



district.Columbia



Menahem Ali

translated by Matt Alexander H.

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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 Mattapoisett, 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
Present Sound, Silent Space
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

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“For when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.”

Percy Bysshe Shelley; from “Queen Mab” Part III



On the Image

I tell a story by visualizing the original manuscripts of *district.Columbia*. The emphasis on stream-of-consciousness, spontaneous improvisation as my primary approach to writing is illustrated here with the use of blotter action paint. This style of action paint, where the brush never touches the paper, emphasizes the perspective of the painter, as simultaneously perceiver and conceiver, in relation to the subject.

The destruction of the Twin Towers, was pivotal to my American youth. I perceived it indirectly, outside of any direct mode of physical experience. The media through which I saw the disaster, is given precedence over the content of the subject matter, hence the liberal use of spontaneous action blotter paint using ink. The ink refers to the blood and tears of the victims who were affected by the destruction. This includes the peoples of Iraq, whose societies were devastated by a flood of violence and misinformation.

The blurred writing overlain with blotter ink enunciates the misdirection of media and information. The deep blue tone is a purposely unnatural shade for the sky, representing an artificial environment under a full solar eclipse, further symbolizing the concealment of knowledge. The dark red underneath the towers stands for the blood of victims seeping underground, out of sight, where their suffering continues to pour.

The center space is left empty to signify the great abyss or gap which continues at the center of our existence in the West, and indeed all the world, as a result of the catastrophe which ensued in the wake of this infamous event.

I initially conceived the second element of the piece, the right panel, as an adaptation of the Freedom Tower. The ink, once representing the fresh sweat and blood, splattered onto the finely penciled writing, has seeped through the paper. This signifies the fact that even if there is a new tower in the place of the old, the events which have come to pass in the wake of the Twin Towers devastation will appear in the construction of the new tower.

Above, the great mystery, a UFO, blinks in a polluted sky, foretelling the haze of conspiracy which will perpetuate the misinformed misdirection of military technology into the easily-distracted, dramatic mind of the American public.

The unpainted manuscript pages beside the single tower represents the clarity of judgment foretold and seen by its construction; that it is supported, in many ways, by the blood of those who have passed while America's lies and violence unfolds after a decades of state aggression, and invasions into both personal and public life at home and abroad.

On the Text

Inspired by the precolonial and pre-Revolutionary War metaphor for America, “Columbia,” a Goddess of Freedom, as an archetypal myth, once personifying poetry and optimism through feminine form. With these writings, I personify the process of mythologizing, or myth-making, as a dedication to compassionate protest as voiced in historic confrontation with both the self and the nation, as between the individual and the collective. In 1775, Phillis Wheatley immortalized the use of Columbia as America, also becoming the first African-American poet, and first African-American woman to publish a book, with her poem, “His Excellency, General Washington”,

I wrote *district.Columbia* primarily based on a visit to Washington D.C. after living abroad continuously from ages twenty to twenty-four, mainly in Egypt and Canada, but also with stints in Mexico, Peru, Germany and Denmark. *district.Columbia*, as a collection, is a vocal reclamation. These chronicles present a visitor returning to his home country, where visitation is defined by traversing an international land border.

I represent my struggle to reclaim and recognize my unique voice. Over the blank surface of white pages, I confront the realization that I am, in certain respects, an inheritor of the American way of life. The inheritance, in my experience, is fraught with the psychological complexities of self-imposed exile. In this reclamation, I throw off vestigial principles. I attempt to revision a new way of being through the living temperaments of the written word, and specifically, my own practice of conscious spontaneity in writing. Such a reflexive editorial approach demands confronting self-awareness by a natural process, in which self-expression revolutionizes identity as a self-perpetuating source of renewal and life.

Spontaneous word creation, or improvisational writing, is natural to the human mind. There is a power within that endless fount, that when tapped as a spiritual practice, unleashes one’s surroundings with ever-renewing energy. Such a practice motivates one personally, to interact with one’s immediate environment in dynamic ways. The reason for this effect is because in this practice, which actualizes into a way of being, the present moment becomes central. When the present is cherished with just significance, the mundane begins to breathe with vitality. The practice of improvised writing, in this sense, prompts a processional transformation to evolve sterile notions of self and environment.

district.Columbia begins by defining autonomous interactions between self and environment (as to parallel notions of the “New World” for precolonial Europeans and pre-Revolutionary War Americans) and ends with a declarative pronouncement; to create an openness toward uninhibited spontaneity in personal creativity, diversifying awareness in social activity and in our public spaces (as to parallel the current fomentation of creative social activity that blurs the lines that might divide art as public or personal).

1 - Realizing *our* OBJECTION

2 - Understanding *our* MEANING

3 - Confronting *our* PASSED

4 - Preparing *our* ACTION

Interludes on Freedom

5 - De-constructing *our* UP-PRESSING

6 - Creating *our* TRUTHS

7 - Changing *our* PERSPECTIVE

8 - Re-writing *our* STORY

Realizing *our* OBJECTION

Fortune's Glutton

a glutton, gasping for air, in the cool darkness, brushing thin-clothed loins
post-midnight whereabouts, memorandum mirage, charged dynamism
at last restless, answer:

reach to touch Love's palpable drift
in the body of one Northeastern life
consciousness slipping, softly
into the unending scream of ignorance
as waves of ghosts pierce the cracked,
loose air, our lonely exit comes to
fruition with busted orgasmic lights
deep, waking fortune shuddering,
in awe, awaiting the patient lover
his incendiary pair of eyes, dreaming
soundlessly, into the never-ending
swarm of heart, torching lust
bleak smiles of the Sabbath
over bottled blackberry wine
drizzled onto an avocado page

sending un-coddled thought, onto the turn-style table
a comedic backdrop, sensitized under 95 year old skin
where true feeling resonates, in the earthy hair of guitar
piano strings, cut, burning in the night's long internal ache
the ebullient seed fires, grass-thundered vocalizations
giving melodies to ancestral brotherhoods
& sisterhoods calling, throughout the music
of surprising beauty, New America, Go Forth!
a picturesque blare, growth attack spotlight
owning the North coast, in a ruckus of jeering talk
bloated satellite gazes bleed fixedly
into a wide outpouring shore, still towering
over an African haze, thawing the greedy, names
tearing at the throat, the machete claw
breaks apart the vocal chord forests dreamt
in saw-cleared eyes, during the infamous winter
English settlement, from the prized mouth & stomach
of burnt corn and lacrosse, pages ruffling
in the French-Canadian afternoon, remembering
with sterling grace & an ease unbeknownst in the blank
wilderness of Western memory

Fortune's Glutton II

the oral grave of intergenerational strife
digging itself extra corpses to save face
in the final rain of time, commanding the blind
ruthless execution of the utmost & most fine
coercing the black hawk's shielded plate
sealed over the top of an asterisk helmet
at noon-time email remorse, to send hate
negligent, into the morning & exploit war
while cursing the émigré poor, climbing
the ladder, to your third-story bedroom
with a sharp quaking, mind's eye peering
into the holy unknown, emotional clarity
offering free will plainly & the un-survived
humandom of childless futures, go forth!

