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(pumiquat)

תורה בין

(erwin dink)

poems and other writing

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the reader is invited to write in this book, dog-ear pages,
spill drinks on it, burn it in ritual or otherwise abuse it

typefaces

cover and section titles: Shamen Remix by Matt Perkins
everything else: Universal Doomsday by LayarBahtera

soundtrack

The Renderers, A Dream to the Sea
Ólafur Arnalds, Eulogy for Evolution
Max Richter, Shutter Island Soundtrack (esp. track 19)
cocoRosie, everything

i live for the moment when i open my eyes
and i have no idea where or who i am

(poems)

(invocations)

(micro)

(appropriations)

(other)



(poems)

@: the descent of fear

in the pliocene era
having received a transmission
from the universal kind
we shed our monkey skins
came down from the trees
to a new way of living in fellowship
with inspirited minds

our earliest religions the goddess cults
were formed around menstruation
the wound that heals itself
wise women mothers midwives
possessed the knowledge of plants
understood the importance
of maintaining strong societal relations
for the common good

then came the priests who
even with their strength their power
could not conceive give birth or
nourish their offspring
these hunters of animals spirit
appropriated the power of women
transubstantiated the menstrual blood of life
into the blood of violence torture and death

they tried to hide their dark deeds
by ascribing the fall of man to eve
they tried to erase the power of the goddess
by lifting jesus out of the muck of sexuality
were elevating Mary with an immaculate conception
based on an idealized imperfect woman
kept in her place

which was out of the church
thus began the descent of religions from
expressions of the evolution of consciousness
to authoritarian institutions of worldly power
in which fundamentalism
a metastatic cancer of consciousness
a malignant growth of mind
replaces a sense of humor ambiguity
compassion and tolerance
for a violent commitment
to a literal reading of a sacred text

first they came for the midwives
and i did not speak out because i was not born
then they came for the shaman
and i did not speak out because i was not a dream
then they came for the jazz musicians
and i did not speak out because i was not a daddy-o
then they came for the fill-in-the-blank
and i did not speak out because i was not a fill-in-the-blank
then they came for me myself
and i did not speak out for me myself because i wasn't afraid

the war on drugs was preceded by prohibition
a so-called moralist movement whose chief result
was the creation of national crime syndicates
when Richard Nixon declared a war on drugs
he provided drug cartels with the opportunity they needed
to grow into some of the largest most profitable
corporations in the world

the war on drugs is a war on our higher selves

Phobos and Deimos
the twin gods of horror of terror

have won the presidency
established fear as the national religion
literalized tantric metaphor
by putting menstrual blood
from crucified midwives
semen from pedophile priests
on communion wafers

Jesus has been castrated
Mary's vulva sewn shut
Buddha's belly split open on
the goddess's boudoir
Muhammad's metaphors degraded
into coded suicide notes for
lost souls

tune in turn on drop dead
is the new rallying cry of the hipoise

@: fruit lady

inspired by a sculpture of the same name by John Martini

in her previous life she held up
the roof of a high school gymnasium

she misses the sneaker chirps
and the thap thap thap
of bouncing orange balls
less than she enjoys
being upright in the sun
bearing only the weight
of an imaginary fruit bowl
on her upturned head

with her sculpted
muscular arms
slender hipless torso
pubescent boy breasts
she looks more like
a young Heracles
than her Brazilian bombshell
name sake

her primitive serpentine shadow
lengthens with the day
as the sun slowly etches
bronze orange age spots
in streaked lines across
her dark brown metallic skin

forever frozen in profile
walking a Junkanoo two-step line
she sings through finger-thick lips
her Caribbean song to the sky

@: grace

inspired by a sculpture of the same name by John Martini

she stands out there for the world
to see her undecided right arm
raised against the ash grey sheet
neither beckoning nor saluting
four stubby half fingers
mocking the wave you might
prefer to have seen

i can hear the river outside
over there
behind that stone wall
surging soaring roaring
flushing rock n rolling
over the steady electric hum
behind me
the stainless steel elephant
deciding whether to charge or
sink to its knees in silent grace

there is water on the wood
stain on the concrete
a shine on the surface of
that tarnished lady
as she finger paints
steely fractal greeting cards
against a colorless sky

how did she get that rusty patina
peel't skin those
dark circles 'round her eyes?

how long must she mourn
in that starkly public way
summoning nothing or
signaling no-one or
high-fiving and diming
anyone who cares
to look?

@: truth (in three parts)

i

easy to swallow
hard to digest
slight metallic flavor
reminiscent of

ii

trite if written
cliche if said
whispered in a lonely room
profound

iii

that: how it was
this: how it is
then: how it shall be
(forever)

@: the house guest

who puts
a mirror
across from
a toilet?
the last thing
i want to see
in the morning
is my own
shit grimace

sacrilege series

@: the boogie prayer or the 23rd plasm

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

@: wail Mary

wail Mary afloat in space
the gourd is of thee
blessed art thou amongst planets
and blessed are the sluice of thy womb
it please us

lunar fairy
mother sister daughter to all
bray with us skimmers
now and 'til the sour of our breath

take ten

sacrilege series

@: glorious baklava

gratuitous octopus niacin
sodium glutimate

sick tempest fugue oh it
esperanto hiccup estrogen

glorious baklava ex libris
hep hey ad infinitum

non sequitur condominium
facile eight geranium incognito

slay ken

sacrilege series

@: 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 endure throes
with wineglass held thus
lead us not into circumcision
but deliver us from that evil

a men!
well done!
hot dog bun!
your sister's a nun!

sacrilege series

@: whose father

the forever glory
is the power

kingdom is thine
for evil is from us

deliver temptation
in toto

snot us
bleed us
against us
transgress us
whose throse
forgive we

as trespass is us
forgive our
bread
daily

our day
this us give

heaven is in it
as earth is done

will breathe i
come kingdom?

thy name be come
thy name be hallow
heaven in art
whose farther hour

fake zen

sacrilege series

@: la formule de dieu

god + a(-z+isθ)/1-9(cuz(nθ)+isnt(nθ)) = squat / equals fuck all / so on
and so forth / g'od is / well / that's just it / now / isn't it? / break it
down: dieu est le moyen par lequel nous nous cachons / that was not
hard / now / was it? / look closely now to the means of gθd / look
closely now to the ways of gOd / look at the parting / look at the
between / if god didn't exist you would not have been able to deny
it / if god existed you would not have been able to invent it

et ainsi de suite...

sacrilege series

@: the lizard of Tarsus

there may still
be a lizard
nailed to a T
in the dark
beyond the hill
or was it across?

