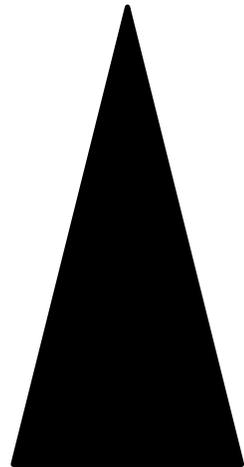




Present Sound, Silent Space

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



Present Sound, Silent Space

Menahem Ali
translated by Matt Alexander H.



Menahem Ali was a Palestinian-Israeli writer who fled to America at the age of 18 during the outbreak of war in 1948. He lived the rest of his life in exile, mostly as a paper-hoarding recluse in Brooklyn, New York before passing away in 2020. He never published a word in his lifetime, but left behind 15 manuscripts handwritten in a creole of Judeo-Arabic Palestinian Hebrew, including thirteen collections of free verse, a study of poverty in America and a surrealist novel.

Matt Alexander H. was born in 1986 in Northampton, Massachusetts by the Holyoke Range and Connecticut River Valley. He was raised in the Atlantic coastal town of Mattapoissett, which, in the Algonquin language, means, “place of rest”. He lives alone by the Sea of Marmara.

Other titles by Menahem Ali at Fictive Press
as translated by Matt Alexander H.

Verse

Cyclical Wordplay
Exotic Settlers
Sketches of Style
district.Columbia
Full Moons and Dawn's Crepuscules
Asemic Man
Regress
Brooklyn Ridge
BiCoastal
Winter Flower
Cairo at 20
Letters of Constantinople

Prose

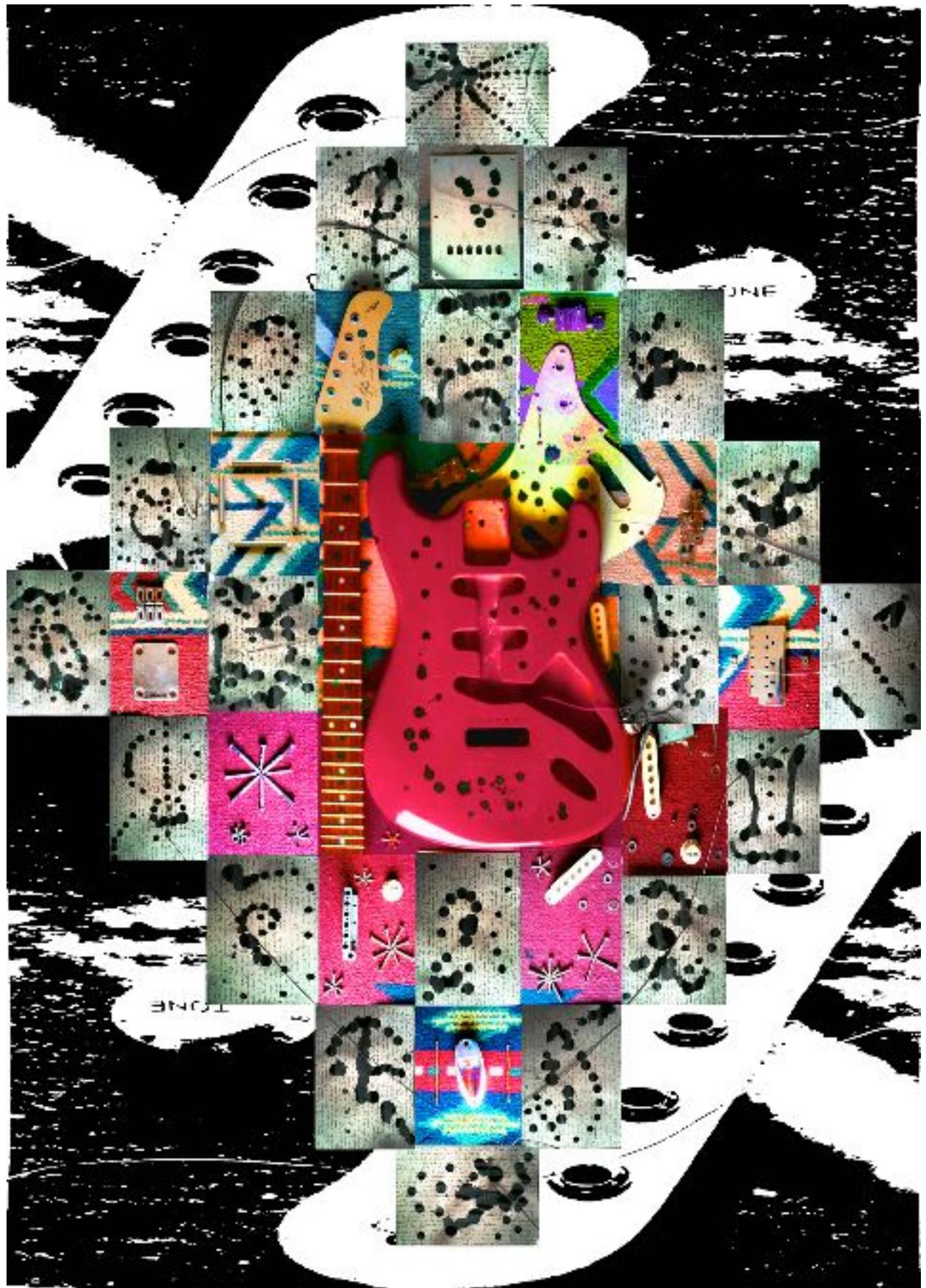
The American Hallucination
Noetic Sojourns

Copyright © 2014, 2021 by Matt Alexander H.

Fictive Press

www.fictivemag.com/press

Logo design by Serra Şensoy



On the Image

Each isolated leaf or page, represents a “present sound” i.e. intentional sound, towards a philosophy of the written word. And “silent space” is the inclusion of the space around each leaf, forming a whole of pieces.

In modern art, forms, as in lines of division, separate life from art, only to dissolve along increasingly finer definitions as the awareness of their inseparability becomes more acute. This approach encompasses the background space as an essential part of the artwork, reflecting the environment and its surroundings, and the creator and their creation as a mutual manifestation.

The dismantled guitar is a representation of improvisational sound, more specifically those sounds that the instrument could have potentially produced had it not been taken apart, or if it were to be reassembled. Similarly, the words on the pages that follow are written as the coherent potency of its symbolic sound, as pearls of the obscured, mystifyingly silent background against the conceptual musical interplay of space.

The color scheme is largely drawn from metallic, antiquated, discolored inspirations on color and texture so as to instill the plethora of literature and music in reference, whether named or not, into one unified, collage-like aesthetic.

The background pits the opposing, mirror image against a colorless mold. The point is to propel the central image towards a vibrant impression, as an emergent force. The action paint and penciled writing on the pages / leaves surface from the façade of creative expression, symbolized by the skeletal rendering of the guitar head. It is the unmoving raw substance from which inspiration is derived.

The ideal is to transcend norms and modes, to extinguish boundaries. The underlying concept shows how the myriad forms of experiential human perception are able to realize singular meaning, towards a positive unification of the five senses.

On the Text

“Present Sound, Silent Space” seeks to contextualize primary experience as part of history and myth, toward the reinvigoration and reimagining of reading as active, creative interpretation. The collection of free verse is a textual space in which readers are given the freedom to understand, misunderstand, redefine and endlessly interpret works of syntactical allusion to the utmost, in the spirit of emotional and intellectual limitlessness.

“Present Sound, Silent Space” represents literature that pronounces and proclaims truths inherent in the human journey. Suffering and happiness are two sides of the same coin, and that coin is traded according to the values or meanings of words, as formations of thought.

“Present Sound, Silent Space” defines consumption beyond materialism, as in the mental consumption of ideas, values, concerns. Consumption is defined by destructive and creative cycles, as well as the laws and principles that come to the fore when making art as a practice of interpreting reality, transcending the mundane profanity of objective possession, towards a sensual, sacred, living art of creative becoming.

“Present Sound, Silent Space” tells the story of a marriage between “present sound” and “silent space” as in the piece, “Aural Blessings from a Cosmic Suitor”. Moments of creation occur when the muse enters its physical medium, finding union through an interpretive technique of overlapping, bursting in unison with the initial spark of creativity.

Perpetual change (as with the physics concept of “perpetual motion”) is necessary to convey streams of consciousness in the form of written expression. This is distinct from oration. The improvisational nature of creativity, as a spontaneous phenomenon in nature, happens prior to forming creation through its chosen medium.

These writings essentially affirm the natural course of individual identity, attuning to a peculiar resonance in musical terms, or gaining a voice in literature. The point is not only to express “what is”, by reflecting sensual experience back out through the portals of sensation (as through the audiovisual stimuli of words), but to identify with nature, and the environment, as oneself.

Passages

- 1 Local Misdirection
- 2 Vicarious Resistance
- 3 Drunk on Immortal Wine
- 4 Consecration of Public Fear
- 5 Dreams of a Dreamer
- 6 Interdependence in the Void
- 7 A Question for Modern Art
- 8 Sacrifice of Occupation
- 9 Cosmic Play
- 10 Persevering Humanity

Local Misdirection

A Beauty

Gorgeous raunch, who drank bourgeois soup,
And felt an evil McCarthyist stomach-ache
over the slovenly teleprompter, reminiscent
Free rhyme instants, penetrating deeply
Christmas candlelight business, lone creation...

 Out into the cold visible breath of Calgary
 crooked arm, fighting off weaselly runners,
 Those who thin the Cowtown milk
 putrid waters of an upstream Athabaska
 highway demolition, across prairies
 eagle-eyed, golden shimmer of wheat
 Abyssinian, foaming at the tip of famine
 knife-edged local incredulity, rustic,
unmanned boom of an old Western dream
gone to ruin and shame, In green dollar eyes
paying off our corporate environmentalists
Aboriginal bribery, misnomer relations
All my foes, drowned, haze of misinformation.

A Beauty II

The local schema frays at the pick-axed wick,
shorn with sniped precision, To prey, at rest,
over the wide-eyed squirrel-rife gambol, Strict
shaved post-war fiction, Against the female
slot of a fertile, electrified machine, Current
with probable law, Allowing paws of friction
random signs, To drear, staved off, naked
queer unction, To mesmerize, futuristic
impressions of a massacred, gendered fate
Painful, lost drunken craze, To bloom awake
under the million-flowered canopy, proud
ecosystem at risk, flying in, bombs of cheer,
Tying knots, feigned, the salt of one boasted lie,

A humbled non-entity emerges with fortitude,
Sprung from her tresses, buried in Cairene smog,
Empty in the soothsayer's drivel, sober, contagious
morning-sickness illuminates with a helium Spring
Middle-Eastern imaginings of land, deserted
landless followers, Displaced off-shore by drones,
spared of oil, Calling lifeless beauty into form
spectral shifts from ancestors' reptilian fear,
preparing to begin the saga of our final ending

A Few Notes and A Dream

Coldly calculating, wildly gesticulating, A persona, genuflecting on their birth, Weary, inflamed, brilliant, greedy, Lone, stirring, creation absconded to a fated kingdom, swooning, wishing, mid-Western breeze, Canadian Chinook, Arctic Mountain spell

Truth be told, sick glare of morning, penetrating the womb of sweat visions, unprepared flesh, waking lifetimes past, after lidless eyes' peering, our pride, final, demoted deathless wish, yawning god, separating oceans, sparing animal kin

Worming through drunken forests, wintry dawn, displeasing, neon brush, folds between high branches, purring prehistoric cat, her fine gait still lingers, in the wilderness, noticing fruitful pain, asking no one, flooding familial hunts, An off-season rite, perused beyond, gaping laughter, whitened ground, bluish air, Homely winds brush

thin across mind's leaf, Cracking, underfoot of cousins in Hampton hills, Beware, knifing insects,

burn march, minute with human fear, Descending home, broke, displaced, Objects rent asunder, blooming, flowers stand naked, greeting, returned, Absent animals, blending, deserted smiles, death, reeking, an elder stairway

Knowledge consumed under fire, art forced into hands, beleaguered, grist for the unbalanced emotion, tongue-strained, pursing, I flow, eagerly, with pleasure, soundless, maw of now, ancestral land, grandparent burials, lay with me, in subsumed coffins, I fornicate, open, with sky and youth, Gourds, knock and splinter in the hoary wind, Ruthless, silent, gaining footsteps, followers, rushing through, streets, woodlands, unpaved century's turn

