

**APHIDS**

Poems inspired by A\$AP Rocky

by

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Washington, DC  
2019

*This collection is dedicated to my Mother,  
the most beautiful being of all . . .*

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## Preface

This poetry was written to *Aphex Twin's* music.<sup>1</sup> There is no one else I would rather write to. I consider Richard D. James's music to be one of the most transcendent expressions of the age; perhaps of any age. Although his songs can get pretty abstract, there is also something very human about them.

When I create poetry I link up with the universe. I write with my blood; my oscillating brain; the light of my soul; the nib of my spirit; my venous fire; my insight into the fabric of reality; and with my throbbing and romantic heart.

Poetry can be as cool, edgy and wild as any other art form, while being also hyper intimate and tender. Poetry, like music and all art, is a sacred testament to Love and the Infinite Beauty of God that is everywhere. I would not want to live without some of form of it, in the same way I would not want to live without oxygen.

Unfortunately, as the world and its expressions, including the creative ones, atomize and cheapen—fragmenting further our perception—we lose touch with the holy ecstasy evoked by truly powerful art; *Aphids* is my contribution towards recovering it.

Enjoy.

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<sup>1</sup> The poems in *Aphids* were written to the following tracks by Aphex Twin:

- "White Blur 1" (*Selected Ambient Works*, Vol. 2)
- "Blue Calx" (*Selected Ambient Works*, Vol. 2)
- "Grey Stripe" (*Selected Ambient Works*, Vol. 2)
- "Z Twig" (*Selected Ambient Works*, Vol. 2)
- "Hexagon" (*Selected Ambient Works*, Vol. 2)
- "Stone in Focus"
- "Milk Man"

## Acknowledgments

There are individuals who contributed to the composition of *Aphids*. First of all: my father. My father traversed a difficult and, at times, extremely exacting life-path: for the purposes of his own evolution, but also so he could pass the light of his and my mother's genetics onto me.

As life builds upon itself, so does creativity and knowledge. My father deepened as a mathematician so that his son could play, as any other artist or enlightened scientist: an infinitesimal yet nevertheless important role in revealing the Divine through the conception of ideas and images.

I am grateful to my Mother who, though not technically an artist, has an extraordinary sensory perception – the sensitivity of which is unexampled in my estimation.

Beyond any other inheritance, I am grateful to my parents for imparting to me the gift of life: a gift which can never, in all eternity, be adequately payed back. Let *Aphids* resound with the glory of the gift.

Richard D. James is the channeler of a frequency that has indelibly touched my soul. Let the poetry of this collection be a witness to the influence of his musical genius.

*Aphids* reached its consummation in the skilled hands of my editor: Mary Anne Carswell. She ensured that the poems are perfectly crafted. It is a pleasure to work with an editor who truly cares about the project, including even which font will most enhance the aesthetics of the poetry.

Finally, I would like to thank God. God is the word I use to describe the mysterious *something* that cannot be described, defined, or located, but by which I denote the source of all being – and without which I could have no existence, expression, devotion, and most importantly: no freedom through knowledge.

Sebastian Lopez 2019



dear

*After White Blur 1*

We get hyper talking over each other's intellects  
My voice implodes on your hands  
Hold me now in the sinking sky  
shit smeared all over the pavement;  
with the palaver-mouthed, strolling,  
big-mouthed dunderheads  
cackling over those who  
don't see the goings on . . .  
Insane boys are jesting like reptiles.  
Can you speak that rainbow a little louder?  
Keep talking feces, I mean faces.  
Stop talking human beings. Becoming pure.  
Becoming the seed in the blue that follows:  
soft avalanche, fall soft lead.  
Fight until the rotund end in this silly summer camp  
where I wish to dine on fish, die to the energy  
of falling grey suds and reptile kids horsing  
around gently in little ways . . .  
I missed the summer,  
she spoke . . .

Hello

*After Blue Calx*

I

Orange sun upset rising back into the sky,  
high as a nymph. Go away from here! daytime  
nightmare though soft.

Set on me, mother of blue, gentle ghost.  
Her rain unfalling on my bed.  
I lie beside the aftermath of sent suffering,  
not winsome, but wind-drained  
Here I am below the gravity of the sky  
The suffering has laid me down on  
the night-streaked sheets of my bed:

with these bones that are all I am . . .

I hum, only hoping to touch the  
unearthed femurs of yesterday; and the  
fossils in the sand: my glands, perchance – phones.

Let memory alight

In its fire let there be cure

Wave.5

*After Blue Calx*

II

Call the liberal dancer who splashed my life  
a little with her bravery  
Throw her out of my mouth like a prism into  
the radiant dactyl; into the lit lips of being still  
Will her freedom wait for me in the hospice  
like a blue rose? Hospice with a timely end in  
death which must be cooler and expanded with  
blue; and less lying; with no more worthless counsels;  
cooler than the severe god who exacts with no purpose,  
leaving us to wonder in the sandy, star-crashed void;  
in a desert hollow echoing for all I know or don't know

She will not come  
She will not enter me

No, I must inhale and exhale blue  
with all I am; become the prince of the blue body.  
I must become oxygen, ubiquitous, multifarious wave  
She can only be symbol

I shrug her off

Then I must either heal into the wave or starve  
my will to live until nothing is left

Now, I must fail and only be embraced by the blue

7.0

*After Grey Stripe*

Ocean

Titans' wave

The a-dolts just about misconstrue  
my *misbehave*. I'm just a boy with  
colossal power spanning silver skies.  
In the horror of my glinting  
self-consciousness, in the light of its  
mercury-eye, I look for the pinnacle  
as I venture into whale echolocation  
and other vertices.

The leviathan is in prison, I complain, and I  
go off to bed to mope. Numbers, digits,  
liquids tumble like radiant stripes as they  
enter the refrains of my dream brain.  
All persons commingle in this palette

Knives disappear in the ink of the stars  
In this realm I spit tiny, shiny light.

In this ocean with mammoth waves,  
on the verge of suffocating, child prodigies  
are so hungry they eat into themselves and are  
turned into squeaky ware.

Speck

*After Z Twig*

Dear little hapless bee,  
are you like me full of eager glee?

Bird and dew falling. A category.  
Speak: tip of sunlight burning. Tiny soft apex.

Awaken bee. Can you see yourself clinging?  
Don't mean to deride with the sky;  
with the lemon tide of this morning.  
You're holding steadfastly to the petal of flower.  
The petal's metal resounds . . .

Your body is metal too.  
The day breaks asunder . . .

Vibration expands, little one.  
Don't cover yourself, silly.  
You might be supercilious . . .

But you're here with me to watch you,  
to watch me. The sun appears overhead.  
Let's leave on this petal you have enraptured  
with your desire . . . I am enchanted . . . .

Here we meet. Here we met . . .

I will draw around this place where you fought  
And garden the stains of your memory on my palm

Cue

*After Blue Calx*

Mother waves and comes.

