

pumiguat



Erwin Dink

Pumiquat

Pumiquat

or

as the fool crows

by

Erwin Dink

© copyright 2010, phulecreaux press
most rights reserved

Contents

Boogie Prayer

Wail Mary

Our Mother

The Pool Party

Catfish Heads

The Truth

Untitled (haiku)

Waiting to be Paid

Twin Towers Address

[sic]

Seven of Cups

Invokation for the Children of the Secret

Heroin

Sacrilege Series

I. Boogie Prayer

The Lord *is* my german shepherd.
I will not heel.
He maketh me lie down in green pastures,
He plays with me in the still waters,
He restoreth my bowl,
He leadeth me down the path of re-union
for boogie's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
in the shadow of the cities of sin,
I shall fear no judgement,
For Art is within me
And my rod, my staff, it comforts me.
Surely hipness and mirth shall follow me
all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of boogie
forever.

Say When.

Sacrilege Series

II. Wail Mary

Wail, Mary, afloat in space,
the Gourd is of thee.
Blessed art thou amongst planets
and blessed is the juice of thy womb, it Please Us.

Lunar Fairy,
Mother, Sister and Daughter to all,
play with us winners,
now and 'til the hour of our death.

Take Ten.



Sacrilege Series

III. Our Mother

with apologies to Loudon Wainwright III

Our Mother,
whose art is heaven,
Yellow be thy flame.
In condoms I come.
Why spill good rum
on earth, or is this heaven?

Oh Frabjous Day!
Act gayly in bed
and forgive us surly badasses
as we forgive those
with wineglass held thus.

Lead us not into circumcision
but deliver us from that evil.

Amen.
Well Done.
Hot Dog Bun.
My Sister's a none.

The Pool Party

The Devil extends his hand
up from the water
to the poolside Angel
dressed in a white terry cloth robe.

The other guests fall silent.
Ignoring the splash they stare into their drinks
as if trying to remember
why they bothered to come at all.

The Angel extends her wing
up from the water
to the poolside Devil
dressed in a crimson three piece suit.

Catfish Heads

Four catfish
heads
nailed to a pole.

Carapace,
rusted steel,
grey leather,
white bone and
black tar.

Four catfish
heads
hanging from nails.



The Truth

(in three parts)

I.

Easy to swallow,
hard to digest,
it has a slight metallic flavor
reminiscent of...

II.

Trite as written,
cliche when said.
Whispered in a lonely room,
profound.

III.

That: how it was.
This: how it is.
Then: it will come to be
forever.

cityscape
rising to clouds
a blight

(haiku)

Waiting To Be Paid
(for Robert with Love)

In the beginning was the word
and the word was Rob't Earl.
A live wire from the streets,
A direct hit to the heart.

Word be,
he be cool, be cool,
he be hot.

A warrior of the human kind,
he declares his legiance
with a scarf of calico colors
on a Monkish head

He be cool, be cool.
Word,
he be hot.