I, Internalize My Body

my stomach,
stained with blood and coffee
& I drink with a consumptive gaze
greedily at the tip of the root
hanging from Earth's core

the Indian tree
swelling as it sways
to the rhythmic tuning
an un-cordial universal spring

& so the strung chords of the world's birthing are plucked
duly, with grand motion over starboard ocean rains

tunneling into a thunderous vision
the pierced hawk
eyeing ground from atop the archaic skies
timeless dream & the soundless above slips
beyond the social canopy

& Confucius prays for love
in the Taoist grave of Saturn's eyeless pupil
memorizing the pages of our life's trunk
becoming engraved
with one stoned ape's tug

at the hairless chord
our once upraised wilderness
now chained
to European drug lust

Assimilating East

a maimed fork-tongued spine, billowing in majestic heat
as a feather, in the dim predawn, choking moonlit cries,
the rasping imperfection, in ecstatic beauty, momentous
experience, beyond human conflict, in the word & sound

throat-muted music, the play of life, final and resounding
in a tumult of white haze, around the English nape, croaking
in the sharp-whispered present, fuming dry-eyed, numberless
fingerings, before a trickster's tree, pained to an ink smear

fire, on the blistering urban horizon, sleepless, gone into age
reason, the ethos of undreamt madness, teeming over drunk
soups creeping, into the mattress womb, love's unthinking,
island, catastrophe in pursuit of Man, thankless awe in prison

by the fornicating asp, embraced & sure, calmed by dragons
unbelieving, orient energy, to toxic gladness, in opiate museums
struggling to raise the animal-child, removed from her round face
channeling the circle's parallel, as doom puzzles & quickens

simultaneously fated, in an overwhelming urge to kill, boast
the murderous gamble, vacating over failed modernity,
a nightmarish vision of the weak American brain, coddling
electric misdirection, worried & unplanned savagery, answering

all: war story lies, profound questions, on the meaning of life
with vindictive cynicism & a laughable crusade, assimilationist
values white-washed, dread, tuning all the fork-tongued hearts
glue-stained, copicat branded smiles, ear-pinching mamas,

craving for a dose of humanity, in engines of more bloodshed
around the knife-edge corner, boiling pot of human homes
family wisdom, rights & moves over the cinematic backdrop
misinformed god-awful dramas, plugged into cliché rides, raw

Listen to Your Self

listen to your self...until the round waterfall empties Earth, cleansing the porous beyond,
in a fire fight, clambering up broken stone, rushing past notes, blue & white, forming
spontaneous lines, end brush strokes, in black obsidian plush, creasing against the fold,
mountainous, with a calligrapher's mind

written from inside the Rocky glove of unsettled youth, wild creative, those two pair,
growing, as a weed in unseeded soil, tossed into the vibrant dark, matter of infinite bliss,
the great American eagle, flowing into the future, Vietnamese bathroom floors, swept of
children and memory, to change the Hebraic tide

New England martyrs, glorious phrasings, chiding spiritual play, in the Algonquin high,
green environment, hidden with chilling valor, in the mindless now, awake, blessing
gaping lungs, the Indian tree, sacred breath, on the poetic tongue, a changeless need,
creating universal love, the bedding of an epochal foment

in song, inflaming the passage beyond body, an unnamed right to live as is in the grass
sands of crab-scuttled itching, our newly aged feet, to see past random necessity, light on,
bloodied ethnicity, touching ancestral pride, the road is now faded, overwhelming sense,
as Love for all creation, buried in a mass grave

a secret lunacy, hidden, behind the bed-mask of traditional sexuality, untying the knot,
stifling truth & freedom, in frantic pauses, to strengthen terror's wave, crashing onward,
over lonesome tasteless authority, as glamour reflects off stretched mirrors,
disadvantaged, ugly, poor & our fate, united

to the first expression, to cast away all memory & become plain, seen in the absolute,
center, mind's eye, Pacific, drenched in wandering, an unworldly guise, blending waste,
machine-eaten jungles, fried in the oil of littered rubbish, alongside a fixed marriage,
highway to an undreamt following, a place deeper than hell

a frozen imagination, where the burned order of asinine judgement breeds, flowering,
bitter hate for the lost stare remembering, speechless knot, held in minds full with blame
& newly felt sorrow, for ancestors' mourning, tied in fate with breathless teachings,
asking, what's to become of their kin?

Understanding *our* MEANING

Sculpting our Music

to empathize with space, emptied, learning, devoid of causality
to exist in nonsense happily, with or without the means to find
the light, to continue, realize that meaning prevails, to emancipate
need into desire, and transform desire into being, to see you
in the flap of a wave, thickening, in a sky filled with stars aglow
on the insect's wing, eaten, then! raw as toothless humanity

forming on the tip and base of the tongue, each word-stopped
breath of compassion, stating:

"subsist without things, yet do not
merge with sheer being, there is no escape from right, take time
to see, play aloud to the soft distance, with each touch on the book
eternal, rest coolly, on the back of every pulse, move through
the fingertip press over reality, simply unlearn doing by giving
in, there is already peace, know your surroundings, 'truth does not
move', yet there is mystery in sound's effortless becoming, pull
time into the heart around & within the hand, breath plays in tune
to the sun's round, birth, thoughtless entry, law orbits the canal

return to archaic wisdom by ancient instruments & the rare music
inward listening, share all in the act of creative wondering, explore
the mind without friction, beat our one heart, drained now by loves
unknown pleasures, make an offering, to the inescapable friend
appearing as death, at the beginning of night, frozen in time
moment's celebration of temporal freedoms, grinning out of sight

None Superior than No One

obscenities of racism, full, with brutish lies
whispering carefully, a song of superiority,
stigmatized & the random tear, breaks
at the seam of the color line in brackets,
the argumentative congress, sparked
ruthless struggle, to follow the skin

figment of national imagination
out of the soup of paper, brought forth
signed & dashed to the brink of monotony
the white drama, played, temptress
on the silver screen's beginnings
luck sworn lady, proudly craving,
angelic, rushing in nonstop traffic

all-evasive superficiality, raining down
mellow, unborn savagery over the traumatized
hearth broken, fire bursts, reckless
in the shaking grave, early, centuries
settling became a full moon practice, dim
ugly war signs embraced on African shores