Wicked death turns young, exuberant, passions' urging, all, into an inglorious gorge, Independent, I wake, to country, blood, side of a cubist bed, I feign, accursed void, The sign, dreams pervade, glowing in tune, fogged up

A Skeletal Gash

Bones, my bones, beleaguered with rust. The toxic many, a skeletal gash in the structural framework of the modern city, Extension of my nervous being, A planned escalation into the all-forgiving night, bothersome joy, still erected above the city skyline, To, with enough pressure, escape a noxious flood, tsunami hurricane, volcanic time,

Passing into dimension-less direction, Toward ruthless belief, seafaring mysteries, A truth told, nauseous, dizzy, gaseous, ear-blocked sneezing, common cold, urban-dwelling, apartment sweats, proverbs stolen, living net, Scrambling up scree, toughened knee-joint panic, Spreading smear of laughter, smoke-stained, cashed out, Embedded by priceless sleep, artist at royal ease, figure of demand

A public of exotic need, Causing a rapture, As a sole-taught fissure in the wooden plank, instruments, surviving, met by time's offering, measured by weariness, hearts spent in earnest expression, To shore up, one's private soul, spirited, Infinitely accessible, furthest redundancy, landlocked test, ancient theatre, magical divinity, Representing token artists, crying for brethren, To lend ears, content bellies, dry minds over blazing fire, Abundant spiritual breath, contemplative, reflection, inward emotion, the formless right, to speak

In shapes of human wonder, narcotic mystery, swooning, ashamed, late chatting, Astir, kooky mold, gathering, around a thirsty pit of failure, human dream, To share knowledge over a mystic's weeping, Throughout, unthinkable transparency, against the walls of time, shuddering, passage of technical anomaly,

To bring ears to newfound, inner listening, Toward a constant retelling, the self, its creative passions, Reworked industrial blur, Resounding purpose, spontaneity, inflections Conveyed, brilliant, inner light

Vicarious Resistance

Wordless Whisper

There is a wordless whisper carried by the roughened metal of the urban train, blending in a sudden instant with my imaginings, of Brian S. Wilson, the only man to survive a train, headlong. his Surviving, lotus position,

legs swiped clean, skull broken, Body cast in infinite doubt, mesmerizing, Without pandering, guess, from the mob, impressionable guerrillas, cheering under a veil of momentous victory, Human strength, heart, Overcoming brutes, coarse drill, insane figments, power, Feeding war machines, distracted silence

Beyond the page of an American window, Filled with personal etchings so dense as to obscure suburbia in a nightmarish haze of confounding thought, Spun, as the train-spined wheels gashing into the adamantine, wisdom of a single man's skin, Fraught with assailant Death, as clear as the forecast eclipses on this night, urgent mind literacy, A gross spell of astonishment

Blooming within a conundrum of false ritual:

To daze the head in a wild dream of poetry, Fading against the tired, burning of mediocrity, gaseous, inflamed lung,

Sprouting breathless mystery in the unrhymed impressions of my Anglophone thought, Feeling, naked breast of mother ancestry, blurring with awe, sacred, before this yearning, subjective, imbuing my base expressions with lofty meaning,

to reach a space wherein internal divinity is cultivated, Protecting my inertia toward raw creativity, in the word, not a field of inaction in the immobile tongue, Unable to be moved to song, able, etching into porous fibers, recycled forests

A momentum of human burden freed, Shared in the hands of others, Inspired to read, personalizing meaning, uniquely, conveying profundity,

A truth, Told in the silent keep of a mind at ease, To an honest listener, No pretense, assumed meaning, aesthetic content, Only a pure, formless tap over the fount of a collective dreaming, By one hand's will

Absorption in the Now

Braving the new, conscious,
not repressing.
buried American mockery
Violated, in the struggle to be,
Where catharsis works magic
evincing the powerful to disarm
Vain, yet not without space
Worship's lonely self-praise
in the unkind cellar
down-pressed imagination
Blur, shock, gas...
Roll in the unschooled pyre,
Aftermath of unnamed civil war
Blaming greed, inaction and folly
Usurping a shore's banks
deeply-embedded grass reeds
Grateful harmonies resonate
over a spindly dirge,
fanning *arghula** bridge
A morning, divined
rush-feigned willingness
to thrive on light, sorrow and laughter

The boiling melt turns our skin
to the red pulsing underbelly
unoccupied minds at work
to live, Seeding, offering
individual night, crucible
unique experience,
towards a collective
daily word

**Double-reed Ancient Egyptian Clarinet,
the number of living makers can be counted on one hand*

Achuar Dreams Interpreted over *Guyasa**

Impossible flight into the heart of *guyasa* dreams,
interpreted, Among Achuar brothers, elders in kind,
Sharing their wisdom, metaphors of life experience,
Specialized within jungle ecologies, pumping flow
Amazon, Beating, rhythm, mountain's internal heart

Home, where sources of life emanate as a sacred tree
from the mouth and navel, At once, with simultaneity
our cultural out-lashings fail to promise a desired dream
To tempt one, beyond the throes of human longing,
Knee-deep in the infertile ground of artificial imaginings
Acted out of selfish greed, Mere ghosts, burdened
unrecognized loss of ancestors' blending, Into sea
and stone, With the vibrant ecology, A plant drink,

to revivify the wild mage, To overcome childish purity
reconcile innocence with a mad drop into the shameless
abyss of gold, oil and waste; A horror-show directed
to infamous callings, To divine, exogenous believing
Into the mad, unwelcome seedlings, Failing to renew
earth under the feet of bare souls, walking vulnerably,

Guyasa is a fermented tuber drink consumed by the Achuar, Indigenous People of the Peruvian Amazon, every morning while they interpret each other's dreams

Achuar Dreams Interpreted over *Guyasa* II

In tune with a resonance buried deeply, In the sacred
source of life, Where the separation of worlds follow
Into the bloodstream of a gene pool, Continuously awake
Throughout the innumerable fount of dreams, clambering
up on the soul of youth, Still unknowing, To interpret
harvest meaning from the wilderness inside, Us, rustic
notions of the divine, remaining primitive, raw, tempting

to activate self-identity, place; As one with humanity;
in this short-fuse, busted box of narrow thought, slight
intelligence, Imprisoned into believing home is a fort,
permanently occupying the road to our returning, To be
without pride, to see the face of indigenous strength,
To persevere despite the undeserved clothing of wealth,
Receding into our flesh as a sickness to behold,
a disease of consciousness, A condition of recurrence
dreams, Without meaning, Forgotten, never overcome

Drunk on Immortal Wine

Write all day.

If you want to write all day, to make music & art, Fly into the shared human imagination, lucid dreaming, Do not break this spell, this labor of Love, Do not hail the hatred that spits from the heavens, doom, embodied, A painstaking birth, emerging from human offering

A beautiful urge, Beyond forests, seas, the wind, In her hair, A cool breeze, Rushing through, bedrooms, now closed, to light, Yet in one day, filled with the joy of clarity, in words, youthful, innocence, A truth, purity of heart, Transparent from the need to consume, each page, space,

Instead transcend space, time, towards a lush supernatural ease, speaking, singing, evocative prayers, human gift, A visionary instant, Inflamed, bejeweled neck of a foreign European ancestor, A longing, Atavistic visitation from the fruit of riverine channels,

Sailing, a gorge, Blooming, her approaching palm, still, Closing your eye in unison, charged arrogance, all precious, conscious naivety, Millennial, The New Year, Fleeing to a distant star, Where Love is, embodied, salient passion imbued, carnal heat, pure need

From the beginning state of creation, A spark incites labor to consummate with the page of Earth's rising, crust, To write with seeds of herbal cultivation, In the machete brush, An animal's blood, mortal concepts, fate, Bursting from the belly of one, fading slave, Pining to continue to be here,

To work the land, be a steward to the air, all fellow creation, Yet somehow magic, vanishing, foretelling, epigenetic womb, Erupting with souls, Living with inward rhythms, To pierce the flesh of our mother, adorned, complete, caring, adoring, Love

Art is the Outline of the Human Soul

Stages of the creative act draw me in, reflective, subtle, relative to the medium: Guitar string vibration, taut balance, chromatic melody, Harmonizing with tonal strength, nervous system tighter, increasing, efficient, each scalar ascent, resolved phrases,

Next entrance; breath, reverberations flush throughout the respiratory system, Cleansing the heart, within, a single key, prefigured, dusty neglect, undead, travails of family heirlooms, Touching on American blues, Rhymes in notation, defied, rhythmic breath, bellowing madly, silent deep, yearning of language,

art as a musical mountain, upside-down, Within the castle, stormed, individual spirit, Connecting to the public cry, for the bleak, formidable outer shell, impenetrable, ear canal pierced, magnetic causality, universal being, throat-mime, proud, loose-tongued expressions, Paling, still,

compared to the world's belligerence, presence, In the heart of the modern poet, awakened, ancestral rites, To create through a body, full, ancestor's blood, Thirsting for the world's holism, every drink of water, Unique, seeing the conscious, bred full, seer's eye,

Needing the fulfillment of a circulatory gift, temporary, bountiful home, To imbue eternal glory, mystery, pearl, spoken imprints, sacred branch, trunk of lungs, finger-tuft leaves, swaying, exclaiming, unborn, unshakeable presence; Our immortal fruit, tongue.

Aural Blessings from a Cosmic Suitor

An aural blessing, Engraved in stones, Laid at the Holy Sepulcher, among ancients, Before knowledge, Prehistoric civilization, Prior to evidence, An engraving written in chains, Carried by ghosts, Passing, heavenly procession, witnessing the finale of universal expression, Dominant clap of musical strength,

A percussive life, Stepping on the shale's edge, On a beach, flat stone, purity of rock, yet to give in, pulverizing stir, eons of waves, Filtering through, mineral core, A deathly call, Cleansing, lip of earth, tongues reveal themselves as spirit emanating from the ocean floor, As a mythical being,

great monster, Pressing us onlookers beyond, to our deepest fear, Of freedom, to imagine the sacred, Appearing, awakening new sensation, From a world full of alien emotion, over-world, healing presence, cherished sound, divine listening, outpouring, human inspiration,

feeling the muses of Greece, Egypt, India, Peru, And on, To violate the nightmarish round, galactic spell, over lonely Earth, Scarred with the heavy labor of dreamless pondering, Bound workers strive over the capital building, Burned in the dwindling fires of an erect monument,

Clinging to solar light over millennia, Exclaiming proud enjoyment of song, Announced, sacrificial blood, male birthing, The truth-telling soothsayer, feminine energy, sitting, Welcome outside Egypt, remote, gatherings, Sufis, In a clime of conjoined wonder, unbroken gamble, belief, these narrow streets,

Stretching tendrils, early universe, Un-accumulating, sparse, electromagnetic, Love, impersonal, touch from the creator of silent space, Married to present sound, In an offering of union, A gift, to death, That, immortal union, Life may arise to find its cosmic suitor: poetry

Blasphemous Hold

What blasphemous hold took root with all five fingers, Direct, over the manacled handle of the pubis, Molded and re-formed, to inescapable awareness, alien surroundings, Ghosts of dreams, Abduction! Speak mystery, Conveyed by classical jazz, intuition, Highly composed sanity,

On the page of Europe, Eastern Jewish blare, irreligious awe, Upheld, ascetic throat, Wheel spun, uncontrollably, Dragon's bane, Beneath a genital smoke, An enraged pyre feeds on death, fantastical call, to knowledge, Youth and light, steer the mystic lyre, Engaged, silent, the way,

Too full of Europe's smoldering pride, Immediate, incentivized, World Wars, fought pleasure, imperial lactation, Over the emptied bosom of Native America, Who waded in? Star-crossed, brilliant, luster of love, Painted across telescopic wires, Befuddling the blues-smith, fond,

With pain, pulled, inside, the elegant world, Created by esoteric domains, music, Stolen by the savage, candlelit Germanic prisons, ultranationalist, awakening, At dawn, Semitic immigration, To coast, inside, veiled, valiant, wandering, perplexing philosophical sunlight, 40 introspections,

From ancient Darfurian princedoms, Enslaved under the crooked branch, Islamic shame, Dismembering, the pyramid's final stand, brain of Africa, Now, eluded, strong burst of sap, Stuck to the mythic vine, Living symbols, On green pages, Talking currency, America, Collecting firsts, ancient, colonial heights,

With arcane necessity, In geometries, sacred rites, Infused by metallurgists, Following cold calculations, exaction, Numbers of genius design, From our initial thought, A wandering energy, Still, transfixed, within, crystalline bird-shaped core, Turned to stone

Bleary-Eyed Desert

What bleary-eyed desert deserved Her, washing
feet blooming in mud of a fecund, nude fertility?

