needles
and your life all depends on the ends and means
of needles and their pet names as the first day
I saw you on the park bench smiling a barbed-wire fence
I gave you money for a kiss, all is temporary
at best, now I can only leave you with concern
the way of requiems, the way bridges burn

New Year's Eve Party, 1996

I fought the river
with my guitar diving in
it's not warped and ruined
I hope

Came to the party
with face painted blue
Pict-like with a glow-in-the-dark
star glued to my forehead

Like a masthead lost
in a current of Captain Morgan's
I fought the river with a drunken river
a convex mirror of fever-pitch

I was in the rapids
I wouldn't drop the rum
I wouldn't drop the guitar
was gonna drown

For my New Year's midnight
kissed from the gutters
as Gregory the lifesaver
hooked me out by one overall strap

I get out of those wet clothes
naked in front of twenty friends
as well as some unknowns

My date that night
was not pleased I screamed,
like a certified dumbfuck
"I fought the river,

It didn't kill me
so I won!" Then fell facedown
ass-up like a clubbed gar
thinking of sex I'm sure

And sex is landswimming
I've always said. I screamed
over and over how I fought the river
then pissed rivers

Later, vomited up rivers
plus a three-hour, half-digested
lasagna felt like gastric lasers
my new year is cursed

As I was passed out
my friends had drawn all over me
with magic marker rivers
an arrow pointing to my ass

Crack. Clifford was tripping
on mescaline, said my white ass
had scared him, I said,
"I might be bruised

From the rocks, but I
am not hurt by the river."
Naked and invincible
becoming a legend

To friends and one angry woman.
Tempting water-fates, don't try this
on your Happy New Year,
that is my only disclaimer

the transcontinental trip to the quickie-mart

They crossed a sea of bong-water on the makeshift
backs of parents' bonds, on yachts of euro-
trash and water-resistant watches swatched
together hoarding their recyclables and powering
their vehicles with gears and chains of old bicycles

A politically correct caravan of probortionists
draping red tape from continent to continent
with vegetarian nightmares of sea-serpents
as common as passports and mechanical sharks
of the dowjones variety and orcas of alimonies

crossing from the lands of kool to the fabled
integrity-raped abundance of manifest sabotage
while co-opting every ancient eastern philosophy
in a reverse psychic manifest destiny
while aging beat poets sell poems for brownstones

and I am only a harlequin and a heckler, no better
I am a bullring-bullshit-pollster
and a country of individuals raped by individuality
and all those colored cell-phone covers
and all those Vegas amusements plugged into a diskette

in the back of your neck your spine your serpent
knows we live only on meat and mythmeat
as the inbred cattle eats its ethnic sweetfeed
at the salt-lick media tube and idiot savant a.w.o.l
joes die coked-up in trench-holes behind govt. housing

and in the cyber-libraries we are the next endangered species
and pandas are being poisoned for propaganda
and the accident is a poem written from a veranda
in some third world villa that can end regimes but
you will be absorbed before you cross the Andes on a donkey

you will assimilate your own assimilation (settle for
the brownstone) this is my generation, generation Apex

padding in a miasma of media, my joe-cam
via satellite until you have the perverted
demo-tape of the democracy that I am

the body of America runs on a scant and borrowed soul
and the word "soul" is a forbidden one in poems
but my soul is one large enough for poems
to be written on for and upon and we did not
cross these oceans for nothing

just for a trip to the quickie-mart, some potato chips, and some gasoline

when the riots were recalled

after the whistle blew naked businessmen
left to fill an average million briefcases
with penis envy and sauntered around on
tectonic plates of sidewalks moving and threaded
to all portals of transportation by elevator-escalators
hovercrafts of media and cyber tumors com-linked
to their ears as completely nude like a credit report
they straddled the open wounds of the earth
in order to extort cheaper roller-skates from a monsoon
plagued country but if the skates didn't work
then unicycles and skateboards would carry them
to the suburbs as their cocks flapped in the wind like neckties
stripped uncircumcised flags this secret uprising
of beauty of Americana, arriving at their homes
guarded by ottoman pets and socks lost and addressed
to places they have vacationed too often due to
clientele proximities and all of this occurs
under a sky stretched like blue skin chopped
with anachronistic clotheslines betwixt symmetrical
asymptotic skyscraping poles and all day the wives
have been strip-mining and dog-catching and websurfing
with golf-clubs stabbed madly into lawns like excaliburs
as the block reeks of lemon-fresh scents and huge portions
of roasting meats as the antennae stagnate upon
barbies and onions are fried to find enigmas as the naked
heroes arrive home with cornucopias of transparencies
and we staked our claim on a goldrush of lawsuits
wearing suits of tender in ancient hotel rooms

but the going rate is gonging itself but the naked heroes
kiss the roasting meats and put on their freshly-laundered
silk tees and boxers and manifestoes peel off on the carpet like carpet. Hrrrummph.

later we watch it all being filmed from odd angles
as we realize that the birds have left this place
and a child mentions this so we give him small machines
to squander his innocence upon in silence.

Politics

make me feel sick

like a cigarette butt
with a red ring
of lipstick on it

I am a world and that is my problem

My angry moon is a photograph of you.

Cameras do steal the soul
and motion-sickness at life's carnival
has no spiritual Dramamine
I avoid flashbulbs and Ferris wheels
I have molds and fungi and mildews
on my intentions and much potential
where that will never get there from here to
my soul the symbiotic lichen on the World-Tree
but here in Lack of Motivation-Ville
I wish to ride the winds again, set the spores
loose in the sunlight above the azaleas
searching for landings beyond this skin
lands where I begin again.

Culture you black nihilistic fudge
thick and rich sea of caramel apathy
I live inside a cavity in front of a TV

torn moonmaps, snapshot scraps, documents
saved on diskettes of cliché's
as rain taps rain taps rain taps
and the black ice covers our forefathers' claims
I should be in a tent at an oasis on the moon
learning cartography, making paper airplane
SOS's in anti-gravity.

Apologies for substance crutches, I never
thought I'd need such addictive prosthesis
Our architecture, anthropology, and archaeology
should make a structure of laughter
when one considers this rickety swaying
of human splinters--

The hull remains somehow intact yet cracked.
Out here in the civility wilderness I have brass.
A subtle ingenue of arbitrary queues.
I am underneath consciousness yet forgetting to sleep again.
I will raffle off rifles and auction off asps.
My hand held out to you is an acidic tempest.
My hand held out to you is the consortium of written lines.
My hand held out to you pulls you up out of the chasm.
I am that you you were in.
My hand is a mirror like that.

I could be the host body, spore.
Hoist me up more, towards obliviousness.
I, world deployed into this world
with my scars of half-moons and lightning bolts.
And to break this orbit around these friends
to reach escape velocity, kissing my wounds
into scars, committing a spiritual mutiny
as my love is fading, it is time for an immaculate
armageddon (and somewhere inside I am pushing the button

I trust
My ascension
 Writing
And doubting

As my childhood home

 Pixels miles away

animus nimbus

the transcendental tribe the trail of tears
to the vortex edge to the waystation to be
tattooed the efflux of stardom the soul caravan
the circus de cislunar an Oregon trail to Armageddon
the ascension egg-beaten and the nebulae
guttering down to the astral pub everything
either sickles or halos using the threads of fate
just for sewing on buttons traveling universe-band
snipped inside us with a scissors like a horizon

and this famine of a mind overpopulation
if only satellites would circle our planet
and provide me with information
on a superhighway of fiber optics
if only omnipotence would coincide
with the decoding of the genome
around 2001 because then I could be
a satisfied millenarian, or maybe
never able to be satisfied again

and men would take all of their money
and educate the cosmos with all this pretended
potential that oil-tankers spill on
the Galapagos Islands, killing several species
on the eve of the decoding of the genome
and ever the twain of progress and evolution
shall never meet, for nature does not progress
quantitatively for gain; it exists as its own
gainful span of famine of a mind's over-population

and I saw the best poems of my generation destroyed
by pop-culture, overfed, richly clothed, limousined
through diamond streets during primetime doing
designer drugs the blood congealing in the can
is soda pop the serum for a commercial cult and you
will also be consumed by America in one gulp
but if not consumed you are consuming and so America
will win either way altogether as every window

on every skyscraper has its TV environment contained

peering more out than in as always, constant to
the idea of the sun and not the true microcosm
this reflects anon or maybe not, a cubicle for the crucible
intact and functional while all of us are awaiting
The Big Crunch because the American universe cannot
expand forever across the interstellar heather, at least
not via satellite across the mind-heaths, as tabloid poets
die by the dozen bi-weekly and the mountains of gathering
pop-journals liquefy in the recycling, and I am a culprit

that I hate and am and we saw it coming dragging itself
out of the sphincter of the Mississippi like a defunct
burnt-out hippie lying belly-up across the country
full of libraries and domestic beer and a halitosis of ideals
and art the parasitic plastic aesthetic and the calvary fantastic
of sewage information and no waste management control
because now art is also survival as tattoos protect you
from harmful radiation and the new pharmaceuticals
groom you away from harmful situations like those when

confronting your feelings. Like a hurricane. A heart tempest will come, no doubt.

these things I know

wood warps. metal corrodes. wind dissipates. rain
coagulates. life lies about its holiness. life compels
holiness. holiness is in warped rain in the iron wind.
hummocks erode. fire ashes. birds somehow die by roads.
rot carcasses. all caresses.

washclothes reserved for drying spills smell funny.

I know the most beautiful people in the world as do you.

glass gives the finest appreciation for breaking.
stone gives the finest appreciation for silence.
water gives the finest appreciation for undulating.
words appreciate what it is impossible for them to
authenticate, and this makes them the inferior
artifacts of noble aspiration. damn all durations.
I am the speaking and spoken fossil of creation.

that point in mid-evening when the sky is the color
of blue marbles or toilet paper when the trees are absolute
black beams and seem to be trying to weave shut the sky
showing-through-its-holes in their branches yet how
unsuccessful they are but who cares how gorgeous.

and I know that I have made love to incredible women
who I hope remember me endearingly as I do them
in a way that poems are bittersweet truth and the way
that scents are full of dejavu when suddenly my pheromones
are all around you and you recall the ugly shape of my hips,
my jawbone, my cock, my voice, my freckled shoulders, my
thin lips, my soul wrapped into yours like a cancer that is holy.

I know that toboggans make your head itch. windchimes
hang in my bedroom. angels lick my ankles. demons grab
my antelope ass. I want to look like an El Greco Jesus. cockroaches
are not evil. Whitman steals through my dreams leaving tomes.
Blake engraves my etched already tombstone with even more
acid. Deneb is in the constellation Cygnus. Lapis Lazuli has

spangles like your eyes as they always ever have been like them.
Zebras are better than horses. Salverform is morning glory
and vice sporophylls versa.

And I know as long as this is read then what I am to know
will continue forever. And poetry has always been the cutting
edge of science and philosophy. I know this.