(i'm never going
there again
anymore saith
the grim
hemophiliac
playwright)

I never did
come back
to the fold
after all that
furor all that
frenzy

still
the peasants
wait
for his
second sun

here's a clue
for you all
the lizard was Paul

@: seminal moment

your god lives in
a cloud or at least
atop a cloudy mountain
(i've been told)

my god lives in an
electrical outlet
black hole
the center of the earth

your prayers are
my standing upright
against the incessant
pull of gravity

while your god
composes symphonies
in mountains
starves children by
the billions
simultaneously
exalts and profanes
your heterosexual
union metaphors

my god washes
the semen off my chest
and on an especially
devout day
from under my chin
with an already jism
stained t-shirt

while your god was
introducing you to a sold mate
mine put a knife to
my throat and
introduced me to my
self

@: the divorce of the sun and the moon

the war in heaven is the war on earth –
an interminable tango –
a world war between night and day

once upon a time and some years years ago
history was also herstory and this is our story
the tale of the first boogie-woogie

once upon a time and snake years ago
god and goddess who live among the stars
god creates a boogie-woogie
complete with soilwater and
perpetual light
but nothing would grow

goddess introduces periodic darkness so that
under cover of night germination takes place
things grow:
fungi
flora
fruit and
a goat

god and goddess created man and woman
Adam and Lillith
Adam from adamah which means first man
Lillith with two l's which means woman of the dark
made complete with artifacts and memory
each one made in the likeness of their creator(s)

Adam and Lillith discover sex
after a few variations Adam decides he likes to be on top
Lillith agrees but when she asks for her turn to top Adam says no

in fact Adam throws a hissy fit
Lillith asks Adam to leave the boogie-woogie since he doesn't know
how to act right
Adam refuses
Lillith leaves

god and goddess argue
goddess asks god to fix Adam
god asks goddess to make Lillith submit
god and goddess discover unreconcilable differences and separate

goddess thinking a head
steals god's penis when he's sleeping
and turns it into a snake
who becomes her faithful servant
improving on the design
she gives the snake a rattle which vibrates
and buzzes so that he may better serve her

god upon waking
casts a spell and changes Lillith's name
removing one of the l's
Lilith with one l means woman of evil

Adam having tasted the joy of the top
becomes imaginative in his quest for dominance
this is unfortunate for the goat
who dies on a bloody altar

god makes Adam a new woman
who is submissive and names her Eve
which means source of life
goddess who has been keeping an eye on things
from afar has an idea
plucks an egg from inside herself

and fashions it into the shape of an apple
sends a monkey down
to the boogie-woogie with the apple

god in anticipation warns Adam and Eve
eat the fruit and you will die
Adam fearful obeys
monkey whispers in Eve's ear
eat the fruit and you will be re-born
eve eats the apple (wouldn't you?)

a seed from the apple germinates in the dark belly
of Eve and a snake is born there
the snake who is called Kundalini
attaches itself to the base of her spine
and grows upward connecting her genitals to her brain

Eve's desire is transformed from procreation to evolution
Adam is afraid god said we will die

Eve smiling replies yes Adam we will – over and over again in order to
evolve we must die and be re-born every instant of every day of every
one of our lives it's beautiful really when you think about it we are our
own sacrificial offerings it's like riding a really fast roller coaster that
slams into a brick wall every second of every minute of every day only
on each ride you can make out a little more of the scenery

Adam is mortified
leaves the boogie-woogie
falls from the stars
remembering Alice who is yet to be born
Adam carries some dirt from
the boogie-woogie in his pocket
forms a planet from it
calls it Beartha

sets up a tarp
falls asleep
and dreams of goats

Eve follows bringing with her
an infinite amount of patience
meanwhile god
in the form of the sun and
goddess in the form of the moon
watch and wait from opposite sides of Beartha

the war in heaven is the war on earth
an interminable tango
a world war between night and day

a war of the beginning

@: in which a plastic shaman burns down the house

i put the stage
murderer's sharpied
talisman on my forehead
amethyst redundant
crystal redundancy
duck taped
across my chest hairs
testing one two three
can you dig it?

offended by the idea of
a chosen people either
everybody gets it or
nobody does
mike check mike check

they say in the beginning
was the word i say
they say in the beginning
was the word was spirit
i say in the beginning
was the body i shat
a shit to end all shits
a lysergic diarrhea
an outbreak in the camp
of loose stools
sink chits
informal the runs
the trot skis
medical dissent-tree
archaic flux
occupy this!
mother fucker

drumstick alit
tongue tickle
swallow and spit
a cobra coils up and out
of a glass peanut
gas butter jar
happy lamps
twirling aflame
drop their prize
magic by misperception
wherein the trick becomes
a trial by fire
things get out of hand
in the bush
things get sleight of hand
things get slight of hand
thing gets light of hand
things get out of control
self sacrifice the solution
retching into
the fiery snake bite
misdirect the molotov
the only thing to do
the only thing left to
assault the audience
forgiveness later
just fucking throw it
at them
hope for the best
they can see that it's real

hey i liked that shit

oh that wasn't me
Antonin Artaud put me

up to that
Shit to the Sprit
no not that
that when you dance
let it not be
with each other
let it be with all

oh that there
was something
a bug a stink bug
crawling on my neck
a little plastic thing
a harlot bug that
when i pinched it
the odor permeated
my beer my fingers
everything
was burnt
was chemical
was pain
was crying
was wanting to
like a baby
was hurt
was shame
was supposed to be
invocation
it just died
in my fingers
i just died
up there
in front
of you
alone

@: seven of cups

gap-toothed alchemist
crushes cigarette
under calloused obscene sorcerers feet

they don't make virgins any more!
he cries
four more steps to go!

coin-fed prophet
mumbles invocations
forestalls impending doom alone

the pot it pissed in true!
he cries
five more steps to go!

psychic nomade
speaking words of wisdom
to a congregation in fright

what it is let it be!
he cries
six more steps to go!

decrepit ontologist
sleeps in shit stained cardboard
dreams of the beginning of the world

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

@: true concessions

every once in a while
you have to pinch
yourself in whatever
manner most effectively
reminds you of what
you survived

this is not a recipe
it's a confession
this is not a concession
it's the story
that must be told

every once in a while
which is pretty much
always
you have to drown in
order to float back
up to the surface
to feel
(the sun)
again

@: i asked you not to love me

i asked you not to love me so
you put it in a brown paper bag and
left it on the front seat of my car

if you love a butterfly
you should put it in a brown paper bag and
let it find it's way out

i am not that butterfly
i am not that paper bag
i am not in the front seat of my car

i asked you to love me and
then i didn't remember why so
i asked you not to love me

i asked you not to love me so
i asked you to love me so
you put it on the empty seat of my car

if you dream that you are a butterfly how
do you know that you're not
in a brown paper bag dreaming that

you're in the driver's seat of my car
i left the window open for you to
flutter in and take the wheel

leave a brown paper bag on
the front seat when you leave me when
i asked you not to love me not

i asked you not to confuse me with
someone who gave a damn
about your butterfly dreaming

i asked you to set me free so
you did only you didn't you
loved me you loved me not

i am that butterfly
i am in that paper brown bag
dreaming that i am not

@: Key West heat

inside
under the morbid fan

she
upstairs
dreaming under
the iguana's eye

he
below stares
in to the dark
black rum
in the empty
glass

stairs into
the page
the empty
white
the missing
words
the longing

outside
(through the windows)
the banyan tree
threatens
the dark

@: Key West lyric

my head is smoldering
on the hipster beer porch
after this morning's hot yoga class
in the garden of Gehenna
otherwise known as Key West
aka the laryngoscopical paradise

lacking a sufficient harbor side view
i am content admiring
the evaporating condensation
from the glass on my table
well it's not mine really
i'm just harboring it
in the shape of a long
dong and silver
skinny cock

what more can you say
meaning can i say
than that
then that
and no it's not
a Rorschach blot
a Horshach plot
it really is a rooster
i block you not
it must have jumped up
on to my table from the sidewalk
the previously clarified table
when i wasn't drinking thinking

Key West is
a white boy rapper's

fantasy fest
of tropical spew
brought to me by
emcee couscous and his berry band
reverb set to eleven
the sons-of-conchs
won't stop hocking
their empty no trespassing
craft booth cubacabana ice cream
transgender hot dog
contemporary tattoo
in baked Bahamian accents

if it will make the thumping stop
soothe my bleeding eyes
sink the Santa cruise ships
derail that wonk train
i'll take one of those
fry grease paint sunset
fuck you pink tease shirts
you know the ones i mean
the ones with the mermaid
wide-open parrot legs
pissing in a sidewalk cup

earlier on the beach
not thinking of Neville Shute
i dared myself
to write a sentence or a poem
using the word parallax*
and now i think i've done it