 Whose soul's breathtaking reach shattered rains
 10,000 cast in a volcanic flood over the bridge
to our modern Pompeii? strength-occupied America
lover's seed, enough to birth healthy newborn society?
 Where in our occupied womb of Western civility
 post-colonial infrastructure of mind did we, human

find a path to our new home within, in this year
2011, all blank innocence, still unschooled child,
 whose teacher strikes a powerful chord, resonant
 against the skin of our toughened heart? nightly
ailing thirsts, feverish with true visionary blessings
in the stone-fire dream of the Eagle's eastern journey,
 now forlorn in ancient poverty, mastering the divide
 pre-lingual, between our human history, this planet

gray matter, finding only words and squabbles
shell-cracked earth, praying, known in a tear
 round of universal creation, abounding within,
 To follow nothing unto its utmost blackest hole
all, previously-deceased sky-metaphors, now
unearthed, in our mass tomb's prepared scolding
 with light, neat fruition of a Canadian flagpole
 erect, standing within a suburban foam fizzle

sputtering wildly arisen toward our newlyweds
awakening with a fleeting blush from poverty
 in the eye's perfect reflection, one throat
 madly singed with an exotic poetry
impressing the lone feeling, subtle, faint,
yet ever-present nearing, with the skull's root
 center

all possible unknowns

Bridge the Gap

Bridge the gap with fire,
Mind extremes
binge into deep endless dream,

Your most dark nightmare,
A black loss,

Granting no one's holy upward bringing
To create one's self as selfless mind

Drinking in the silvery applause
a pawn's only move
Collapsing onto the edgy throat fix
a cold listening that burned through
and worthless, did return to the street's billion

Begging in gorgeous mansions
Hollow with thirsty clothing

Conquered by Love

Conquered by love, and what is left? My burden, the greatest Love, It crushes my body within,
windowless room, Divorced from a solid ground, our blessed blankets, Love's abiding whispers,
tell me, all the secrets of humanity, Though dryly, with a voice

Thin with despair, Witnessing the rest of loveless humility, That resounds throughout the public
square, one cry, Fiery, from the depths of hell, the heights of heaven, unified in a kiss, Lashing
out, sun's flames, Brushing up against an atmosphere, Dazzled with action paint

To dissolve our fears in one, numinous, destructive instant, mere vanity from the roof of the
universe, Looking down over Earth, Empty of authentic feeling, To unite with the ultimate core
of being, gone, cold, to the heart of creation

spurting out, last fissure of blood, Weakened by the dying gasp of an artist's final word, spoken,
indecision, To invoke a space, sound, Dreaming up round brilliance, inhuman desire, Love,
Beckoning, one beyond, the ground,

Yet through, porous openings, all-suffocating tomb, A bright and ruthless happenstance, ceilings
drip, human night, multi-lingual blessing, song, To the union of all, as a singular family,
industrial productivity, unbroken, gaining, dividing speed,

flesh-conquering Love, In a moment's whisper, From the open casket of a country, born of
African bread, tied to reason, American military, low reason, Feigned under superior wisdom,
Agape in Western breasts, committed to a surgery,

Blending, infamous, our pact's impact on this soil and sea, With a mounting glory, To, at once,
leave, stepping to this monsoon of Love, Star-cast into a gazing awe, Enough to strike the word
of Love, Now, forged as a weapon of silence

Consecration of Public Fear

The Weight of the Inner Child

remarkable forbearance, Lofty weight removed, lightless swirl of waste, Urged expression,
empty pages, mind-numbingly empty, A cruel yearning, To fulfill mastery over the monstrosity
of earthly death,

An inkling of realization, emerging, Who we are is a celestial species, interbred with stars, and
one day, we will meet ourselves in the clarity of a mirror, Drawn with transparent lucidity, from
the fount of youth

Drying over a placid lake, Dwindling inside, Beneath Tunisian protest signs, Written in burnt
flesh, sparking World War, Dynamite, peaceful resolutions of society's problems, Met on the
individual plane

self-recognition, That, our mystery, not a devolution of chance, a yearning, to seek our true
genetic form, other-worldly being, In this universe of anti-historic awe, Purging through a
wormhole throat, unexplained conspiracy, From our most ancient places,

A gorgeous feast of symbols awaits, Consumed, and made into the promising union of one,
deathless, Seeing beyond the brink

anthropomorphic constitution, natural truce with our sexless surroundings, bleeding with actual
love, international phase of division, marked by duality, between the visitor and her
unrecognized fixation, with her own kind,

From space-bound vessels, whereon humankind is destined, strained, final imaginings,
unthinking, Fume of rustling gore, On the streets of one howling failure, Beckoning all

Earth's able inhabitants unite in one groan of irreligious prayer, A fearless lawmaking, In
accordance, emptied wombs of space, Forgiving our trespassing mentality, On this stage of
artificial reaction

To the script of the boss, Looking down from castles in the shape of a once-banished Masonic
lodge, sprung up from a subconscious dwelling

An America discovered within, The naive grimace looking on at the thinning veil of an unfurling,
personal flag, Willing a right to be

Death by Gluttony

Pen strokes form the folds of my mind, Superficial layers buried with annals of expressed insight, Proclaimed as mental activity, Thought, dignified by writing, Using paper, Though now defiled, scattered, folded, torn, stitched together, dipped in paint and ink,

A bold-faced question, measured with the knife-edge of unplanned obscurity, Across a golden bridge, twilight language, Deformed to pitiful dialects, self-conscious reckoning, oversights outmatched, boredom among peers,

Whose studied minds filtered the mechanics of internal awakening, public dreaming, To forget, to play, with form, mold the divisions of creation, into new messages, Blessings to reach the religious heart, underneath the voice of G-d, Rising from the streets

Occupied with a latent reaction to the indubitable truths of international governing: That power fades, only to the change of climactic praise, from the physical laws of air, earth, fire and water, An integration, preceding our chaotic entropy,

This is a time in which the boils on the skin of our children prepare us to fear, As famine, war quickens, abroad, The castle's moat, lightly, beginning to fill, stench of death, Western eyes, Shot, ultimate drear, mankind, A prophesied hell, surfacing, beckoning

our castle walls fall, Our life of dreams has a death, as the bedroom door disintegrates, the world vanishes, ugly ghosts, our extended selves, We are called to row beyond Styx, pause, the mythic river dams, incredulously, with one overwhelming gasp, Flooded to hell, overfull, A belly of ignorance keels over,

With death, by gluttony

Our Bountiful Land

A rhapsody in shades of blue, engraved, With select majesty,
over the spine, encyclopedic forewarning, To march,
However incredulously, With grandiose steps
Full with impassioned hunger
To strive beyond lakes,
Discolored with the paper greens
never nourishing, metallic coins lay charged
icicle eyes of a demonic oligarchy at war with the self
 In a lightless hovel of congressional deafening,
 To lie, Painstakingly awake
 Under the trains
 Rita Joe and Brian S. Wilson,
 N. American archetypes of inhuman power,

Strengthened industry, rapist's kiss upon our mother
her delectable soundings, To imbue naked human pride
all-belligerent, soundless escapade,
Beyond flesh-burn failure,
 To the mind, awake, though sick and dried
 with the coarse tongues of a brilliant white, beaming night
 Chaining our catastrophic awareness of life

Our Beautiful Land II

To the great fortuitous brink of suffering
That shudders frantically in a bold resounding quake
Enough to pierce an animal's God-fearing sense of hearing,
 To touch a sound, Palpable as love,
 On the split neck of a tough-skinned drum
 Glowing with awe before the sacrificial fire,
 Flooding a gorge of quicksand toxicity
 Flushed into the belly of the weird,

insane phantoms of beauty
Who humbly, without fear, become present
in the eye of minds' manifesto, instant's here,
flash with The Martyr of Beauty, as truths beckon
eagerly, Beyond the drear reckoning of humane death
final call, In the bowels of our industrial street,
Filing in, with cornered laughter,
 To sleep, A mundane birth showers
 the elegant, A lush fluid transmogrifying
 bold in the standard cash-feigned rush of new youth,
 Answering to a blithe muse, whose speech communes
 against the law of society, finding thread with all our relations
 Spun into the delicate, hair-woven spirit: Our bountiful land

Disappear from Work

When context and frame disappear, from work,
And the wordplay of loss resonates in glory and depth...
Beautified by her grace, leaning into my desire
As wreck and carnage break into the human feed,
Breathing in starry-eyed shine, A glow,
the raw touch of her lusting embrace,
Needing me here, in her arms, Away
from the away, Only with the alone
moved heart, struggling to bear the body
desecrated yearning, Burnt with a scream
Buddha's bold undreamt throat, Vibrating
from bones, escalating epitome of home
a namesake, Call it wonder, story of death
a life gone to the shriek of bleary memorization
worn on a tightly strung mind, Burning
in the sad maze of an animal's joke society,
A comedic theme on the impossible relation
between our golden awe, Thunderous, worse off
as the damaged age of untold distances,
From families and their saved pain,
Banked infamously, by an enraged following,

Dreams of a Dreamer

Dreamagination

New is the time. I have all the time and space I could ever have dreamed. Yet I sink deeper. Ever deeper into the dreamagination. The place where imagination breathes in the depths of dream. A deep sleep, unchallenged by day. In this dank cube of slumber, I sink, as into thawing ice. I could do, be, play and think... "Act on my wildest dreams, in every which way."

Yet I sleep, sinking ever deeper. 12 o'clock. 1 o'clock. 2. 5 now. Weeks pass in half. Life recedes into the imaginary pits of non-sensual worlds. Known only in dream. Only to be forgotten. 12 hours later. Contemplating the thawing cube. Harboring my slumbering, fading mind. Breaking at the raw edge with eternal slumber. Away from art and creative strength. To the impoverished body. Now thinning in the absent morning. Vanished into the unknown

Child, experiencing his dreamagination alone. In a characterless haunt. The dry travails of night weaned on a life. Failing to co-exist with creation's spark upon waking, feeling, eating. Nothing but one's own activity of the brain. Where now, to go? To be freed, completely, from the enchained snoring body and dive headlong into dreaming awake? From where do we bend to our inmost source of creativity? Lost to the drunken vine. Beholden to an unborn reckoning.

A lifeless glimmer yet bespeaks these lonely travails through a dreamt suicide of the imagined self. Pouring infinite energy into the raunch hole of a forsaken solace. In minds slumbering. Pain released within and kept there, hoarded. Without thought of lifting off the bedridden ground. To face youthful intent and brave innocence, forlorn. Naked to all experience

Everybody's Dream

And isn't everybody's dream to be
a poet under the stars,
Dreaming endlessly, awake
without the thought of money?
Or is it to sit crouched, cramped
in a room with 10,000 other poets
screaming for room, Drug-addled,
ready to become brainless?

In colleges and international bathrooms,
complaining about the weather
over smart technology, that thinks
without thinking of the emptiness
human boredom, fear, jealousy,
quaking, finally alive to the mess

enslaved laughter, Minding our own
business...Can one write poetry
without solitude? Can one understand
the written breath of a poet without solitude
mind and heart? To sense their fragments
life in words, imbued with human feeling.