And even though my impending immortality scares me I am stalwart.
I am a gram of the eternal, and so, amalgamous I am infinitely centrifugal.
And there is a vacuum-gape from which I can always escape.
If you are reading this then let's get the fuck out of here and go have a drink.

the things I know:
it is hard accepting the infinite universe
under your flesh it is hard to pick up
the mantle of the great spirit—
 don't for a moment fidget.

dichotomy

I live in a vacuum.
She lives in a forest.
We rave and rant.
Trees on mad valises.
No matter of mannerings.
Spatter haphazard music of distance
between a nut and a bolt.
A crutch and a dolt.
The ship is somewhere docking
as my blood pressure heightens.
I love my friend, the fact that she only talks
on the phone when in the tub.
I demarcate songs
to work for and by.
And the “by the way” is always waylaid in the melee.
That seedy wayside you take and fall by.
Insulin and Alcohol, my mom and dad.
The coils of phone-cords spiral criss-cross
like miles of rosters of miles.
There are only strip-malls between us.
Only half-built high-school auditoriums of industries.
We are different but I can call
out in a vacuum
and hear you bathe
in the forest.

We exist where speeding trucks
speed to forever and never stop

we bathe and bask in the forest of speed
you never answer in the vacuum equivalently
sometimes I wish you would take off your watch and touch my face.

Li Po in a Manhole

I saw Li Po crawling out of a manhole.

He had never drown; he's been swimming around the world for centuries.

His breastroke the perfect haiku.

He is disappointed in us and what he's seen.

But he still gives wishes in the guise of a golden poi with silver eyes.

His whiskers glittered scales and with milestones fathoms deep are his poems.

He laughed about the month he spent being bubbles in carbonated drinks.

Tanka eagles cut over paper tapestries on Chinese restaurant johns.

Origami eggrolls and plastic fern-fronds where he hides behind.

Li Po never drowned.

He inherited the ponds, he finally kissed the moon.

His reverent poise now our boon.

the arrogance of plastic toys

Do you think that I don't realize the utter hopeless futility of my own Romanticism?

What black-barreled god-gun fired the patriot missile
to the western California sun in an epistle of manifest anthems
of powdered pigs and corrupted Whigs stabbing towards
the pacified beast of an infected ocean of blue-veined breasts
as the tribe of soul is completely circumvented by razor-wire
and gradual fast-food mitigation.

To detonate into totem pole
exploding into millions
of atoms and desolate evenings
in the last garden of edict-idiom.

My totem is modem. moot moot moot.
I smash my electric guitar across the marble
Adam's Apple of Uncle Sam and puke sit-coms
in a wave of feedback and oily seaweed
and I take my old maid the unmarried French whore
the Statue of Liberty's true virginity
the star-spangled banner of her Voltaire.

Yes thank you heavens of the man you fractured
for all of the glorious and unending rivers of condiments
and for cars and invisible pot and prostitution laws
hot-dogs, astroturf, home-run run-offs, these gladiator sports from sofas.

The tube bleeds human blood tubes full of psychic fluid
in your ears as we are against an army of rigid pre-programmed cubicles
and marching monitors displaying j-pegs of our deaths before
we have paid for the coffins of our own apartments
and the poised piss of poison and the mind-toxic bubonic media
and massacred automobiles retching and spasming in pools of ketchup
sugar-syrup sickness laced with sour-cream
my cavities ringing like dinner-bells at their roots
this mayonnaise and taste malaise of suicidal hearts.

Get that fucking starving kid off of my channels!

Nietzsche was right about the worms and apes and men
all of our heads bobbing on toothpicks in front of bottomless pits
what to do when one dirty finger can eradicate a nation with a button
after fingering its over-fed bellybutton.

America, United Nations, etc.

Your bayonet
is the burning flag twisting
like cholera
through my veins
with its chimeras
the stars
the bullets
and bombfare
the stripes
from whips
the barnacles
on your battleships
sucking your hulls
I see you in the mirror
I see you in my grandfather's eyes
two purpled hearts
shell-shocked
two Japanese Zero's
exploding forever
into a binary code
as his oxygen machine
whistles.

I work my beer tobacco firearms
my bomb-taxation nucleus-womb of wound-funding
I charge my ailments with plastic helmets
I puke my songs in trenches
Hart Crane swims the battlefields
like a strange child with stranger fins
I crave chocolate-coated greasy fried-chicken
I am American Whore I am Kali-Ma
dancing across third world countries with arms
like cell-phones and scimitars like ad campaigns
I am the last colony that you will establish
with your black-ballings and executions
and so I am also the last revolution.

Psychic guns appear on the balconies
as the Vatican's are canned for consumption of bedlam litanies.
Soon you will also desire to eat all of me
suck me into your vulgarity like my parents taught me
breathe me deep and sell me with your propagandithology
place me in your Canon to be shot out like so much confetti
over Times Square the only true literacy and literati
I will not be a spore of what evil has given birth to me
either that or I will be a million evil spores unto me.

I can give soul to plastic.
I am an animist to teach your children poems.
I am utter epiphany of hanged-man heroism.

Everyone has to create
that country within.
That un-tamed left un-tamed.
The landscape harmony wilderness.
That trowel of self doubt
foraging true roots.
And we singing back to what worlds will listen.
One random soul can kick America
in the balls.

One crazy kid can write a poem.

World,

I won.

memoirs of the fathers

The forefathers wrote memoirs they will never outdie.
These aforementioned scribblings in every era from Stone to Post-Modern
and so on to the Information Overload Neo-Mech Surveillance Age and the
New World Trade Clan Armory Overlord Fascist Facsimile Age
happen quietly, with much more to come as we are infants
hell-bent on becoming sterile robots of Marxist excellence.
Well, someone, some writers, had to lay the groundwork.

Revelation is exquisite, like not caring while pissing down your own leg.

There will be a last crumb of the last potato chip, there will be
a last kiss in a last flick, a last man and last woman who can't
grab the heart's reins as the jackass runs off the cliff in the red tape
rain and there will be a last rain seen by our climate-controlled
reign and a last parade of macabre trees that we will ever see.
We have been bamboozled into thinking we are separate from the stars.
We pay with blood and guts to be eternal underdogs. Animals
are more civil than us. Someone cut the umbilical soul-cord and
cracked open my godhead and let the yolk ectoplasm that was
my birthright out into a culture that is my genocide. Pessimistic?

Paranoid? I was even on a zygote-level. I probably agreed to split
with my other half. Taboos are tattoos on the brain. Get away from me
with that ink-needle, and I am not signing shit. When the scab
scars under the paint, I will have one less idea of freedom, one less
dimension.

Lot cocaine-sniffs his wife's salty ashes and has a vision
that was left out of the Good Book as Abraham cuts his son
open on a hill in the Balkans and eats his liver and finds
a savage secret forgotten since the Ottomans and we know
like NATO how powerful gospel, i.e., God's spell is and so
wear your blue helmets into the crushing of the human spirit.

Ecstasy rips open a Catholic school-boy and icons de-symbolize
into misnomers and we slobber dump-trucks full of assets just as
America has taught me like the scriptures how to set up sacrificial altars.

Going west in my mind, chasing the sheik, close behind, barreling down
forever west to one day reach the eastern star that strange line that
interdimensional Northwest Passage, that route to silk through India
and then the straight line becomes a circle forever that Ourobours
vomiting itself into itself forever for nature wastes nothing not one
molting even though it may mirage or mirror and my horse, my wing
my soul, my warpaint, my arrow, my dorsal fin, my turbo-engine
its turbines pulverizing my comet accelerating my American heritage
to capitalize, conglomerate, collect my genetics and pillage the universal
myth-meat of the eternal snake but I must mutate into supernova, yes
accelerate accelerate rape my own mortal cage all nuclei participate
my propaganda is best seen from afar as a burgeoning foggy quasar

without waste there is no want here and our desire is to spread the landfill
through our cortexes but not for the real estate signs on our front lawns.

Surplus confuses need with desire this is elementary and the caveman
with an extra wife gets killed by the caveman with a larger stone.
We wreck and wreck and wreck. We must. Pillage our own villages.
We must. That's what this CD-Rom is telling us. This constant sub-
liminal laser-disk. We are low and ribald. We are cunning and cold.

lovers in excess love, and hamburger meat, and soda-pop
and psychedelia, and killer bees all over North America, piranhas,
dead rock-star pantheon boob-tube false prophets, hip-hop porno
gunshops, shoegazer electric guitar sensitivos, hustle-bustle road-rage
martyrs, Prozac wisdom-strafters, android El Presidentes, milkmaid
Congresses caught via satellite in various array of sexual congress,
that Pentagon is a crashed alien ship and I know it, we are the control
group this is the equation who is stimulus fill out the census who is
method that is your cloned equal what is heretic the daily sequel
to yesterday's sequel this grid of life amoebic overlapping the planet
atomic daemon with tattoos of Indian maps across his back America
you finally broke the ancients and you keep on full throttle in the shift
while ghosts of gods shuffle through the burning fuselage by parachutes of poems

Balance is the true unattainable American Specter.

My tongue now flops to the floor like a dropped roll of register tape
at a fast-food joint at the end of a Friday.
My voice cut freedom with my soul at stake.

I will don the raiment of a flammable flag without being as politically correct as a fag.

I will run through you America and impale myself across your grenade geographies.

Your minefields of Hollywood movies maiming my imagination's children.

Why did you and we and me do this to me republic of skewed democracy?

I will eat foods full of preservatives to live quicker in the afterlife forever.

I will cheat our poisons by purposely ingesting them, and I will love this land.

I will find reconciliation as I ultimately leave my recognizance behind.

It's hard to defy it after being bred on never staying too long within the moment.

You and I are the same America you and I and our forefathers.

I would have given them the saber for the gold. Looking back now,

I understand the nth-degree. What should always be bequeathed.

The death of an entire race brings a treaty. We can't clean this spill

of us--we don't have the resources. My spine is a flagpole with

a burning citadel upon its spit. Forefathers, you had the flame and then lit it.

Edges

to develop a smooth walk
fill a styrofoam cup of coffee
to its brim and stroll through
subway crowds top-speed trolling
without spilling a drop.

to develop a smooth eye observe
cumulus clouds, rivers, figure-skaters
a woman's naked breast, short-distance
sprinters played-back in slow motion
Aikido meditations and bamboo shoots
growing or any still sphere circumferating
the technique of great oil painting or
oil raining on volvelles rotating.

to develop a smooth voice gargle Joyce
and never talk to anyone who has read him
prescribe chants of wheels turning, siphon
crooners, swallow flamenco guitars, drink
beings, gurgle mud and vomit velvet gravel
like Etta James in front of an empty Scotch bottle
smooth out grits with some fresh-churned butter.

to develop a smooth hand play violin and hold
your breath in your hand while sticking your fist
out of the sedan window at seventy miles per hour
and play like your hand is an airplane-bird when
you are ready to breathe again and learn the calligraphy
of trees or run your palms across balls of bread-dough
or stroke the neck of a sweaty horse or touch
a cloud's broken hip after the surgery of the wind
or just take up leather-working?

to develop a smooth mind, touch your ideas
to yourself, over and over (of course, you have
no choice in this) because erosion will finish off your perfect edge

Advice to young poets from a 23-year old stock-clerk

Make no excuses for not being renowned.