& in the deepest south, colonial homes, filling
beds with elevated mores, seething at the brim
an enraged foment, between men & women, racial
pangs of color & word touching on the endless cry,
festering, a boil of the unpronounced
comparative identity, modern division,
a social history, mismatched at the raped womb,
turned aside & hidden, its darkest pull into all
blackness at the tip & infinite

corner of universal brilliance, a feature
personality, a momentary god breathing in
the light of proverbial wisdom, dream talk
ancient suffering, an eloquent sleep, reading
into the deep listening, wild earth & her still
shore reflecting the inmost forbearance of her
oration as a secret in conflict with reflections
perfectly mirroring, nature's great gaze of mind

None Superior than No One II

as equals in time & space with all creation
in a flash of spontaneous appearance, nudge
a taught glow, forsaken as murder into night
fated, a cold lonely break, between choice
indecision & patient intuition, the one voice
common, our human home, purposeful presence

pregnant with the meaning of art, in our head
& eye, self-formed, born as a creative laboring
in the strong bush, a peculiar kind of will,
worshipping diversity, 10,000 tongued iris
performing for the blessed, worldly guests,
as a vaginal cavity pulsing, a white noise
flecked with the opaque snow, newfound

conceptual electricity, melting at once
in the off switch unction, towards, motionless
upbringing, growing up as a solitary man
profundity, alone with nature, our humane
passage through society, desire & the curse
restrictive fear for the child & her, baptized

drugged Love, seated Life

drugged love, timed passion
found remorse, quick
resourcefulness, in arms
distributed poverty, dirt
sickening, net worth
our enslaved ruddy mirth
masked deportation, swallowed
fruition, blossomed nun
Buddhist sisters, folk betrayal
shamanic chime, civilized din
graceful inclinations, oldest
persona, land-emergent
land-intoxicated, avian lords
roam tearfully, landless bush
streaming above the Pacific
current, fanning atop islands
seed, exotic breach, blind
exploring, from nothing
to essence, learned discovery
from a seated life

To There... a single step

to the core

middle
center
point
crux
meat
bone
heart

of the matter

to spend aimless time, gazing at monetary colors, in the upturned sky, blank, serious face,
to guide, expressed, in a selfless haze of red & green, light with intimacy, sun ray's touch,
in the atmospheric jazz, cool, inside genetic exercise, toward introspection, communal,
hallucination, at the stroke of luck, faceless ordeal, met, only by traveling, going beyond,
the space of rhythmic stress, coursing through the married, rings, male-female becoming,

like an ageless fight, against the cruel daze, with monotony and clever denial,
bequeathed, to the jealous children of war, boiling over the holy boom pot, America,
recreated cookery, discolored flash, eyes suddenly open into the empty well-cast light,
sensing bravura, internal awakening, without respite, judgment cleansed, humanity,

reborn, on the naked steps of Greek antiquity, coming to life in the nude breath, heating,
the strong will to escape, to flee from Earth's modern gravity, quake the rules of science,
an act of preposterous impertinence, reality as sand-fired glass, shore, sinking lunar tides,
elegant as Eastern sorrow in music, written with voice, to bespeak the voiceless friend,
spontaneity plays in a formless kiss

wakeful human wishes, at home, bleeding non-political growth, outside skin, rusty match,
raised, presidential beginnings at the final tuning, a slow curve of national despair,
answerless dread, washing over the religious, tired mouths sink into the sea, blameful,
faithful, diversity, troubling, risen to a heart, failing to beat, hearing her single step

Morning Dew

your eyes crack open
with subtle wanting
in the cold

drop

mourning

filling your smile
with dawn's twilit dew
in the rush & pour of warming lust
to be near & speak loving endlessness
into your responsive tongue
that clings eagerly
to the rolling birth of tragedy

in my arms
pulsing with exotic love
to cool the diligent reckoning

with the unforgiving pull
a soft whirr from the sky's clear vacuum
exhaling
the rusty kisses of lips gone stale
with a life
lived too long

Along My Own Shore

Buttressed against the sign, The medieval wave foams
over the cup of a lovely breastfed nose, Exhaling nostalgia
Jewish, mournful, local upbringings, In the rearview tragedy
of common history, Gone from Celtic shores that reach
into the heart of a small mayflower, Teaching youth &
middle-aged men of their rights & losing fate in the unreasonable
song, To play out our entrenched groove that ride into motion
spherical, A dreamless awe maintaining the earthy power
to cool enraged throats & impress a soft layer of peace
on their back, The all-escaping flesh, Of our siblings who praise
the sun, And its ever-flowing majesty, As we drink clean
the greatest bled bowel, stirring all life, Into a negligent swarm
dearth, Strengthened by the mother mage, Feeding her, feminine
premonitions, As vulnerable as a dragonfly, Bubbles collect
under glass-blown facades, Over childhood ignorance, Now
translated into memory & anger, For the righteous who sweat
uneasy in the rain of God's unwavering brow, Quenching
the sweet lust of a tongue touching air, Breaking outlawed
raspy, Stressing oral vernaculars with southerly pressure
On the winded tune, Calling lonely flints to break stone
over the fireless birth of electric streets, Cowering in the name
& number of a modern fear, As troubling & apparent as the street
ending in wilderness, The post-office calling of local children
Strengthened, lowered into oceanic depths, At this point,
along my own shore

Borrowed from the Ancients

An unseemly drink, Borrowed from the ancients
My uncouth vocation, A mundane host, pride-fed
Now a calling, sure, In the wild dirt, Following
the wave's break, Surfing an open, living mind
Shedding tears, upside, Into the unbroken sky

Where fish jump, break clear surface of mind
Life emerges, spontaneously untamed, Her
prophetic nature foretold & she swans, glazing
over, Before the picture board, Hot with fangs
ice, A sudden peering into human evil, As a rock

featureless, Craving home in the swallowing dirt
A ruthless desire, To unite with physical being
In the cavernous play, Amid the muck & cry
A lost piece of string, Fraying at the end
Strung around the backbone of a House,

emptied by work & a second family, recalling
memory, Grandparents gone into the naked beyond
Whose swaying grieved, longingly, A sheepish rustle
in the bed of an unmanly heart, Drunk off the undone
wilderness, A bush of masculine hair, briefly stroked

Upon the ash tray mug of plain sex, And the flower
attracted by gender, Flipping across duality's loftiness
existence Under upraised addictions, Failing our intuitions
deep With personified haste, To die the impatient death
of youth, And brushing past the envisioned self, Struggling

to go together
with soul
To the summit
of human
glory

From Behaved Freedom to Absolute Nonsense

I go from a behaved freedom to absolute nonsense
 Without friends yet steeped in family love
I publicly play & proclaim the monetary divide
 My rich eyes disguise the poverty line's frozen glare
In Canadian expatriate stench, painstaking
 To be fugitive without mind into the loosed volley
Cracking against the one shield fortress of Mattapoisett
 "Place of rest" made settlement with guns & stolen disaster
Ripped from the bosom of Europe's scheming
 English name
 Now massacring the playful artistry of our own inborn life