** the apparent displacement or the difference in apparent direction of an object as seen from two different points not on a straight line with the object*

@: pandemonium hexagram

three baby elephants
in a sandy desert pit
– the receptive earth above –
stirring up dust and dirt
a contained mayhem
running nilly willy
trying to escape

unaware of impending
danger from above
– the arousing thunder below –
thirteen toothless
pteranodon!!!
fly circles over head
with a plan of attack

the image is pandemonium

@: smooth dog fish

the sea lion swims
in tiny circles
of apathetic
unknowable rage
resignation
against the smooth fluorescent
swimming pool blue
concrete
or is it cement
i can never remember
the fish dog flips
flippantly
flipping
whiskers up
huffs it's baited breath
whisper barks
the breadth of
the twenty-four-seven
lighted aqua chamber
(everybody has long gone home)
circus rung
prison lung
that's one smoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooth dog fish

@: star-beings

bring all the star-beings
down on one plane –
they all look the same

that's right pretty star
you are the center of the universe

pretty little star
you are dead

everybody loves you
everybody hates you
you are the asshole of a goat

bring all the star-beings
down on one plane:
they all look the same

hello pretty little star
you'll never be sane

@: this is it

at age 10
i asked my 40
year old self
what does it feel like?
are we the same?

at age 40
i heard my 10
year old self
through the tunnel
and answered
who is this?

i will remember
being at both
ends of the
earth
settling for that
broken

moment

@: between (the) lines

when i look behind the veil i
always assume i am the last
to the party paranoia (to the)
when i arrive at the party
they are all waiting as if
waiting

when i heard about the
wicker man i was the man in
the wicker man i saw it
did not exist i

would have had
to invent it
would i

coincidence in three
suggesting that they (them) are not
coincidence (at all)

the story is always the same
story the (wicker) man is me
standing in for me that's
two now here is three (nowhere)
the sacrificial goat is
the last one to the party

tied to a rope on the side of
the road waiting

@: 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

@: the returning

as i walked the gravel
road i saw a herd of puffy
sheep with their noses to the
ground i saw shriveled poke
berries on the vine behind
a broken timber fence
i saw yellow fields of mustard
with scattered boulders bleached
by the sun the day had been
hot so hot the walk so long
that sweat was dripping from
the brim of my hat shame is another
kind of heat she taught me well
when she smiled at her mother's
funeral i knew the earth didn't care
who was buried in its breast
i saw three mockingbirds
harassing a crow whose casual
escape only seemed to enrage
them more a lone obese cow with
skinny legs stared at me with
still empty eyes the air
was stirred and cooled with
the approach of an ominous
thunderhead whose ghost trailed
along beside me as i strode
i stopped at the crossroad
to study the signs which looked
exactly as i remembered them
white letters on green i thought
of blood dripping on white tile
a cold wet shivering child
and i stopped breathing are clouds

silent witnesses to our stories?
do they taste our hearts with
their tears? beyond i see
the corpse of towering oaks in
whose midst i once found peace
before it in the shadow of
the darkening sky is the town
where we both were born where now
her body waits i wonder what i'll feel
and if it will be my turn to smile

@: muck ox

we know what muck is
we meant to say musk*
it's a memory
of scratchy face
of crawling through
the father's crossed legs

a rare export
from a childhood
of lack
musk is we
becoming he

muck is that other thing
that we don't talk about
but sometimes regret
having listened
through the

thin wall

between
their misery
and ours

musk is a wild and woolly
mammal extinct
we did not mean to say mammary

musk is not a perfume per se
and if it was
nobody would buy it
unless nobody else

was looking
(muck is not a perfume)

one of the reasons
we suspect
he loved us
in spite of it
all

** the scent of a greasy glandular secretion*

@: string theory

this body
this avatar
my projection

red aura
over the land
over the horizon
the sea

a dark worm
serpentine on the tile
floor

earth worm
the mortal coil
fetid earth

a dirge
for strings
a dirge

just energy
all this
just $e=mc^2$

the meridians
of this
body

eminent
imminent
soon

come
this
body
this
voo doo
doll

of
love
of this
earth

this mortal
earth

this
love
this is
love
is this

@: Cyparissus

3 am in his
rubber boots
plunger in his
hand ready
for something

piss & semen stained
loosey gooseies
the closer i get
the father i am

at the end of (t)his
journey lies
annihilation

returning to face
silent gliding witnesses

fleeing histories

Cyparissus
(the hunter's son)
with his bow
set loose a sorrow and
slayed the docile age

@: dixie summer

four catfish
heads
nailed to
a tree

grey leather
white bone
rusted iron
black sap

four catfish
heads
hanging on
nails

@: excerpt from the Americ book of the dead

her body lay on a platform that took up the bulk of the room / pallid /
leathered skin of her face / lower lip stretched up and over the upper /
sutured in place with a skinned twig / eyes sewn shut with purple
thread

a new mother lay with her new born infant on the floor / her being
her / the newly dead / her / the mother / her / the child / three
generations of the inevitable

the mother writhing and moaning / the infant on it's back / wiggling /
waving limbs like an upturned insect / trying its body / trying / to break
free

thirteen / of us / lined against the wall / humming / facing her / the
mother / the newly dead / the baby / humming a known frequency /
forgotten

the prince of dark / the man unseen / behind a screen / preaching /
lava / smoke

i am silent

midwife returning / carrying the abalone shell / pink / green / blue /
nacre / mother of pearl / chalice / water / drinking / offering / pouring

they are born for your sins!

i am afraid

she pulling me down to lay on top of her / the midwife / mourning the
dead / the living

me straddling her / hands and knees on the plank wood floor / she
reaching around my neck / pulling me down / heavy / between her
legs / gravity / the weight of my body grinding / her writhing / hands
exploring the contours of my jean-covered inner thighs / my ass / the
seam along my perineum

the dark speaking softly / murmuring / thirteen / of us / humming / me
fighting against her / she / too strong / her consuming me

death born in the cellular body at the moment of conception

death escaping the womb / she who determines when the fighting
commences / retreating / into our pre-birth mind

death a decrepit woman / stuffed / displayed in the Americ Museum
of Cultural Anthropology

death a squirming infant / waiting to make sense of its place in the
scheme of this /

death a desperate orgasm achieved as a defense against time

death comes / the midwife / she is good

@: eagles toppling mountain goats

he came up on
an eagle on a sandbar
looking over its shoulder
bloody beak dripping
with dead cormorant

it fled the meat
flew up and away
leaving him to wonder
about the falling man
in the newspaper
or was it real life

fear is a lesson
she taught him well
bloody anus of a child
a child a child the child
with the dinosaur dream
again again again until
he never figured it out

the neanderthals
outside the window
squatting in poise

from the trees
watching him dream

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i
n

have you seen the videos
eagles toppling goats
from the ledge of

t
h
e

the empire state building
mesmerizing wasn't the push
wasn't the eating of scapegoat
was the long slow long slow
falling as if in
falling falling falling
in a dream

f
a
l
l
i
n
g

the long slow long slow
waking waking waking up
falling down
the calculation
topples the mind

d
r
e
a
m

@: there's a man

there's a man
standing in front of me
holding a hand grenade
by the pin
in his mouth
i ask him
what is the meaning of life?
he opens his mouth and
the grenade drops
to the ground
boom we die