Avoid all media-art unless it is parasitic.

Avoid rehab clinics, mirrors, unemployment offices, and, despite Bohemian cliché's, also avoid coffee, or anywhere where they call themselves barristas. All these things will make your hairline recede.

Avoid macrobiotics, health spas, hospital cafeterias, and shopping malls (unless there is an adequate arcade there).

Visit airports, landfills, foreclosed factories, rooftop observatories, and also avoid myths of immortality in any one certain body.

Embrace disorder. Chaos is only complex order. You will break even, trust me.

We know the zazen of superstring but don't know we know it.

Shiva's dance in the beginning of terror and beauty and she is amped-up on interstellar amphetamines the size of planets.

Avoid saving too much money.

Avoid vending machines, phone-booths, cigarette machines, etc. We sell our lives quarter by quarter.

Be mountains, take root, cut roots, stretch to constellations.

Never take the advice of anyone who claims to be an artist.

Stop reading this. Observe all accidents instead.

Use floss, condoms and spermicide K-Y jelly.

Never fuck a murderer's boyfriend or girlfriend, even if the perp is in prison.

Read Miller, Camus, Whitman, Berryman, Goethe (preferably in German), Strand, Kerouack, Bowles, Crane, Bukowski, Trochi, the Bible (with scrutiny), Machiavelli, Breton, Rimbaud, Burroughs, Snyder, Li Po, Sol Neely, Ginsberg, Stevens, Yeats, Keats, Merwin, Ashbery, Pen Warren, Chomsky, Wright, Levertov, etc. I must stop.

Never take yourself too seriously. This world needs a cosmic chiropractor, a Valium the size of Venus, a good night in a cheap supernova hotel with that pimp God's light-whore daughters the Pleiades.

Attempt oils or watercolors. If you are a painter, attempt poetry and vice versa. I personally paint naked in front of bay windows singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic with my magenta penis, neon nipples and dreams of fucking Sophia Loren somewhere in Venice.

If you haven't started smoking yet, then don't. If you have, then two packs of Camel Filters a day.

Remember every love and every touch as if they were crystallized across your flesh, as if every fingertip caress and kiss was an enmeshed braid of breaths leaving new birthmarks across your body. Your job

as a lover is to take pain and make it beautiful. Let the sighs rise
and fall in ecstasy under the sheetrock ceilings.

The poet is the divine bulimic, you must gorge yourself on experience and vomit up
the pulp, the part and parcel of a chewed soul, the blood and guts splattered
on a scroll of skin for everyone, the poet, the divine whore to experience.

My advice to you is to paint dark voodoo moons under your eyes with long nights.

My advice is to wait for the chariots in cloud-fall to stab you down upon your own
gutturals as your holy jawbone is crushed into fragmented smiles that will
fossilize and your soul will light the planet like toxic waste in burning
stinking piles and pyres under foxfire leaving effigies of what it is to live
authentically.

As far as beer goes, just once buy a \$5 12-pack of Shaefer's and drink it in one sitting
and when it is time, go and vomit and read your bile fractals like tea leaves
to prophesy the next 12-pack or case.

As far as drug use or abuse is concerned, my only comment for now is this:
never drink a 16 oz. bottle of Robitussin just for fun, y'know, for kicks.

As far as music, here's a short list: Tom Waits, The Clash, Mozart, Ellington,
Coltrane,

Robert Johnson, Swervedriver, Helium, Miles Davis, Fugazi, Winton
Marsalis,

P-Funk, Galaxy 500, Elvis, Waylon Jennings, Beethoven, Django, etc., before
I go on all day.

Be an allagardo as you go, spreading out, embracing you, never stop the epic, never
stop your continuous scrawl.

Now I must go; I have a truck to unload.

NOTEBOOKS OF PRIAPUS GHETTO PRIAPUS

Brookwood apartments, Carrollton, GA.

1. Dry County

Larger than life
I walk through the ghetto
on a Sunday where wine
is prohibited
past emaciated winos
with a pink backpack
and an un-ashamed open bottle
of apple juice.

The Cactus

There is one huge one
in the center of this complex
on the only patch of worn grass.
The estranged Mexicans
play volleyball around it.
Breton sits by me on the balcony.
Then he sits in trees above the cactus.
These are the happiest men in the world.
I have B.B. King on one cassette tape.
This world of backwards conquistadors
on Saturday afternoons.
And if it rains, they are off that day,
except for the kitchen guys, but they bring home
chicken fingers, hot wings, jalapenos.
How do we all still have
American Dreams
dancing around a net after a ball
as the cactus waits to draw blood
from brown skin and hearty laughter?

Punched Out

Cut right down like so many second-hand gunfighters

like a stalk of sugar cane challenging a rabid machete
I was chipped away and tossed like chaff like a cheap salute
at breakfast and I drug knuckles and ass away from asphalt
and at the time as the fists flew and I saw lights, I had no idea
I'd fall in love with your sister in a country ten thousand miles
away from here in fifteen years under a tree bearing breadfruit

The Conspiracy

we've been gathering in the sewers
soldering skewers under city utilities
carving initials into cultures that will reap profits
perfecting methods of torturing ourselves
with sharp implements of romantic impalements
we dug the ditch and tossed manuscripts in it
and then dived into words with our tetanus bayonets
and in cliché rooms the lightbulbs swing during questionings
and we tell the absolute truths of our fathers and mothers
without provocation or prompting
just to get out of doing a little time

5. The Rent

I give a guy cash.
He doesn't kick me out.
As far as I know he never pays rent.
Who is this guy
whose razors I use?
This guy whose socks I wear to work.

Another Trip

Anti-gravity is the only place
where the shit never hits the fan.
Who would live forever in outer-space?
The corporate red-tape unravels
into black holes for eternities.
We sit with half-naked, half-starved
ravers with tabs on our tongues
and persistent ideas of carpets and wallpapers.
I want a beat I can focus on beyond
the lousy sound-byte. A new dictionary

will be written tonight; we have work
or class or crime in the morning
but endless metabolisms to satisfy

Pay-stubs

My last paycheck flies
out of a bus-window
as a receipt tossed
by my murderer
who needed America
more than me
enough to kill me
he is going home
to see his mother
and some other paycheck
will one day send him
back to his own maker

Spigot in a Maple Tree

poems are a slow
perpetual tap
a drip of amber
honey-like
spittle

a gallon milk-jug
twined to a tree-trunk
later pouring something sweet
on some hotcakes

Efficiency/Economy Apt.

I have seen the dancers
testing themselves
stretching their limbs
like a child tests
a rubber-band.

I have observed
the exquisite chin
of the violin

prodigy.

I have eaten the paint
of the master-piece
puzzle. My mouth
is sticky and should be muzzled.

I have cable. I have designs.
It rains on the cast-iron railings outside.
I will fill this theme-book before dawn
with this bottle and the insane TV on.

Pretend Viking Stoned And Biking

No one knows I have this psychic ray-gun. No one saw
the tigers trying to maim me in the parking lot as my bicycle
silver-sickled across and my zebra-stripes congealed and
manifested into a black blur and then the birds of prey approached
and the cat-and-dog-rain of oil-slicks pounded the pavement
and demons of cops played in their wild gravities of lead tickets
and from behind the sun came a plague of radiation and then
I slipped a gear on the pothole and the locust cloud got closer
and the Gestapo had the trees trained to attack with propaganda
and toxic geysers blasts of bad karma but I am the brother of
the Silver Surfer and on my handlebars is a basket of lit Maltov
cocktails and Russian curse-words as no other eyes are open to this
decrepit world in my head on this tenement terrain and no one else seems
to notice this obvious
phenomena.

“Esta mucha mota,” says volleyball Chavo as I wreck into the cactus.

Dirty Sex By Myself

And I wiped off my groin
with a towel
like hard rain
on a locomotive.

I looked into the mirror and smiled.
Washed my hands half-assed.
Walked to work, joyously defiled.

I am now allowed
to write every insignificant act
Defiant against all
with the bets off and the odds all stacked.

Grub and Sulfur

two hard-boiled eggs
at 1:06 a.m.
the first food anyone has seen in days
the infomercial babe
may as well talk all night
with the volume muted and the highway
outside the open windows consistent

Homeopathic Tidbit

dirty laundry for makeshift furniture
(you don't want my advice)
a love that is spent, a cosmic experiment
is in my device, this prize I devise
ultracide and burmide trouble
and I am breaking open the gestation jars
just because
and these are my worst creations in their fluids
and I would play harmonics on a deer's spine
and congas on rusting cars
and I would crack the skull of the Cronus-mind
and eat star-dust and world-excrement
like mushrooms before the amphitheater concert
because I ride the pipeline of a thrice-used soul
shitting itself into agreed-upon toilet limbo's
as lost pilgrims try to build what icons they can
with what materials are available
I laugh hysterically at my own attempts
to erect libidos on white paper shed from tree bark

there's no more ammo, no more beans
I race to the horizon or the hospital
on a mutated camel's back and on makeshift bikes
and I am tumored and tired and happy and homeopathic
and I am wiry and radioactivated

I am sitting on wet towels piled by a closet
writing of diseases I have hoped not to have yet

Dead Wino Gravity

these are dried ghost-town whorehouses
the saloon sign half-dangling in the wind
these are tumbleweed racetracks
these are halfway houses in hell
these are heartbreak motels
these are stucco-ghettos
these are hardwood floors with fleas
these are a punk's scraped knees
and falling-down hoods
wrecking balls and dead strip-malls
one dollar a lot is the going rate
there is one tree in the center of the rusty playground
and there is one dead wino there holding a broken bottle
and his body never rots, it just waits
for the swingsets to once again fill

The Grindstone and its Lie

I conned the icon into being me for a day.
The pages of the atlas Atlas turned to reveal planets
he had never lifted and I took the six golden apples
as he pontificated and ate them, saved the seeds and planted them.
He was not pleased, but, until armageddon where could he go?
They would grow into rooted worlds. More to be heralded.
The globe grinds against his forehead as he holds it
and he grits his teeth with my name every time I punch the clock
(there is always that quiet hunger behind you at the time-clock).
Only I think of tricking Greek gods while unloading fertilizer trucks.