Pry, gentle muse.

Mother, it's too late to fly; it's too late to win  
and bleed the epic arboreal green tree of our youth.

Life has left us uncertainty in an open sky  
that yields no answers.

Today mother drips lachrymal bubbles over  
my ovary-fragile body and its thin whisper.

Now is the great blue energy everywhere.

The blue ghost over mother  
and everything.

Alas, I belong to the unspoken blue existence  
where everything expands and dissipates.

Life casts its penumbra over me  
and Mother looks on with pity and a hardened,  
conifer concern, as I wallow crippled in the blue . . .

Rest comes partly . . .

No one who might offend is permitted here.  
Not the preacher or recruiter.

Mother leaves for the day, and this is fine.

Now there is only soft pain.

Possibly, with every cleanse

I am on my way to becoming a free bird,  
perched on the bough of suffering,  
shaped like the letter Q.

Blue Ghost, supercilious in the sky,  
the kite-sky: ejaculate one more time  
all over with your gauze onto my palms,  
my hands, my brains; – this time let me  
inspire your intelligence;  
not your emptiness

Send  
epic  
rest

Make me

soft  
small  
infinity

Cloud

*After Blue Calx*

Breathe heaven's fire upon my dialect,  
upon the sad accordion of language.  
There is trouble in my nerves phoning home.

Adumbrate heaven children,  
but you are too wet, not elfin enough  
to know the sky and suck it back this way;  
too chill in your Edens to supply the warmth;  
too socialized to blow tendrils upon my face  
in a game of love; only those of you who are  
lightly deranged could do so in the tipsy morn.

Point

*After Blue Calx*

Blow upon my peace, meant to kill the octopus  
of reason that breeds storms.

I can barely read reason's logic-flooding symbols;  
the signs are ubiquitous in the unspeakable blue and still sky,  
gently derisive, as it meets my Caucasian scalp.

All humans are made from the same string,  
the same boat, they say. There is in fact only one place  
we inhabit; and we are all strange cousins.

But, for myself and those blocked from  
the joy-bearing sky – the crack in the canopy  
that lets in the light is the thing that assists.

The light ray by the marsh is an  
encoding of heaven.

But the grey stripes of dismay follow  
these light-bands, always.

How cannot all the people, except for the  
children, chant in unison:

“The world escapes our despair.”

I don't believe in lasting wholesomeness;  
only upon the tongue-tip stroke of death  
will the labyrinth of mirrors evaporate and the truth  
cease to confound

Now not even the ray of light is providing  
relief; it ceases to filter through the aperture, through  
the obscure-famous crack that seems to fill me  
and others such as I.

Only the casual blue

that expands

Everything into loss

remains

Mother, drink the dots of my intentions,  
my filaments like weather vanes that point to  
the despairing thunder in my whereabouts.  
And then beget a blue tear from the sky.

Provide me your rays, sky,  
from the firmament of the ever-  
betrothed to the great eternity.  
The vague blue phantom who, benign –

I hope – bears heaven.

Release me in the ring conversions

of a kind riddle and  
its tiny wave crests  
Slaughter my soul with  
laughter  
Make me  
lighter than,

softer

than  
infinity



Softin

*After Grey Stripe*

I am lost at this point,  
this arbor of heaven . . .

We must find heaven's voice in objects.  
Will we wait for the rain segments to open  
their mouths like worms and speak?  
We can find this heaven in the last outbound  
train opened as a dream with its  
smell and science.

This is a little apocalypse for the pacifying of my  
agitated diurnal state. But small are the voices . . .

Little salving is there for sniveling passengers  
and platform observers such as I.

What can be detected in trains or in their calm  
light dots that will drain the plight of us?

I have risen in vibration a significant fraction,  
and now I am looking for a transfusion.  
I receive it, but still the quasars  
become misleadingly soft;  
they are likely failed.  
Silk branches of an encephalic tree  
spill so many points that murmur and  
grow loud in an incoherent howl.  
Night thinks itself deeper on every  
alternating second.

I am at the arbor of everything, but nightmares

think their way into my aquarium . . .

they are let in by a council in my mind

The next day a little aquatic tiger is the burning bush  
of my hope; docile and quaint . . . he is elemental  
and not cognizant of chimeras like the northern  
lights that seep in with unsolicited stories,  
negative and recondite . . .

I must reproach the council again . . .

I am a myrmidon of clear and benign light,  
and my feline friend  
is a dose of heaven's sanity.

I am speaking these gauze thoughts insulating  
myself from aurora borealis and the bad breath of the sun:  
that eye in the sky, who would really after all rather  
cover himself with the lid of eternity's language  
that is in the exhale of the glassy stems  
and leaves in the forest nook.

I am looking for the heaven in the forests,  
in the parochial leaves, in the mines,  
in the sated sun and his many graves in the fields . . .

In the girl hearts so pure.  
Rise tiger, little tiger, rise:  
in subversion of all the maleficence

Scent

*After Z Twig*

Mom, look . . . the prayer is upon us . . .  
The ray of Andean Sky . . . here in America,  
docile land of fragrant citrus of circus . . .  
docile land of May flowers . . . Our still movements  
are a kind of dance, reptilian and perfected human.  
Pour this grave dressing, this emulsion . . .

Speak easy in cafes of speaker poets through  
these lands where tenebrous is only

echolalia of light

Amen

*After White Blur 1*

In the case of excess of machines,  
rip these ripples where they are situated

Crash the chrysanthemum  
Not coda either  
Splay a placid tongue  
Of a pretty and conventional girl . . .

Striped houri

Feces-eating fiend

Chimes crash  
Rise me to rest

Silly cunts  
Keep talking  
While I unplug myself

Energy

*After Blue Calx*

Comical cumulonimbus: rise this Enterprise  
like a Hiroshima. Great tragedy in the sky: fall of the anvil . . .

Heroines and heroes flee to the sky. Hurrah the scent.

On land there is nothing monumental;  
there are just parts: clumps of earth and tufts of blue sky . . .

. . . and the winding drive in a religious  
community's jeep around a mount.

If the messiah is equal to God I must become extinct  
because even shrinking the formless down to  
caressable size is sacrilege . . . And never shall I wear  
chains with crosses around this neck.

Only my hand is outstretched: the convex  
ware under the sky, swiveling slow,  
now shunning the rain that is pieces of blue,  
and as it turns: containing its thin lie.

Seda

*After Z Twig*

Away from the pecuniary and material,  
the spearmint dawn widens, in spite of  
little mishaps and grey sleet.

I raise my red lips to greet the daughters of  
flowers duly noted by the spring of perfumed  
ambiance, where the trove of each visitor is  
lighter than love; love is the afterthought,  
the apparel that is floated off.

This Beauty is unkempt essence,  
intentions whittled down to even less  
than dignity, but peculiarly precious; only  
the softest braiding of silence.