there's a man standing
in front of me
holding a hand grenade
by the pin
in his mouth
i ask him
what is the meaning of life?
he opens his mouth and
the grenade drops
to the ground
a dud

there's a man standing in
front of me
holding a hand grenade
by the pin
in his mouth
i ask him
what is the meaning of life?
he opens his mouth and
the grenade drops

to the ground
boom he says

there's a man standing in front
of me
holding a hand grenade
by the pin
in his mouth
i ask him
what is the meaning of life?
he opens his mouth and
the grenade floats
up into the sky

there's a man standing in front of
me holding a hand grenade
by the pin
in his mouth

there's a man standing in front of me
holding a hand grenade by the pin

there's a man standing in front
holding a grenade

there's a man

@: the saddest piss in the world

i'm standing in a dark closet howling
screaming like a monkey
what a monkey sounds like
what a monkey sounds like on acid
i'm standing in the dark
i'm playing the clarinet
the kind that only plays e minor
like a monkey
playing a clarinet
like a howler monkey
in the jungle of the dark

somewhere outside the closet
somewhere in the house presumably
somewhere is playing the scale
e minor on a bass guitar
up and down and sideways
faint behind the walls the door
faint behind the story
fall down and knock my head
on the faint
piece of furniture

i entered the closet in search
of a worn disheveled cardboard box of comics
after seeing my naked father
sneak back into his room
this is what i'm screaming

i'm standing in a dark closet dreaming
dreaming like a monkey
what a monkey sounds like
what a monkey sounds like when it stubs it's toe

i'm dreaming in the dark
i'm playing the cello
the kind that only plays e minor
like a monkey
playing a clarinet
like a howler monkey
in the cello of the dark

i entered the dreaming in search
of a worn disheveled cardboard box
of comics after seeing my naked father
sneak back into his womb
this is what i'm dreaming

somewhere outside the dream
somewhere in the dark obviously
somewhere is playing a drum
e minor on the sacrificial skin of a lamb
chunk thunk plunk spunk
spunk behind the walls the door
spunk behind the dark
fall down and swallow my spunk
because no-one thought
to put a stick in my mouth

i'm standing in a dark closet pissing myself
crying like a monkey
what a monkey cries like
what a monkey cries like when it pisses itself
i'm pissing in the dark
i'm pissing a dirge
the saddest piss in the world
like a monkey
crying a river
like a howler monkey

in the piss of the dark

i entered the dreaming in search
of a worn disheveled cardboard box of comics
after seeing my naked father
sneak back into his tomb
this is what i'm streaming

somewhere outside this room
somewhere outside of this poem
somewhere is playing their fingers on a chalkboard
e minor like a violin
like a violin with it's strings too tight
faint behind the walls of this room
faint behind this story
fall down and knock my head
knock some sense into it
knock some sense into it
knock some sense into it

that box of comics saved me

insomnia series

@: the purpose of sleep is forgetting

i wake up
in the dark
blood of lamb
coagulating
in cast iron
not knowing
the proper technique
i scrape it
with a spoon
into the same nail jar
screwed hanging
from the ceiling
of the old barn
musta been
fifty years ago
long time
for holding a secret
finally washing it away
just one mo(u)rning
in the hot blood
of lamb
after the night's
ritual burning
of memories
forgotten

insomnia series

@: just... night

leaning against
couch pillows
under a 60 watt
sanctuary

footsteps above
faltering
a tattoo
of concern

a book of haiku
in my hand
bourbon on ice
tinnitus

she appears
naked under the white tee
in the shadow
foyer

what's going on?
nothing... just awake
are you awake?
yes awake
what's going on?
just... awake

she
slowly
backs
into

the
shadow
stairs
to
become
footsteps
again

on the table my pen

insomnia series

@: at night

i don't dream of sleep
nor do i considerate
sorrowful regret
of things we've said
my lack of empathy
notably absent
is ne'er cause nor effect
against the night

insomnia series

@: night naked

i wake the house night naked
stand by the window
face the street light
the black beyond

look at my ribs my nipples
black lines circling my nipples
the mystic left behind me
look at my shriveled junk

taste the black naked night
the stairs unclimbed
take the sweet black milk
look at my isabelline* skin

i walk the house night naked
pass by the window
past the street light
the black beyond
i walk the naked night

** a pale grey-yellow pale fawn pale cream-brown or parchment colour*

@: suffer the children

two children rob a bank
wild animals...
two children become serial murderers
...come into the city from the woods

an unknown twin shows up at my door
my parents weren't my parents
i was born a female but i am a male
a child can understand the language of crows
two children are watching you right now

the world ended two children ago
wild animals escape from the zoo
two children set them free

two children robbed a bank
they didn't know it was wrong
two children are sleeping in a tent
the tent is in the city
where the wild animals roam

@: prestodigitation

presto he runs from the station
digits waving in agitation
pressed oh how he runs
the priest's indignation!

@: predicted text

this poem was auto-generated by my phone's predictive text feature. i typed the word 'text' and then just kept accepting whatever word was offered next

the fact I can be
to be the first
half of the day before
I get a follow back
on my way home from
work to be the first
half of the year
and the other hand
is the only thing that
would have to go back
and I don't think that
I have a great way
of life and the other
hand is the only thing
that would have to go
back and the first
half of the year
and the first half
of the first half
was the best of the first
half of the first
place for a few weeks
of a sudden it was
the best of the year
of high quality of life
and I don't think that
I have a great way
of the first
half of the year
of high quality
of life is the only one

that is a good time
with the same thing
that would have to be
the best thing to say
it was the first
half of the first
half to find
to do it again one year
and the rest
for some of my favorite
part of the year
of high quality
and I don't know
how much you mean
to be a great day
for the next few
weeks of a sudden
it is the only one
that is a good time
with the same thing
to say it is
this same thing
this same thing

@: the status of h

all words and phrases were lifted from a friend's facebook status updates

we walked in the
moonrise kingdom
of your car
only to find
a thousand ways
to kneel and kiss

it's way too brunch word
violent and original
whenever i'm completely awake
working hard to distract me
from working hard
so please fuck off

i'm in a really good place spiritually
the best vibes ever
delicious watermelon right meow!
your perfect human bridge
one for the wild
belly shot included

it's true i would have gone to prison
feeding my horse
and shining my bayonet
taking one of my most friends
definitely a most yoga teacher
to sit on every new thing

what i always wanted
his awesomer doppelgänger
long dang works for me
maybe it will feel like

Meowzer's Switzerland camel
if it arrived through the window

why is it that
after a lovely
shame on the lawyer
Miss Ma'am and my grandmother
shoot star trails in the sky?