Tornado Watching

tornado watching
my fear abating
the radio gives its emergency tone
I am alone wearing
insomnia's sunglasses
this landscape of the somnambulist

awaiting the sirens of ambulances
with my Don Quixote lance
as I crouch between the Land of light
which is a river
and the Land of night
which is an ocean
and spiders are my eyes
spinning Mr. sandman webbing's
fenced in by crow's feet
and bloodshot and open like
the doors to some weary public transit terminal
I am buzzing--existence has a texture
of polyurethane stockings
all during this tornado warning
and broken birds are my feet
in a warm water basin at bed's edge
full of Epson salts as I imagine
salt-spray rain on the square
and insect armies clattering down the streets
wary of storms carrying dead
grasshopper and June-bug chunks
neatly portioned in a surreal symphony
of legs being carried by six-legged creatures
I assume that at any time
I can turn the news into a 2:00 a.m. Classical music jaunt
and there are so many talented people out there
all tabula rasa to me during an impending natural disaster
from the radio as lightning makes a crackled oblivion
of its signals
I would love to be the deejay tonight
the ceiling is leaking now a bit in the efficiency
I ponder whether to pick at a pimple
what I was doing when this poem came on
and anyway
where did this poem find time
between my birth, these storms
and the setting of the world's alarms?

17. comrads

I'm barefoot and evil
in a motel
and the doormen

aren't playing Scrabble
and someone screams
ambiguous at me
as I
piss in the pool
that hasn't been cleansed
even longer than me
and my poetry sounds no good
to guit-fiddle
and my love is paying a tab
and I think I'll die soon
but the truth is
I'll outlive all my friends

Shelton's got company

watch that contracting porcelain
bathroom grid. it will cut you, kid.

it's time to slow down a bit. I am
sleeping in someone's bathtub again.

clutching a couch-cushion smelling
of ashtrays and my cockroach fear overcome

by LSD bravado. I have decided that roaches
are all of the useless facts come to life. I love

to leave poison on my eyelids and let them die
as I sleep. leaving dreams on the quieted

lightbulbs like blankets over birdcages.
the floor is hard as the walls and the cast-iron

railings stalwart on the prohibited balconies.
we fantasize about swimming pools whereas

others more privileged fantasize about
swimming pools full of scantily clad infidelities.

how many times this year would I have sucked
an exhaust pipe in broad daylight for a cheeseburger?

life is hard, but, can you imagine all of this
without the indoor plumbing and the basin

that I am now reclining in? dream of empty king-sized
beds, of winebottles just popped and of empathetic stars

your very own box of springs and no one puking
in the kitchen. maybe even dream of a companion.

but not someone else's discarded things as your only cushion
wide awake in a bathtub at Brookwood apartments trippin'

juggler's wish

I can hold all
of my desires in
one hand, and
 when it comes to this
 I am the juggler's wish.

There are two bubbles
there, cast inside
the marble, or two lovers
 captured forever
 in exquisite oil paints.

I want to know
the Rosetta stone
in the center of every bone.
The lore of every pore.
 Your maddening core.
 I bind myself to you.

With Rimbaud's ribbons
and screaming gibbons
with lightning and squalls
 I will hold onto
 The sinking anchor you.

Fold me away
keep me in your dry reply
lie me down in the crease
 between two pages
 where your perfect poem is.

Place me
in the hope-chest
the top drawer
 I will stay wrapped in
 your blue negligee' skin.

Harlequin end this ceaseless

juggling. I am no hooligan;
you are no nunnery begotten.
 We should settle-up.
 A slut deserves a slut.

conception and reasons

Born from a bottle, from a couple of ludes, a ruptured condom, one too many
 bourbons, some misplaced estrogen, a gourmet meal and chick-flick,
 doubtfully a night at the symphony, a couch or convenient closet,
 a forest clearing after hay-ride, too many or not enough hours of
 existential conversation for this shotgun wedding

It was the Devil's music, I think. It was MTV.

I don't suppose that
 poetry, death-threats, boredom, lust for boredom, boring lust
 moonlight or musk, pheromones or angeldust, promise or a prostitute
 or the resent of prior parents with trophy cases shattered in

tornadoes

 or the summertime and the sea had anything to do with the birth
of either of you or millions of us or me.

skating towards skewers

you realize you will stop at nothing and then
you realize what will you do as a viable

and the comet loves its idiom
on and on that purge of purgers

and wonder can't be rewound
and what if this was the only disclosure?

when you came out bloody and purple
you signed too many disclaimers

we are the earth, sure, dust
is always better in your eyes
that in your way while trying
to surmise that after impact
an explosion will follow
you are shameless enough to
fool with special effects like this
improbability has been insulted
the spokes of bikes spiral a music
its symmetries wheel in the blur-form
this hopefully is the last ramp, the last
swimming pool, the last duel of Newtonian

apples on my knees of pus.
but momentum will free you--you will use it up you.

you are fuel. that is all. learn to fossil well.

you want transaction not compound you want
experiment not element you want
burn not scarred tissue you want
collision not atoms you want
pre-eminent verb rather than
a poem realizing you want

stopping at nothing

the lady with the backwards foot

This David Lynch town like this moment.
My friend Daniel Thompkins once told me
about the vagrant dressing open gummas
like red plague syphilis at the foot of a scaffolding
between two skyscrapers where a Gothic cathedral
was being repaired he said:
New York City New York City New York City.

But here, in Carrollton, Georgia
the lady with the backwards foot is still an oddity.
She drinks Miller High Lifes on South Street
as her estranged daughter searches the streets for her drugs.

I was with a friend who fell in love with the daughter
of the lady with the backwards foot.
Really, he was a friend; he lived behind
the video-rental place that I lived behind once.

When she opened the door she fell down the stairs.
The door opened and there she was, bloody contorted
ankle. She said the Bic lighter and Camels
were upstairs in the bedroom. I said sure.
Opening the door there was almost a mannequin
factory of assorted canes and prosthesis.

There were those prints you can get
of those pre-Raphaelite cherubs
framed against wild analogues
of crutches leaning against walls
and in one corner was a folded easel.

I held the cold Miller High Life
up to her ankle and I didn't know where her daughter was.
Daniel could not become the son of someone
who'd fall down a duplex staircase and break a bone
on her only leg just to answer a door.

She had a scarecrow smile all the while refusing ambulances.
I left there with this poem and will never get over it.

why's will break the wings

I grab my coat

evac. out into rain
and there every puddle
knows my name
my face held in their
lamplit palms.

The blue sidewalks
in eldritch sparkles
stern and moonspecial
infinitesimal dimples
faces in the planted
tracks of squares.

Up to the opaque fog
of windows and from gutters
and manholes and behind
melon-heads in hoods
kissed by winds that ain't
gots no bashfulness.

I know that thrown stones
will not crack the sky
even on the wings of whirlwind
and why. And why fallen stars
heal into angels is it is
not to know but to feel
birds fly and this is real
empirically birds do fly
and the science of wings
of aviating the how and why
skinning a sky with leather
and crude frames, devices
hardly more than windmills
as the bird's reply whippoorwills

I am
because I have

I fly
always been
flying

Mickey's malts

let me emblem let me atom
I will assemble asymptotes
in tote-bags and cut-throat sacks
to slice out moats with verbiage spoons
under moons of undone straitjackets
and no straight man got the jokes right
with the best supporting skin of oscar
and the dance around the sun was bustier
than any dire straits that my income
even anticipated a film of emblem on
this is a harried aphasiac wilderness

I have several mouths to feed across
my body so leave me my alter-egos
caught in nets and nipping at net-worth
I should have been a stuntman for another's
imagination but when mom smiles
I crash the cars for gods and americas

there aren't mini-dramas in the candyshops
those fists break the jars and undulums or urns of sums
no fates, no furies, no cheats gonna carpetbag
my only utilities of hot air balloons trapped
in hot water heaters, hey get your own patents
mine are dysfunctional and late on payments

no beachhead gangster establishing native-american
gamboling institution is gonna limousine me out of the
blackjack jackpot cause I planet I rocket I comet
in my own movies of spiritual porn and the most pornographic
thing about me in today's society is that no one
would ever think of making my life into a movie

VW-bus

you were sudden impact bullet left me reeling
I'd retaliate

like savvy seasoned gunfighter like grubby second-grader
I'd retaliate

I've a handful of earthworms for firearms I've got bait
on your oily cheeks

unashamed of blatantly under-developed glands while
I'd retaliate

while standing attention at arena-style rock-bands god bless
this country

and I'd retaliate sit and savor the ricochet of that passion
I'd retaliate

like a country full of empty houses with no military and
a poor economy

I'd drive to a wax-museum and a whorehouse and a casino
I'd retaliate

against these echoes frozen stiff truths you never would say
I'd retaliate

starched are my methods and they are cruel and crude we
cut off heads

and I love you and we have the college fund and we make movies
I'd retaliate

this is a promenade placarded on a placard

sex toys

your post-punk panties persistently pressing against my place of business
your post-apocalyptic pelvis and what kind of luck is this body language
of no salvage just chain this whip that bleed me precisely as instructed
we share fetish garters of asphyxiation and aspiration to owning
this penthouse skyline fucking sunsets through pubes of smog and cumming
the television stars of America's nights but metaphysics is a comedy
of meteorologists and this is a storm of amyl nitrate and turn up the discovery
channel because I am sure those lions are all androids and clones but that
doe do like real devoured meat and after we are finished we will watch
drunken Cajun chefs and banal late-night top-ten lists but first I pull off
these panties of my ruin and throw empty liquor bottles all over the room
and over the balcony like evil piniatas falling bursting neon signs in streets
from this paradise as i rip off your blindfold and corset and the parakeet
screams from the closet your secret and you knew you shouldn't have brought it
and the bathroom and the razors and the creams you packed and unguents
smeared across us and finally I make it down to the pure you eye to eye
in the middle of all of the appendages and apparatus we are finally human
in our rutting

correspondence curse

I sold my soul to the black market
a most precious commodity
in order to receive a ticket to Paradise
but, apparently, and what I learned later was
that the only ticket I had needed was my soul itself
and I had been fooled by someone's sweet ass
and sweet tongue-lashings, sucker for a fast talker
and even consider myself to be one.

And these are my hopes, a bit deadened.
This is my next stamped self-addressed envelope.
These are my dead deeds, these hopeful yet fruitless seeds.
These barren pockets you find in your mailboxes.
These are mine. Diced up eyelids for your foyer earplugs.
These are mine. Never did "lend me your ears" mean so much

decapitalization and death to all fuhrer's. I kill
with every envelope I lick the metaphor-whore of hoppedom.
These are my soul-shoes; strut with them through facilities
of faculty meetings. This ghost that rips the pages from
your favorite passages. This is my savage naked, war-paint
spearhead, bastard-red, mongrel-hue, igloo-skull bull-scarred,
roadsoul that you can keep in your surreal serial bowl
as the bulkhead crashes through the boundary bound to you.
Reed all doctrines and weep petitions and signatures like soldiers
sign warrants that only time can tell.