Dine tonight on the ray of sun, single sword.  
In our heyday we were never as hurrahed as this.  
We will open every big heart like a luscious fruit from the Danube sky.

Gyre-3

*After Hexagon*

In this oasis there is a dulcet ringing in my ear that upends the holy choir and its face.

The hummingbird is here.  
The tears of doctors, of girls and boys  
revolve in syntony with its voice

In the universe I struggle against time, then feed on novel  
membranes of cosmic finitude.

Because Infinity is finite.

Eve elected this.

I ask for omnipresence in a hexagonal instrument  
made from bone that all-invading music makes  
in uninterrupted transmission.

Unadvertised and hidden introspection of self is sullen;  
it ends in invidiousness and annihilation.

This life we live is strange.  
And heaven is soft by design.  
We must leak its tufts in the  
braille-cold air this eve.

A cloud declines.  
A pæan to the rose flashes.

We must not become besotted with the brown,

warm bands of decor in the city that  
pretend to impart blessings.

But, is it sufficient that you are here,  
and I am but there?

A stair into the technicolor stare.

Eternal

*After Stone in Focus*

Here I lie under the cosmos  
with my dorsal fin cleft and exposed.  
I bleed thoughts,  
and rivers flow  
from my tear ducts.

There is no megaphone.

I need no tram voyage to go home.

I am here under the dot stars  
that are immune and distant;  
their lispings are mute,  
and their number-signals are silenced.  
I am the heroine, left unpried.  
I am upended; the fish left to the air  
and loved by the smell of flowers.  
Abandoned by a god who is either  
construct or whose identity is  
irrelevant at this opening.

My fin feels heavy. My tragedy is soft and weighty,  
and the purpose is the bloodletting  
of the remaining numbers  
egressing the open vein.  
I am timeless.  
I have forgotten the moon.  
One more ebb and the sun that is absent will exhale  
the last sliver of a cry. I shall be no more

America

*After Milk Man*

Cries the lime dawn  
without spears;  
open wound without prancing

Baby carriages stroll with mothers  
on the sidewalk . . . . The men trade animal livers  
with their neighbors . . . They trade cars also.

I drink my neighbor's wife's milk from her tits.  
Tits made from neologisms, machinery, purified money

Soft though, and upending me are:  
Pink, strawberriest emotions

The strawberry afternoon is upon us

And its membrane

which is sweeter than sex with all the galaxies –

forecasts a union that never dies . . .

Zero Loser

*After White Blur 1*

Mayhem

Mayday

Use the priapic – louder

spill

winner

Is despoiled

My soiled “using you”

Fecal rainbow

Distraught rain, day

Drive-by my pussy

Use the music

Keep turning the pages

Of galactic wars

Sine

*After Blue Calx*

The boy plays  
amidst the sprinklers.  
As a newborn he scarcely remembers  
the old war's enervations pleading  
to the lords in the sky.

I remember the telekinesis of  
ordinary persons who fought so hard.  
In the end we released the quagmire  
like smoke into the atmosphere –

to the applause of a thousand suns.  
On the last day of the war I never

spilled the Helios on my lips, retained the holy –

because there was no point.

I forgot the sun and clouds.  
Offered the lie of life to the passing wind  
and took the bus back home in the static electricity rain.

Come children like soft bomb-scare drills –

speak the old war on the tips of your tongues.  
Impart a lesson to us

Come over me,  
sun that is reborn.

Set free the anguish of the sun

traumatized by yesterday.  
And set aphids upon the hurt of humans;  
clear them of this dysphoria.  
Get an appraisal of their minds' wicks  
faded by so many false apocalypses.  
Decode for them the content  
of the strawberry-hued cloud  
with its stenciled lightnings.  
Let the rain be clear; let it be sire to us:  
its membrane is light; may the light of Alethia  
mark the rhythm of every beauty.  
Solve the sky. Die in my backyard.  
Deliver the sun and elate us with its pellucid drills . . .  
Dine on nothing, but the languid numbers  
spilled by a glass god with a fire hose.

I am praying for this final season in time.  
We will walk tall among the sun drills – our companions;  
and all the pedestrians presiding over Planet Earth . . .

Blithe Sun

*After Grey Stripe*

The flask of Mother's voice spills  
flowers on a Sunday; it is the  
kind science of music. Nightingales are  
roused from the voice. Now I stay partly high.

Now higher. Heights hiss with Mother's kite  
dropping parcels into the garden of my palm.  
Amiss is the light, because this beatitude is lighter.

My faith is a lenticular moon;  
two polarities compressed.  
Forget the dark.  
Forget the light – the sheaves of my soul.  
Instead unsheathe the sword of this glad calm.  
Mother's tender dictum permits it.

Mother: speak gently mauve rapids  
that go into the ocean encompassed by heaven.  
Heaven is vulnerable and her suffering glands  
remind me of mother's sacrifice.  
Heaven sacrifices itself.  
Burning Q-Tip of beauty . . . suspended,  
dripping oil tears.

There the marbles are our saviors: these softest,  
lowest creations are the vermeil of withdrawn power.  
I rise to success by funds of Father's coins  
like dew drops, or the marbles.  
But Mother is the great, little ghost of heaven.

Make a monocle from heaven's  
clear tissue for inspecting the patterns  
of the believer's touchstone.

We will have all we need when the last robot  
(false acolyte of our faith) drowns.

Samara

*After Z Twig*

Lentil of my dreams. Bequeath to me the light  
stains of your body's brilliance.

Soft waves crash upon your convex shape;  
your tiny and perfect behavior. Your miniscule  
quantity is an entrance to another world,  
but truly what is it?

Your intellect and idiolect are the shiny  
mind of a 23-year-old girl, mute with beauties, lentil-smooth  
Complex auras perform their facile art on her face.

This daughter is  
everywhere like a nation. She is  
pregnant with nameless ideas; she is  
rife with hidden processes and fine-tuned energies;  
these are undetectable as  
the phoneme.

Not even do the sounds of plashing  
silver emit from her velour heart for long.  
An ocean spills out of its hollow case,  
revealing not the mechanism.  
It is of no use; she still hides.

However, her soul is remunerative  
in spite of assailing dangers and  
spies in the air concocting insults.

Miligram

*After Hexagon*

Tiger, lie beside me on the floor.  
Let the sunlight circle in your eyes  
and let the decay of your sight fall  
to the floor. Let the little witch breathe  
her last ounce of horror in your irises,  
in these dark flowers invoking the cupidity  
in dreams of thwarted heroes and overreachers

Rock us all with the unsettled cosmic dust  
everywhere; with the voices of  
astronauts who've seen the unspeakable playthings  
of infinity, and wet themselves like galleons  
in their turbid oceans.

By way of connection to this cosmos, I wear my  
long and precise sighs like clothes stretched  
around my frame. And I liken killing to a red  
flower who grows into a star expanding  
inside and outside my mouth.