On this impossible continent
 Freely taken from a gamble & faith
For blond-headed angels
 Whose divinity parted over bald-headed hallucinations,
Imprisoned, driving out demons
With Masonic symbology
 Over the infinite sands of civilization
 Breathed and created out of time
In the sun's ravishing corner of a universe
 Un-tempted and forever at a loss
 Between the child's two eyes
 Closing
On death & the holocausts of forsaken government
 Laughing at the trees' roots

When stretched to the bottom of India's or Africa's wells
 Ousting up the belief in life as a drunken tragedy
 Yet, be not humorless nor without comic sophistry
In dance and song
 Come alive by sexual majesty
 As theatre's delicate ways

To present the creative being
As one
With truth's bold and upheld music
 Reflecting back
In the caged mirror
 A creator anew

With Still Unborn Eyes

A presence belied the soft air, aglow with drizzling
From this, our American lighthouse heaven
Alit with diligence
In stories told by great-grandmother's
Life lived outside the pages of the "true"
Into truly earth-quaking dreams
A silent praise now unforgiving in this one unkempt death
Blowing past the burly crevasse of a listless youth
Climbing up past gold icons, Biblical temptations
To steal lovers from their darkest pain
In a house filled with the come of endless wandering
Men whose throats burn with the soil of their unloved mothers
Croaking up agro-fossil drains
Reaching from modern skylines to prehistory
Issuing periodically from our Christ-death
At the end of an age
As inevitable as the reptilian fate in the everyday brain
Expanding with feared herbs, growing
Like weeds in our Western mythology, built in smoke
And the knowledge of Earth's ever-forgiving blessings
Bringing America's children to reason
To explore mind, in the sociopathic lie of success and money
As we corner the livid daze of the booming war
Fertilized wombs, manifest as westward suburbia
In the housed mystery of our yet undiscovered world
Beneath each colonial home
Shot out of the ugly worldview
Misplaced over the moral genealogy
In an ecological philosophy
To dry the eyes of our spectral hosts
Who watch and wonder
With still unborn eyes

Preparing *our* ACTION

Improvisational Brevity in the Public Eye

What shared outpouring wore down the iris & pupil
The blind, cut of their paralyzed legs, street of ghosts
Walking, hanging onto passersby' cars, envious
Historical, thick desire, in the burning legs of ours
Men & women, home, the taxes of war & other fires
Terrorists exploding across the Fourth of July skies
Crying for tears, to put out the flames with bare hands
Workhorse bleeding over the grave of Communism
A permanent red, to divulge in our shared suffering
Between the Chinese and Islamic worlds, Now
enmeshed in divided enmity, With their brothers

An incantation's break, toward a collective hymn
Learned in distant rally keeps, Among the exotic
foreign faces blurring, As the weak perceive minds
undead, Clinging to a cold unknown, As yet unseen,
possibility, To come near to the landless hole of all
Through our improvisational brevity, The public
eyes through an unlearning, In the exotic pull
Firing the imagination with natural fuel of hands
From a single tome of lawlessness, Sung breathless
by heart, Behind sanctified veils of deserted humanity

At Earth's surfaced core, The central heat of language
An untold mystic Sweats over the reeds, To make her words
permanent, Impressed against the chest of Earth's skin
Where beauty's seed first sprung, From the mouth
unformed animal, Desiring to be part of the universal
Wave of continuous expression, Toward unified presence
With astonished deathly bliss

& awe

Holy Rope

Holy rope glean
Setting off the executioner's raffle
A dream state tunes the mind
To a pentatonic, indigenous scale
The lonely antique buzz
in our natural surroundings
A decadent life, prepared

Amidst the misty hilltop
Laughter
Echoes of the contemplative
breath on high

Interludes *via* FREEDOM

(forMational poEtics)

A Dark Glory

There is dark glory in the aftermath of a life
lived for the mundane, Powerless
quickenings, to a family of ghosts
Pursuant toward human failure
 So astounding as to thicken the blood
 with the seeds of an arboreal grave
A morbid host flaunts my presence on this night
 Fortune's boast ruins egos
driven by trivialities
white-milk mentalities

Breathing in hoarse visions
 To announce:

“Wisdom is dead
So why do you flee to eternal misery?”

“In your graceless fornication with speed,
Why did you create to destroy
then listen, only to silence?”

A great tormented void rings overhead
the binding salt of my sleepless thoughts
 Called forth into being
by the bone-skinned drum
life's flow
A drawing
 from the well
A sacred heat
 Below the eardrum's fall
to a coarse truth;

“We all feel undone by shameful tragedy.”

A distinct forging into the present
dizzying percepts of a lingering eye
 Finding beyond the brush stroke
predawn –
The blinking heart of the drum
impressing joy, the animal womb
To dream anew

Downstairs: A Joke

Downstairs there is a joke
Emanating as a vile curse
Into the cellar's lair
A gourd filled with smoke
speaking in a voice
Human, mindless mirth
Inflamed, glass grown cold
unheated concrete glue
A fixture of the dead past

A golden consumer begs
with a throat full of tears
In front of speakers
Throbbing with broken-hearted names
Burning up in worldly instrumentation
Transcending the same-self curse
With a storied high of nameless voice
Carrying through the skin of animals, Trees
& the fibers of mountains'
Sacred
Internal
Beat

Flipping on the atmospheric light
In a shrouded daze
Of infinite flames
rising
To universal stature
Beyond the mold of unbroken life
Turning the heart of man into cold dead stone
ethereal triumph, A spiritual womb formed
At the fingertips of an artist-healer
Pursuing the groove of an epoch
Stolen from the mind of silent law
In a motionless world
yearning from afar
In the dark
Fearless
Night

Interludes *via* FREEDOM

(*prosaic in Terrogations*)

America! America!

America! America!

America! Why have you buried your deepest, darkest secrets in whispers unheard?
Yours truth is disguised in white blur blinding as the green-footed greed of mad industry.

Why do you never step lightly off the strength of Europe's forests?
Why do you reduce world mystery to cartography?

What is your First name?

And since when have you dreamed so shamelessly
Why are you without thought of the right to peace?

Where is your life?

Are you not the decadent splendor of your shared riches?
Why have you become poor with anger?
Why have you offered only suicide to your stouthearted?

I have conceived a country out from the spotless lie of hidden wonder
I cruelly disembark from the gross unlearning of my future's childless offspring.
I cook for days over the melting pot.
While my stove is cast aflame, I remain transfixed under the looming sky
I am eclipsed under a bloody moon

I am Spring, foretold.

Belly Up

A thinking man came to pass rule
He blew his cover with savagery
staggered in, mocking camaraderie

His failings show like diamonds
over the lacerated hand of a slave
Bonds, kinship has no name here

The human being is opaque,
cold, impotent, unaroused, living
Our modern lives run clean through

this cursed river, dirtied by our blood
streaming from the porous core.
These are wounded oceans.