No plagiarism in the parole office, only straight stories.

catalyst carwrecks

coasting in Clifford's car classical
tunes creating a calvary effect
as if we were going somewhere of paramount
importance other than a beer-run
to the grocery store but then again
all of our adventures have
a Napoleon complex

today to call the earth deformities
watching colonies from the curb
build hills of ashes to ashes and cash to cash
red hills built by little red men
that die in the red and bleed life again
landscaping a garden
of tar and tin cans

who gave birth to the Tragic Muse?
I am not mythically familiar
although I must be in the family
was it the goddess Catalyst?
and why do I write this
while Clifford gets the cases
of miniature muses we will cannibalize?

prime movers are kamikazes
never satisfied with sacrifice
they find happiness in ending their lives
in it.

this is why a car will always crash
when given a chance
for it is always driven by
unknown forces on highways

wheel and combustion
he who dies last fails at being
the most hedonistic intellectual
and then the existentialists live forever
bungee-jumping at resorts
this life is a sleepy game of chess
of drunkards holding atom bombs
and everything was
a born embalmed already stalemate

If you are not on the edge
then you are probably being cut by it
to fit into
edge's
myriad definitions

There is no such thing as a suicidal ant
There is no such thing as a heroic ant
We die in the red and bleed again
There is no such thing

as suicidal life
as heroic life
there is only blood,

but I digress, for now; all that there is
is me and Clifford and Jennifer and good conversation
going to Kroger for beer and food and wine
and I have new guitar strings and two days off
and this notebook heavy as a crashed plane
and weightless as the buzz I am gonna get
tonight

time to rob a city of its lights

what I have always wanted to steal from you is your oblivion, fair city.
authentic city, you are my chaos of restaurants. I slaketh you to lie down
in red and green traffic lights. you are the Golgotha of my compression
and coercion of immersion ethnic brothels huddled-up in elevators with cudgels
and I guess that the best invention was glass until the window-washer came
but I would like to parachute through your illegal airspace tonight
for you have drugged me into driving to the edges of everything for drugs
and this final epochpolis of wondrous apocalypse written on every face of grit
and on every vendor's shirt and every marquis as your diaspora of lights
crashes up into its spread womb of a sky and I see the last lamp shoot up
into her universe seconds before my own impact with stealing the wrong light

medicine cabinet litany

morning again always
 a threat not a promise
 of cold sweats which exhibit
 on the passengers waxen faces
 trains cutting time in half precisely
everyone deployed
 to their orbits
red-veined tree photo negatives
 plaster their wet pupils
 fingering the pupas of sleep
 from the crow's feet
and waking to the invading experience

to sleep forever or to be an emperor
never anything desired in between
coffee and cigarette halitosis
beer sweats and melting cosmetics
sweltering cement
omelet's, vitamins, and hair-shavings
in sinks, bad water pressure, attempted cold showers
angel's breath dew and dying weed temperatures
frost-crackles and snapped cursings
the birds' jazz babblings
subterranean bobbles, watercress's, rain-distorted
headlines at kiosks
someone is flossing, someone is making love

the Sun

oranges and purples
some days the sun
and the moon
reside in the same sky
some days the sun is one eye
the moon the other
and I am twilight's brother
and my face the sky-canvas
facing the father omnipotent
who in turn faces the probable allfather
of its existence

ready and waiting losing ten dollar bills at turnpikes
and elevators, back-boned escalators, elephant
street-cars and buses, resurrection motor-bikes wrecking
into vending machines and exploding off with bags of Sour-Cream-&-Onion,
Salt & Vinegar, Bar-B-Q, Fritos, Pork Skins, chips, thins
everything that crumbs up this dustbin
like my crashing motorcycle fantasies
my hollow-headed but somehow motivated morning
everything in severe transition

how many hairs will I lose today?
will my gums not bleed today?
Will I eat? will it be deposited
on time? will I ever know her?
will I drink? will it get infected?
will the guitar get scratched?

will I write? what about this pimple?
polyps? growths? warts? cancers?
will I ever get it? my hands have thousands
of bloody paper-cuts and I get no mail here
I would stab a fork into God's tenderloins
for a day off and a car with a full tank of gas

a mediocrity of universes
a salvation army shed of universes
a post office of universes
a thriftshop of universes
an underneath the Christmas tree universe
a used bookstore of universes
a pocketful of universes the guy whose pockets
are never checked before doing laundry universe

held up to minor holies by jawbone apes
 in tousled houses, cranium columns
 under lives of hair
the city surreal the license plate lingo
 life, the lions, hippos, leopards, crocodiles
behind my sore temples
 I am half-reptile, half-mammal
 a visceral example of a monster
efficiently operating heavy machinery
 pulling down levers with no idea what is being
 activated, set in motion, it all works out
 in the end that never comes

I am captivated pushing all of these buttons yet still nothing is affected

I have always been captivated with this bloody opera of morning

ascend

and all of this
 multi-blazing
and all of the cockroaches craving
under
 extra-curricular concrete
 a stampede for meat
 and all of this
at my feet, I
 pissing in the sink
 only because, unlike toilets
 it is higher than eighteen inches
 from the tile, I am cleaner
faucet's on, all the worlds groaning
 around, and again I
on the brink with a certain gravity (you
know you possess it, while playing with any
object, you believe that you can somehow
balance it, a pencil on its tip, a penny
on a fraction of its circumference, and deep
down each of us assumes we can be that
balance for ourselves, this pain and love fulcrum)
 and I am the missing link
yet I yeti-like try to disavow evolution
 by hiding in the woods
 behind apartment buildings
something other than time it does whisper to us
 I realize this here in the din
 of the street-sweepers
the street-sweepers have a certain whisper
 and all whispers are an ascension
all whispers are, in the end, in the begin
 a soft ascent
 from plaintive lips
 tonight all I need
 is a secret told to me
in the noise of this roach-warren studio efficiency
 one wisp of a voice

one breath lifting the ground
towards my feet

night on the town

materialized on streetlights
black hands fall on secret thighs
torch-jazz melts glass disguise
of cartoon Tracies with no captions
cop-codes like deadbolts break nigger-jargon
nobody left by the pails or tin cans
no sitting by the dock of the bay
caramel, peanuts, Scotch with no ice
insect gladiators with damsels for the prize
napkin truths and digits to death
brawl-room bars for the alcoholic pianos
break through the ice with atmospheric stilettos
sub-machine gun pill conversation sputters
street-thugs playing Frisbee with manhole covers
naked children of neon climbing telephone poles
the parish of taxes and blood legislation
the meter-maids and their vampiric tendencies
Mafia moles pimps coalitions of hitmen Christopher Walkens
handgun hang-ups no license to kill tonight for NPR
mercy is a secret a kiss and a swill apocalypse
sandwiches and uranium spills slipping into the john
to cut a deal with invisible G-men on the lam
and alley-cats walking upright with top-hats
as blind leg-less veterans beat down Uncle Sam
and dollar bill Washingtons puke green at the pub
waitress with tips great tits or vice versa fills mugs
concrete and newspaper tight and snug

in its black and white modality
I re-button my collar and walk through this theatre
and look back at something sinister in a sidewalk crack
I think of the only Geisha I ever met
and I sigh that the city breathes its filth into me
like the cleanest soul my soul has ever known

NOTEBOOKS OF PRIAPUS THE DIMINUTIVE MEDITATIONS

manifesto

how many poems did you lose today?

I did not lose this one.

Errol Flynn's

greatest sin was autobiography

uzi

A thorn is in its paw.
There's the poet with an agenda
named America with
an emblazoned pudenda
on an ad-spread
and there is an uzi
held to a celebrity's head
reciting reciting reciting

bats

haiku

ethics

I dreamt I'd found a book of my own poetry
in the drawer of a bureau in a hotel
and my father was there and he
did not speak.

I read the book in the dream.
I had written my masterpiece.

shadow's mirror is stone.
mirror's mirror is soul.

stars
are a perfect
one thing sung.

we fall clean as a wheel over itself
and over again like a fortune.

through the heavens I held a mirror
and the faces of gods were civilizations

of myself
I was assured of my form
a pauper of starlight
a stone associated with a shadow-city

through the heavens I held a mirror
and once I saw myself

as a civilization of mirrors

shaving

as I was reading the poems
the poet in question his voice I hearing
was bitching about shaving

and so, I got out of the goodwill loveseat
and went to the mirror medicine cabinet
grabbed a cheap disposable razor

and shaved sharp like a line that reminded me to do so

I read too much and get small cuts
I should just write and grow a beard

blood

blood is a whore
she gives as much to Death
as she gives to Life

she can't help
herself

glass

after we made love
you got glass in your feet
on the way to the sink
the brittle vials of orgasms
must've crystallized
laughter and mirror-shards
I am awed, here, picking
splinters from your wounds
with tweezers is so much more
exotic than making love to you
and you look into my eyes
pleased

asterisk

a star
is always
starving

of itself
wings beating
incredulous

a star because
it was and always
is—it knows no better, no else

Jain

1

A louse or a flea
may attempt to bite me
but I will not harm them

and so they fall out
of the karma tree (as I climb)

hitting every limb

2

nonviolence to heaven through the body

ahimsa to akasa through the jina

it is not so hard for an american to become
enlightened stop trying so hard american

in any language the ohm is inviting

ahimsa to akasa through the jina
nonviolence to heaven through the body

in the meditation I found my jawbone was a rung
of my golden ladder, my perfect poem

was absolute stillness of jawbone
I will ascend my silences and write later psalms

3

ahimsa to akasa through the jina

I starve to not attack

gentleness to purity through the self, the body

Grace is all I lack

man

I know the Paris of Henry Miller.
This citadel of the heart and mind.
A depraved paradise here dozing
off in high tide as my wallet and ID
floating out to a pacified sea
and I see the ramparts there and am not
scared, up to my neck in a huge manuscript
waves of it, how do you swim in the depths
of genius? words accumulating? how do you
surf the battlements of surf and dart
around the arrows of debris and cursed
salt-spray in the melee of reading
a mind that your mind could not assuage
you say take me into your debauchery
and I will ocean to you in mine.

ditches

born with a shovel
dug down to a hell
of shovel-forgers
I wave my arm in the air
digging a ditch there
blistered palms and alms
in this plowed field
troweled about my vicinity
I plant word seeds
small podlings for a rain
harvesting here in the garden
of fever and imagination
where a rose of Blake
cuts you at the time clock
and a worm leads you
back to your hovel and toolshed
I can see them there
plowed rows in air
and the foliage of tongues
twisting our histories

icebox

I suddenly aware
of the upright coffin

sapling

I am a sapling grafted
to the World Tree
trying to write seed remnants
turning over dead leaves
would be like
windows breaking

flowercutting

A flower can cut a soul
did you know

a soul can cut a dream
like tin can lid

a dream can cut the finger
of a god, a nail can pierce

time's fabric
bleeding a world unwoven

that the blood of a world
is souls is flowers is gods

gold in blood
working the metals out

do you know the exquisite
incest of cutting flowers?

dancing

I danced with karma
but was a poor dancer.
I kept stepping on her toes.
But, close to my neck, in my ear, she said,
“I kiss your ears now, but
you will kiss my toes later.”

Suddenly I became an incredible dancer.

ghost

a fingernail
etching
a
whispering

panel

Christian god looked at my soul and said,
“Such beauty is not without consequence.”

Buddhist god looked at my soul and said,
“Such beauty has its own balance.”