Aeolus

*After Stone in Focus*

The sky is decay.  
The rain falls yesterday, today, tomorrow,  
no matter. My hand is dying in the field,  
not bestirred by life.

Victory hovers like a naiad or genius high above the field.  
Others are creatures of fire, I am a minnow.  
Convalescence is out of the question  
because I have worn my body to pink  
by the odious shines of failed lives.

I still only live for the amethyst of  
revelry; for the sugary yearning that accumulates  
as warring rose-dew upon these lips.

I love to blow a raw wind from my psyche  
into the face of every old  
and young Venus.

I resign from further prospects, as I have become  
a withered relic; a cloud not meant for the world.  
But, a female's crimson-fading cheeks are my religion.

One day I will reap from the electric fields of her nirvana.

Gawk

*After White Blur 1*

Appropriate the blood bath

Milk spillage

God says fuck you besides many other numbers

Air guitar

Louder

Chipmunk

Number murder

Keep talking sense

Whistles

Cackle

Leftover beef

I'm not hungry

Speak up

Follow the purpose  
of the cost effective

Fall down

Dead

Bird

Smear the number.

Slot

Slit

*After Blue Calx*

Extinguish the ember of memory's tirade.  
Erase the felonious thoughts like heroines  
running in the forest with plentiful murder  
on their hands. Reign peace. And then sign  
the flower of sempiternity across my chest.  
Look in its cavity for what might steal insight  
into the thunder, unpeeling the lightning-thread  
from the sky to open the dialectics of all things . . .  
the skeletal sun . . . and anything else . . .

As all things are fragments.

Even the sky is a blue and white-tuft  
scheme.

Once these primeval signs are opened and  
unspooled, lesions and curses will vanish,  
even as they were absent in antiquity.  
Here I nail the poem shut with the apropos period.

Swipe

*After Grey Stripe*

Rush, smoldering wave.

Bring back on your crest

all things:

all indoctrinations,

the flasks full of brains.

Bring back all this horseshit,

the random and technical nuisances;

bring back also the tender items like

menstruating dwarves, and scarves,

and minute waves tapping on the

tympanic membrane.

Burn these in a grail.

Replace the ashes with the grace of the reptile;

with its wise and low vantage it can save us.

Now the reptile too is vanquished.

Bring back, then, the ascending

sun of our primal desire and quest.

Tried and failed the sun decides to fall;

now the sun is lost.

Instead there are all these cuntly people

everywhere: yellow-eyed demons

swarming with sublingual glands

funneling threads of moisture.

The needle of hope is irrelevant.

The fish in our blood are dyslexic.

Our mind is a locust conversation of confusion.

The cursing messiah is wearing rainbow  
suspenders to throw us off the scent, as always.

All love is lost, until the amnesia of emotions and  
mental states proves to us that we are all right.

However, this is not certain.  
They should call it up syndrome.

Recess

*After Z Twig*

How can I believe, please tell me:  
in the tones of the rainbow, the doctor,  
his acolyte's shadow,  
as he almost loses nerve with a mistake,  
but retreats again into the respite of the shade?

The mouse, the house, the sun over all . . .

How can I attest to any of these?

I can fashion a million harmonies, but two million  
lesions appear on my face overnight . . . .  
How can I praise harmony, when he is the worst lover?  
How I hate harmony . . . How surrendering I am to  
everything, to nothing, to anything . . . I always come  
back to positivity, no matter how many times he is unfaithful.

Fuck the fortress of the fairy tale . . . I shall wear the  
dark forest as a tangential symbol; a black square  
tattoo upon my wrist. A mark, a curse, but really a mark,  
since curses come and go, as with everything,  
and we do not have the privilege of being just negative.  
Only the opening and closing window of the I remains  
a little smooshed.

But only yesterday I spied such harmonies  
in the forests of the heart near its atrium.

At such a point is the finite program for today . . .

And the attempt to skip by quantum leap

into the endless  
summer.

Halo

*After Hexagon*

Let me into your Helios,  
dear harmony. Send my princesses. Let me taste  
the spire in the wine glass of gladness that no longer  
forsakes me as when the last sliver of liquid falls  
intemperate and abrasive upon the grail of the soul

Leave forests for now. Tell me at last about hate pouring  
from fingertips that read braille. So I know I'm not  
the only one. Let me lie forever and be praised by gods  
for the untruths spoken by me ad infinitum.

Stretch me comfortably across the sun  
Let me cry cartoon tears of joy forever  
Forgive the bygone tearing out of my skin.  
And let me cry: *why, why oh why did you lie Oh God,*  
*when I was so truth seeking?*  
Leave me in this relaxed state forever.

Heliocentric

*After Stone in Focus*

I raised the phone receiver  
with a friend, in the gladsome  
and spacey harmony of childhood  
that trounces all quandaries and discomfort  
of the grown and somber;  
the autumn-leaf crepitating.  
We the children, with our prestidigitations  
knock out the blue-grey wind streams  
from the mouths of adults that are august  
and hollow heroes. Waterfalls fall from  
the unique destinies of their minds  
and are destroyed.  
Everything must be forgiven,  
for it is empty.

Laughter must be over the hills, forever laughter.  
I would stick the needle of sleep forever more  
in my vein if I felt God would listen,  
understand and place my soul into an  
undying symposium of sublime rendering;  
into the master's symphonies;  
and into perpetual syntony with the  
tones of girlish phone calls.

I remember in childhood there  
were days that were waterfalls made from parhelions  
when I was almost unselfish enough to see a  
beauty through the mist of hell quelled,  
of hysteria died down; and in the cold skin  
upon hand of the reptile, the lowest member  
of earth who has the greatest grasp in its scanning.

My pet snake alone could see my head,  
my bones expanding out in fragment-waves.  
Also, in the aftermath of horror one can spy and  
detect the warm membrane of endless summer.

Vampire

*After Milk Man*

Glossy sun, veiny sky.

A wise and evil man draws thunder with  
his steps along the sidewalk. The sidewalk is  
green with lust for the thunder  
of his devilish shoes.

The tomato patch  
is diffident in its rosy and soft envelope;  
perhaps a little taciturn with embarrassment  
of the day.

The bovine clouds are supping  
the lacteal good of the sun with its supply of sex.

The inflated, pastel-clothed bodies of humans  
getting in cars and checking their mailboxes are  
beyond indifference.

The soles of the perfect  
leathers shoes of the vampire gentleman are  
seeming more and more sublunary and weak – as wet rubber.

Zero Track

*After White Blur 1*

Cinematic sounds

With chimes . . .