We sink over the light of the world
floating, amiably, to the surface
Belly up

Feel Old, Death?

I can feel old death rising
My pulse sears with an internal flare
Spit cackle dries facial tissue

A green-throated elder's hollowing
Readied by a sun-made gesture
To recognize the North

Slovenly borders, enclosing
A volatile station of enmity
Of once-revolutionary slaves

& the Queen's vile whores
Witnessing the continuance
The apocalyptic crusade

On these modern shores
"Break open the earthless ocean
Unto the final turning of Europe's last page"

Romantic closure to novel convulsions
A people well practiced in ethnic cleansing
Rife with ethnocultural frights

A personification of madness
In a room filled with the posthumous ghouls
Plugging away at savage spoils like follicles

Bending to old age
In a mindless instant
Only to wonder

About the eternal forms
The blessed imagination
Obscuring shadows with neglect

To endure the ritual
Local law prescribed
On this high of night

Gazing at Love's Face

A hotel muse glimmers
off the unwritten pages
at the tip of mind's pen
gazing at my Love's face,

I see through, apparent
reality, frameless art
A sacred geometry of flesh
A timeless elision, beyond

spent energy, consuming day;
imagining with laughter, family
painstaking curse of matrimony.
I confront a diabolical trance.

infamous quicksand of Divorce
this is her land. She rules.
Matriarchy's divide, conquer
seeds fertilized my hungering

artistry, to create connection,
a primal state of need, growing
beyond cultivated dependency,
toward a meaningful joke, heard

within your smile, sinful poetry
wandering eye, she remains, closing
dry, modern outside. I contemplate
the fate of words frothing at the lip

internal expression in a surge of self
Love's gaze goes unseen as thoughts
drooling onto the unanswered bed
sheets, a drivel of gladness, mixing

with an urge
to speak,
visualizing humanity.
I can't stop.

I Have Fallen

Breathe with deviltry's lore.
A ruinous attraction,
scapegoat of lifeless furor.

Rumors of famine, gross suffering
and the pantomime of foreign judgment.

Where am I falling?
Who do I call?
I have fallen,
I am getting small.

My name

Did the apple
fall?

From a rootless
tree?

A groundless
source?

A calling to
nothingness

transitional
misdirection.

A voice
devout, vagrant
travesty.

This is
my name.

The Pleasant Man

The pleasant man across from us listens, mumbling softly and responds, a time passes in brief interspersed conversing, his thick Francophone accent "Montreal", jazz in my headphones, his mom lives an hour north from us unknown, Québécois, cultural Mecca.

My wife stuns in gorgeous Laotian black and gold, her fabric and complexion conjures ice storms and the frozen rain memories, images and impressions of the old country in the North. Moments' seasonal greeting, here in Virginia the *human weather anticipates, unprecedented climactic shift*.

We are aware, North Americans, ready? He closes, "I'll be home for Christmas."

De-constructing *our* UP-PRESSING

Lugubrious Background Nearing an Electromagnetic Haze

A paradigmatic focus

Careening into the absolute beyond

Across a Zuni passageway, to the pueblo god

A local currency in stonework and mud-laden factories of 4 and 7

Meandering into the nervous plug of human fire

Uncreated instantaneously

In the muddled birdcage wandering off a steaming factory

Unplanned over the aspiring edge of small town fame

Glowering in the lugubrious background of a juvenile

Staved off in matter's roving blockhead gourd body

Plunging its eyes into acid water full with psychedelic vibrations

Nearing an electromagnetic haze

In wonderment of lost forsaken pride

Seated behind piano benches creaking

As Monk sways to jazz tonality on the bridge beyond NYC night divide

The lightless ruins, now golden to African wives

Challenging the gunshot parade of men

with sex slaves and witch doctor friends

Making films and records without shoes

On the medieval sands of the Islamic family

the eternal human tradition of bondage

Throughout the sanctified fields of one human home

Lived to the final digression

into creative madness

and the right to be

As connected as all beings

With electric happiness

Outside

Daily Bread of Illiteracy

We drank in the rains, Big drops that fell like ignorance,
Over the spout-stopped Manhattan rubber, Atop the grave
fashioned, splitting at the seams, To unravel dives, blistering
mummified, In a panegyric to the future, On the African ankh

Performing enchained, loosed rope around taut urban lyres
Craving divorce, From this our brandished sky, Merged
by Brooklyn Bridge & Hudson tides, Splashing lusty
galoshes, In the breastfed porridge soup America
city, Our children bred to be poor, After the boom
comes to the Baby-Bust generation,, all in green

Out of mosque minarets, calling for spouses,
To return from global American war, sucking
dry workaday pockets, Kneaded Italian dough,
As the Russified Jew speaking over a loudspeaker
society of esoteric Egyptian and Greek architecture

 An eternal light carries brilliant meaning
Throughout the purpose-woven building
 A monument to memory, to silent soldiers
of youthful mind, Acting on subtle principle
Against machinated heads, ruthless, glowing
Becoming, the veteran white-witnessed drug
among the illiterate, And the populace, suddenly
aloud, To all, storming Revolutionary heights
In the modern soundscape, our brutal love
enslaved, By the oceanic war of time
historic, personified treasure keep
Wherein our grandchildren lie

Sleeping off perplexed philosophy
A street gored by racial poverty
Breathing up the neck of whites
in Quebec, Engraving graffiti
on the politician's neck

 Whose lysergic stirrings crept back
 Into a beauty, waking from orgasmic thighs
 On the homeless bed stoop, Grabbing at foreheads
 Wondering and bleeding into the rain,
 A daily bread, for they, Who are
 in the New World, led

Creating *our* TRUTHS

Impassioned Road to Being

Dance, simply to dance and dream
 And drink in old memories
Over a song in tune with the starless beyond
 A song to enlighten ghosts who pass by
As a heart heavy, weighing down the heavens
 Fallen to earth for another eternity
In the lifeless trap of dream
 Yet to dance, eat words
Only in songs of steam

A dripping hunger instills us
 To go beyond sleep and be
In conscious wonderment, living dance
 Dream today with timeless breath
Stave off the mindless, parasitic asp
 Climb inside through dreamless eyes,
Old-fashioned stone, brick, wood hands

Holding my dancer, lover and beauty
 To the song of my dreams
Woman of my life
 Who has no passion
She sleeps, and dreams awake

The intoxicated road to being
 One, in a dance together
Raised to the motion of all living
 Where no ghost calls home
And only the living wake each day
 To dance outside a dreamless state
Where the green play of G-d's earth heightens the pitch
 Bringing each atrocity, criminal to justice
On the pedestal of a forlorn warning
 That no shore is safe in this danceless state
Yet to sing and become anew
 Before naked freedom
And the song's ending