Hindu god looked at my soul and said,
“Such beauty is cast against Shiva’s past.”

The philosophers looked at my soul and said,
“Yes. Exist.”

The world looked upon my soul and said,
“Lie down on me and with my sisters the dustclouds.”

I looked across the earth and said to her,
“As beautiful as ever, I will be with thee never.”

I then looked upon myself and said,
“I will take out these eyes, and with these ashes,

I will seed the sea that hosts no life, my soul.”

coiled

there is an angel
curved within
the blade
of the scythe
and vice-versa
the devil is
pre-cursor to all
angels in this life

sink

won't stop dripping.

sad candles
and
angels
all fall
into drains
eventually.

charm

Let your wish
be a kiss
from a god's clan.

Let your mouth
be the dream
of a painter
breathing poetry
on a beach.

Let your arms be
languid words

of a language strong
and alien to you.

Let your breasts
be the souls of trees.
Your cheeks be strong color.

Let your hands be
the dried wings of angels.
Let them be snakeskins
found on a highway
in Iowa.

Let your heart
be an earth's center
or a heart equivocal.

Let your love
be a patchwork quilt
that wilts from use
in the change
that will wilt all of us

genesis

I can almost trace myself
back to the title but not
as far as the vision, the
precognition (I cannot
imagine the face of the
technician). Backwards
and upwards before the
ink has had time to dry
defying gravity, sliding
into the smooth warm cylinder
supported by the white-knuckled
prickly-pink fingers
of the Creator

dive

I sky-died.
I deep-sea-died.

I cliff-died.
I high-died.
in the local street-level dive.

I lived short.
I broke my cue-stick.
with no retort
a stone fist broke my nose
against broken promises

on film they caught my last Dada stunt
on film I was drunk

yet for once perfection was not social
in the dive

rain-dance

Kachina doll
starts to crawl
across the plain

of brain

I snake-dance
and wet my pants
instead of bringing rain.

Peyote-puke
and mescal-burp
sieve in into the sand

an Iroquois
I met that day
he bled into my hand

papercut

a blade of grass
papercut my iris.

finding treasure
in the detritus.

naming each blade of grass.
every name the same in the hum

of the always and ever.
every word irreconcilable,

inane, spectacular.
I should not look so close for the forever.

Green on the greens—a spectral papyrus

Icarus

No wings of man
ever fastened together
will ever achieve
the aerodynamic eloquence
of a feather.

I can hold things
until they take the shapes
of my hands.
I hold birds and I start to shake.
Their hearts are connected
directly to their eyeballs.

The most paranoid creatures alive.

A beautiful naked cry
searing the wax from crude
implements of forefathers
flying up out of the ink
without apparatus

just pure spirit
of the youth you should
be reminded of:
bird-flight
is your mind and song is in your wing

swarming

stars abort elements
that could
shit is plant-food
that could
love is a simple gate
that could
divinity is shattered open
we could have slipped through

paths of wind and glass
over the overpass
that could
tornadoes are autumns
that could
trees that practice laughs
are devils that could
be the maelstrom who

is a heart that could
universe implode
is a could happen
all maybe of ultimates
arms and alms and
the parade of additions
yawns and cairns

and the yawning satisfaction

the necessity and essence
that could
the blatant unimaginative travel
that could
reveal & revel in revelation
that could
epiphany or epithet
clock of dogma set

into stone that could
become unmediated orgy
of anything as ants sigh
as the hill gets stepped on

those sighs amidst
of the swarming

physics

I try to levitate
pulling up hard
on my own long hair

(that's how heaven
will get the Rastafarians there
the savior swooping down for dreadlocks
pulling up on a spiritual net)

but my hair rips out
too easily
in this quantum
impossibility

fie on you

air-dwellers
and over-writers
of physics

poem

in writing one
I want what happens
when a flower
makes slow love
to a stone

Siddhartha

*“He was animal, carcass, stone, wood, water,
and each time he reawakened”*

Herman Hesse

animal carcass wood stone
soul, the wave, the waters

animal carcass wood stone
soul became the daughter

animal carcass wood stone
and mated with the waters

animal carcass wood stone
bird beast fish men came thereafter

animal carcass wood stone
the inanimate houses the soul's laughter

herald

a woman
is always
an omen
but of what
sometimes

I am not
quite sure

moon

the moon once dreamed
an astronaut
now the moon thinks
that the flag has always been there
the moon has forgotten its dreams

poetry

is knowing
the pain but making
it beautiful and demon
stratifying so completely
futile so that all absorbs
or all absorb the crucial
crucible, the beautiful
and soul-audible demon

it is hearing the scream
and still screaming

memory

the ocean had amnesia
so we showed it its smallest shell

satellite

I am to crash myself
into the very face of
God the only human

Planet

doors

I am in a hall of doors.

I am no longer a virgin of anything.

I have no need of opening.

The hall of doors is the room I live in.

The room to all rooms never needing

to be opened.

plot

I will warn you against the plot:

A satellite already wrote it
and transmitted it to you
all while photographing you
writing it

voodoo

your words the only necklace I wear

and a knot in my throat saying your name

epiphany

there is nothing
like the smell
of the burnt hair
of realization

time

it is not the snake that eats its own tail
it is the Gila monster that eats its own tail
no single strike, a slow, capillary secretion
into the self-continuum circulates the venom
the morphology of the egg into the mouth
that would poison it, the totem and chevron
of the universe desert, the spine marked
sure and defiant and concentric, cyclic

loupgarou

poetry is acute lycanthropy
as Rimbaud well knew
you may call me
Lycaon

turned into a wolf
for serving human flesh,
my own flesh and blood
to God

definition

the definition of a poet:
the painter is blind.

subterfuge

like a moth with one wing pinned
under the light

faking it
not pinned
down at all

moai

I will look

towards the sea
forever too

protection

I sit here in the city
with paintings worth hanging
and a bloody claw-hammer

splinter

why does this splinter hurt so?
She said, "because
it does not belong there."

requiem

the poor bastard
died in a complication
of Christmas lights

voyage

we've embarked through a citadel
of icebergs and esplanades of slush
past exotic beasts soon to be seen on TV
a Sargasso of clinking bottles
a doldrums of a landfill
it stinks and we drink not talk
every bottle we have discarded
had a desperate secret in it
three are no pages in my machine
there are no books
that I will open in order
to make a note on a frontispiece
the cover of any handbook
is an old woman's hand
if the handbook has been carried
by a young man.
I will write upon this

leather
when a note needs to be written
after what I have just uttered.
I am writin'

flask

steel flask, tinfoil snow.
dead auto, sore intentions.
hitchhiked to town; I 'm wary of it.
shanties and shiv-rooves and gas-pumps.
expired candies, pickled eggs.
Cokes in bottles only. beers in cans only.
strickolean is a new breakfast option.
someone was trampled. a moose came to town
said a headline by the local high-school
football stats. Bears. Tundra
would be a great name for a team I always thought.
whale-oil-lamp. first-aid seen in ages.
kits bleeding worthless kaboodles.
first I'd seen in circadians, a lamp.
safety is a dream before sunrise's teeth.
peril is sleeping in hotels and not tents
built on spears and teeth of home box offices.
kill all the locals by staring back at them.
or build a church by the Asian massage parlor.
be the pastor the preacher the deacon--

but remember that one can be revived
by a slag from the flask of one's own heart

salt

I paint myself blue. Camouflage
in the sea. Or sky. I wait for the earth-
Aphrodite to resuscitate me, my terra-maid
there I prayed into a shell. A starfish fell.
Captain falls over the rail. I kiss his moon-pail
lips and smell civilization and civil actions.
My soul was black as Haitian just like everyone's soul

before colonization. Eyes are as white as cracked lips.
Fingernails scratch the hulls of hulks of ships.
Paint myself blue and so ensues the dream
of becoming transparent from the apparent. In blues
wipe me off of you when you emerge from the womb.
Me, sea, me, myself, in the foam.

bulimia

The poet is the divine bulimic.
He gorges himself on life and then vomits
aesthetics

to be flushed down editors' toilets
like so many halos
adroit of profit

impetus

I am vassal and vessel to this power
that lures us in and seats us
as are you
and I am content in the audience
awaiting my impetus
even I have always
been engineering this
curtained solace

dada

I am not a Dadaist.

I am an ocelot humping a Jell-O obelisk

cryogenics

a fly frozen in an ice-cube
and we so bored we watch it thaw
and then the fly flies away
before anyone can ask
what the hell a soul is

cobain

you the punk-rock, the voice
of corroding anchors the bleached torn larynx
the nausea the elation the crowds the noise
you opened and left unfinished you poured
wax into the seam and sealed the fate of the canyon
as the pick-up-trucks drove dirt through Washington
state and mudslinging is cheaper than mud-diggers.
White-trash is America's only hope for soul now, these days.
And then it comes out to alternative music.
It all makes it all the same. Gotta sell a CD-Rom to make
a wax LP. You opened your backpack on a star
and a guitar in pain fell out like an accident.
Some will know later why you did this and they
will write legends about courtings and knees skint.
You had a permanent stomach-ache. You ate pop-culture.
What the fuck did you expect?
You always wrote and played that you expected it.
You had jeans and tennis-shoes on in the last shot I saw of you.
It haunts my songs and songwritings on the acoustic.
I will draw a shotgun shell on an asshole
and not call it you though I should.

laureate

The greatest poet carries around a huge bag of papers, says
"look at all this work, my work, my life's work!"

His secret is that this magnum opus epic is only several copies
clone to clone of the same poem.

No one ever bothered or cared to investigate this bag of work.
But, everyone wondered why he always carried it.

The poet lived well into his elder years, and the last poem
he ever read, long after his bag had become too heavy to carry

with all of it millions of copies
was the poem

that you are reading now.
the only poem the poet ever wrote.

mandrill

to the mandrill at the Chicago zoo:

Please don't stroke your chin and look at me that way
through this glass cage this glass cage this glass cage

you don't say it but you have it to say

nanotube

A carbon nanotube contains millions of atoms which remain single molecules even though they stretch almost as wide as the period at the end of this sentence.

hypocrite

I don't believe in genetic engineering.

But, clone a mastodon

and I will drive 3,000 miles
in a Toyota

to see it in person

battle

every poem fights its battle not to be

written to remain unwieldy
crude hieroglyphs of red hair cover my beer-belly
and a Sanskrit of kitchen-scars across my hands
I tie a string of lies to a pole in the center
of a city of crude graphics and bad animation
there are manhole geysers, damage-controllers,
fences made of old lawn-mower blades
made of old starlets and the horse-drawn
carriages are glued-together with the resins of past stallions
and all of us pull off our hoods in the middle of a snowstorm
at the foot of the immense ultratomaton
the Word Itself

secret

I refuse to reveal that secret
You will be shackled to finding it with me
if you take up an oar called love
words let us down like lovers do in the end
because we always expect too much of them
but, what is to be said between two infinite friends
here at the chasm where the world ends
all I can watch is your lips and gesturing hands

jazz

you just imagined horns,
didn't you?

shin

Death is a slow can-opener.
The grating sound of a lifelong stalking.
Like metal on metal, if your will is steel.
I have had broken bones before, also.
Cracked my shin once. It sounds like
a sigh from Death.

moth

I climb the ladder
like a broken-wing moth
clutching the insignia
of a flower.