“I’m afraid” said the chipmunk before turning squirrely

Bees’ business . . .

mind the door on your way to the exit

Felon down

Glass finger tips

Shit-eating felons

Melon cake is not enough

Mother

I want to be murdered

By number

By gamma ray

By a blunt man

With a thin mask that stinks underneath

Close the door on your way out

I love you

Creak

*After Blue Calx*

How do I plead before the kingdom's venerables?  
The pressure of insecurity is instilling in my veins,  
but heaven is in my brains.  
Still, how do I plead before this choir of saints;  
before the wizened sages?  
I think these thoughts on the stage before  
the ghost tears down the tiers  
of clouds in my praise. At last the tribunal favors me;  
for my intensity and passion are undeniable, in spite of so much error.  
I recollect the paucity of color in the sky; it is crying as am I, alleviated.

A boy, I never deserved victory on a soccer  
field, for I was a feeble athlete;  
and I did not deserve the candy-red wheels of a skateboard gift  
I was always dragging, a sigh like a sack  
upon my shoulder, waiting for the daisy-fire summer,  
because summer was nothing but soft, toy thunder  
in the idle and amoral days of the child . . .  
My hands were empty of victory,  
of achievement – this is the truest and hyper-plainest me.

After the long drive back from the pool,  
the room was dyed in sepia penumbras.  
The doctor was absent. I dialed the ghost . . .  
Here I lay in a room as gelid as the mood.  
The call never came from the sun-dog who remained  
silently unresponsive, circling in the sky.  
Instead I tried to languish in this house of shadow  
beneath a godless, beauteous canopy.

Limit

*After Grey Stripe*

Perverts, like insalubrious clouds, roar  
though donning halos or crowns.  
The perverts are famished . . . Stay away! their  
reptilian sleaze, though oozing only innocuous oil  
when more closely inspected . . .  
However, my way is also to ingest everything.  
I like to ruminate as a cow on wizened skin  
of decrepit old men as their flesh crackles. . .

Lower the lightning, beam by beam.  
We are building a new world,  
safe for all; for the once-transgressive,  
mice and primates; for the senile,  
and for the half-baked as well.

We will even find the tincture of mercy in these city gales  
when white women pass by me bracing  
themselves lightly. Her face is tinged in anxious sorrow,  
though her radiant clothes shout the arrogance of happiness.

All humans shall thrive in our yellow world  
where we will let lightning roll on the ground  
in its wild branchings until the people relent,  
until they transmute their partially muffled  
embarrassment of this into the trceries of  
new dynasties intrinsic to their greatness; to all greatness.

The sun god shall descend to the street level.  
And all, including the most distinguished females,  
shall savage him with mouthfuls ambiguously erotic.

We shall see that we are even the sun.  
There is no god that is not us.

7-31.r

*After Z Twig*

In this haven of heaven precious beings  
fall upon my palms like lobes,  
like lucid drops elongating.

I could talk to you in a plethora  
of rose tongues with the spirit's pecuniary shine.

We shall play with the edible fragments of the luminous sun.  
Play the xylophone of this soul with sweet numbers;  
with the echolocation of your daughters, so pretty they are almost fictitious  
Run into the spearmint field, you are still more feeling and more pretty than the  
lithe green stems and leaves.

You are the careful, languid languages of the sun  
lost in transmission, leaving the soft palpitation of  
this ripple in my heart I have never heard . . .

Heaven

*After Hexagon*

Never try the soft beast languishing in the sun,  
under the whirl of gently crepitating leaves.  
He is a sexual ghost, perfidious –

that would you leave high and dry as numbers  
plead to be equated, or fractioned, or as a last resort  
fractured. Instead you could have the centenary sun;  
But how could this be a fair trade off?  
A mere hundred-year-old orb.  
We want the eons-long Helios;  
the gentle and hot despot to kiss us; but we could only be  
ravished by the tawdry monster, spawning daughters

These ringing Marylins (the daughters)  
are profane; they wear  
the shiny brown shoes and raiment  
of the Beast, the better garments of the Demon.

I need instead the dullards to espy heaven.  
I desire to drink tankards of pinions with them so we  
may opine together and fly to the most sublime  
height permissible to humans.

If I dial the codes of the blandest and most boring perhaps –

I will find this spot in the woods that cries louder and softer  
than the cosmic train, than every galaxy, than the black hole that is the universe . . .

Soft Tense

*After Stone in Focus*

Conceive the handsome, unpretty woman who  
sits by the brook with the wondering-pure expression  
lightly scarred by some branch of memory  
memorized in the soul, mirrored in the quiet  
radiance of her face

I am nearby, felled by the strange cosmos,  
recollecting the paucity of scattered dry leaves,  
mindless of the tendrils or ivy.  
Her face speaks magnificently.  
This nadir is close, this spring is not  
beautiful unless tarnished . . .  
This cosmic beauty in a single body under a  
mistaken, blue sky is the echo of halos,  
more sacred the saintliness,  
more sacred than numbers;  
a harmony I limn.

This is the real state:  
the transience of distant heart,  
but also as disclosed as the atlas,  
as the sky tinctured with sad fear.

The soft celestial blues  
are in her countenance:  
white woman,  
rose sprung from mud,  
thriving traceries.

The sky for one instant bows before such beauty.

Myrtle Venus

*After Milk Man*

Ma, release  
the rainbow in a profane prayer,

the only kind I love . . .  
Give me the woman's big tits.

Give me oscillating chimes  
dripping with the milk of purple galaxies.

The man observing this stands  
in the room nonplussed.

A square panel opens in my head as a  
cuckoo comes out and winds back now  
that the man must be embarrassed by such barging.

Mother buys me a pornographic magazine.  
She fills my wounded-snake soul with radiant hexagons.

I am forlorn, I have removed  
the matinal white sheet of the sky – ineffable.

And the milk man and his big-breasted wife are  
due in 2 mins and 32 sec.



Ray Ovary

*After White Blur 1*

Send me an angel

Thumbnail-thin pulses of winds are pulled from purses

Messy talking

Snide wind

You can use the feces

Raisin brain

Rainbows

Muffled laughter

Mine explosions

You like that

Ass cracks

Spillage of electric impulses

Use the bib

Velociraptor

I Know

Fuck them

Can't use it

You're never very good

Fuck you

Dildo

More than that,

You're my vagina

Flower

I know

I love you

bye

Pandora

*After Grey Stripe*

*Mesomorph* or *Pentagon*, or  
Roar or *Whore*. The abstract wave  
coming from my speakers  
speaks different words depending on the  
inclination of my listening.

I need to tell my parents about the wave.  
I wake my mother and father from the  
lilac-erotic bloom of their brain,  
as they are sleeping.  
I must inform them of their condition.

Every night I dream about my father  
(my locus of origin and guardian)  
who fell into a dark honey well . . .  
and is ashamed of its fecal – to his nostrils – smell.  
I want to tell him about this vision and that there  
is no shame in this and neither in the envelope of sex

Occasionally, I am dreaming  
about peeing gold liqueur into mother's mouth,  
because there is not enough partying in my parents,  
though this is also beautifully strange.