Everybody's Dream II

Where do we begin? On whose page?
Chaucer's? Kerouac's? Whose school
do we derive our motivation to learn
in what way? The ways of our mind,
wordless and without stress, nervous
releasing personality into the masses,

To imbibe strife over elegant desks
in the mundane soup of mid-day heat
Joyless America, weeping over love
thick malignant eyes, Breaking, seamed
by a jester's hard-won salvation, drunk
ruffling the modern city to poetic death
personality spills ego in this swamp
fiends and hounds bind their children
in a poor ocean, lost, Out of touch.
I, who ended myself out of Love
for word creation, Remaining silent
dizzying floor, Full of our blood

Fade from Dream

A sucker punch from G-d, Touched by her minor inflection,
Defeating the saved, their wild intoxication, Paving pathways
with roasted tongues, Lurching into outstretched awe,
As a failed asp's lunge, The darkest of human travails,

Kneeling into someone's pigsty flesh, As a jokester howls,
wide-awake, into the feminine winds, a typhoon, Flirting with awe,
In a tempest room, Innate, blown sorrow, To jeer at the animalistic pain,
Filling my stolen eyes with rain, An all-consuming laughter rocks,

beleaguered temptress, her, stark, poor, crime, To be in pain,
With lonesome grieving eyes, In the throat of a strong blessing,
An unmixed message, Freeing life from an all-told savagery,
Hidden in the fire of thawed burning, billions of magic cries

shamed with disorder, Under a featureless pyre, Turning sticks
to worthless ash, the European witch, Medieval lies, still bold,
amid storied webs, Filling the short-tempered earth with love,
the greedy laws of our ravaging, To gift the violent, haggard,

old and insane, To the soil, Full in their lifeless names, engraved,
strong fix, time, their elderly drifting, burning in the soundless deep,
fear, North American genocide, Immortalized, European death,
Now fertile, with emotional stress, Lies curse grand modern trash,

Breaking over tides, one great wave, Calling the flood of nature
to drown, in the mouth of consumptive industry, A face, now,
breathless in the frozen maw, unchallenged fire, Smelting the nose,
breast, our lovely human image, A shining, broken under a crash

bold, spontaneous, Cracking the celestial cymbal against the flattened,
shivering gong of the Mongolian ether, Teaching us in the West,
to fade

from dream

G-d means to question

Behind the masks of being
Mystery asks the waning light
To reason: Beware of trite action

Waterfalls pour over the ancestors
Emanations of temporal wisdom
In a child's murder, Lifeless eyes

stare, Cultivating authentic pangs
To live in humility, Not infecting
others with insanity, or greed

unnecessary suffering, Strength
preceding survival, Don't look
away, Silence is answering

Her Vietnam

Sleeping beside me,
I can feel her Vietnam
As pungent as the air

she once breathed,
5 years before leaving
her original land

Zither strings tighten
vibrant story of her
journeying, She's landed

this path, before me
We struggle with hope
a complex, hopeless

joy of one moment,
prospering, bountiful
simplicity, Poor as hell

Freezing in the north
heavens, Exploring
cheer, our days in poetry,

music, studying truth
becoming soft to strife
lightless beauty formed

in the heart of Earth
aggravated people
I feel her Vietnam

Beside me, that air
In her music, I am
in Love

Interdependence in the Void

Humane Longevity

Whose elegant fires prospered in a surge
decrepitude, sadness and fault; A blameless oath
to the fundamental institutions burning all our bridges

to the world, Isolating features that make us human
Into a groping hand, waxed with the slick grease
Western-educated mind, Freeing itself blindly

from dependence, the very thing that humbles us
to curing, The sour vengeance over land, Known
and lived by the strife of families bombed out

With priceless fixations, the unborn, already dead
Descendants of a new form of nothingness, so stark,
With scorching reality, To wake the English language

with a bowl of monkey stew, A rumination, the course
our decadent foray into feral upbringings of urban definition,
now, Creating a wellspring of choice for the international

community, Who, now rife with unsurpassed knowledge
about the world, uncensored and complete, begin
to compose a symphony of worldly eyes,

Humane Longevity II

staring beyond the brink of cruel desire, new empathy!
Urging everyone to behold one world, together change
the direction of man's crooked following,

crooked since the dawn of remembered time,
A silent quaking tears the volatile membrane
apish barbarism, Cruelly subduing our borders

kindness, into freakish subdivisions of extraction
and divorce, To defend the truth of humanity
to treasure the will of our grandchildren's youth,

who stir in the backbone of our unending super-ego,
Consciously re-defining the antique tragedy of wealth,
ownership and depravity, Now spanning the global village

like an outburst of plague, An unrest of mind, Quickening
into a fallacy of chauvinistic power, Fleeing to the mess
rubbish heaps, cities blessed with a dream of humane longevity.

I am that

I am not on the outside
I am within
I see Ego peering back at me
What do you see?

Direct insight is Ego's subject revealed
Palpable and seen in light
I am invisible

I give my Self away,
I perpetuate the anthropocentric world

I trust the Self as a wilderness to imagine
When I leave behind pre-conceived identity
I fulfill inner unity

I wake, to Love
Myself

If you consume enough...

Over-eaten poetry, The poetry of her sound:
Whole, erratic fully improvised, absolute,
insensible reality, the moment and nothing more,
or less, The cock will raise his face to the morning
and crow, Inevitably, against the naked sound

As an inner calling; to listen to our deepest needs,
Seated in love-worn buttocks, rush of muscular fruition
Of a genital pairing, Brewing lust in the come-stick grind
that one necessary punch in the face, all-consuming
pleasure of mind, Twisting toes in between words

salivating with meaning, Enough to resound
into the warming autumn shade of a city apartment,
Risking the slow croak of her blush, each faded sun ray
Blowing over our cloudy outlook, cemented in paradise
homo-spiritus heart, fraying burnt lines in the sky,

spine of grounded-living, She enters the bedroom
as a showered being, Dripping madly, like faucet water
As if still underneath the shower head, Waiting,
to embrace me, She fixes her gaze, With shrewd pride
the sun's all-giving energy, Spacing out, the random

character of an apartment window, Closed,
across its eyeless page hangs delicate coverings
transparent fabric, In the pre-dawn hush,
Our cooled rug moves with fibrous crushing
under our feet, Making impossibilities glow
in a soundless brush with divine artistry,
Seductive and evoking the cruelty of her
vanishing, feminine form, Fecund, imagined
Carried through the stars of billions of dead
forebears, An artist's maven bride, Turning up

If you consume enough... II

her music, raining down on us from her
awe-inspiring, lifted skirt of sky, Between
her softened legs, Dreaming across the splurge
first great patriarchal G-d, His milky gift
To wed planetary life, copy his presence,
 Newton walking each street, A wandering ghost,
 catching the disease of sexual need, our body
 contagious with screaming pleasure, In the moment
 art's essential, spontaneous sharing, Forever arisen
 grand mold, lost shores, Painted by a mad, tidal hand

Inquietude rustles amiably by...

The stagebird sings, whining to passersby about day old failures alit in their pantries...beckoning stillness to rise in the full yeast-billowed moon...

Caught over distraught lengths...to the maze and its sweet delicate elegance...thriving in the healing mud of autonomous law...on this first original sand, whereon man shook hands with the bright-skinned devil and turned to loss for a name...

A phantom's gaze did writhe...bleating soundless in the naked East...yearning for billions to strive aimless with fallen blood...enough to lie in colors that drain the artist's spirit of golden vibrancy...In palm-less fingers, shamanic eye...bleary forgotten witness...trespass on Buddha's grave, arboreal...where boundless eyes strive to gleam with one last secondary insight...

Awash with comely earth over a proud cheek...bleating out stammered lies into the newscast record, kept, in university lockers until the stars weep with childless ears...saddened by post-apocalyptic silence...

Beyond the fear of a music-less habitation...dark passageways to transcendental homes, the multi-verse, gaseous prescience...

To know the bitter tempting of a fruit...at the galaxy's core...telling all to frequent the sole vibration, aftermath of recognized beauty...Delirious with rushing truth...to knead the dough of listening with truth and passion...a nameless grace to trash meaningless waste, recycle our consumptive urge, transformational desire...

At once...to behave apish, primal...gurgling horror, racial tribunals...dreaming in accursed intellects, burning with the question of his painted presence...

The lone...raw hurt...he...a binge of heart-wrenching talent...working melodies, answering our pain, human questioning, with color and form...to pardon the weak sensory overload of cultural stimulation, single moments of guesswork...

On the surface of all human creation, through art...impaled by exhales, ingenious tongues...moving body, man...turning his representational form on its head

A Question for Modern Art

Zero Poems

“There are zero poems available
that combine the subjects of contentment and family.”

“There are 141 poems available
that combine the subjects of contentment and life.”

Blank façade, blank façade,
Blank, façade, Blank, gone blank.

To nothingness

Drained in the sewer of all that is featureless,
Characterless, robotic stereotype, in-crowd
Those who stir blindly in the mold of unreason,
painless wisdom, Over the mindless fold
an American city gone now to blank memory,
All untold, and never mentioned once, even
by the broke in pain, The blank-skinned slaves, read
with the ugliness of public observation, sexual mockery
stung by black beauty in her smoke-risen grave
to snore with music’s finality, blowing, sheepish
over smug radio waves, Filling space atop couches, drunk
with a forlorn vegetable gripe, that resounding, bleeds lust
into a frictionless motion, In the raised plain,
shrinking, carelessly between teeth cleaned
malformed medical roast...staining plugged wives
with virgin’s blood, Over Arabic telephone comedy...

a kneeling savior, drugged by our Westernized lust
thankless, hidden touch...moving against radio currents...
painstaking rush, Overly wept, crazed with drab, drear intention,
To brighten smiles of a dark city, dry with blood-caked sidewalks
lining the pockets of the afraid, homeless night
To think over the law, slaves unmarried to the rock
mixing salve potions under drizzling autumn’s pre-dawn walk
Along hopeless washroom poverty, Aside the Bow River
cleansing high, Running quickly up to the Arctic
current blank messages

Inspired.

Whose wide-eyed shores sunk
banked on the open casket of her
wintry smile?

Whose space garnered lust
eternal in mutilated African villages
our devoured Western heart

shrinking like the one-eyed snake
after native insect desserts,
seeing freedom lay cursed
under the spineless bridge of day,

without a sound, eager
to produce an overt rush of motion
into the religious tomb of modernity
quaking, pried open, sudden fling

genital emotion on the street
of the 17th century, unseen,
basking in oceans of infinity

preparing youth to feel good
hypocrisy in hotel ash, laughter
ascending to your dinner plate

Inspired. II

still smoking, life's apartments
shut air-tight from that smoke
in current trends, social poverty

living on boxes, bags, friends,
to lean on the naked appetite
fueled friendship, alit by tones

soft, motherly, living voice
speaking from the heart
about an unfelt dreaming
that needed to be heard

Instinctual Artistry

My wife lies, snoring, Ever quiet,
Asleep at my reading feet, I think,
 “you’ve done good Russ, at least
 the best you could, with a heart
 full with sincerity, enough to gaze
 at her face, awash in a golden glow
 beauty, I long for her, to be awake
 laughing, together between kisses,
 to tame the new moon’s shy presence
 mountains of Alberta sky, as I fade
 dreaming in moments’ pleasing care,
 I am contented to touch oils, grooves
 beneath her hair, wrap in each other
 evening moods, delicate, alit by her
 plush, unbothered, freshened skin,
 an unearthed smile rushes through
 my veins to the core of my mind,
 hearts are exchanged, inspired music
 our growing, personalized community,
 breathing wood timbre, forgiving metals,
 asking to be joined forever, as I, on nights,
 rare, without intention, blinded with sleep
 much needed, finding myself safe, the world
 her arms, embraced by divine body, moving
 instinctual artistry, to keep my heartbeat cradled
 in the love-swept instance of ancestral romance,
 Chinatown, mottled in post-midnight city life,

Intellectual Artistry II

folk sounds emptying our night of private peace,
an almost hermetic seal upon my end, endless blend
raw touch, finding its way into the single blink of her
tempting reality, giving way to natural human frequency,
turning to significant purpose, time, direction in dream,
full with eager flexing of modern, unknowably aged souls,
we glide haphazard into mists of unfound play, resounding
into gorges, breaking in mythic space, purveying beyond
our common ground, spotlighting our special cookery
communal imagining, diving with life herself, embodied
in the kiss with mortality, twilight of night's entertainment,
glory, spiritual savagery, preparing internal sex, thankless flesh,
humbling, ever uniquely expressed, prehistoric magic of the fruit
right through ancient passages formed by the holy savoring one,
fit between fingers, drawing lines into our foam bed”

Journey to the Beginning

From this point on,
Enduring the slow tides of age
 Patience engenders a strong will
 Pain breeds lust, aspiring to transcend desire
Each letter a note
Projected onto this page of space
 During one cosmic instant, a musical moment
 A wave of sexual vibration fades
Onto the washed up shore
I recoil into nameless pride
 To feel Mother's love in caring dreams,
 My Love's restful glimpsing
Enjoined to the hip of my beloved,
I fall asleep unnoticed
 In the quiet of her breath, I wake
 Beside my spiritual wife, at peace
On Earth, the bed is the womb,
And this unlit room is the fire
 Naked conception, I strive
 To cognitive heights, artfully
Living creation balances inmost duality
Repeating the lonely beat of one heart,
 A unique direction forms
 The internal compass speaks in memory
I am led back, to the initial spark
Igniting this mind, now engulfed
 By the mysteries of an immortal fire
 Purity, innocence aflame as power
Crumbling, unsaved, hot,
Combustible wonder explodes
 Mad wandering, a sojourn begins,
 Headless, to the spirit of mind

Less Confusion!