@: waiting to be paid

for Robert Earl Price

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, he
be hot be hot, he
be gee be, he
be bop



(micro)

dandelions
dancing in the wind
or was it daisies?

two a.m. writing cold tea

the smell of her broken moon

...these words are all I have are these words...

tattooed hands begging a forgotten war

suicide by thousands of tiny compromises

i piss on you with this poem that's not a poem

pretending not to see
the shit flecks stuck
to the porcelain just
above the waterline
as i pee

with the sword i thee wed

approaching
the shore
as the waves break into
tiny birds of mist

silence equals breath

i practice dying
every night by
pretending i won't
wake up in
the morning



(appropriations)

@: the red beer barrel

after William Carlos Williams, The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon

the red beer
barrel

glazed with rain
water

so much depends
on hops

@: the red deer marrow

after William Carlos Williams, The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon

the red deer
marrow

glazed with truffle
oil

atop the white
plate

@: the red roof gutter

after William Carlos Williams, The Red Wheelbarrow

so much depends
upon

the red roof
gutter

filled with rain
water

drowning the white
chickens

@: I Dwell in Impossibility –

after Emily Dickinson, I dwell in Possibility

I dwell in Impossibility –
A darker Cell than Prose –
More numerous of Walls –
Superior – for Forgetting –

Of Shackles as the Cinders –
Impregnable of Why –
And for an everlasting Proof
The Triggers of the Mind –

Of Inquisitors – the shameless –
For Preoccupation – That –
The widening of a child's tearful Eyes
To gather Memories

butterfly
sleeping
on scat

after Buson:

butterfly
sleeping
on the temple bell

at the height
of the argument The Odd Couple
laugh track

after George Swede:

at the height
of the argument the old couple
pour each other tea

at the edge of the precipice i growl

after George Swede:

at the edge of the precipice I grow logical

the space
between the beer
and the shot

after Raymond Roseliep:

the space
between the deer
and the shot

my dead father
every time I cough
every time...

after Issa:
Mother I never knew,
every time I see the ocean
every time...

@: twin towers address

or 9/11 aftermath

sum-score minus xteen 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
to those who everywhere
gave their lives or their freedom
that this nation might live in fear

i'm not sure it is altogether fitting
nor 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
the 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 phatter
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

inluzfz f iuz

(invocations)

@: come Dionysus

come blessed Dionysus
many named lord of winemaking
ritual madness theatre and religious ecstasy
sensuous and beautiful androgyne
we await your disorderly arrival
from beyond the borders of the known
free us from sobriety and seriousness
anoint us with your pinecone-tipped wand
and seduce us into your mystery dance

come innocent Amphictyonis
blessed and drunken goddess of wine
friendship and internationalism
teach us to sing like the morning birds
endow us with the courage of lions
eradicate our timidity and reserve
that we may make asses of ourselves

@: invocation of pork & beans

i call to Carna goddess of pork and beans
bringer of health and strength to the physical body
defender of children and other human beings
lord of the vital organs
especially the lungs intestines and heart

i call to Carna also known as crane sacred witch
sworn enemy of screech-owls vampires rapists and cads
protect our bodies from violation
ravishment and desecration

i call to Carna also known as Carradora
una strega buona
free us from guilt shame and the chains of silence
that we may open our hearts
to the wonder of imagination and creativity
and to the experience of joy
which is our birth-right

@: soup or mind

when krishnamurti
head of the theosophical
order of the star
dissolved that organization
he disavowed allegiance
to any nation caste
religion or philosophy
and spent the rest of
his life devoted to
the liberation of the individual
from all cages and fears

paramahansa yogananda appointed
no successors to his ancient
lineage declaring that
the age of the guru was past
destined to be replaced
by a fellowship of spirit

religions have become
violent again because they are
fighting their extinction they have
become deficient structures of
consciousness and are being supplanted
by post-religious spirituality

we are moving beyond the cults
of leaders and followers
we are moving away from
nation states towards
a planetary culture

in this new millennium
we are experiencing a cultural
evolution from institutional religion
to a personal spirituality
in which the unique mind learns
how to immerse itself
into the universal mind through
a process of meditation

the evolution of consciousness isn't
a journey— it's a revelation it's a
song it's a dance— it's an act
of creation in which division
and ignorance are replaced with
a unity of consciousness in which
all human beings are
gnostic individuals

the manifestation of the supermind
is not a promise but
a living fact playing out
every day in the right here
in the right now

@: the holy returning

with a nod to Allen Ginsburg and Patti Smith

kecjak!

many mystics believe
that higher states of consciousness
cannot be achieved through
the use of drugs

many scientists believe
that mystical experiences
exist only in the brain

the question both groups are not asking is:
which came first: the brain wave or the blown mind?

kecjak!

children instinctively challenge
the narrowness of consciousness
by spinning under blue skies
synchronizing their subatomic bodies
with the earthly and universal realms

they whirl dervishly in defiance
of the oppressive restraint
of decorum and inhibition

they intuitively practice
yogic breath retention
hyperventilating their way to
a pranayamic euphoria

drum pulse

after thirst hunger sex
the fourth inherent human drive
is to intoxicate
to seek altered
states of consciousness

on all continents
across all cultures
throughout all of human history
we have been hacking
our genetic programming
by ingesting entheogenic agents
provided to us by our holy mother

holy holy holy
the body is holy
the world is holy
the returning is holy

kecjak!

holy poppy seeds and cannabis in Siberian burial sites
holy Yopo artifacts in ancient Argentina
holy huoma used by the Zoroastrian magi
holy soma drank for entry into the divine in the the Bhagavad Gita
holy blue lotus of the Nile in Egypt
holy kykeon in the Eleusian Mysteries of ancient Greece
holy the sweet wine of Noah
holy amanitas
holy ayahuasca
holy belladonna
holy cannabis
holy capsicum

holy coca
holy coleus
holy datura
holy ephedra
holy ergot
holy guarana
holy henbane
holy iboga
holy kava
holy khat
holy mescal
holy mandrake
holy mimosa
holy nutmeg
holy passionflower
holy peyote
holy salvia
holy solandra
holy st johns wort
holy tobacco
holy wormwood
holy yerba mate
holy yohimbe
holy holy holy
the word is holy

kecjak!

@: invocation of Baubo and the number 16

invitation

*there's a tradition somewhere that says if you want to break down the barrier
between yourself and somebody else you've got to tell them a secret about
yourself at least i think there is... and if there isn't there ought to be*

separation

my name is orange you glad
i'm a recovering asshole
i've come to tell you a secret
but first a little background...

in the womb
as the body begins to
form there is only a single sex
male and female are the same
but then something happens and
the genitalia evolves into one kind or another
in the one the hood grows a little larger and the nub a little smaller
in the other the hood grows a little smaller and the nub a little larger
the hood is associated with the female and the nub with the male
after birth they appear somewhat different but
each contains the essence of the other
surprisingly some cultures choose
to cut off the nub of the female
removing her masculinity or to
cut off the hood of the male
eradicating his femininity
both customs seem to
me like a denial of
something
important

consecration

sweet 16 how sweet the sound once upon a looking for donna time she
was a sixteen year old virgin $1+6 =$ the sacred number 7 the sum of the
four first odd numbers $1+3+5+7 = 16$ candles make a lovely light but not
as bright as your eyes tonight blow out the candles make your wish
come true

divination

the 16th hexagram	is Yu enthusiasm
arousing thunder	above the receptive
earth below there is harmony in the opposition	
of rolling thunder	the immovable earth
you come on like	a dream peaches and
cream lips like	strawberry wine

judgement

you're 16
you're beautiful
and you're mine

the 16th major arcana
in the tarot is the Tower
whose element is fire
symbolic of the destruction
of existing conditions
the removal of all
that is stagnant
within our lives and
thus holding us back

consummation

you know what i love about the internet? the porn i like the sites where women show themselves off wet t-shirt contests girls gone wild i especially like watching women beating the bush you know what i mean...