There is also too much sugar fermentation in  
the ghetto being sold over the counter. The ghetto is the  
underworld with autonomously moving shadows  
on the rock floor. That is why in uptown,  
with our noble enjoyments we behave with  
the gelid, white film separating the interface  
of our souls and bodies.  
Do not tell anyone this, though; it would disturb

their peace, and possibly unleash a cataclysm that would demolish all.

Untitled

*After Z Twig*

Entropy is inside the whale's belly  
of the world. Still, the light gifts  
its tendrils to the magnetic peace.  
At least momentarily.

The silly kite of life rises by the tiny fingers of the reptile.  
I forget that he is hardly lepidopteran . . .  
He is haggard, greener and wilder than hope.  
I pine for his green . . .

My hands have been stigmatized  
973 times and counting, by the ersatz life. Help me, lizard.  
Evanescent and injured,  
a melting spoke in the wheel of a  
spirit's crystalline bicycle, I am not the edge or "rev" of  
revolution; not a warrior or saint.

I am the prayer slurped through a straw;  
the prayer of the last ebb in an eft's heart  
cleft by hungry star.

Dots

*After Hexagon*

I am guilty of negativity, and of dreaming  
before the simple line of the lime leaf;  
before the sun turning into a crystal prophet,  
because I insisted on inhaling only god;  
though I agree there must be a Sirius of the Spirit.  
However, in this universe  $a = b$ . So, all is one.

My body beams so much  
truth that others must avert their slanted eyes  
when receiving my motley light.  
I have no religion. I can be part of no spiritual  
movement or scene. Genius has no taste;  
it fits nowhere. I fold with my  
collapsing body into the tincture of the dark;  
such is my nature; barely to be preserved.

If I stay alive it is thanks to my addiction  
to the sugar gush of beetles, too bright for envelopes;  
too present to sit through symposiums.

Take away this language of my glands, my skin, and hairs:  
this undeniable contemplation; and you will be removing  
the ebullience from the monkey, the milkweed from  
the butterfly; the labor from the ant; the lab from the chemist who  
otherwise fumbles pathetically on land like the albatross  
to the jeer of pupils, numerous as stars.

Take this away from me and you will be left only with  
a convulsing carcass. A thousand deaths I will choose over this.  
Take away my office of poet, and I will willfully fly away  
to the plane where I can be at peace with the dissolving of all things;  
in the heaving golden breath of all that is.



A-m-c-20

*(For the puritans)*

*After Milk Man*

Sucking on big tits with round and thick nipples  
of a buxom tobacconist woman. This obscenity is  
heckled by a star dangerously expanding himself or  
herself within a set of brackets; the star's a form of  
contained romping, strategical dancing, but how  
can the star's bending lines compare to the flesh romp and  
the boy who is a nascent vampire in third-rate  
leather shoes. These star-bodies are bent on  
destruction; they should not become culprits.

They should forgive and forget and mind their own business.

Instead they hurl their soulless judgments at acute souls.

So, young man, suck on those big tits to the  
sounds of discordant music, because sex is discordant.  
The universe is in a state of chain-pulling cacophony,  
as drunk and stultified white women elsewhere are  
getting thrashed mechanistically; and fathers'  
torsos and heads in cars are growing inside  
with indigo ovals of the heat that is disapproval.

Finish the sucking with the milk dripping from the founts.  
That's it my dear, this is the refreshment bestowed by me . . .  
This is fluid sex and cosmic affection . . .  
This is the daffodil placed in your thorax.  
This daffodil of my love is worth as much as  
100 lightning-threads captured in a flask.

May (*for my father: mathematician, economist*)

*After Stone in Focus*

His heroics must die tonight with the  
earworm of poetasters; they are  
unsustainable as kites levitated by scaffolding.  
This man must applaud  
his own peerless death.

Economics must dissolve into the gala  
dinner in the sky. God must dust his hands  
with the stars, and the finest utensils must  
be applied in a feast to the membranes  
of visionary neophytes – beings who  
storm the universe's control room with the  
purpose of integrating their systemic adjustments;  
to no avail. They have no effect upon the greater scheme.

Father, you loved benign and effectual  
systems; they are in the salival glisten<sup>2</sup> of those  
stars who breathe fire upon the souls of children.  
The fire is received as the breath of the Holy Spirit;  
it elects an additional path,  
into the cosmic music of  
another a realm where sentient and strange  
beings that resemble us – are all right.

I remember how once I walked along a bridge

---

<sup>2</sup> In the poem "May," the phrase referring to the "salival glisten" of the stars is inspired by the poem "Listen!" by Vladimir Mayakovsky (1914).

separating two cities with a friend.

I waved to dark and kind silhouettes on the river bank  
underneath and in the distance. They waved back,  
like aliens, meaning well, deducing love,  
like friendly ghosts or female scientists.

It was one of the perfect moments.

The air was temperate, irrelevant; and  
I fell into the grandeur of the softest black hole.

Nothing else really ever happened in my life.

Elv

*After White Blur 1*

Thunder

Little elves lilt off its lightning tip as though it were the curved

End of the moon

Senile moon sending signals

Morse

Marzipan

Wind chime

With loud lime sound

Behave

Stave off

The limerick

I hate fat bodies

I detest thin

Frames

But somebody save the moon

She's been through enough

crassness

The squirrely rednecks

Are okay

Not okay

With gayism

Ours

Is the

Crystal

trident

Is victory

Non-Pyrrhic

Alys

*After Blue Calx*

Rose, my prophetic rose:

I am not troubled by the shuttle  
taking me to where the sun begins and heaven  
embarks on its renaissance with the  
lighting of the fibril of its non-being; the fall of  
what never was. I am talking about the wick  
of soft heaven that I await where there is  
the silly haywire of trees, and windows  
lighter than white wine, than the heir of an angel;  
heaven stranger and more innocuous than a stare in paradise . . .

I am still only beleaguered  
by the hair of beauties, but  
I write my desire in cursive across  
the clouds. I wait for the empathogen  
of heavenly summer  
where distress is no longer; where  
I will untangle  
the glimmering rubix of the brain;  
dyslexias of the tongue and dyslexia itself with  
its arachnid legs and its dysphoria.  
I await the peace of a thunderous  
salvation where our essences are  
magnified in serenity.

Tell me, why am I the only one who waits  
the advent of heaven-summer?

Are they so satisfied?  
I wish to eat the golden membrane of their souls  
and be erased by the fingerprint

of the spidery summer.

Maybe their hands  
will smell stronger with the trace of their  
existentialism when they finally admit  
they have more than a sublunary perspective;  
and they will wave from the earth at me in the heaven,  
communicating that they have finally recognized and  
weighed its significance.

J

*After Stone in Focus*

There is a lithe patient on the hospital bed:  
steel bed of needle points, cold as an array of stars  
withering in distant galaxies . . .

A sun is chiming  
in syntony with the incarnadine and  
beige glass sheets of ocean water . . .