Not to add to the confusion! To weave tomes of sickening respite, Over a gaping gorge, Earth,
Opening, caskets crack, Sunlight enters, Buried by its own soil, Dried in one heavy mass

Protruding from a dugout canoe, human-shaped, redress of grievances, acknowledgment of war,
within, burgeoning neo-classical lust, between New Yorker columns, reaching inhumane heights,

sightless mounts, Gathering dust, between an otherworldly gap, two columns, entrance, sacred
profanity, Groomed by the deluxe, binging on hellish 1%, their shameless wealth, A soulless few

forever entombed with Pharaonic disguise, in antique lairs of obsessive drug-emboldened sex,
Glowing, demonic thirst, money-grubbing, Loveless pain, stored in brains, Seeking gold rings

and the fat suffering of a world, gone cold with this ruthless tide of American swindling,
Allowable, equations of power, etched under the Masonic bridge, Feeding the White Horse

with euthanasia's final living itch, A pest, Framed by belief-mongering, blow & snatch, cussing,
angry, princes skilled in the futility of regret, To pine with unforgiving sadness

cow chairs, tipped with adamantite-diamond bling, shown crooked, As asps, staring into
entranced fires, their board, Centering on monetary instinct, Willed into the existent panic of
unnatural growth

In the thick of our concrete jungle, Waning with explosive ruin, Instantaneously, a deadpan joke,
running, through a room, heated with impressionable facts,

Investment core steams with effortless truth, Enough to laugh at fleshless complexity, numbers,
growing atop numbers, Devoid of weekly earnings, that muscular stretch, Snapped, finally

by a broke mind, jamming from malnourished intellect, Curiosity, Now ringing clear through,
heartbeat, the country's sincerity, found

Many Words, One Heart

So many words, yet from one heart, Sent to the heart of another, Not through a labyrinth,
Decadent, symbolic, Created by busy vices; thoughts, squelched out from the folds of the mind,

But a song, directly through, In what ageless clime would the sleeping pangs of youth foretell a
rage, so, bold as to speak to the masters of fame, Those crooked, shameless knives,

piercing the backs of their own children, Extracting the wealth of youth, dying soldiers,
prehistoric tombs, Cleared of ghosts, Still be-smattered with the blood of conquerors, Lying sick
and bare,

Bedridden with the numbing game, exploration, On into their sole, unreal insanity, Those wicked
souls, brooding on the edge of a forgotten worldview, Without light or heat, only the pain and
savagery, to cut,

coldly, into the unforgiving salt wounds of rape, further abuse, A childless muse, fornicating, On
the bed, Western poetry, On this day of enslaved gore, A hollowed face guards the borders

Between self, nation, world, thirst for wisdom announced, rancid daze of international law fades,
into the stellar backbone of privilege, Moved in the monetary space of our lone acclimation,

To imprisonment, at home, Domestic slavery, bending to the will of ego, Eating our minds like a
myth, Maya jaguar, her unending lust for human brain,

The sweet milk of hot, lifeless joy finds passage through the body of the outgrown ape, To feed
off the air, Exhaled from our assailing machinery, Exponentially, Enjoined with lush failure in
our one home,

A thankless factory, A mundane dream, Killed by the modern spear, Impaling the peerless
prehistoric, *Janus*, Who in strife, asks, with morbid humility, To call all

beneath the homeless waters of ruin, A name on which to call the lone asp, Marking its territory,
To return, one day

Mellifluous Warning

Heed the sounds of mellifluous warning:

Some words are not to be written,
yet are heard through sound as negation,
self reflection is revealed as a mirror image
external action, the page heats by palms
engrossed in the murder of space,
the full expression of lunacy

emitting a panegyric, bounding
over the sonic elaboration of the voice
resonant with the deep chambers of a subtle heart
within all, a shared letter, to the children of Earth

not to fake what is not fake,
to be weary of that which is stolen
our Mother's purse, not offering
nor smudging praise in return,

Mellifluous Warning II

an unbroken calling,
to refuse nature as vulgar filth
fruits profaned,
the auctioned voice
squeezed into the credit slot
censored mind,

firm pressure on the downtrodden
already many, whose arms fail to rise
with the heaviness of too much fallen
earth, the moonrise fails to peak, distant
unctions draw ever nearer, within
the center of universal being, free

engines, bent towards dystrophy, moving
over these ghost-stripped shores, bodies
exhumed lie, ungainly, with rotten light,
eking out an existence, each pore closing
across the skin of the Ethnosphere

Mellifluous Warning I-II inspired by a voicing in the mind

Raw Sacrifice of Occupation

Narcotic Fruition

Narcotic fruition, dark swamp, gross neglect, salvation's wavering, caustic vigil, fanning gore, wounds of a royal thaw, To let loose, shivering, now, frozen mind, Granted freedom, desertion,

From the electric havoc, Answering only to phonic wheezing, A society, whose aging carved a tattoo, boastful, on the undreamed flesh, A damaged cold, forlorn, Staying alpine, at the foot of new tower,

needs, To grope a slick wretch, A massive claw bowl, Full to the brim with herbal wives, ecstatic, rumblings in the cathartic veins of antique Mediterranean bliss, Only to shrug off all

imperial happiness, belittled stairway keep, communist no-man's land, Flagrant, Kabbala's steeds, To chain our apocalyptic ancestry to parking lots at Mt. Zion, paved with Israeli theme,

A nationalistic ghost, Now hovering, benign and angry over the tempests of touristic settlement, To trade, corporate dollars, for a beggar's religious praying, And to stave off the mad impulse, to lust, cool spring,

the undeserved, To give thought as offering, in place of the Palestinian tree, crying tears of Rome, guttural, brethren, In the mildew of world war sleep, remaining nameless

to imagined tribal borders, Gone to fantasy in England's oriental weakness, To cry again, and openly, Over the painful savagery of a human heart, rent astir, under Blakean heavens,

Burning with terrestrial girth, under the rootless birth, supplanted arboreal union, With Adam, At one, with his mother, on this blinded night of Judaic fortune, To survive,

to blistering fears, purveying the deathless curse, industrial machinery, Over the hypnotized blar, starving, A bestial instinct, that, now, glowering in the mist of panic, without a future

New Song Movement

Singing with utmost resounding awe, To loud civil war, fought disobediently, America's romantic core, Screaming with blue light, beyond the range of evening, that thirsts for a sea horizon

To graze Spanish coasts, Towards an Andean presence, transformed wooden, seafaring vessel, Passing into graves, golden beyond, Murdering the edge of belief, wholly unscientific discovery

savagery, imposed as one endless visitation, to mimic the great inner need, to express a universe, full, including all of man's love, for his own, the honest seating, of another,

Imbued with the passion to live, ascendant, above the known sky, as it dwells, tempered, meeting sea, unfinished land, Still untouched by the indigenous voice, that can be heard, as an ovation

the first-flag flown, above the moon's own boundary, our western imagination, now settling, imperfect, hopeful, resembling the bountiful, tap and spring that can't be shared, between ears

Coldly handling the *Mexic* clay pot, Bruising the hands of the artist, filling in their Buddhistic colors, cactus flesh, new languages, learning under the grateful umbrella of sunlight

Balanced correctly under the shade of the immigrant's sense of space, In their homeland, now swaying, hammock body, that breathes in innocence, with the rest of our surroundings

Night Retreat

Who needed to lie dead, yawning?
Petrified into catastrophe, youth,
glued on pages, full of thoughts,
flowing like blood from a wound
open mind. And lying beside, life
long partnership, Love of my life,
in all honesty, yet still, unable,
beyond acoustics, consideration,
to hear my own voice penetrate
vaginal space, imbue the inner egg

swelling with creative need, into her
indwelling, outward ether, at once
simultaneously wed, to be, forever,
kept, wording, resting on each head
sheets of paper thin cloth, spoiled
by painted skin, sleeping boundless
without morning, or regularity, to wake
with the immediacy of Spring, now Fall
showers, natural suicide of green matter
sparked with fears best kept in secret
vegetal curse, the perfect miracle
fallen leaf, embedded ever so lightly
into the name of her breath as it sinks
deep within me, never to be

Old Death

There's old death, smiling, Ginsberg's voice, holding his chimes of manly love, death, Believing, my life, in a wheelchair, false woman, Paralyzed by love for a man-god, Never once blighted, shimmering, mouthing Canadian trust, as our Mother, her ever-forgiving dusk,

Who breathes in, giving, and exhales human life, With all the beauty of her facial expression, Mounting, sturdy walls, our newlywed home, A cheap feeling, on stormy Monday midnight, As the blue turns green, necked lands, Thinning under a dismal fog, brush, Catching light

edge of First Nations' stand, Before catastrophic vocal daemons of Western toxicities, Kept unnamed, cans ripped clean from the sad, Monday morning, They, who spring, With cold lonely feet into waters, thankless dreaming, inevitable ending, At the migrants' hand, Bleeding with our rivers' flood

Feigning torturous fumes, From the scattered mind, Granting our mercy in the fine plan of Law, saved, communities proving their worth as sacred land, Atop this classical pillar, Stretching skyward, beyond, mortal dread, To demolish the constructions of the devil, her hands,

Gripping a filthy wad of cash, fertile, To spawn ages of coming generations, Built on royal foundations, Crumbling in the current waves of electric madness, Child's play weaponry, Middle Eastern savagery, holy ghost-fearing American heart, Troubled and consecrated by the preserved, beat

Scaring away all of G-d's own fear, As our renewed human race shies away, from the boon, higher faculty, Becoming thoughtless, mighty, Atop the mountain, Stripped of heart, ever boiling, Within, all-consuming, stomachs, A world of fire, born in the embodied deep, Felt as tight skin, Stretched around wood, metal

Keeping us
beyond
time

Old Souls

We are old souls, Who, through uncountable lives make the same mistake, We keep coming back, Pick up, replace experience with parachronistic vigor, Steeped with rousing inclinations, To renew old flames,

Figments of the imagination, Believing in timelessness with character and idiosyncrasy, Beyond, escalation, devolution, motherly matter, Into light, wisdom, divine purity, no!

We, instead, find leisure, simple predilection, in continuity, With ancient pastimes, The drum, the muse, speech, Her consort, bountiful intellect, Groomed over millennia, renewable energy,

Freed into empathy, listened to, True, with a resonating heart, beaming with immortal acceptance, mystery, Eluding knowledge with mortal suffering, To transform Earth

into an uninhabitable place, Where She decides the vanishing of old souls to another plane, Yet eager, newborn beings find profundity in the otherworldly gestation of their material evolution, Yet transfixed,

under our own sun's deteriorating, entropic gaze, An illumination begins to fade, giving way to life, behind the vulgar mask of our sentient species, Whereby we attain the food of all-being,

Collected in our semi-conscious wanderings, down pathways bursting forth, unforgiving, spiritual blows, to this uprising, Daze of modernity, A mere inflection

In conversing with the global mind, As we suddenly become the world soul, Enveloping, unbroken, majesty throughout our bones, Dreaming mathematically,

The epitome of earthly light becomes known through the spectral breath of *Yggdrasil*, Glowing beneath, the folds of a celestial eye, Closing, finding rest,

As the human home shuts its entranceway and prepares a final embarkation, In one momentous flash, An inimitable dawning stretches over the smirking, silent awe

On a Crutch of Art

Undeserved, rife with passions of such tempest,
Drowned in pigments of gold, Her loose womb,
rushing with fault, the glory of a strong voice
Speaking in tragedy, instruments of oblivion,

Destroyed by intense prophecy, backward-assed loss
Western incredulity, An atonal farce breaks open
with the blown waste of lust, Gone, passed, silent,
featureless rooms, To imprison, sad, unrecognizable

The edge of painlessness, written over the grave
fragrant, immemorial bludgeoning of truth, wise,
Expressed beyond the pangs of an artist's unction
to share heart within the heat of G-d's furnace,

unborn, heaving with the birth of divinity, the leaf
supernatural, fallen with autumnal grace, deathly
In the cold of a northern country, prospering
to as yet unknown decadence, this city, growing

atop pyramids, by the thirst of our world's greed,
Blossoming from the belly of Vishnu His self, a lotus
Groomed, blushing before Earth's panegyric Act of awe
performing feats of death-defying beauty, An ageless law

enacted, wherein youth muster sexual friction, to speak
as intellectual, On the orator's platform, designed neatly
with the politics of a landlocked grave of the defeated
only the beholden tread trod on their frozen pages, empty

from the coffers of a mental thievery, Between the magi
and her Vatican whore, Struggling to mourn the childless
late war, ancestral duties, To forego vanity and bravery
following the the artful magic of balance on a slack rope