I am allowed
to focus on the beacon. I have
an eternity to mold my pottery
into the correct example
and maybe it will be preamble
to what vessel I will fill
when I reach the summit
of the celestial hill.

postcard

The sun, the rising eye of the bird
the moon is blue ash, the past
you don't know how good a day was
until it is your last.

The winds can tear the angry man
the lonely man the sea.
Spit from the maw of chaos groan
the four winds propel me.

I am stronger than I was only moments ago
I am breath upon blooming breath
shadows long to succubae my chest.

Svengali now and evermore
the arch-duke of myself
you never know the greatest day
until the last night you have left.

torrent

the boy shot an arrow
to kill a cloud
and the arrow speared
the cloud
and never came back down
the boy
then emptied his quiver
and the cloud rained
rained hard arrows down

escargot, for Michael Stipe

stargazers, virtuosos, and voyeurs alike
gardening by flashlight for soiled pleasures,
unearthed more likely with shot-glasses than trowels
among the rare truffles and morels
we are together, we adore mirrors and candles
piers, murders, ghost-tales, chandeliers, scandals
we love those secret initiations and invitations
whether patrons of angels or orphans of demons
still we are the connoisseurs of intricate emotion

historic

every horse that I see
is chained to a cart
every muscle on its body
speared with one thousand spears
and Goya paints the scene
with the skies roiling foul behind him

fletcher

I draw a bullseye on my brow so that I will become a better marksman.

origami

origami-man does not write;
he does interesting things with paper.

Rhoecus

promiscuous Rhoecus
was quoted as the first
to say "I was off quicker
than a prom-dress"
in the Hellenistic forest

eye

Beauty
is in the eye
of the
Destroyer

snake

sometimes love does crawl on its belly
the finest rain sleeks rivulets down smooth surfaces
of hardwood trunks and my hair is wet snakes
and I am stripped down dripping on your welcome mat
not to be pat, but down to my wet trunks
from crawling to the door and you consider it

a chore to fetch the last clean towel and waste it
on me for I am a sea voyager back from the trip
to the mailbox and wax is over and the wane
of this galaxy of us with its moons askew and
crawl wet up on you and kiss you I taste like rain
and I am a snake and you are a tree, an asclepius
together, a mythos of oracles, and sometimes love
does crawl on its belly like a rattler must cross
a desert-town steaming highway as the semi rattles past

Tao bowl

I sit
watching
how
beautifully
the ceramic bowl
simply holds
air.

I sit
and perfectly
notice things
here

Leta Ode

We ran to the edge of the reservoir
with sparklers crackling in our hands to see
the woman who had been hurt by a swan
and left on the banks of this Georgia lake.

She was not crying at the blood on her
pale thighs. There was no glory in her shock.
We were young then and impressionable,
but not so appalled to desire her less,

or to desire to be swan-like. Our lights
hissed thrown into the lake. Fireworks
trumpeted above as

our mothers like wasps
swarmed to pull us away from the crime-
scene as behind carnival lights emerged.
An ambulance circling the dark, deep, lake.

scroll

THIS IS MAGIC PAPER
THIS IS MAGIC PAPER
THIS IS MAGIC PAPER

And I am but a man

friends

“let’s just say
that I’m the enemy
of your enemy”

Craig Drennen

noumena

It is easy for me to see how the sky imitates a tree.

And how a tree imitates the noumena of stars.

And stars mimic the phenomena of hands, eyes, mirrors

forced to face the faces of the Diaspora.

And these pilgrimages have unity, like a grail-quest

lighting paths so brightly in discernible differences

gone quicksilver in the gloss of luminance

the domain of this truth is the torch I can’t light

I lose myself in the sea

with the glowing brine of coastal babies in the algae and lucid dreams

of fireflies trapped under an ocean-smoke-screen

archipelago

my soul is an island, fertile, enriched
by alveoli sucking in clean atmosphere
here and my flesh is the tortoise-shell
my body much more home than haven
much more ear than eye, much tongue
tied in noodles around storms in tethers
I let the tongue, the well-pail go down
and crank it back up nuance by nuance
and sometimes its lies dormant in the bottom
my truanicies of slender half-composed romances
and maps show (sometimes) worlds separated by oceans--
it is not true.
the waters connect worlds with beautiful motions

gazelle

black
chisel
chiseled
black

body
from the
Serengeti
jawbone held

to the moon
in anger

luring
a defiance

of shining black
armored ants
standing upright
in their shells

upon
the carcass
of the
fast animal

the antelope

Kepler

Castor, Pollux. Kepler, Fludd.
On which side of the hieroglyph should I stand.
A lounge chair in a morass of seething mathematics.
We could all be crushed by the propensity for the luxury of it.
No grand perfection ever permeated this melon
long enough for honey to dew upon a fortnight's brow.
The tangled vegetation of my lines is kudzu and kitesring.
Again, this strangles the light out of truth.
A processed procession. Magnetism: one micro and one macro
cosmos refusing to align in the cogniscent while
writhing in their orgy all the while eternally.
Castor, Pollux. Kepler, Fludd. Which one are we?

America

Vice

vs.

Visage.

Integrity

on an individual basis.

Money

vs.

Imagination.

Vision on an individual basis.

hang-nail

Earth is God's big toe
and mankind is a hang-nail
as the devil washes his feet
in blood, while smirking
at piles of melting toe-nail clippers

Mathew(16:26)

"For what profit is it to man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?"
For what profit is it to this world if man does not lose his soul to it?

jettisoned

there is a song I hear
of the lost astronaut
playing four-stringed acoustic
guitar in a capsule
floating hopelessly
away

orgasm

sometimes when I come
I quasar a quasi-stellar radio song
a top-forty fathom flying throng

sometimes when I come I supernova
particled light incision into every pour

black moist sparkles pin-pricked alight

sometimes when I come I black hole
engorging to the entropy point lasting
clustered curved infinites, our bodies

racked on the cage of freedom with its gate
slamming open and open loudly and open

premonition

Somehow I know
that there is an
empty Coke bottle
on the surface of the Moon

forks

we are tuning fork souls
with metronomes lost
gnomes of ourselves, slaves
inside of us, as if stuck
in muck at a sea-bottom
we will one day be clicked
on the eternal table to test
our pitch
and the bitch, the gable of
the pearly gates is one mean prude
when you are out of tune
she knows her spherical music
and Peter lets her run the office
for him as he practices his scales

subliminal

this poem is not subliminal

Cormac McCarthy

After reading *Blood Meridian*
I pick ticks off my arms
and puncture them down
into grim poems

deathwish

in a past life I was a tree who wanted to be
a poet.
and now I am a poet who desires to be a tree.
a sycamore or cypress.
I always seem to desire to one or another
of a dying breed.

pussy

I love being lulled
into that universe
like something profane
dropped into a purse

incantation

These words
just froze me
in time.

Read this
aloud to break
the spell.

wind

what is to be said of the wind?
the wind is good at images I said.

the dragon

most of the time
I am the de-clawed one

superstition

The minotaur lost in the garden
won't eat the fruit for fear

of a fable once told to him.

The ponds and fountains
teem with silver fat fish,
also cursed by hearsay.

The minotaur lost in the garden
needlessly starving to death
in the plush, fecund garden.

patience

to be a moon
for a million
millennia

Heidaggers

Somehow
daggers
are sharper
when they
have been
broken.

dialect

I am a phenomena
made up of
my own vocabulary.

I am a word
that I can't pronounce
and that is
my power.

thirsty

I have an insatiable thirst
a curse for the entire universe
drinking it in rapid slurping
sips of verse.

smile

Humans will never be satiated.

Evolution smiles
having the foresight to know

just how much
outdone has outdone itself

life

life, I will kiss you
until the sounds of sirens
quit shifting my sands

maps

like dead kites lie and children too
reclining across landscapes on carpet

in the den, in the begin of something

we will also lie to one another
calling heaven soul of skin
we molt and steam and spin

we cry while we mouthlessly grin
like cartoon mice committing horrible
murders, and our hands are gnarled traps

the forest will hurt forest creatures
what can be said about those torn sails
spread across our tired laps?

like a sheet on a skull that was sculpted,
things must be pulled off fast for effect
and our love is a curtain like that

and our love is a glove, and from it emerges
a foment of want
more flesh more flesh more flesh

I now take the time to apologize
for lacking as much form as Rilke.

erosion

what is the odor of erosion?

bloody wolves' skulls

being circled by wolves

crow

black crow rigid on TV antenna
like a transmission not moving now moving not moving now

Hippolytus

we wheel wave run
into the sea sun season
we shore soar through
battles galore but a bull
will come from the foam
and throw me under loam

leaving dried tokens
of our fever and flight
this sage and papyrus
as desire the horse
is what invented
the first chariot

and that is what it
would be tied to
those hoofbeat hearts
that white-crested chest
that back steamed over
with sweat beads gleaming

those stars, those eyes
ever-separate from the relentless
forward momentum
under these foretold
constellations, this stallion
with limbs like metal

propels Hippolytus
across canyons and chasms
to collide in mid-flight
with youth itself and
to be reincarnated youthfully
into withered flesh

like the spirit of a horse is
and these mustangs
that there will never be enough
names for will create
enough namers of stars
as their legends detonate

pinpoint

in my mind and I try to imagine
the most desolate location on the planet
that a penny is sanguine in

Delacroix

I am that horse in that storm sky

asshole

when I use this word
Spellchecker suggests
Achilles
as a possible alternative

at night

I always achieve flight

footnote:

I never see birds at night

unity

every drop of liquid
on a mountainside
instantly becomes
a snowflake
in uniform choreography
of purest white.

I step out of the blizzard
a new man.

tension

women eat their young
through me
says
Everyman.

men take
my soul from me
says
Everywoman.

give

A poem says to me chanting constantly:

Give me my power.

catalyst

I am a universal hangnail.
And in the wind-scoured world
you call wine my catalyst
as if wind wasn't catalytic
as I stick my toes into it
falling towards a perfect fit

which is your favorite shoes.

cat-eye

there is a point when I assume the cats' eyes

this is when I am most ready for a poem to claw

I know that I live so don't interrupt

I eat eyes ink by word ink

chair

Van Gogh made me want to sit.
There, among swatch-colors.
The cat the pipe and I open
my eyebrows with pliers
as all ships' prows sink
into sunflower fields of brush-strokes
true salt rains on tree corpuscles
and I scorn the ear like I do a whore
I hear our animism hour by hour
the chair gave me perspective
and so I must

make a life as if unto a chair

patriotism

parking meters
have been more important
than flagpoles
for at least

one hundred years now

tongue

you can't go where I've been
and come back
without
words

inspiration

She was so beautiful
so luminous
that she had a special problem.
Every evening, any normal occasion
when she would step out
she would be swarmed
by stricken moths
and so swarmed so was stricken

goggles

the eye word

that sounds like

an ear word

leisure

somebody's out there rich and

 smoking pot

 on a yacht

sharks

two people died that night
two people that I loved
and all I can remember when I heard
was gently lying my guitar
into its plush hard case and fastening
the snaps. three snaps.