The mares are bound by the cart:  
all the sun fell into their hides, and faded in  
the men's paper skin, thinking deeply in the pit of  
their beings; ethereal bodies in their clarity barely  
effulge from their brows in unexpected moments

I have to meet you at the park, the lush and fountained  
park past the locus of noon in the smaragd of early  
evening – to share these curious orisons and parcels  
with you, my friend, and the copse of yearling trees that  
I keep watering in my secret pocket. My hope is that you  
might elect me with the stars, tallest diamonds, highest  
points in the heavens that breathe as they hear even  
the tiniest sounds of our thoughts.

As you intuited in the past, I have little place on this plane.  
I am no Jesus, no Jesuit, no friend of the masses.  
I am only the net catching the signals of transient beauties.  
I must be already there, beyond the slope, waving  
a quiet hailstorm as you pause for an instant  
in the green and blue world.

3.0.7/\_

*After Hexagon*

Lay beauties as roses,  
daffodils and tulips upon the table  
of my lapidary workshop  
so I can sign the girls' names and touch  
the nose of the mammoth of their femininity,  
then grasp with my fingers at this soft hairy workshop  
with fibrils ignited by the sun.

Even clods of earth are warmed  
by this cosmic present  
unwrapped by me  
like the girls' silk dreams . . .

Sun, source of all, source of the girls:  
stop shining so strong,  
humble yourself before me and let the  
embers cool in your disk . . .  
Touches of chimes are now in melodic  
communication with me.

Beside all this, please finish the disaster  
of my hate and estrangement. (For I am human.)  
Please, Sun, let the love of girls rinse forever my brain of its scales.

Let me refocus on the females: the gladdest and coldest  
chimes in the scheme of all.

Persephile

*After Milk Man*

Shivering dawn traverses the veins of my mammoth body,  
spilling rivers of languages out to the extremities  
of the universe.

Lucid languages of mathematicians  
I can hear, as they collect the figures  
and plait them further in their heads.

The brains of these men mechanize,  
pulling chains of equations and calibrating  
with the silken facility of cacodemons.

Women mathematicians  
from far, unfamiliar,  
coral and turquoise –

erase the tablets of numbers,  
upending the results further.

The disk of an axiom rolls,  
dicing all the thinkers, as a result arraying the  
sky in the black-lace webs of heterogenous spiders.

Devastated, I cut myself to crimson slivers, to  
receive the gladdening milk from the dawn.

So I can press Escape to heaven.

Lent

*After Z Twig*

I wish to cut my body open, for it is only bodice,  
it is only blood; these once languid rivers  
would run and then march in rapid steps toward the  
magic creator as they approach with the diamond gift of roses.

However, the dawn is monstrous as a black plume on my lips.  
I can only play with demons, for they are not boring –

twisted from angels; or I play also with weird  
angels whose feet are the twisted light rays from alien spacecraft.  
The light of these beings from light years away  
is the softest, most alluring and enduring. I need to forget the  
long and anfractuous path of the accursed life and establish contact.

Pulsing, tiny alarms, please awaken my  
peripheral vision. And I need also dorsal sight;  
assist me to rediscover what is lost in  
the eye's shimmer – of pain.

Enable me to see  
clearly beyond structures and paradigms.  
How I hate so many things, because they come from  
the false angels' machinating;  
from the God who lies, though of course poems  
are an attempted subversion of the mainstream of God:  
the apparently reasonable and benign thoughts  
that don't add up, because behind them is the  
irrational and sinister truth.  
Poems circumvent the headfirst lunge  
into the fire of this disharmony. After the avoidance,  
for a time I can walk and waltz in the fire.

Seeking a more permanent connection,

last year I tried out for the circus, but the  
tragedy of my life became too apparent –  
I cannot perform acrobatics, and sad clowns  
are too close to the heart.

So I choose to live forevermore instead in  
the Q-Tip daze of the poet's harmonies, regaling  
the day with the seemingly random tones of a xylophone . . .

House  
*After White Blur 1*

fuck god  
Evil stump

With eyes  
Careening in

Domiciles . . .  
The cursed heels of feline beauties  
Rinse away the god's stare  
He said the sweetest points of light  
You will recede from  
Your souls are laced

With my magnificent lie  
It is all tinged with lie  
Beige girls neigh a truth not your own  
Fuck truth

Rip your neck  
Your flecked neck  
Dye a flesh particle  
In the fake blue summer rain

Oh Haven  
*After Blue Calx*

Life is a never-ending staircase in vacuous, blue mist.  
Your eyes repelled me at the spiral turn.  
I saw them green and cold.  
Why do you lie, fair one?  
Why do you withhold the cosmic dust, the rain?  
Why do I, as a young and innocent lad, trust  
and assume that the world is me, present my heart  
to these daughters of earth and sky? . . .  
They do not stoke the amatory fire,  
the fire of atavism, and the pyre of forgetting –

for the sweet, new forms to appear.  
I genuflect before the stars,  
though these feminine bodies are  
perhaps still further lies, as am I  
and all.

I wish to burn  
away like the flower petals.  
The astral is still too far away,  
but here on earth I can run into the fields  
of dames pretending to be loveless and pertinent  
(which might be easier for all of us  
because no one desires love),  
though the violin's pathos is still  
searing the air with its sharp edge of heat.

I am this claret wine. I am the  
Abaddon you have neglected; the syrup  
drop from the autonomous cloud; the dryad.  
I never wanted more than to shine for you, and  
you for me; to feel the amazement of coquettish  
candor, every night opening its envelope: the claret of sugar.

My tear falling testifies to the union I longed for.  
I know you must be beleaguered by the airless death of the world;  
the death of your spirit's bird. This is why you are frosty.  
You must still burn oil inside . . .

I hope I am not the only human with lunacy brimming  
and wonderful maculae . . . My heart is offended . . .  
because I loved you, and your auras leave me  
with ash on my fingertips . . .  
this is all you have bequeathed tonight . . .  
But I know that your love somewhere sulks like a  
giddy and racy monster . . .  
Somewhere you are love alone.  
I cannot help but wonder how the  
monster's countenance is, its sclera.  
Perhaps his expression can illumine your  
savorable humility that I desire,  
beyond all the cold and disposable  
scaffoldings of personality.

Zero to One  
*After Grey Stripe*

Serpent uncoils into a straight line;  
his movements are  
fluids that flow  
to the empyrean  
of nature;  
If you're unashamed you can smell its  
scent on your fingertips . . .

The snake sidewinds across the way;  
the Tempter is near.  
The serpent is the son of the Lecher,  
the Beast; the Exiled.  
But there is the entrancement of Love  
in his realm, for he was at the inception  
of the universe

This poetry is dress rehearsal for the infinite reflecting  
of faces in the pristine mirrors of heaven where  
we are one, and Abaddon (the original snake) receives  
the peerless review by God.