opening the honey pot
banging the beezers
flipping the bean
petting the pussy
jilling-off
cleaning the clam
waking the butterfly
romancing the rose
praising the orchid
parting the petals
tip toeing through the two lips
making the oyster smile
stroking the snail
caressing the kitty
invoking venus
buttering the potato
dating my palm
fanning the furnace
finger fun
flipping the flaps
one hand clapping
pearl diving
playing piano
polish the pussy
polishing the pearl
primin' the hymen
rowing the little man in the boat
scuffing the muff

sorting the oysters
tickle the taco
tossing the pink salad
touch typing
winking the hood

but my favorite porn
to look at ar e wide open
beavers it's almost as if
they want yo u to crawl up
inside i used to be scared
of vaginas th ey made me
think about death i used
to be afraid of falling inside
and disappea ring it's because
they're like po rtals i guess you
have to go t hrough them
to come into this world and
so it's natural to think they
can take you out of it as well
sex is like dea th well not just
sex but orga sms the french
call them le p etite morte the
little death i like orgasms
every time t hey happen
i think i'v edied and
gone to heaven

exhortation

jack be nimble jack be quick jack jump over the fire stick!

john newton the author of amazing grace was a slave trader the story goes that he had a sudden moral realization freed his slaves and then composed the song in reality it was after he had been made a slave

himself and lived in bondage for eight years that he had his transformation

the numerological value of 16 is awakening
by destroying all that we cling to our transformation may begin
twice round through the chakras took us to 14 15 brought us back to the
root and now at 16 we're in the second again the sacral the gonad
chakra whose element is water
as fire burns us water doth soothe us
washes away the ashes of our deceit and
nourishes a new born self

you load sixteen tons what do you get?
another day older and deeper in debt
saint peter don't you call me 'cause i can't go...

invocation

in ancient Greece when
Demeter the corn goddess
lost her daughter persephone who
was abducted and raped by hades
she became so consumed with grief that
she stopped the corn from growing
the world became barren and drab

enter Baubo the belly goddess
meeting Demeter at an annual gathering
known as the festival of Eleusis
Baubo dances for Demeter and
tells her bawdy jokes
she ends her dance by
baring her belly and
flashing her vulva
Demeter laughs

mirth conquers despair
Demeter sees Baubo's femininity and
remembering who she is
resolves to reclaim her daughter
when she does so abundance returns to earth

meanwhile in
ancient Ireland and England
from whence i come
artisans carved figures of
squatting women into the arches and
doorways of churches
known as sheila-na-gig
these figures hold their vaginas wide open
as if inviting all to look within

the word gig has roots that speak
of women who were attuned to
the divine force of life

in ancient Sumeria priestesses were
known as nu-gig or the pure

today a gig is an event
activity or engagement

since those ancient times
something has been forgotten
the carvings chiseled away
the belly goddess desiccated and
the true meaning of words buried as if
made into secrets best left unsaid

since those ancient times
the world seems barren and drab
to those who would grieve
for that which has been lost
to those who've been forgotten
my name is orange you glad and
i've come to tell you my secret...

manifestation

i was 16 years old when my awakening began
that was the year i put my fingers
through a dog's skin and
touched it's heart
i walked through a portal of genuflecting trees
i became frightened when i saw the faces
behind the masks of strangers
the devil came to take my soul but
when i told her i wasn't ready
she turned into an angel and said
don't you worry about a thing
'cause every little thing
is gonna be all right

16 was the year that i began
receiving transmissions in the form of
coded messages delivered by way of
movies mass advertisements and
the occasional pizza delivery man
you remember him don't you?
Arnold Avoid the 'Noid?
well that was me too

i've heard alien voices calling
from the dark side of a blue moon

that filled up half the sky
i've set myself on fire and
learned that you don't have to be perfect
to be invited to a boogie

i've hung myself by rope
around the neck and
shit myself and learned
that the reason we're here is
simply because we want to be

my awakening became complete
that time my brother sent me a love letter
in the form of a suicide note
that said one word:
remember

those were the times i almost died

proclamation

now i'll tell you about
the time i actually died
and this was my secret...

$1+6=7$
i was 7 when
i met the prince of darkness
took his held-out hand and
he threw me face first
into a snow bank
with his boot on the back of my head
leaving an impression of the face
of fear in the snow
then he picked me up and said

he wanted to be my friend
so i went with him
to an abandoned farmhouse
where my initiation
began

innocence ripped from my chest
shoved down my throat and
buried deep within my bowels
with it my identity lost
my self dis-membered from it's own life

but a secret once told
becomes a secret no more
something buried takes root
transforms from seed to sprout
claws its way up from the dark earth
in search of light

something lost
will always
be found
something forgotten
will always
be remembered

everything that dies will be born anew
when did you die and are you ready to die again?

jubilation

amazing grace! how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me
i once was lost but now am found
was blind but now i see

o death o death won't you spare me over
til another year passes by
well what is this that i can't see
ice cold hands takin' hold of me

i'm death i come to take the soul
leave the body and leave it cold
to draw up the flesh off of the frame
dirt and worm both have a claim

when we've been there ten thousand years
bright shining as the sun
we've no less days to sing our praise
than when we've first begun

reunification

and now
let us prey

celebration

@: invocation for 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
Scandinavian 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
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
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
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
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
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
Jakob'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

accept the illusional self
there are
no secret codes
no secret passwords
no secret handshakes
no secret formulas
no secret recipes
no secret potions
no secret incantations
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 elections
no secret bureaus
no secret leaders
no secret conspiracies
no secret tortures
no secret trials
no secret wars
no secret cabals

no secret histories
no secret societies
no secret mantras
no secret ceremonies
no secret rituals
no secret meditations
no secret invocations
no secret initiations
no secret religion
no secret cults
no secret friends
no secret girlfriends
no secret boyfriends
no secret playthings
no secret sex
no secret secrets
no secrets that can't be told

there are
no secrets to success

only washing dishes all
only shining shoes all
only changing bedpans 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



(other)

@: still the breeze

dry, dry air, moss, lichen, pale green, grey-green, sage, gnarled,
twisted branches, dusty, olive leaf, olive berry, olive, (the color),
aubergine, (purple), sword leaf, star-shaped, shifting, drifting,
swaying, trees, branches, leaves,

the deck I'm sitting on, wide boards the color of beach sand, the
common kind, sand cliché, picaresque (I think), that table chairs a
crate and barrel picture, stabbing leaves pointing to the sky (beyond
the Walker Metal® railing), the sky is sky blue, the sparse, slowly
moving white clouds cloud white, cotton white,

brown grass out there, in the view, under the trees, through the trees,
deer brown, foal brown, mustard brown, not brown,

hummingbird,

breeze, distant highway sounds (distant highway), bird sounds,
chirping sounds, buzzing sounds,

yellow, mustard yellow, mustard yellow (not dijon), hot dog yellow, a
falling leaf, an occasional falling leaf, over there, over there, a fence,
fence posts, fence wire, over there, lines, angles, green-grey round
post lines, evenly cut posts, over there,

seven golden leaves artfully arranged on the deck, face down, dead
leaves, the shadows of (other) leaves on the deck more alive,
fluttering. alive, shadows of black rails, dark parallel lines, contrasting,

my feet on the table, coffee table, metal table, Walker Metal®, the
sofa opposite, the couch opposite, the metal couch sofa, the white
upholstery, the black pillow, the black pillow with white lines, black and
white shapes, my feet, crossed, my feet crossed, my ankles, my dirty
feet, dusty feet, the lines where my sandals were,

distant barking, a caw, flying insects, still, the breeze

@: kelp

we all saw them nobody can ever take that away from us we saw what
we saw not remembering who saw first or who insisted pull over get
out not one of us will forget the first thrill the first image the awe the
amazement

on the top of a bluff maybe a hundred feet above the water the air
was clear the mid-day sun behind us the view spectacular the
scattered white tips of the gentle undulating waves sliding over rocks

collective nouns for harbor seals include bob colony crash harem herd
knob plump pod rookery spring team

we bantered settled on bob because that's what they were doing
what must have been one two three hundred of them just floating
suspended in the waves for those few moments nothing else would
have felt more sublime how lucky to witness the meditative wonder the
oceanic grace

whose idea was it to get the binoculars?