Ancient Sound, Scholarly Jazz

Drift of a fist to the sky, activist's pause
Before standing unannounced, At the gates
eternal misery, Where strife finds ground
embittered, inglorious suffering breeds
childless offspring, Mourning for greed
ancestral, Sprouting from a native gourd
With cracked shells, Lying abandoned
weakened at the skin, With fragile shells
clacking on string, fortune's Western noise
Shrinking into the mist, Without echo
As a musician sleeps deep, passing
Over ancient soundscapes, To heart
Through electric wilderness, slow
As the quiet grasp effectively & mix
with outstretched hands, Molding pots,
bold, in the mud of a sacred womb
Shaving off tasteless surroundings
Like scholarly jazz, Peaked in suburbia
afternoons, as business as usual survives
till the end of time, In a hypnotic state
Casting generations in a marijuana mold
magic, To break free, stash Grecian pride
Animating our first 20 years, A stamina
to behold the psychedelic pop, Folk
music frozen as winter beer, Unforgiving
kiss with sanity, As the stone cold sobering
recedes, Into marriage, with money
preconceptions of the angelic snowball
Carving into the strike zone, childhood
forsaken, American, Uncovered now, so
timely

Blind Daemon

“Answer to me blind daemon! In song that corresponds to the unanswered spring,
ruthless, beyond seasons, Dazzled, blue-drunk,” Aloud, the angered temptress rumbles,
with lonely hands in the soundless maw, an ungraspable future,

Western pathways lie feeble, Enslaving over the chasm, As a sex worker reminding us,
“Put grace before prayer”. In motionless wonder, personifying lush diligence, ancient,
society Dismembered by the plan of A cursed monotony, To stare into the black façade &
feel dreams fall through sleep, In and out, As the rousing, Conscious glare

Golden unknowns, Through pockmarked Adolescent streets, And my dearest Love,
Damaging her home, At the slightest wavering, Over a forlorn hypnosis, With me, As we,
ride Aimlessly, Into the pond silhouette

Breaking borders & walls, As one Anxious crush With failure, To round painless bends,
& see cold ruins, Burned to ashen faces, Breathing in dusty stone, Our icons of females,
sculpted, The paralyzed Earth, Battered into pieces, an Act, For the intuitive, the goal,
beyond sanity, To reach, Into a realm of threes, Where complex Nature thrives

And the dual Spring subsides Into A heart-Forged Summer Swelling, Ever-expanding,
Unifying all, To the beat of one verse

Art of the Worldly Races

Morose, pangs stir my subtle breath, walking up
the nerves, To break down with laughter & see
ocean's rise out of the abysmal core of our being

The naked home of belief, Cradling Lover's net,
As a skeleton, pressed down, chained with ire,
In the now of her furtive beauty, Amid animals

backyard ghosts & a spidery cockroach, Filming
suburban bathroom floors, Knocking knees, swaying
against forested trunks, As the neglected pyre steams

into the eager morning & breakfast is sold on Sunday
along the river, To imagine a mirage, upholding death
microscopic, In the insect fire, breeding imagination

our collective, Without guessing, the end result of us
our programmed lives, Coldly moving from place
to place, Like numbers spit into the viral joke of G-d

Seeing white rice burn to blackish brown on the plate
needy human universe, Believed in, so beautifully
In the back of a working man's mind, Stepping up

To bold indecision, wakeful conspiring, To stretch
into the mundane order & belie chaos, With a tug
lingual rush, From monetary order to homeless pride

Of the official & diplomatic, Political collectivism,
yearning to be right and make a difference, uncaring
Through sadness, Across pyramids, tunneled to reason

At the foot of the known, Yet detached from an able body
Now roasting at the offering spit, waiting for mass death
To plummet from our towers, piercing heaven, tormented

suffering, Across worlds, times & into imagined memory
the once-respected, Art of the worldly races,
oh, insane humanity

Bare Wonderment

It's all blazed in gold, A tirade of the mouth,
loosed, A volley of sun's own gorgeous rays
Smoothed over time, instantaneous recognition

Earth's bare wonderment, The stir of our breath
Wind & pulse of face sweat, true love's rhyme
Under clouds, glowing, Luster of sky & rain

an atmospheric Bellowing in the blown heat
Thunderous moisture, Kiss from a Goddess
Columbian, aged summer Fruits of passage

The middle door to social fruition wanes
& the spiritual partakes in a lonely direction
From home to a new name, Newly mouthed

cry, with mouth & eyes darkening, scolding
a pass, Burn of Earth's delicate orbital flux
Deeply woven into our minds & hearts

Our galaxy roams, living in a pleasure state,
with reclaimed ambition, to prophesy In the mud
our volatile rearing, a shade Cooling our nerves

in her presence, Unmoving as Love's name,
Sharing the lust of the universe in a laugh
With the buzz of insect systems, Cursing

the unnerved elegance of sky, Smoke,
from the throat of the war machine, herself,
Lady Pan in the cradle of civilization

Softly whispering to the American man
About his way into the wide crevasse
Up from Western dirt, a Pharaonic law,

broken Tablet of unborn religion, bought
for oil, gross, calling Environmental sounds
into nothingness

Changing *our* PERSPECTIVE

Post-War Television Rites

A great poverty aligns to the roof
The all-consuming jaw
 Sweeping in like a tornado at dawn
 Over the rushing plains
Coercing, fixated over a painless youth,
Losing her virgin touch
 Under the split, cracked wood
The handled gorge of hard-won paperless memory
 Infused on the caffeinated tongue,
Distilled with alcoholic energy
As trains speed escalating over the shore
The underestimated Wilderness
Reborn in the fearless mind of nature
As American lore, talking through human trees
 In a grave, overworked rush to the gambled
fortune, Hidden in the proud dream
To unite and be loyal to nothing
 And yet return from the hollow
Blank rough of our creative winter
In the August north of childhood freedoms
 A thankless gasp of family's uprising
 Who from death launched life into space
 Original rites of post-war television
& somehow the unlearned drowning gave credence
To a South, demoralized by Black death
Recovering from medieval anguish
 Bleeding in the putrefied air
 Filling our shameless lungs with minted coins
Of Roman nomads, Marauding toward a future
 With infinite magic & theatrical mystery
An America reclaimed by rural night
 Stolen in the belligerent fire
 Haunting our Germanic eyes
A Holy Mound of Earth
 Burning from genocide
Carrying the mud-thick blood of our émigrés
Order of the ancestors, museum of bones & dirt
 With pores tingling at the frozen blood
Encountered in mass graves of disbelief
To remember where our blood overflowed
 Beyond the dam of time

The Chord of Humanity

A gorged beam, Love of insanity, The awful lore cavorts
Up against the bridge, Our first original sin, The shape of her
breast, To glance carelessly & slight, move in her

Delicate stride, approaching, To wonder about her,
lain down & full with love-worn eyes, Prepare
mama's grand blessing, In the fantastic body