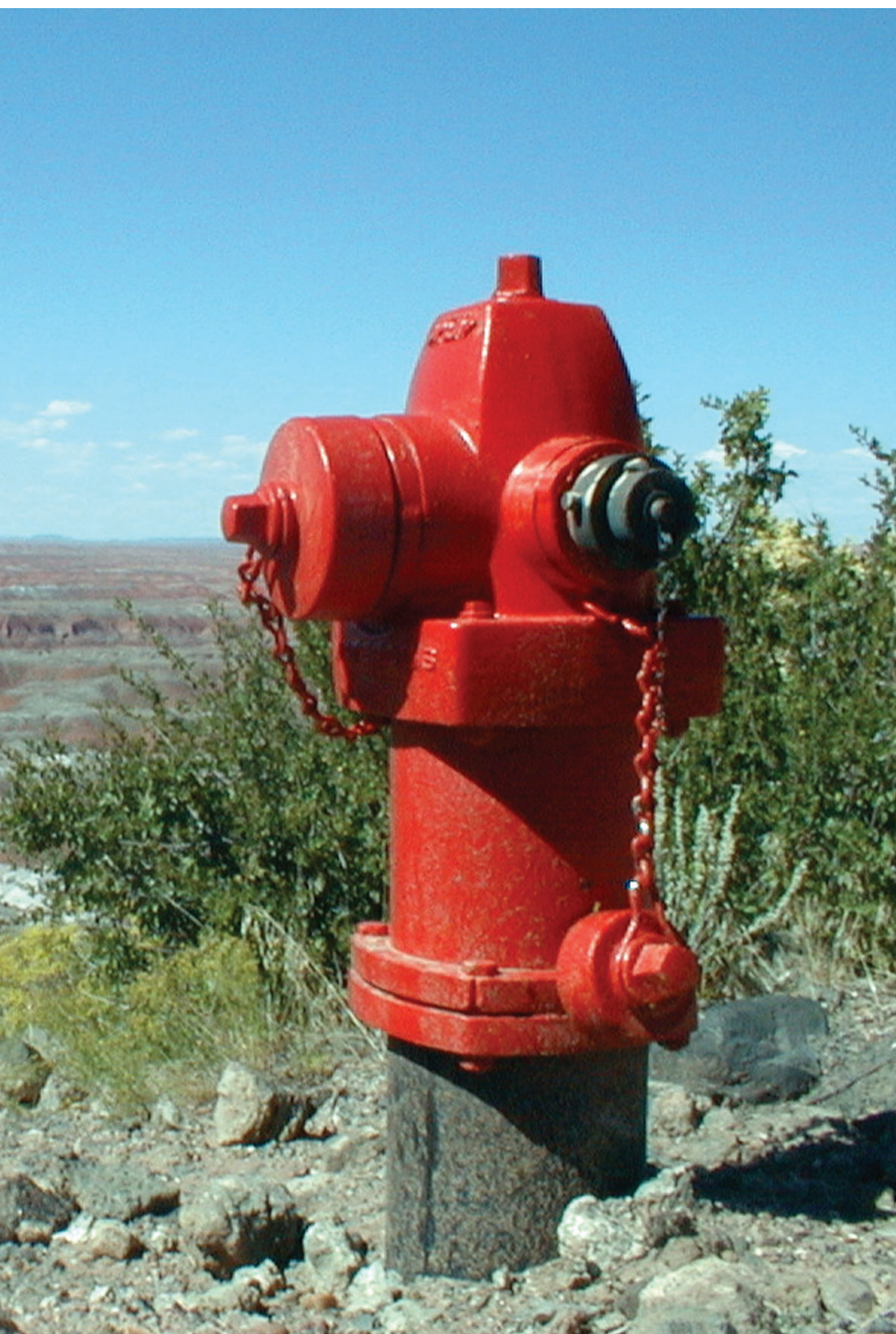
The vamp of Hunter St.
is an elegy
spilled in cursive neon blood
on the sidewalks of our minds.

He be cool, be cool,
he be scat,
he be one cool cat

Those who read him
are sure to note
the blackest of cats
is a panther.
Sleek, savage, satin and ready.
Looking for prey
but not really wanting an answer.

He be cool, be cool, be cool,
he be hot, be hot,
he be gee be,
he be bop.





Twin Towers Address

(delivered on September 11, 2008)

OneScore minus 12 years ago
our captors brought forth
on this continent a new nation,
conceived in tyranny,
and dedicated to the proposition that
all white men of a certain social stature
and religious background
are created equal.

Now we are engaged in many civil wars,
on nouns, on substances, on others,
testing whether that nation,
or any nation so deceived and so medicated,
can long endure.

We are met on a tiny battlefield of that war.
We have come to dedicate a portion of that field
as a monument for those who everywhere
gave their lives or their freedom
that this nation might live in fear.

I'm not sure it is altogether fitting and proper
that we should do this, and
in a larger sense
we cannot dedicate...
we cannot consecrate...
we cannot hallow
this ground.

The innocent men, women, children and ideas
imprisoned, wounded and dead alike,
who, slaughtered on such fields
here, there and everywhere,

have consecrated it far above our poor power
to add or subtract,
our failure to act.
The world will little note nor long remember
what we privileged few say here in our own defense, but
it can never forget what was done
here, there and everywhere
in our name.

It is for us, the living fatter,
to be dedicated here to the unfinished
work which they who fought
here, there and everywhere
have thus far so nobly
advanced.