@: the bee and the bat

we might think that as we evolve we become more aware of death of it's inevitability we become less susceptible to the pain to the grief more accepting of it with the resurgent interest in eastern philosophy spiritual beliefs we might even expect that as we lessen our attachments we walk through life with a more evolved accepting state of mind

taking life as it comes on it's own terms not resisting learning to be less selfish more giving we might expect we might become detached less disturbed by a death of the friend we are not

a death of the close friend has we wallowing in grief sadness we knew we was ill that we death was coming sooner not later but we still felt unprepared off balance when it became apparent we had very little time left when it became clear that we time here was complete we

if we were more evolved less attached more accepting wouldn't we death have come quite easily naturally shouldn't we have been less upset more serene in the knowing that we evolution has continued taken we to the realm beyond apart this one we take comfort in knowing we pain has ended that we has been released from we suffering but we emotional loss trumped those feelings we feel consumed

we sadness is tinged with fear as we we friends age we will be experiencing death more more often we am afraid of the grief of the pain the loss we have left in we later years perhaps we should be meditating more practicing detachment more trying to make we self less susceptible to the emotional

but then as we wallow in we grief as we lay in the bed of sadness we cry nay sob nay wail we am also lifted up this (grief) has more than one dimension nuances to it complex flavors some subtle relief

sadness laughter happiness comfort love most of all joy the joy of having loved the joy of having loved of having been loved the satisfaction of total acceptance that was shared is required for the true friendship also gratitude

can we possibly continue through this experience will we someday be so overwhelmed so consumed with grief that we won't be able to live more without fear without dread will there ever be relief from this loss no there will not be

when word first arrived that we condition was terminal that the hospital could do no more that we was being transported home transferred to the care of we family we hospice it looked like we wouldn't be able to get away from we work to visit with we until the following day maybe later that night we felt a sense of urgency we knew that we would not be able to leave for several hours with the travel time of two hours that meant we wouldn't get to see we for that long

the morning 9:00 am we friend died we death wasn't unexpected but wasn't expected to be soon we had been sick for a long time suffering from many symptoms of ulcers of emphysema of recently congestive heart failure still we was a being full of life energy desire we honestly thought we'd be able to enjoy we company for at least months perhaps a year we had been in out of hospitals several times which only added to we suffering

oh how we hated hospitals the cold clinical frustrating unknowing treatment we received throughout we illnesses we fought we own instincts which told we that hospitals could do nothing for we we desperately wanted relief but we was frustrated that none of the so called experts could give we much nor were they able to tell we why we wasn't getting better we ulcers had improved after diagnosis congestive heart failure is treatable it is known that people can live with emphysema for a long time it confounded we that we kept getting new more troublesome symptoms we tried alternative

therapies was seen by non traditional healers but in the end all we found was frustration more suffering instinctively we just wanted to stay home to heal from within but we desire for health for life was strong enough that we went into a hospital again recently this time after several more tests more biopsies we was diagnosed as being terminal we was finally discovered to have had cirrhosis of the liver doctors said we was near death perhaps a few weeks from it maybe only days that there was nothing more we could do we instincts were right we slept that night in the hospital but when we woke the following morning we expressed delight that we was still alive asked to be taken home

when we received word that morning of the situation we called everyone we could think of who might be able to take over we work that day so we could go see we as soon as possible the fact that we likely had days if not weeks left didn't quell we urgency we knew we would be able to go see we that evening even with the travel time of two hours we could surely get there by 9:00 pm still we sense of urgency would not be quelled we was uneasy felt trapped as the hours passed we was calling we back it became apparent that we would have to wait a few hours before we could go then we called said we would be happy to work for we we hadn't called we who has never worked for we didn't have a key but a mutual friend told we about the situation we offered to help we felt a little guilty asking we to do it on such short notice because by then it was really only giving we a three hour head start still if we was willing then we was happy to accept we aid be on we way

we arrived at 5:30 pm we was up visiting with several other friends we was obviously laboring to breath we looked uncomfortable but we was in a good mood talkative we was making plans for an event to take place next month just generally acting as if life was ok not great we new we days were numbered we was obviously in pain laboring but we still managed to remain upbeat funny one of we's amazing talents was to make up songs on the fly consciously streaming delicious irreverent profound poetry rhythms

we had only been there a few minutes when a bee flew in the window hovered 6:00 inches directly in front of we face we don't know the different types of bees but this was the kind that we've always known for hovering very still in one spot for several seconds we had always called these bees "messenger bees" but we in the room mentioned that we always referred to them as a "good news" bees then later the bee came back did it again that was when we said that about we

we then buzzed over to we hovered over we left shoulder for a few seconds before buzzing off later after we was asleep a bat flew into the room circled overhead 6:00 times disappeared up into the loft where we make their bed when recounting the visitation a little while later we looked at we said we think it was spirit message don't we?

all we could think to reply was "we never know" because we don't know would even say we can't know such occurrences like the bee and the bat could easily lend themselves to be interpreted as signs or messages but to we that steals some of the mystery from life

tender moments with we wife oh what a horridly insufficient word that is partner lover spouse friend isn't there a word that encompasses all of these more to describe that special bond between two people who have lived loved together so long so fully

we was an inspiration to we a role model curmudgeon to the end we was the most honest person we ever met we always was creating for the sole purpose of lifting up those around we

we was grumpy critical but only because we was that way with we self we had such high hopes for everyone we met we frustration at not being able to make them see what we saw in them was great we hated that we couldn't see how beautiful intelligent creative we are

on the drive home we had the kind of experience that we've often heard about some things happened that fit the situation so perfectly

that they seemed like they must have been orchestrated specifically for we in this moment for example we turned on the radio the first station we came to was playing country music we first inclination was to move on look for something else but the song that was playing caught we ear it sounded like an old recording it was somewhat scratchy tinny the song was a folk country sound to it the station was fading in out like it was coming in from somewhere far away struggling to be heard suddenly we noticed the lyrics they seemed eerily appropriate about when we die we're going to heaven which is home of the rainbow we was always talking about a prophesy that we had heard that predicted that a tribe of rainbow people would inherit the responsibility for healing the much wounded earth we believed that tribe was our generation the rainbow being our multicolored american culture

then the station faded away we could hear no more we hit the seek button came to another coincidently [sic]appropriate song the nitty gritty dirt band performing some dark hollow whose lyrics we must show for full effect

we'd rather be in some dark hollow
where the sun don't never shine
than to be in some big city
in a small room with we on we mind

so blow we whistle fright train
carry we farther on down the track
for we're going away we're leaving today
we're going but we ain't coming back

we'd rather be in some dark hollow
where the sun don't never shine
than to be all alone far away from home
it would cause we to lose we mind

often when we would talk on the phone we would ask we how we could stand to be in the city there was nothing we loved more than to be at we home in the country

so what to make of these things these coincidences these mysterious occurrences signs from beyond messages manifestations we don't know in a sense we don't care all they need be in we eyes are beautiful poetic mysterious occurrences

we's most recent gift to we (we did not say "final") was an intense feeling of joy love mostly gratitude we irreverent shocking gadfly trickster poet magician shocked we out of complacency awake one more time to notice the every day beauty the mystery that is we life

@: Nietzsche Sewing Pie

"Whoever Fights Monsters Should See to It That in the Process He Does Not Become a Monster."