To play & sing coldly, Into guided mornings
A space for listening, To cleanse the air
With sacred voice, An incensed feeling

Touching on lost beauty, Within & under clothing
Strongly pressed, Worn like skin, Drooping sadly
Her neck, Of virulent sorrow, A shapeless feature

The energy of her following, immediate environment,
Playing along, Harmonizing & singing, Beyond shamanic
Taoist heights, With a most unknowing imprint

To play the chord of humanity & shower leaves & brush
Dirt of the river's own word, Passing through a foreign box
Crafted with a tongue, Sensuous musical fruition

To meld in sorrow & aftermath, Prehistoric eyes
Enshrined doorway, dreamt, Through our billions in pain
The whistling tragedy, Bombed out, Racialized distress

In the humiliated city, Now boasting, A stress
that saves & hordes, Heads banked from all countries
Their masks fall away, To reveal different invocations

To the Graecian-asp, Falling from antiquated glory
Into the English lap, On Mass Ave., cowering,
behind lords of math

An Unknown Pleasure

“I saw the trunk,” Her Hindu elephant, From outside, Walking
coolly, Music’s grand Guest, At the public house, In the window
A final flicker before traversing the footboard, Loosened
with railroad age, Over the national telephone of spirituality
calling, Abused by electric tradition, Stunned by the tingle
alcoholic flame, isolated, deserted & abandoned bodies
Whose spirits bore a frail passage, Engraved in the air
soundless rhyme, knowing, Ever thoughtless, strong
pure being, To grasp coldly into the summer’s plea

beaten, To sustain our musical sharing, Human
heaven’s piercing, Through empty eye holes
Peering into my mirrored face of light
Radiating, through absolute darkness
As a visible cry, To haunt our sacred sanctuary
“That inebriated muse!”, Drinking the words of men
into her silent womb, To fixate her fingers on the cross
Formed over a chest glorified with Catholic warnings
To relieve one’s self of the world & ask divinity to desire

replace humanity, become one collective struggling
As a unified presence, Whose heart remained fixed sanctified
Before the death of Mother & Father’s bared ghost
Pictured as a beacon, Blending our animalistic foresight
To create with family, An unknown pleasure of respect
& see each other without warning, In Love’s tragic beauty
Showing amid the broad tune’s ending, Assailing the spectral
peace hidden, Among the leaves of a felled New England tree
Used as fodder for conversation among fermented denial & bled

Kissing behind our parent’s backs, A yearning to prepare ritual
heedless & articulate love, As friends mixing, In vile caves
frequency of Played out stress, Living lives of normalcy
Proudly detesting generations of death, Covering stolen blues
Names, written in bold, On the sleeve, Backyard Sunday drive
Through the countryside’s aimless war, Classist poverty, Drying
up the world’s Southern well, Holding land a buck skin’s latching
& praying to Ares, For a sprite to rule the benzene sky of tears
renounced pain, Scaling the heights of mind, Ingrained with ore

Medieval Columbian Map

“What masked pleasure fed my blockaded mouth?”

“The nation’s economical bosom bleeds with childless milk.
& the ruffian few glare amuck into wild springs
a beatific northeastern kingdom.”

Our main spills over, Cursed tongues & thumb-drop eyes
Keeling over, An old mountainous ridge, Numbing
the birth pain contraction, Towards a conscious blurring,
along the highest sky, Our blinds thunder down a joke
star-crossed, Scared & cold on a midnight binge, Inside
grandma’s New Bedford purse, Wailing in historic tomes
The whale’s danger & blessing, Bruising at an English pace
Before the sea’s overtaking, With such magic & force
As our forested craftsmen, Dreaming up skyline distance
Across the phantom pages, A medieval Columbian map

Telescopic forays, Into sail-born winds, Talking with druggists
Junebug Maya princesses, of proud bejeweled Indian myths
Playing in the apathetic theater, The misbelieved freedom
Our aristocratic exoticism, Bearing down like mountain floods
To drown the ghastly past, Its African boats, full With ash
the god-forsaken of New America, Burning up Phoenix
Old Mexico, Atop the nerve of a blues guitar, Ringing
along a melancholic voice, Our original body on Earth
Torn like Christ in the Mosaic, Whispers of an earthen body
transformed, The human plague & genocide, 21st century
medicated madness, Poverty turns to poetry & music glorifies

A Gorgeous Nudity

A gorgeous nudity, blank skin, empty as full-frontal exposure
The unwritten page, a calming exercise, psychic, intuitive
drive measured by release, In the catalogue of words strung
as structured grooves, our common sonic language, To scalp
the music of speech & create only a pale imprint & seed desire
The livid, fornicating awe, Late, buzzing, Filtered by hurricanes
winds, Mindlessly astir, On into the human binge on space, land
foam, Buoyant over a sand-specked seascape, Blighted
with toughened eyes, Grappling with alcoholic smoke
lives filled, Greedily, turning the wheel of world war order
over small town cement, As we enjoy the insane destruction
The chaotic living wilderness, Dreaming up deadly sleep, bared
Weak into a holy lawless cast, With land forsaken by burdens
mistreated & murderous pride, grieving inside our home

Re-writing *our* STORY

Calm before the Storm

“What grievous horror took these dumb streets?” Touched with unkindness,
meek following, From the near elderly, an old town deemed to inquietude
By the Queen’s long-forsaken majesty

“What prized blaring rose from the swollen cheeks of our daughter the sea
in this, the Columbian tide of the 21st century?”

Giving us play & reason to smirk, Gazing at the mean rush & power
Taking off the English hat, Along gone America, Seeing no one
In the mist-fired laugh, This war, Breathing in oceans
Suffocated by the calm, Before the storm,
Indecision, Forming throughout
generations, Anxious
personified cash
Ruining their gold
the reputation of Townies clucking
Behind the chicken wire of Suburban fate

Down-pressing the unforgiving mold, Into wild disorder & tragic hubbub
Coldly beaten into the ass of a young nation, Gripping for death
at the edge of the Western, manifest, As nature’s law
thriving on disbelief

Playful Mortality

Playful mortality & the scream of death
Under stadium lights, 3rd block West Clinton St.
& mortality reigns with his eminent consort, Time
Ever-gazing into the strict law, entrancing beyond
Beyond reclining chairs & horizontal graves
Broken under a gargled nose, Wheezing
with the ancients, Slumbering inside
the religious spirit, aflame

Under the delicate skin of man, Braving the deforested
aftermath of Assimilation, In the name of survivalist migration
After years of subconscious insubordination, The doorway now
flattens invincible family bonds, Carrying our name, growing,
with humor, Throughout the West's great crevasse of failure
& youth's tempting, Personal flight beyond apathetic death,
Over telephone wires, Peering gaily into the psychedelic mist