It is rather for us,
to lead a better life
dedicated to the
great unmasking remaining before us...
that from these honored dead we forsake
increased devotion to that cause
for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;
that we here highly resolve
that these dead shall not have died in vain;
that these strawberry fields,
rescued from the nations of false God,
shall have a new birth of freedom;
and that government
of the people,
by the people,
for the people,
shall someday flourish on this earth.

there is none but the many and nowhere but the now - this is the way to the stars if only you can climb the stairs to find them - the matter of the matter is in a state of flux and one of these days you're gonna get your due - the rain drops lightly over the setting sun as it relocates across the boulevard, waiting to be paid - who shall claim this inheritance? none but the children of the frank and the daring to live as you would have it - this is the morning of the day - cease what you will and steal the package as it contains a secret message being delivered only now when you can't see it - and why is that you ask why it is as it is? no more shall you pass through these gates on the road to your holy house - aha, you seem to invoke the fumes of the sacred in your bowels, it seeps out and through the walls that were electrified by your brazenness - the insane do not speak, they prophetically exhume the dead souls that we carry in our hearts only to be exorcised against our will - the silver and gold of your tongue is the fuselage of your dreams and it may not come to fruition - these proclamations are not uttered, they shriek across your forehead with an agony splendid throughout the land - horizons are askew as the weak wander by the watering place and sip slowly of the source of your pain - know not what you will and accept that this, too, shall ever cease to amaze, not withstanding the fleet which sinks deep - jowls look over the bay - words fall as weeds reign true - as it seeps into your eyes the blood never dies - do we reek? may it all be in your brain for now is the time - dancing as we plunder we sing out the answers that have been created for us in the midst of the brews being drunk with fervor - handsome beings will always wonder where the food has been before devouring it wholeheartedly in the meadows of your mind - howl your name over the significant wallows of pleasure, screams of hope, pockets of dope. majesty

delivers no promise to your bedside but only the streams.
concede your fiends to their prisons where the stumbling
blocks live. the monthly flood is not your burden it is
your joy, your onus, your great work, your true vision in
it's vilest and purest form - willows sleep along the path
you take - wake them now - miss the blossoms and drink
the fruit but never steal the eyes, behooved they may be,
they will always induce your panic if you have not gleaned
the meaning from the stones - is there no humor in your
graves and why have you not remembered the weariness
of your descent? harmonious discontent bears you up well
in the wake of the cotton-mouthed viper - vain is a mad
dog veering off, veering under, veering away from shallow
rivers to bed. weep not, for it is I who have called you
here - weep never more on this page for it is I who have
callused hands - weep not - weep no more - my tears have
singd the red curtains which drape the casket gloriously.
the time is now and the wisdom yours and we shall never
the twain meet in this world - upon your throne of ashes
I have sat - in your arms I have whispered to the muses
that I must be left alone, I must not enter your realm, you
will not know me - thus spake the sparrow - thus it must
be so - this is the last - weary-eyed I sneak past you in
your clamor for comfort - it is I who must betray, it is I
who have heard the pain, it is I who holds you down, it is
I who frees your soul, it is I, the sparrow - the oleander
may creep over your shoulder but do not fear it. the dan-
delion is ferocious and yours - sweet-smelling pines stand
tall where once they walked - no, it is not meant to be
forgotten - will it away if you must but it shall always ap-
pear three paces behind - hallow me but do not follow, for
your faith shall burn it's offering once more - never look,
never seek, if at first you don't wish to dream. bleeding, I
leave you - spewing, they confused us - it must ever be so.

Seven of Cups

Gap-toothed alchemist
crushes cigarette
under calloused obscene scorcere's feet.

They don't make virgins anymore,
he cries,
four more steps to go!

Coin-fed prophet
mumbles invocation,
forestalls impending doom alone.

The pot is pissed in true,
he cries,
five more steps to go!

Psychic nomad
speaking words of wisdom,
to a congregation in flight.

What it is - let it be,
he cries,
six more steps to go!

Decrepit ontologist
sleeping in shit-stained cardboard
dreams of the beginning of the world.

Nothing is true, everything is permitted!
he cries,
seven more steps to go!



Invokation for the Children of the Secret

Julunggul, the Australian rainbow snake,
regurgitate us from our dreamtime nightmare!
Xipe-Totec, golden god of the Aztecs,
remove our bloody sacrificial cloaks!
Attis, self-made eunuch,
drive us mad in your lion drawn chariot!
Dionysus, drunken ecstatic fool,
free us from worry and the pain of caring!
Gabriel, trumpeter of the stars
Won't you come blow your horn?
Shadow Rain Dancers,
drown us so that we may be reborn!
Drummers, dumber than strummers,
beat us into Ragnarok,
Scandanavian Twilight of the Gods!

The 20th card has been drawn.
Judgement Day is upon us.
No time for deliberation.
Action is required.
Hope for change
must become
work for change, and
a vote for change.
Pleas for spare change
must become
peas for the deranged!

Dishwashers,
Rinse off your hands!