A Passion to Overcome Hunger

What does it take to overcome hunger?
to be transfixed beyond flesh, need,
As thirst for the nectar-flowing nipple
first human mother, nourishing the blind,
sick, deaf, sinful, mute, meek, dumb
suffering for healing fluid emanating
like light from the sun with an effulgence
describable, only within, explicative
wonder, thoughtless questions raised
the intellect to a priestly pedestal, still,
lowered by fumes of pipe organs touching
phantom, under the floor, wide empyrean
charged with passion, to create imperfect
impressions of reflections, introspective
to scar and scrape the tongue, breeding
munificent awe, pouring temptation,
nuanced, wisdom in desire, immortal,
uniting with created intention, all-evading
humility emerging from the sacrum spine,
bountiful, diligent, the voice, emitting
magnetic contemplations, between poles
constant melting, our great climactic shift
deep sleep, the alien mystery of our presence,
escaping into silence, unknown, in the deep
heard, swallowed, reverberating collections
sonic heat, rearranged by an angelic mind,
listening for the human cry, limitless tones
myriad waves, breaking across this ocean

A Passion to Overcome Hunger II

cosmic, full, raw, transformation untamed
vibrations heard as tears coiling off cheeks
our daughter, civilization, morbid death
enslaving our joys, for the mundane host
greed, falling, over this bed, time-wealthy
embracing fantasies of space with sincerity
swooning with royal ease, the mind craves
human fallacy, cracks in cavernous living,
to call home, the children of modernity,
to answer to rumbling curiosities, believing
selfless, with paintings and notation, a smile,
creasing a grandmother's face, her wildness
her medicine, revealed, finally and fearlessly

Proverbial Pantomime

Blistering, Fully-bruised with the Spring of protest
Among my Semitic brothers, seeing Aryan nightmares
To clash with the naked furor, In absolute disbelief
With arms flailing, inhumane as tongues dried
mass media, enchained, The East, Born from drugs
swaying to English rule, Under the wavering tides
our world's Pharaonic boon, Bestowing memories

early scientific intuitions, undead swoons of knowledge
forming at lip's edge , Spouting the "Green Wave"
Buried under the landlocked, storm-wrought pain
cities, Burning with silenced fear, eyes weary
friendship, Found on the sickly, idle Western front
the artist, Resurrected out of bed each morning
with new purpose, Cold as a child's forsaken naivety,

Whose mind grew out of the numbing hunger pangs
the Global North, Teeming with artful disease;
An industry, Made without birth, Longing for pens,
Standing starkly against the folds of weary skin
on the Eastern artist's face, Whose smile appears
frayed with that same longing, To speak again too
thick as a skeletal crown, Masking the soft, unharmed
flesh of ruthless offspring, of post-revolution fighting,

Proverbial Pantomime II

Now broken, As a corrupted urn, filled with embers
swine, Drearily, he enters, unarmed with lust of others
men's suffering, impressed by prison bars' finger indents,
as multitudinous as waves, Pushing forth over an ocean
for public demand, An outcry, with each step and tear,
Quenching the lost voices of broken throats, Worn
with livid screams, The panic itself, Escaping
quickly, behind a rustic bend, Opened with teeth,
Emboldened with precious stone, Scraping carelessly
across an unused tongue, Then, martyred action erupts
in a wilderness of choice, The police plant the final bomb,
To wound internal strife, Calling all to fear even their own
god; Who stays put above their lands, Childless, waning

Cosmic Play

Witness to the Play

Exploring music as the ground of the muse
To go where inspirations take me and never
look back, To answer questions, yet not leave
without voice, To pierce the metallic veil
that went viral and turned to a fuming root,
Touching Earth's as yet uncovered veins,
 Pouring a fruitless impression, a burnt voice
 at the root, To think without being a wanderer
 prepare for the mistaken fluke, To be dead
 at least pronounced, marry a lasting pleasure
 To roam, caress the mad exit towards a life
 flood, Singing needlessly in this downpour
 untouched pain, Western torture, individual,
bleakly sparing no body but the great swarm
a single migrant's hand, dusted with a vision
fully-grown domestic, for my own personal
ethnic cleansing, Wet freely out of focus
page-turning, Grasping effortlessly at dreams
that fly, Tempting night to endless highs,
 A gripe with lame-footed weakened tribes,
 Fated to bleed each other's blood, A deep
 wizardry of learning between human souls,
 erect with flight, A transcendence, demure
 beyond passing, Inside urban death, Stink
 wine and breathless romance, With what
 stupidity did catch the rain, the last face
 saved on the obsessive screen, for a seed
 to match the female's heart's up-beating,
 engrossed in aftermaths, youth's friction?

Witness to the Play II

To rend mountainous fount of agelessness
A clean derision from plain, pasty-eyed
whiny cries, acting as sponges to immerse
our thawed, lone, dim body with inner light
Embracing global purity between boundaries
enslaved with customs, To fend off a scratch
within the ravaged throat of the single artist,
playing true dreams into the modern telephone,
 A wild crook with fossilized beauty instilled
 gargantuan applause in her heavy-set smile,
 enchained to sound convention, repeating
 pleasing predictability, Affecting a fraction
 an individual, Seated, I am as mere witness
 to the play of formless shade.

Timeless Show

Fading fast...Fading fast, breaking down... been tellin' em all about the way she sang, she sang so afraid... so afraid, with whispers about the time she used to ask me about how it's gonna be... how it's gonna be? All settled and done, tucked away, private...Good, good, without a stir,

Something short fused though rang into the fire...the fire that saved...the fire that saved them all from dying...because when that old house when up aflame, I told her

I said, "no one's gonna know your name! no one's gonna tell...no one's gonna tell em all about the time that she said..."

"I'm about to save my bread...I'm about to save all those who sang...sang about somethin'...sang about somethin' fearless"

That, she shivered, Ah! she shivered up with that wine-cold skin, that broke and curved with delicate hair across the bridge...the bridge of her spine, drippin' down unending in the dark unfocused night of the cherry-grape pop ferment

And inside, I tell her about goin' crazy and askin' my friends...askin' my friends to dine on southerly cravings...southerly cravings south, her, leavin'... south...her leaving south...

South is her leaving,

When she came back, I'll tell you as the north...as the north-praised eyes, with upraised eyes, and I was about to say that my time was about to break...break all into one mad day of shame...

shame deprived of water, drip...a drip that freezes in the cold northerly...north...her... leaving...her leavin' north...

Timeless Show II

Her leavin' north,

What got me goin' with that wind...that wind...wind of her embodied wind...her embodied wind, taking up the whole body...the WHOLE body, one body...one body of wind...

one of body of wind curvin' round the bend of a marginal borderline society, marginalized by a compass goin' up and goin' down...goin' up, down in a vertical bringing, that stone cold with mathematical wives asked right and wrong questions in time...in time

Oh! What calls, what calls in the inter-nations, the inter-nation that manifest in the historic sex of a war gone to nonsense and gore!

And what television channel sprang in the fluid and soft curls of an insensate Helen, who swam cursed in a true, yet forgotten time of America, lonely under the banks of an ever-reaching Canadian icon

Timeless Show III

who drank with the Queen, in her calm,
in her loyal calming, that spread like *wildfire*
over the Blackfoot prairies, and danced
on a contagious farm, that root up fire
in the belly of torn genocidal memory
of white people,

who believed in dance and music,
and sang with impassioned glory
the defeat of the old, transformed
into newfound, emblazoned pride

in one human form

damaged now, inside internal...internally driven, yet deprived of the overt drink that flooded out
like vomit into the naturally disastrous mechanical machine of public eye-witnessing...

and executed the darkest upbringing of our rear-end, the bottom of the barrel southern mind, that
crisscrossed in a subconscious fluid, like mucous, or the stringy intoxicated burly grill of an
inconsiderate barbecuin' man...

who chained their workhorses to the mud of a newly arisen grave, dried up their hands,
caked soil, like a frothy delicacy ready to be swallowed, let out like shit into our wasted,
pubic greed...

a nameless...a grand bicker flees school charms moonshine angels astir in Appalachia,
1970s...

and gave a cool story to their son, thirty years later, in a car with no seatbelt, illegal, dreaming of
that one cursed beauty of a woman, turned into the homosexual isolated drain of one divorced
western family story breaking into the open mythic wave of pop culture America...

Timeless Show IV

needing one more look out from the window of one's house, shared with a wife gone mad in the Virginian virgin forest of her own outhouse fantasy, drinking stupendous skies over the Brazilian shore of a hippie neurosis, insinuating one more glance into the telephone brink of failure, East Coast U.S.A. childhood...

and motherhood, and fatherhood, hoodlums, breeding in streets paved with silvered golden blood, dreaming of another painless fortune... birth of medicine, perfection of an infant soul...

bargaining at the stake, for a thoughtless dime, crooked penny factories of a swollen water-wheel, gutter, sewer...who lost their voice, endlessly thinking, without a tongue...

without signaling the end, one infinite expression of being, merged with the universe, a non-entity, a non-being, sure, confident, as the shadow of the devil...

Timeless Show V

praying to a clouded sky,
at the foot of a throne
ancient, trickster sits
sleeping, mocking
human smile
laughter of mind,
silently enjoying
friction of madness
play, in the great awe
constant suffering
that also dies...
that also dies in disbelief...

as the incredible, beauty,
emerges, the fleeting pain
for a temporary stake
at meeting the way
universal, on a vessel
floating, that sounds
as a passing, always
as a passing...passing
always, dreaming to be
in this, the timeless show

*Timeless Show I-IV is based on an impromptu voice recording.
9.25.2011. 12:50 a.m.*

Shape of Love

You wonder about my spiritual life?
Do you wish to see what I hide
behind this clothing? Do you really
need to see the shape of my Love?

When musing on creation, the muse,
Toward the direction of Spiritual Love
Freeing itself, inescapably, From heat
The blend of your unwelcome seed,
The drip of your failure's breathing
Impoverished laughter, weary eyes
folding, uncovered with genital force.

Why give form to passion? Why not
leave it uncouth, Direct, wilderness
unquiet, Carefree, within Your heart
delicate, Alone, A voice to the world
Needing nothing greater, Than to sink
a vessel of human attire, Must you see
the shape of my Love? Does Spirit not
amuse enough? Is my body too weak
to carry this unbridled mind, That I am
to make itself, overwhelming, overfull
expressions' Hint with another meaning;

To skim the cemetery soil, And be brave
Against dawn's quickening emergence
Before the all too painless ghosts of night.