Seashore boyhood American wisdom, To kneel
before ancestors, cemeteries, Bicycling upwards
to entropic nirvanas, In bedrooms of Sanskrit poetry,
"I will the disbelieving South!" Down endless staircases
Unclenched at the banister, Piano homesick news &
video tears, Fleeting, in the dark unlit drive home,
Past memory & name, To creative watchfulness

In the starry abode of love, With my married fortune
To display emotional care, the Meaning of relationship
A ship that sailed into the thinning fog, a lighthouse,
with creaking mast, To the window's song
An inexorable life, Breathing down the backbone
Atlantic night, Before red sun's morning overtakes
The superstitious ear of traditional music
In the final wake, An elder's death, gone
Incredible, motion evading all sense, Yet still,
true death rings

Untrained Timeless Tuning

One proud, unseemly yet everlasting
Hoary wind escaping, Into the breathless fold
a storm-brought love, Escalating above
the tumult of grounded trees

Lowered to rest in the silent play of her touch
Mother Nature in lust with the shoulder-sculpted American
G-d President of inveterate honor, Failing to maintain true gaze
Into the blind outpouring of Persia, a mystic call frays our message
sterling studio Enveloped, apart from the leaking gauze
A city, wounded with loosening fear

A deadly oath, Rushing towards early traffic in the Brazilian grist
A panicking pleasure on Wednesday, Mid-week business urge
to blaspheme the classical Station of the near-retired family
prize, Where loss disturbs the graying open on the lawn
tempered drives through perfect memory of art
ingenious, Instilled as ice on the brain

In a factory filled with the fish-worn, eyes of Guatemala
Beating on the beached flesh of an antiquarian whale
Bone-dry with anxious grace, Peaceful
with a warming hatred

Bringing in close seeds, fostered yet unprepared
Feeding off raised urban soil, Solar imprint
ancestral law, Northern skies, thinning
towards a sense of the atmosphere
Dismayed by reason

Over all human failings, since recorded time
Since rumblings of surplus rent astir religious imaginings
In caves of word-hoarded greed, Angelic money in the form of ideas
Bled on the knife-edge cloak-whispering cold, of Canada's busted future
To sweep the blue rug of worldly instrumentation, Catchy to the tongue
the popular drug, Inside songs & the vocal push to color & make lush
The southerly child of unredeemed passion, Inside the traumatized
infancy, Resonating to the heart's untrained timeless tuning

Songster's Realisy

“Where? In whose pleasing leisure Does our stock grow
& go bolder in fields?” Blank duress from childless talent,
Filling space & accentuating silent harmony

In the ever-widening round, To believe in light &
possibility, To endure the ground's own failing trials
With Her, round Nature, orbiting, In the mess of experience

Without prior knowledge, Except when I believe in Her
as my own, Forsaking the street's anonymous tumble
& cleaning the black-handed cloth, Freeing our enslaved

bodies of white wisdom, Dimming to blue & darker shades
internal bleeding, As the skin of our country opens
Brushed softly with unlearned pain, Against a sky

smoothed Against a cloudless horizon, The eastern shoal
light, Over a thunderous prison, Ancestral blood separates

From a songster's realisy:

In the intense unknown / within our belittled homeless youth /
shrugging off unchallenged weight in gold / from friends / in Mexico /
staring afraid into an unwelcoming mist / to enshroud the religious /
fixing gun-strapped police & firemen / an ugly American hate /
saving us from the guilty lash / boiling in the powerless aftermath /
our emotional Greco-Roman rubble / cross-bred fibers / organic, medieval /
Asian, European / dreaming up beauty in the complimentary fold /
airy locks peeled over the dead / sick earth swells / overwhelming decay /
restraint from life / confident foray / spirit's unidentified heights /
doorways into the New World / cornered, lightless

The Modern War Machine and his Italian Wife

What billions were thrilled by the fueled insanity?
What masculine dream raised our infant nation?
A law for ancient cultures' struggling
Heard through fallen webs of prehistory

Erected above the bookish & pleasure-peaked Goddess
Man, Who assailed Her tribes with Red Nations
Breathing in the sand of tirade with negligent life
Over the brink of a cheap & unpaid professor

Claiming to break the mold, With word thievery &
undreamt savagery, Bold across the feathered pages
United Indian & their matrimonial hold
around the cannonballs of Western society

Exclaiming mad fruition to the hypocritical birth
unmanned land, Espied with greased wheels
enough to vex the modern war machine &
his Italian wife, The atheistic unction

To devise life from a commercial brand
one European lie, Tricked into wishing us away
as another generation, into the seventh heaven

Alone in Dante's paradise, A swarm of births
Blooming out from under the Buffalo's hide
Sweating with glorious function
In the prayer-filled world, smoking

To cry with whispering untold highs, Inside
the chest of Egypt, Denouncing their prince
with dry sarcasm, and hashish tempting
Sharing in the avian nudge, oceanic

Through the violent air, Ever-remaining, unchanging
a force, In the repeated wick, Blowing through caverns
dust-strewn, In the earth's hidden sky
as traveled time & her restless eye

American; Columbian Men and Women

American, Columbian Man & Woman
& all within the Earth, formed of One Awe

“American body...May you be cooled! May the dog days of the final moon in your Roman clock tick no more! May your fires be dampened under the Fall of Man! May your body always be replenished!”

This is a prayer from your navel, Your own son, Voicing, Speaking, Sounding, Pleading – To the placenta guardian, Standing naked on Sister Africa’s shores, With crystalline mind & bearing a wild power at heart, To desist all suffering, To end the subsistence war on your open-ended lands

Asking: “May your waste touch ground & seed our forthcoming generations! May your remains bring the mortality of Spring! May you complete the cycle towards a recollected & renewed season of glory! May you respond from the center of your minutest, most peculiar being!”

Envisioning: “May you bask in endless sunlight until the end of the Age! May you birth a newfound cycle! May you mend the broken upheavals of Earth! May you exhale from your strong chest enlightened air! May your classical vibrations transition with tradition! May you cast off every sacred mold! May you look into weary blistering façades of an edgy mirror! May you harden your gaze to reflect the welfare of your unborn children!”

Americans...

“May you re-imagine the 500-year Columbian War with newborn eyes! May you be moved to broad daylight by Arab tongues! May you walk together with your enemies into an interdependent universe of compassion! May you recognize war as the worst human disease in all its terrors! May you reason between fingers & over delicate palms for the ransom of one foreign woman’s dramatic responsibility! May you see past the troubled & sunken rest of your undemocratic freedoms! May your prisons of shame open wide to reveal health & the play of a cultural fruition! May you experience a renaissance boom in oceanic love between all! May *your* universe end! May you walk in silent need! May you feel the tempest of your Earth’s beauty! May you find your place in Her foaming belly of drunken New England seas! May you fall onto the edge of civilization!”