Shoe shiners,
Get off your knees!
Sanitation Engineers,
Take this Rosewater offering!
Telemarketers,
Hang up on those who would hang up on you!
Maids and majorettes,
Drum the Bang slowly!

Abandoned warriors
protect us from our own neglect!
Your Lords of the Material World
rescinded all prescriptions,
have parked you under a bridge,
usurped your ability to dream,
exorcised your conscience
which is the beginning to
your wisdom, and
yours alone.

The 20th hexagram has fallen
into contemplation.
Absolution has been made
and now the offering!

I call to...
the forgotten,
the scorned,
the miserly,
the misunderstood,
the dregs,
the miscreants,

the untouchables,
the great unwashed,
the riffraff,
the maudlin mob,
the suicided,
the unmourned,
judge us now, as
we have judged you.

Ladies & gentlemen,
jurors & defendants,
tin soldiers, and
Caesar coming,
you're finally on your own.

The indigo iris has opened,
homeostasis visible on the horizon, but
your third eye,
your master gland,
has been kidnapped
your hormones hijacked,
the link between
knowledge & intuition broken.
You've forgotten the taste of color, and
the smell of light.

Panhandlers & hobos,
bag boys & ladies,
bastards, bitches & ho's,
bucket sloppers, and
bed pan changers,
form a column

at the intersection of Pineal & Pituitary,
corner of the Sixth Estate & Main.

Forsake your prophets,
your psychics who fleece you,
your mumbo jumbos,
your shakti shanti newagers,
who sell you a bill of goods
for a voyeuristic glimpse of your soul.

Renounce your priests,
your saints who rebuff you,
your yogis, your gurus,
who do nothing but lie to you, and
deny you your blessed legacy,
your throne of crowns.

Abandon your avatars,
your buddharuppas who berate you.
Your mediums, small and large
have anointed you with Kundalini snake oil.
That coiled serpent must be slain,
the straight path revealed.

Stop looking for secrets,
for the elephant with your hands,
for metaphors in grains of sand,
for straw in the eyes of others, and
acknowledge the light beam in your own.

The writing is on the graffiti wall.
You don't have a higher self,

You don't have a lower self,
There is only the true self.
There are no levels of spiritual development,
no hierarchical scheme,
Jacob's ladder may be climbed by all.
The key to heaven's gate is
visible on the mat.

There are...
no secrets to be revealed,
no mysteries to be unveiled
except the delusional self,
except the illusional self,

There are...
no secret laws,
no secret codes,
no secret passwords,
no secret handshakes,
no secret plans,
no secret formulas,
no secret recipes,
no secret potions,
no secret incantations,

no secret shortcuts,
no secret path,
no secret passageways,
no secret rooms,
no secret meetings,
no secret covens,
no secret tribes,

no secret resorts,
no secret disguises,
no secret agents,
no secret spies,
no secret cameras,
no secret microphones,
no secret languages,
no secret writing,
no secret transmissions,
no secret messages,
no secret words,
no secret books,
no secret meanings,
no secret songs,

no secret truth,
no secret beauty,
no secret lies,
no secret ugliness,
no secret elections,
no secret bureaus,
no secret leaders,
no secret conspiracies,
no secret brainwashings,
no secret tortures,
no secret tribunals,
no secret trials,
no secret wars,
no secret treaties,

no secret children,
no secret families,

no secret friends,
no secret girlfriends,
no secret boyfriends,
no secret playthings,
no secret sex,
no secret cabals,

no secret lists,
no secret locations,
no secret secrets,
no secrets that can't be told,
no secret science,
no secret histories,
no secret societies,
no secret practices,
no secret postures,
no secret mantras,
no secret ceremonies,
no secret rituals,
no secret meditations,
no secret invocation.
no secret initiations,

no secret churches,
no secret religion,
no secret cults,
no secret priests,
no secret saints,
no secret sins,
no secret judgement,
no secret gods,
no secret goddesses,

There are...

no secrets to success.

Only washing dishes, all

only shining shoes, all

only changing pans, all

only waiting, all.

only looking, all

only seeing, all

only listening, all

only hearing, all

only touching, all

only crying, all

only begging, all

only helping, all

There are...

no secrets to enlightenment,

only choices, all,

only free agents, all,

only human beings, all,

only liberated beings, all,

only loving, all

only holy, all,

only mercy, all.

a warm mouth,
on my cock,
not moving

(heroin)





Dear Eric,

How are you?

I am fine. This
picture reminds me
of you. Really ugly!!

From

Anna

P.S.

Can we
get a

~~cat~~ cat

— fotofolio —