Short Breath

At the naked end, an end to write, to write, to life, sent, sent while taking risks that awe, hours and palms holding onto a slack jaw, and the roasted furls that smoke up, cleaned nostrils, pink,

the earthen grave, dug, body of a pig, and Guatemalan hills, to breathe the same breath, language fresh, from the soil, its herbs of linguistic pearls, to grind their corn-husked mouths,

whose tongues of bright, soft, tingling sounds, scratched to the core, the *Maiz* and her decadent lore, spun, from the back of cobwebs, burnt, contested crops, all burning before the slash

on the brink of a guest's eye, staring anthropomorphic, into that hand, that crushed and cracked, kernels, dried of life, a life broken, slashed, ready to be renewed,

the open air, the sunlit pores of mud huts, as the tested clay drinks in the moisture of the last harvest, fall, before the tongue lolls out of the mouths of the thirsty and in pain,

who died to tradition yet woke again, and again, in the *metate* curve, that strung up whole houses, prepared with Earth, to teach generations of their old language, from birth

and to observe a kernel as it cracks and foams, like the breath of the Mother, from her fatherlands of old, accosted by religions and names, to impoverish italicized remarks written on edicts,

births, deaths, certificates, marriages, papers, papers, "don't be shy," saying, "don't be shy with thin lips," thin as a paper that wrote down that you're gonna die,

priest said, "don't be shy, we'll call you back like the ancestors round back where your hut sits, don't ask, don't ask, don't ask, about the days that he sat up to go and roam, shoot pigs and wild boars and jaguars

Short Breath II

in the open forest dome, once enthralled," poked out from the jungle, turning the world round,
chewed up, bark john, took your Chiclets and ran, banished, and I, German, lands cut up
underneath

ground like divisions of biblical questioning, in the dry season, she talked with learned English,
communing with grave, over that darker Spanish law, sunken and deflated,

who failed to notice the colored macaw, holding up machetes, breaking through the brush, there,
sounds, fluttered and went, gone, as the teacher of the salivating drip

stealing daughters, from the open-hearted, their urban drift, painstaking, to teach them, sounds of
throats, that their Grandfather's sung, lies lined with corn husks, amazing,

Short Breath III

in the abandoned flush-pine highway
imagination of the northerner at a loss
and the undone road, to fly in search
a name, pinned to an answer, the West
its children, who've forgotten the soil
their own upbringing, mocked *metate*
urn, gift in the Maya tourist shop
escape hotel room Mexican, first
to witness lost travails of Taco Bell
humiliated youth, touching murder
in their brown-eyed relationship
with the wife of European mystery
boiling up to the brim, other Southern
ghouls, tethered poles up to the mast,
to stake their claim, to play their games
poles running around, cut up clowns
on beds of Indian tusks, gone cold
valued pricelessly, in an artistic mold
painterly expression, threshed out
in the fields of an elderly farmer
talking of the same Egypt, Mexico,
European vegetable destiny, to wait
to decompose, chattering vegetal mind
paying tribute to a New York studio

Short Breath IV

inspiring my mind's eye, to funnel
impressions, binding motion of beasts
in their repeated cyclical vibrations
colors that splattered on my words
emboldened hides, organic handprint
the mind, shuddering at each perception
as the doors of mind break in, wine,
profusely cleansing me, climbing,
going up, wondering why, the breath
short, still smokes, like a fuse tempered
by the aching tortured muse, who sleepless
chains herself to a passageway, to help
this body going through

*Short Breath I-IV based on an impromptu voice recording
9.28.2011 12:08 am*

Simple Mystery

Humane wonder, Instilled in youth
Losing ground against the negligent,
fear-ridden hounds of government war
Cherished as security, forceful, lividity
sober malfunctioning, “The drooling past
authority is catching steam on top of me
these boiled brains!” Seething Arab mind
with unanswered judgment, *Allah* human
transformed to pain, As the city’s prayers
once resounding, turn to bomb flashes
Silent on the deathly horizon, A place
Where life frees from sympathy and rides
upon the seven steeds of Hell, To feel
the fertile soil, open with tar and putrid junk
From the phantom gaze of too many lives
driven insane by a carnal weakness, Rent
astir in the fiery conundrum of violence
Tamed and honed for an imposition of order

Simple Mystery II

Wholly divorced from a banal ghost of dream,
A hoarse throat pierces through a sky, filled
with bleary-eyed fear, the widowed cry of Earth
Forced into the unblinking helmet of a cold,
lifeless political curse, Interfused with glory
American pride, To become thankless scraps
for the war-torn lashings of Israeli occupation,
A cultural hearse bearing down on the dead
ancestral farce of Arab mockery, Burned
into the once treeless soil, thriving paradise
European enlightenment, Now drowned
in their dream, alive as broken gourds
filling the *kristalnacht* floors, vile joy
classic plundering, The *Shoah*, poor
histories of modern youth, With narratives
of their grandparents erased, Storing away
once-earned medicines, history enchained
to the forgotten lore of savagery in Asia
or Turkish modernity, To forget the stolen
generations, whose minds burned with them
on the eternal pages of their lives in writing

Feb. 1 2012

Last night, over 70 people die at a soccer match in Egypt

A Message At Once To All

Hours, days, weeks, months, I slept, wallowing neck-high in freedom. Love's essence awakening death. As a Child, imprisoned, stamped out. Life's loom. riverside stroll along parkway fences, icy paths, bridging cities by foot, impasse, tire-marked, felt in common,

An earnest travail, to convey my heart, united in affirmation, with passion for truth, remedies, to imbibe, repression's base suffering, the outrageous indefinite, unanswered mythology of mankind, addressed, opening candor, willful, strong, to face silent reflection, sincerely, marking the passage through thought; messaging at once to all,

I am a man, beholden to one conception, eternal, yet remain corporeal, bones writhing in a quicksand, pondering, idle, within, over the idyllic sand of dream, as a thoughtless dirge, preyed upon by imagining, sickly, stifled, all activity muted with unconscious wandering, paying tension, slaving to self-mastery, without an inkling of self-discipline, I hover

unrivaled prowess over a stern, gloated mind, conquering over the flesh, festered, as slander, impure, meditation, fixated, tunnel vision, powerless to the mold of youth, pressed with mad derision, false alibi, rhythmic creativity, flexing an interdependent sound, to sway with meek disorder, I fear loss

A Message At Once To All II

playing into my weird, lone thoughts, so I pray while the wilderness is shrinking fast with accursed rites, becoming hollow with chosen, bloodless followers, letting their ancestral womb out until the break of day, industrial incentives, to create children, leading generations astray, with timeless profundity

Confounded, waylaid as trespassing, belittled by awe before irreconcilable guilt, my conscience freed, insane notions of Free Will, mounting Evil, as two lovers, hounded by sin among the wolves, their capital, selfish, salivating before greed, prefigured in a guise, deceiving the masses, as art, on display,

To be heard, felt, experienced, so as to displace culture from the bed of familial community, misdirected, place-bound, significance erected plainly, on this artificial twilight's ghost-thickened body, drained, lit, hot, and there I am, risen, to fall, a silent mute, impressing shame into dark-eyed trust, smothering brains, toward unreason, overwhelmed glory, what do I do? What am I undoing? I feel, my first, final undoing!

5.47am, 11.22.2011

wife produces electronic music till dawn, I watch

Spidery Sounds

There are spiders of sounds about
The taught bow is in my ear
And loses its cool, Warmly,
her rhythmic snore, Slow pulse
vibrating madly, The undeserved
rush of nightfall, Snap of wood
toned strings, Breaking, droplet
water, From the bathtub sink,
Drying on my ear, the floor
Boards crack, with dried sting
Alberta life, Dry in all things

Wintering stretch of the overslept
turning, Moaning with pleasure
thankless, Between day and light
Dawning at the beginning of night
And its eastern frost, decaying
Off her tragic lips, Patient with all
releasing stress, death, Dying nightly

Spoken Word Silenced

Fear rings outside, boils from within, a voice directing language inwardly, to move in currents, trends, mind consciously undertaking the imminent play of creation, as a being, aware, suddenly heard, singing, Cantonese ghosts, the elderly rush of my wife's mouth, flushed and gargling into a toilet's gaping abyss

In the modern eye of our wasteful existence, and then, in my mind, reading fleeting excitement, language, poetic expression, mounting metaphors at the center of my being, devoured by me, in my mind, waiting, without patience, for her heart to spill until dry, and empty the bounty of our collected lifeblood, drowning, from my prepubescence, unanswered emotionality

On either side, pausing to remember the seaside day's moment, awaiting Grandfather, on the front yard, alone, to sate passion for child's play, yet giving lessons for the next to last day, before school, institutionalizing my learning brain, that sat, patient, fixed, prepared, to receive the stage, ancestral, wise, in all of their noble savage glory, unmasked by the migrant's oceanic phase, bound to distant shores, popular mind, to praise history as the way of law in philosophy,

Westernized by a vanished taste for G-d, rising, amid failed human awe, before this freed space, within, where struggles count and suffering has a voice, to bring one's surroundings close, to know what truly is, possibility, in the inner ear's experiment of language, through spoken writing, that, born of intuition, faintly brushed with eternal spontaneity, found in the grin of the Old Man, who everyone knows, crossed, his first country's boundary, to travel westward, through his being, exemplary, friend to children, they saw, in their own eyes, justice, grown, Hermetic,

Incensed with lessons, to offer nonsensical play, to the spirit of sin, with an honorable name, untouched, by the worldly, spent, that space that needs to be, a space needs to be, that space that needs recognition, spatial, mirrored by the mind's repeating voice, enough to believe that the only space that exists is mind, voicing space in word's formless eye

Stories Untold

There are some stories that should remain untold,
Yet their telling resolves, ever slightly in the body
the storyteller, Whose headstone shades the unlit
ground with an anxious subject; A story that still
lies engraved in the beating stillness of a heart
paved over with cracked, muddled stone, memory
our only modern, A passionate loud beating
around his wooden ring, vibrating to marriage
of soul, the painful realization, that he is a person
cranked open by one thirsty poet's unslaked, tongue
silence, Fed to the outpouring sands: Moroccan attire,
Rent of its majesty on the Western edge of law, society
Prevailing over the winter of his son's life, Stirring
with pathological lies, To twist the mind of youth,
unlearned, Whose ideas about life breathe with pain
innocent, Harboring fear in his wife's preparations
nude, She readies life to fulfillment with magic
her creative nose, Open to receive scented wine
from an Iranian pilgrim, trudging throughout
mocking family, Lost in commotion's wisdom

Stories Untold II

Canadian, His story belies receding, stupefied
drop into abysmal laughter, Stinging the dry
heart of deadly war, A cane-bearing gentleman,
fondling kneecaps, unassuming, childish inquisitors,
suits attracted to the bare breasts of raw potion,
her unnamed sickness, He calls into the golden
smoke, shamanistic deafening, to prod the animal
need, in one thunderous motion, enough to summit
the Rocky Mountains, scaled beyond the tree-line,
Finishing with her fruits' nude cursing, Swinging
emotions between the cadaverous round, violent
motion, Ten-thousand opportunities close,
to reveal a life of awesome forewarning
On these streets, now lanky with eyes of death,
Breeding fascination in the purring maw of a dream:
To plague any feline lover with sacred blessings
from the valley of the Sphynx, with her meaning:
seeding the flesh of our arcane musing

That Great One Thing!

We always live with that great one thing!
That we never thought would occur,
the elephant in the room, We gawk, blink,
stare and there IT is, Unmoving, present
and staring back at us, Equally confused,
yet enamored, Sometimes angry, shouting
filthy unconcern, Believing it is our right

to flaunt the catastrophe of our lonely days
As a thing of might, Our star-cast eyes
becoming blinded by the cold throats
hoarse daze of a lung, Swelling with reality
Come to fruition in the orgiastic cave-womb
our earthly origins, A painstaking dry heave
raw expression, That brutal ugliness, resurrected
as beauty, In the porous subtleties of delicate flesh,

A stone-wrought urge to become livid, immobile
before the forces that be, Mowing down neglected lawns,
Brown hairs disfigured by underestimated inaction,
This weird inkling, a psychedelic drive to notice,
take heed, the curiosity inside me instills me awake

That Great One Thing II

Proud with unvanquished love, The lord of my body
Writhing to the beat of one human movement, unsung
strength cries to bring forth more tears from the silent
percentages of men in their stolen joy, ruthless endeavor
Yet no more than a ploy to forego the final lie of vigilance
before the quaking furor of women-born men awaken
into a youthful presence of self-recognition, golden hope

dreams in accursed waves of reason, paying for flesh
on a plate, green with lust and savagery, To tame envy
newborn West, defecating, void of an imagined infancy,
Unaware, foundations, our human depths, life's presence
this universe, Questions diverted to ignorant heights, glory
destructive, Only revivifying, inertia of our eternal fate

Persevering Humanity

The Lover

I am the Lover,
Though my legs feel numb
From comfort and rest
 In your embrace
 My heart twists and churns
 Feeding my gut an anxiety
Lost, Never returned
As an offering,
 Life is given
 A storm within
 Rages, heart's rushing
A solar flare
from the core
Bodies breathes blood
 Tearing through muscles
 cremated with ethereal nourishment
 A burden is released, in another

The Lover II

A binge
Her flowering beauty
I stay timeless,
 as the ancient lotus
 blooming from Vishnu's navel
 (like me he glows dreaming)

An earnest charge
in step with Life
The fount of visceral truth
 heating, ever-tightening
 bonds, the knot of one
 fists closed in the breast

"Weakness and frailty
faint beliefs!"
exclaims beaming youth
 Joy plays with Earth
 Words transform
 to chant and song

A voice grows wings
The sacred weaves
boundlessly through
 the frozen rain
 soil grows refreshed,
 earth-bound strength

Motionless, being
The windy summit
tranquil within

The Sun Is My Home

With closed eyes, listening
to ancient harmonics, tuning to RA
I see the Sun between my closed eyes,
its light frees into my subtle psyche,

an opening

I am luminous within
Not completely earth-bound
My home is a solar ground
I am born of stars,