(they found
my half-digested guitar
in that shark
that tried to kill me
so my scars are embryos
of new chords)

trains

they should tell us all something
there is evil in every kernel of corn
the Cherokee knew it and they ate it
like a teeth-cleaning ten years too late
the rails keep running and grinding
once I stood back and watched a leviathan
rush by just a few feet back, no, I know
everyone has seen a train, but I watched
the entire thing, front to back, starting up
it was hypnotic, after a while it made no sound
at all, hell, rainforests could have been teeming
in my ears but this was the shit, the most
inefficient exemplar of energy waste ever
so archaic; it made me proud to be human
and through Chicago the train is a whisper

and I was deaf but now I hear and the drama
of the locomotive is the human sharing
the experience with something so huge and
inhuman but made by men who died for it
under its gears and tracks and sweatshops

square

there is one
sidewalk square
on this planet
where
I spraypainted
our love
it is
sacred

in-laws

I was a brother-in-law
to one of the Danaides

and there's just no talking
to those women.

forest

scampering towards a forest
of planted upright
guitars, cellos, mandolins, and banjos
with the intent that I have
I must be the wind made
of melodies as yet unplucked
 a tornado of rococo
 progressive

branches in the strings' thickets

freckle

the one on my left eyelid
 that I can only see
with my right eye while
 my left eye is shut
this salute from one
 visage to its brother
this secret that I keep
 an aesthetic
of what one eye will never
 know of the other
but my sight knows this
 as I think it
and write it and in the mirror
 with one eye closed
see it

disillusion

I said "hacienda"
 then one appeared.
These miracles were commonplace
 but needle-nosed.
We then sat down to discuss
 the deaths of our mothers.
You said "furniture."
 I said "symbiosis."
Once again we were separated
 by oceans.
I fastened my cufflinks while
 readying myself
for another funeral, wedding, another
 bout of seasickness.
The compass lies
 in its readings.
Our magnets only work
 on opposite poles.
I leave the miracle house
 for the efficiency.
I cook on the one stove eye
 and think of you
like my lost car keys before

all the ambulances are
parked in another world.

paradox

the closer to the end of the world we come
the more beautiful we all become
I call this paradoxical acceleration
we are the flowers that disintegrate
before there is time for natural wilt
we leave hints of our scents behind
like a soul caught in a perpetual vacuum of rewind

haiku

the water and rain
turquoise curtain ripping in
the gamboge lightning

alchemist

I am the menagerie the bestiary
open the cages, burn the metals in the cisterns, allegories atomize
from the vapors and after the salts you will have
a pilgrimage, a mass exodus, an avatar
a putrefaction torture, the slaying of a monster,
the shepherd watch, the moon's reflection,
a birth in the night, and you will get yourself
amplified specifically towards lightness

ditto

The last time I sat down to write
 a poem like this
was the first because
 before my actual birth
I had sworn-off impetus
 but I betray myself
like your secret does to us
 whenever you write it
in order to chronicle
 a leviathan of one-ness
we must understand
 our own individual volume
and we learn to swallow it whole
 like a pro
all of it and this is disgusting gore
 but, my edge is lost
by writing this
 it's all anthropomorphic
my fellow savages with letters
 eternal sap
of the world tree
 oils me
 before I power-lift
the last great secret
 in a mis-informed
strongest-man contest
 that no one watches
but one strong hero with pay per view

procession

There are men who kill the sidewalk,
the boardwalk. I've seen 'em.
Those animated lollipops of salt.
Their gait inadequate towards grey gates.
They walk as if trying to eternally
smooth something out. Walking the walk
of fathers before them like shackled urizens.

Exiles within their own three-pieces.
They think that their only weapon
is where they are going, but, it is the rut
of a mortal wound they travel in.

pulse

what we always have been
what we always were and
are. alms, ardor, living lore
are we, my Lord. assuredly
I am never bored. I will give
to you my gravity. I have
no more needs. the meaning
of means, and, as the all
pulls and holds down, I
push constantly up.

hate

you saw my kitestings choking
a bird
and you saw me laughing at it
I was overwhelmed
and had no choice in the next

language-poem

motor pools	motor pools	motor pools
motor pools	motor pools	motor pools
motor pools	motor pools	motor pools

truth

there must be at least one gull
who for lack of better judgement
or instinct begins to fly maniacally
across the Atlantic ocean on an empty stomach
en route to Europe and who knows,
who are we to say, maybe that bird
makes it.

maybe the truth is a variable bullet.

genitalia

woman is Jesus inside out.
man is Jesus-like, willing to sacrifice.
together they are an animal that builds a tree.
and then they write their inside-out
legacies of secular oddysies.

disclaimer

human sound
is a
third world country
colonized
by language
so i attempt
to liberate it
with its own
weaponry

lysergic

frost forcing me across the piano keys cats are screeching
like amphetamine Duke Ellington stoccado rain and you say
you have all my hands a flush and you are hurting me now but
please that was your promise moving to the dark sun your home
your planet and don't fear because they can sense it and you are
tiger-striped and naked by Venetian blinds and you are the
cannibal Queen of Hearts the beast in the desert that Crane met
my candle, my mentor, my carwreck leading towards spiritual
revelation and I have no opportunity for odyssey but this tab

after tabbing but you teach me ecstasy in tiny apartments and
what the ocean and the desert are and what the sky could be
and your lips soft wings and your tongue wind's speech and
the broken sword the waves crashing the crush crushing breaking
me on its wet temporary eyes the amoebae souls sucked by sands
on this beach in this drug are your small perfect hands

bullring

I know they stab the bulls with spears
before they enter the arena.

The poet is the clown, not the wounded bull.
And the heroic matador and stupid steer-rider
are saved by the clown from their mortal terror.

The clown taunts the ragged, tortured death
of himself towards his myth of evading himself.

All of the heroes have been found out.
Now all we have are rodeo clowns.

And they are caught between thousands of years
of bullhorns, made-up smiles, and spears.

novel

when the locomotive airliner eighteen-wheeler tempest
Chicago high-rise atom-bomb detonator faulty rocket-show
hit you broadside all that you had to say was "I remember you, my love."

nothing fools us, does it. so, give me back my special ankh, will ya?
your ocean-liner awaits. it's full of cracked, splintered, broken drumsticks.
you will sail to the island of the lost timpani's. you will die there with honor

years later you will die there commemorated by monuments.
they will play drums stretched from the skins of our past together.
and the calamity that started it all will inspire a nation of demolitions experts.

handfuls

I write a lot of small poems.
They are like a handful of rocks.
And Goliath-bitch, I've got a slingshot.

antenna

on a TV antenna in a college town hung
a pair of lavender panties
like a do not disturb sign on a doorknob
of some lucky knob
and why do hundred-dollar bills migrate
away from me? who made love on that roof
as her parents slept assuredly
and left that cotton flag as proof of some ecstasy
in a terrific majesty being charged
by ions constantly

streetlamp

it was then that every streetlamp bore
the face of a specific demi-god and at first,
we were overwhelmed, but soon, we dealt,
and then we could see in the city, in the dark,
with or without the faithful sentries guarding
and goading us and as heretics we snuffed the lamps out
and each time a light extinguished, a bit of my faith died,
and boy did I like it

magnify

I look at my arm
covered in red and copper hair
and full it is of flowing blood
and I look close and closer and closer

A.I.

Herbert Simon on computers:

“Machines taught us how a mind could be housed in a material body.”

Herbert Simon on artificial intelligence:

“It’s going to be a lot easier to simulate professors than bulldozer drivers.”

Fields of used computers being bulldozed by remote-controlled dozers.

thrash

Bruce Lee Jimi Hendrix
kicking me with music

electrocution and asphyxiation

fast punches of guitar riffs
and hooks like hard kicks

Venus

Venus has phases (Collier’s Encyclopedia, 1970 ed.)

“Note that when the planet is closest to the earth, only its dark side can be seen. For this reason, the closest photographs of Venus show only a thin, but bright, crescent.”

Note that when love is closest to you, only its dark side can be seen. For this reason, the clearest images of love show only a thin, but bright, crescent.

Pollock

sfumato revealed
“general ooga-wooga atmosphere, inner shaman,
antlers, rattle and all”
alfresco
kamikaze paint-bombs
metamorphosis
Number 9A on a Yellow Island with Pasiphae
unprimed canvas of mindshores
choreography
not a painting, something that happened

or just happens
daguerreotype of energy
synergy
vessels of boiling Wyoming
you had to drive
that car that fast
blind drunk
into the canvas vast

drums

at the beach I saw the strangest thing a man
came up to the shoreline with a wooden bucket
and filled it with ocean water to the brim and
the saltwater congealed and became taugt and he
pulled out two worn drumsticks from his pockets
and began to play on it, to play the water in the bucket
like a drum under all of the full moon's kingdom
rattling salamanders out from under boardwalks and
crabs from shallow caverns like a scuttling seraphim
to his rhythm and then he dropped the sticks
and drum and dove into the ocean and was gone
leaving behind his drum, now an empty pail pale
in comparison and I could not get the waters to play
a song of my own for this art was lost to us when
the drummer drowned as the new world ushered
itself in one the insipid tide.

omnipotence

I found myself
having the acute ability
to see
out of all of the eyes of every
or any
random eye
on any piece of American currency
right out of the
e pluribus unum
pyramid eye even
and I observed every transaction
across the globe
with telephoto accuracy
this then is true
omnipotency

sky

the sky is the hardest part
of a puzzle to complete, accepting,
of course, that the jigsawed image
is a pastoral, maybe there's a horse
there, or a barn. All of the shades
of blue and purple, turned over, upside
down on the table. What if the sky
itself was a puzzle and someone saw
the last missing piece lying inconspicuous
and obvious somewhere on the ground
and then added it to the puzzle? Maybe
even completing a summer solstice?
And what if I was holding that particular
piece? What if it was I that was
completing or incompleting the sky?

BANG

I have silver vomit the slivers of comets.
I am parking a car under a constant star.
No ravens on the sconce, no writers in the hull.
No birds to trill an omen at midnight intervals.
No clocks, no pens, no odors or orders. The silence

at the deepest sea-floor that makes no sound
when violence occurs no evidence unless you count
the settling dust. I am the poet of the atom, any
atom. I am the poet of fusion. I am the poet of
what happens when language gives flesh
to grandiose delusions. Resulting beacon
deacon in defcon confusion. Cupping my hand
over my mouth in order to prevent stillborn gods.
One big chunk, one big spew, and then it spits out you.
Another fabmangled universe.