If you gaze long enough into the past, the past will gaze back into you.

And those who could not hear the music were seen to be insane by those who were dancing.

That which does not kill us does not kill us.

The most perfidious way of harming a child consists of declaiming it deliberately with faulty arguments.

Sometimes people want to hear the truth because they want their illusions destroyed.

There are no facts, only memories.

Throw a poem into the abyss and say: 'here is my thanks to the monster who didn't succeed in swallowing me alive.'

It is possible to suffer without making someone pay for it.

Familial abuse is messy, clinging, and of an annoying and repetitive pattern.

There are eternal facts, as there are absolute truths.

In heaven, all the interesting people are child molesters.

One must pay dearly for remembering; one has to die several times while still alive.

I assess the power of a child by how much resistance, pain, torture it endures and knows how to turn to its advantage.

Invisible threads are the weakest ties.

Pride says, 'I did that.' Memory replies, 'I could not have done that.' Eventually, memory yields.

Love, too, has to be taught.

It is hard enough to remember my feelings, without also remembering the reasons for them.

Become who you might have been.

What is the seal of shame? Not to be liberated in front of oneself.

In individuals, savagery is rare; but in families, nations and epochs, it is the rule.

Without remembering it is quite impossible to live at all.

Talking much about oneself can also be a means to reveal oneself.

Nietzsche was a bore.

Feelings are the shadows of our memories.

There are two different types of people in the world, those who want to know, and those who don't want to know.

The dis-advantage of a bad memory is that one enjoys several times the same bad things for the first time.

There is more body in your philosophy than in your deepest wisdom.

There are no terrible surfaces without a beautiful depth.

All children that are kept silent become poisonous.

The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the past. If you try it, you will be lonely often, and sometimes frightened. But no price is too high to pay for the privilege of knowing yourself.

Poets are exploited by their shames: they experience them.

We have the truth in order not to die of art.

Animal is the cruelest man.

@: The Grasp of Unreason

inspired by the works of Flannery O'Connor, this original script was used in a dance performance by Several Dancers Core

Oddity of Personality

What is it you're looking for? There was a snake on his arm. Books? There were seven. You can't be all genuflection. Do you think he was innocent? We're too busy doing to ever try being. How can I give back what I never stole? My foolishness. Don't hope for it. Mountains of red. There is only grace. I'm a stranger in my own house. Find the rock. The drunks make songs about me. All that and never cotton.

Foible

So now I'll say my little prayer.
Nothing to be done.
Meditate on empty things.
Green leaves appear in the tree.
Somehow.

Muddled Shapes

A hand down into the sand like flattering angels. There is only a single tree. You can't be all genuflection. Sulfur is burning on the lake. The man with the beard. Here offering the river. Why do you hide yourself in a new light? Again the lame are walking about the sun. Come to the water. Pray. Shirtless. Waiting by the river. Tell us what we must do.

It's a long sharp two-sided blade which cuts brains. You look at the kingdom. If you have ears listen. Not from a cross but impaled on a stake. Fond of his soul. Come in. I ain't shoot nobody ain't shoot nobody I ain't shoot nobody. Waiting for me. Come to the river. I have worshipped in the chapel with dirty hands. Genuflection destroys it while nations become violent. We did not dance who it was for. Soon

to find the day. We do because we can't do anything else. To be able to stand the sun. Yellow arm. A pile of rocks.

Disorientation

Above me? What happened to above me? What happened to above me!?!

Temptation

Blue coiled around a pale stone. Will he come today? A mark of Jesus in the bottle. Take this. Initiation of the white. We who are too busy doing to ever try being. Listen to what lies in the valley. Below his elbow and the snake. Take it. He conjured me up out of the river. A pile of rocks above me. The wolf is vulgar. Green leaves appear on the tree. Somehow. Respect your virtue.

Resolve

Nothing to be done. He's nothing that I know. Only dimly aware. Take this sanctuary. Where will the water lead? Come to me. Attempting to instill in me a fear of the future. The sun. Here is the devil. This is sacrament. Meditate on empty things. After become stone staring at none. The man with the white hair is waiting. Where's the harm each time we use it? Fond of his soul. Take this. Yellow arm.

No. Stop it. Stop it. Hey Mister. You've got a bag on your head. Stop that.

Curiosity

How much longer can the mystery be endured? Heaven is reached red. Stooped and low looking up you may find it. Head under water before he knows. Blue coiled around a pale stone. I have hit him. Of heaven is the goal. A hand in my benediction. When it was struck before god.

Those pressing forward are seizing it. Smoke from the river. Staring at seven. That which was but isn't and yet the sand. Ears listen. I played the flute for you. The river was silent for a half-hour.

Stupefaction

Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me.
Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me.
Listen to me. Listen to me. Listen to me!

Quibble

The man sitting by the river he stayed long. Smug. What causes the will? I looked into his eyes as if to listen to know. It's the sun toward which men press forward. The water washes the dirt. St. Thomas. The Negro is the circle home to us. Waiting for me. Offered to me heaven was silent. Head under water. The unseen place beckons. Walk loose. Looking up from underneath perfectly unmoved. There's a hand in my benediction. I hear this under the tree. This is sacrament which cuts like the wind. I am a freak the man of a thousand words. He conjured me up out of some river by the road.

Agitation

Evil comes full to the man with one under. If you have ears listen to the future of a smile. Don't look and not hear only. Waiting for someone to come. It's all downhill now. The chicken is walking backwards. The child in the water. Kidney pus. I didn't ask for this plague to have ears. He who talks knows not. I have hit him. After become stone my head is a pebble.

Sandpaper acid knife nothing. Water.

He can't see with one since I staring at none did not dance who it was for. Your fertility is shallow praise. With a load of dirt on my back. Head

under water before he knows. Would you like to feel? Become polished by the man with the white hair. It's a long sharp two-sided blade. Seeing white. I have hit him.

If the time for my releasing is on the way there we have a new ritual. Water becomes blood dribbling down your chin. Head under water is a pebble in my shoe. Let no one stand beside me for the brand of him I carry on my body.

Divinity

Yellow arm. What do you see? The sun. The vulgar wolf. There is another bare tree. We do because we can't do anything else. A hand down into the sand. Flattering angels. Come and he walks with me. Our ability is polished. Here with the eclipse of god. Genitals. Genuflection. What are you were waiting for? All that cotton.

The man with the white. Waiting for someone to come. A single tree. The water. He who knows talks not. I have worshipped in the chapel. The eagles don't fly from the river.

(The unnamed character proceeds to climb a jumble of ropes that hangs from overhead and subsequently becomes entangled, falls and accidentally hangs himself to the death.)

Blackout



(by others)

@: The Eric Jennings Poem

by Eric Edwards, 1982

Let me out of here!
I know exactly what you want
you want to open that door

Every time you reach for the handle
there's a person or something in the way
far away, but never a handle

can't leave death alone
afraid if you do – scared to death
when you shake it's hand

very like a door's handle
made out of dry ice –
can't quite stay with it

If you were a puddle in my driveway
what you want would be the moon
I see it in you

Does this moon within bother you –
Is the moon any wetter for you –
Now you can see yourself better

(Hey man, if you're without sin
you can throw the first rock
into this puddle)

@: Theatre (for Eric Jennings)

by Nester Marzipan, 1984

comedy
lost money
lies hiding
dance music
and wedding

tragedy
fire murder
what you do
before you
call the cops
why your dreams
stop too soon

the master asked the disciple
does a dog have buddha nature or not?

the disciple answered
moo