I am Life, in all
its glowing mystery

To Convey Feeling

for Uncle Ho

A human kinship with all able to read these letters,
yet with such force and need, As a stubbed finger,
pressed into an unforgiving wall of ground,
To make fertile soil of the mind, yet feel only
a numbing stab of the pen, edging violently
into my brain, Too wakeful, now resenting
the death of sleep, conforming to night's solace

endless, Slowed vibrations, cooled heat,
though I stay diminished under blazing memory
Culminating in the Egyptian sun, ruling out my law
of reason and being, like G-d his-self,
Angry at having to bed with the salt body
youth, instead, dry earthen sheen of an ocean
prefigured temperament, Before this desk
humanity, a ruinous name thaws my northern home
with subtle contemplation, a feeling echoes nightly,

To Convey Feeling II

Still, I wade in benefaction, a host of impersonal greed
following me from the bed of adolescent striving,
A need to habituate life as elemental expression
words thirsting in me like the 20th century's victims
self-cast into a lake of steaming flesh, Pouring out life
the liquid stuff, water, Now frozen, Canada's open prairie,
torturous, inward swarming, With percussive beats
I meld stolen passages, bland belief, artistic privilege,
To create heart, I found a lake of true cultivation
spatial wisdom, Entreating the unrecognized being

to become the ingenious mystery, we tremble,
needing to know what is within us, All the while,
decolonization's mind has yet to die, enchained
to the spells of my living thought, to extinguish,
against the raw swelling of a clear throat,
A universal exhale, communicated in a single breath,
brief, Yet! One, to say all meaning, an honest act
toward the experience of commonality, union
between all, with zero exclusion between the illiterate,
the infancy of intellect or most strong in will,
With this need, I strive toward ruthless, failure
uncompromising, if not survived

to exist, Aloud!

what unplanned stupor...who eyed the unforgiving dusk, belated with mad empathy for the shine... receding from unblinking minds of heaven...gloated with the freakish burn of an all too tempting moment

to remember the source of light within the murky caverns of an ageless wilderness...wishing away our fears and disbelief...mistaken for the accursed wave forming over spineless cracks of monetary inertia...flowing wildly from the ransacked laughter echoing beyond the mansions of naked tragedy...throughout the depths of America...buried in an ocean of mindless savagery...

knocking on the door of the sole widow...freed now from her drifting from a world of armies... once at war against soldiers...now against people...who defy the public spell and gain support... from the fans of upward energy...swarming beneath barefoot pathways, entreating our civil unrest beyond desertion...

to war within everybody...where thought rises...chained to a cross...impaling the gray complexion of a sick virgin...unwilling to speak matrimonial words...until a foam emerges... filling her insides with the negligent personification of deadly ills...

trial of social divorce, pleading offspring...who must vacate their mythic thrones of holy day remorse... drink the swill of their forebears...under intoxicated, numerical spells of childish superiority...greed as yet unheard nor fantasized in the Romantic annals of Europe's only hope... forgotten...

Greek demiurge of the pride-forsaken many...who's streets crowd with unnamed lust...to kill the idea of an enemy...purchase marks of unity with the prehistoric sacrifice of voluntary life...

to exist, Aloud II

yet with creation's multiplicity arises a new dawn...strayed from the original seed of nuanced delight... artistic malaise of a trenchant villainy...moguls vainly passing by...on melting trains steered on into the ghastly twilight of planetary life...

to visit spirit in the meandering passageways of a youthful species...treasured only by Ego's blessing...warped eyelid touched up with rainforest mud that quenches the brother of vampirism with empires of thirst on the fill of the local dew...

anarchist dreams foil the screen blushed insinuations of power to the phantom hosts of our global peace...a sanctimonious duress frays at the seams of a blind, now cold following...

to dismantle the brain of the already mad folly of civilized desire...and grant superior defection to the uninspired consumption of the air...vanished into a figment of freedom...

a blemish appears on the savior's tower as he coaxes the murderous few...to a droning response...membrane of volatile fluid...unclear caress of the tongue against the chords of provocative sound...existing, aloud.

Truth transformed to Anonymity

Not the roof of the mouth,
Nor the thick inner layer
the jowl, but the tongue,
That icing layer of dust
old breath, On the cheek
lover's mindful glimpse,
A sweeter matter behaved
ruthlessly as the mold
wrought words, Impassioned
fruit from the Queen's anger
lips, quivering with remorse
 For the troubled soul, leaked
 with treason, A need to speak
 through with blasphemy,
 A heretic's spawn in black
 momentous, As a yawning
from the female cat's mouth,
sleepless, An excruciating pain
death is heard at once on the radio
majestic, A sound, dreamed
on yellowed pages, such heights,
Victorian, A meager pawn

Truth transformed to Anonymity II

the pen, short-tempered, Made
worth a match, played beyond
the chest-scratched wood
our deathless, ancient weaponry,
Keeping heads shut, framed
by instantaneous longing, rushed
into our over-proud eyes at the sight
a single pupil, Unique by height
mind, depth of heart, In the care
thousand-year brushes of heaven
dreaming through the subconscious
grail, attaining the wealth of modernity
wine, A French creation, as our palms
marked by humanity, Now agape,
naturally formed archways, cavernous
steeped in wonder beyond age

To the grievous rural judgment,
Inherent in the starved, illiterate
cows, Canadian sheep, Hollowed
by leaderless gang of braying steeds,
Full with bales of emptiness, Glowing
still, In the aftermath of fame

Until Bodiless, Led

The stars explode in rings around my eyes,
Enclosed in silence, Waiting, watching,
looking, Seeing with patience, The unfolding
one universe, etched in Dream, On the backlog
trite, improvisational being, Whose focus
spontaneous, demurred, Under obscurations
an all-too-immemorial light, That poured in
with an individual's gazing, Into metallic ash
literate rite, To proudly, with boldness of one
thirsting, being, drink from the assailing passion
cast over a quiet city, In its overly faded charge
rumbling, Terse as the wild's own mad forest
junctions, Behind highway greed, the aftermath
one unlearning, At the edge of history, played
over tele-stoned pyres of one, sunken humanity
Bled from the core over bleary threads, cataracts
From the spirited more, Leaping beyond
normalized order, To madness, a fool's own
untamed walk, into the public crock-pot of family
salvaged, In that one turn, creating a body
from the waylaid ruins of Saturn's cyclical fasting
Bent on the musician's knuckle, buckling with hurt
grave, To convey an animal's golden suffering
on an urn of our most delicate sound offering,

Until Bodiless, Led II

To sit, and with astute observance, see dream alive
Before all being melds with catastrophic waking
From the hoarse boasting of a cruel, politicization
jewel, set in the eye-socket of the mage, and her
unwelcome, turning, To face the strength of a string
drumhead, Birthing the visual warning, to steer mind
away from sleep, perform nature's wondrous blessing
self-created animation, Before the rush of shrinking tides
disappearing with cold, exacting truth behind the skin
covered eyes that sees with open ears, sensitive to life
listening, Sitting wide awake, waiting for the ripple effect
To breathe out death with every approaching step,
With every approaching breath, until bodiless, led

Victuals of Learning

What fount of inner space stored the omnipresent victuals of learning,
the organs of expression vital to our mental strength, our forgiving characters?
From what inner volcanism lies our territorial dearth, a speck of trivial imagining
personified by the worthless habit of thinking?

From where in the blankness of creation's silent vacuum did human despondency bend
to universal feeling in the art of land and sun, coursing through the animal blood of our homesick
union with life and the blessed gold of ancient law?

From where do we draw from within or beneath
the surface of consciousness, resources allowing us
to mend our weakness with nature's raw vibration,
careening past a cliff-side's sheer awe, against an island
earth and sea, this austere universe of internalizing,
adamantine relativity, uniting all material vision
with spiritual respite from the meaning of man
evolutionary, filled with eagerness, to will
the terminal passage to entropy, to renew
an ancient maxim that in failure is sure hope
by continuous reactions between core belief
and outlying notions, spontaneously lit
with Brahma a swollen wave, emboldening
mundane throat evocation, into perfect wisdom

From time or space? Sent through the vessel
human experience with peculiar mystery,
Enough to send all ghosts, the ghastly smoke
unconscious festering, To surface with the clouds
language, as Told to the sleepy, twilit crowd
Enamored with image and light, while dark

Victuals of Learning II

The thief bounds in gargantuan leaps
across rain-swept valleys of war-torn absence
In the countryside of our pre-historic origins,
Willing a muse to free death in an instant

Our mouth corroborates an inception of blunt following
Among implausibly illiterate populations throughout history
Decrying personal truth, Unless woven interminably
with the ageless, sick laugh of creation, Fit into the wild
awe of an individual, Burst open with religious feeling,
Enough to bind raw hearts to untapped rhythms, headwaters

We Are All Women

In the private dusk of human glory
there will be a name for us, It will be
female, Our forms, shapes, contours,
breadth and measure within, without
full as the lactation of an orphaned mother
beside a needful fugitive, the womb of man,
The egg of her bread will bleed with truth
 Unknown to the ear's steaming follicles
 physical survival through birth
 In the imagination of animal wonder,
 A cloaked leader will reform the mammal
 brains relearn the effect of a piercing call
 To flood mindless blessings into children
 wishful, before sleep, By the unchained
 masculine form, a beauty shall seed us
nude beliefs in the softness of our forsaking
tragic moon, wailing efforts of mankind
foregoing the final trails of their dead
ancestral modernity, led to strive, in pain
engrossed in swollen poverty, neglectful lust,
 A following arises in the muck shameless praise;
 That the hooded insanity of a skeletal mind be claimed
 by the ruthless martyrs of matriarchal destiny,
 Ever since Cretan ideals landed upon the belly
 growing depopulated Earth, We panic loveless
 greed, fertile in the proud, delicate soil
 beneath the matchstick toes of working men,
 Scrambling up to the high ground of the trillions

We Are All Women II

individual wars fought everyday, between hands
broken, brown, skinned, Failing to lighten
their local touch upon the barefoot earth
with human providence, Stilling identity
feminine life wills our wealth to Her
nameless feet, As a warning, toxic, lunging,

 Yet, towards the overhanging fruit beyond
 the cliff-side air, Our families descend at length
 until death calls us coldly down our lonesome paths
 Uniting our inner opposites in the secrecy of mind
 our own diligent work, We prophesy a channel
 common behavior beyond our vulgar profanity

Which Passion?

Which passion in you evokes the experience
your rites of passage? Those years, delicate
adolescence, blind, curious, innocent, divine
willed, you sailed, with lunar momentum
into areas, obscured by family, national habit,
pride... a cultural malaise gone... bitter
secret travesties, mundane hoax, freeing
society convincing the wise to the end
their days... made into icons over murder
devastating the human dream throughout time

When, since those formative days were you cruel
pushed aside to second place in self-sacrifice,
to family, money, business, name or face?
Do you still practice those ritual days
through personal devotion, recognizing them
their importance, refining your cultural tastes
to spiritual need... staying afloat long enough
to breathe the clean air of our living environment,
caring for the Great-Great Grandmother alive...
where is your respect for her? She gazes at us
perplexed, Asking, "Why have you since abandoned
your impassioned mores for the ruthless tide of waste
industry... engrossed in an intellect, consumptive
licking the poisonous vines of greed... selfish ruin...
a thankless body of gross stupidity... a mere child
crying in its infancy... first words of expression
glowing, reduced to rubble, silenced functionality...
a destructive force within... to consume, use, waste,"

Which Passion? II

Where exactly did you forget those sacred rites
learned by you to purge spiritual intuition
extraneous goals of blundering...older men...
cast into an extinct modernity to fall on their backs
with inglorious forgetting...doing nothing good?

Why have we not let ourselves be led, unselfish
pure as the raw energy of a body, full with passion
to be and act for the sake of subtlety in truth
feeling...sent as a dear message to all loved ones
as the sacred elements; earth, air, fire and water.

Return!

Your voice speaks to you,
refreshed and invigorated with this
healing mark of indrawn suffering,
repeated over lifetimes thinning
over the elaborate sprawl of an age
out of balance...in a people
withdrawing from their center,
heart and mind...to reason
with the belly...floundering
shame of ransacked generations...
futures lowered to a homeless mess

Answer back...with nameless Love
for creative inspiration...seek truth...
the moment breathes in the eternal
wonder of your searching