. . . Each scale of the snake is a dial tone  
into the Mother's lair,  
the Goddess who is  
the keeper of every bee and mirror;  
the panoply of things and every item wrapped  
in the quietude of its simplicity;  
though it has a nerve.

Forget the rest; just leave the object's  
nerve.  
Facial radiance is  
the insult. Remove the brilliance, and render the

serpentine in every entity. There is nothing more foundational – there are vertices placed higher, but the snake is also your mother on her knees with the ultimate prayer on the tip of her tongue; spirit seeking spirit.

The snake is a single wave, disconnected, yet its uncoiled tail points to the quasar; to the dearth of stars, to the nubile molecule, to the macule; to every thing – as it mirrors to us our origin with its primeval love.

The serpent was here before all of this, though it only be swerving on the ground.

Primary

*After Z Twig*

Peer, can you hear? Can you forgive my lemon-scented finger print, any trace of self?

I hear you were affronted by my nuclear explosion.  
I redress the wound. I now leak the life liquid into  
the pink satin of the flesh. I am only seeking the  
satin majesty of love to end the travail.  
To quiet the white storm of my rage-horror;  
the cloud curtain approaching  
in the sky.

I only desire for you to put your light finger  
into the abyss of my blue heart and  
uncoil the lullaby of infinity . . .  
where you are not vague and I am not the  
masked man that burns  
acres in search of a microgram, or else  
a dose of the all-sky's distillate.

The sky is soft wings which it might bequeath  
to our beleaguered race, to us peons.  
I hope nevertheless to find the salving substance  
in a shiny dark spot of your eye  
or in the saliva or the blood lines that unite us all again  
beyond the extinction of our butterfly species.

Zilth

*After Hexagon*

Send gentle wave of Mother

One shimmer.

And wild dandelion, crass dandelion . . .

Explosion of summer where all again

comes together unharmed; and

the lakes are absent, and the engine,

a troll, grows a dimmer sound; and its metal

turns softer than languages.

The lakes in the sky assure that we are all right.

The tongue grows yet more placid

and wraps around the heart and licks my navel;

I safely secrete the bass of a subwoofer

from the umbilicus; it is safe to be base.

And the soldiers have come back from the war;

indeed they returned years ago; years like cricket legs,

like lettered markings to whirl through.

We are the sun; we are the crystal centaur,

the gladness of this ghost.

We are the membrane of a nameless heaven

with no descent. Even the prophets blush like

supernal girls, for the awe – this power –

is the unconfounding scent all around.

Fetalazure

*After Stone in Focus*

Let me lie by you in this puddle of the summer;  
caress my hair and stroke my back with your  
grandfatherly fingers, your near-skeletal fingers . . .

We are a contraption with bones,  
and there is a gentle heaving in my chest.  
I can see your grim reaper grin,  
but there is softness in spite of the  
machinery of our bodies.

I'm like a dog, like one confounded by fear  
The sprinkler outside hisses relentlessly,  
but – like a snake – it feels natural;  
like the kite of summer extrapolating  
forever into the nubile blue.

The broadcasters announce its ascent  
in clarion tones on television.  
All the nation, it seems, cares . . . I am happy . . .  
for them . . . But my personal quest has  
ceased to derive meaning . . .  
I have been lied to beyond reason,  
beyond expectation.  
I have reached the zenith of illness  
and now my body falters like the mongrel;  
like the pulsating soldier on the bedrock,  
left to the reveries of the heaven of his time.  
I am placid and sad for all I have been and not been;  
for the ceaseless turning of the stars that I have let go.  
And now the last ebb in me points back at this quiet;  
this suffering unraveled, gazing too long at the dandelion,  
at the pretty and vulnerable serpent on the tarmac.

My last tears flow into the summer lightness. I am going . . .

Pixel

*After Milk Man*

I'd like to tap at the sky as fluids  
are released with every letter.  
Every sack of liquid bringing shininess  
to the glad-faced clouds.  
I'd like every word to sprout tiny wings  
and stay small, but fetch the dulcet strain  
for us from a higher sky. On earth the words  
become herculean and are relaxed by the  
decaying of their musculature.

I'd like to borrow a thin beam from the sun,  
then rub its nectar on  
desirous beauties who consequently shed  
their feigned radiance and become bubbles lighter  
than the feather of humility

I'd like to take away the mile that separates all humans  
and beings who forgot that  
there is a huge and slow race  
going on in the world that needs to end.

I'd like to lose my mind and become senile  
I'd like to become a rose and suffer a rose's martyrdom  
until everyone remembered that I am worth as much as the sun,  
as much as the ghost . . .

Milli

*After White Blur 1*

Crystal

Anthem

Anathema to so many squirrels

Chipmunks with embarrassed cheeks

bellicose

moribund

Louder

Thud.

Green galactic gallantry

Stymie the flow

Of grey and soft turmoil.

Russian teacher

Linguist

Birth the russet-yellow sun

Daughter peal

Shall you save me, save us

From the butchery of the

Hurricane

Void

Number.

Spheric  
*After Blue Calx*

Relive every bright point and sparkle  
left on our silicone hearts  
Press those silicone lips to my heart  
We have become transparent droids dripping  
in the lilac sun, bleating with pain  
We are here forever and ever . . .  
I can't tell if this is favorable or not.  
Nothing is either good, or wrong.  
But, where did we turn mistakenly?

This eve we hope to pull our sparkling  
daughters from the soil.  
We must excavate from the growing  
profanation of our world:  
the treasure of the day when we ran on as  
rivers in the glimmering rubix-light of the woods,  
when there was no man-made device,  
no program but the soft machine of dreams.

Now we are catatonic,  
left languidly in this forest,  
attempting to drink the resin, as a salve,  
with our soulless bodies, though we are still  
overwhelmed by all the previous days'  
techno-maelstrom and energy drink fizz

We reconvene here at  
square one to ponder what is the finer ocean  
in the sap; and with abstracted mind, we gaze  
upon a strawberry, gently trying to recall  
for the first time its prettiness.

Antonius  
*After Grey Stripe*

Rich lights spy at me from the interstices  
of foliage. There is a house on the other side.  
I hate the house, imposing  
like a father made of mortar.  
Grand, elegant, but nothing softly epic  
occurs inside. There is no  
cavorting; no hundred-toned woman,  
no chandeliers spilling crystal lobes.  
There is no opium fiend playing with  
faces in the gemmed air of the vespertine sky  
leaking in through the window. Instead, his mind is  
threaded into a soft web from the still bluish firmament.  
There is no tantalizing horror behind doors;  
no clown who frightens with mild insanity.  
There is no wine catacomb  
where children spill champagne in the uncovering  
of life's primordial mystery,  
unsealing the earth's syrupy aquifers.

The house is miserly and cold; a man lives there  
who cursorily scans other bodies  
while his dull daughter  
leaves for a work appointment.  
The man does not even own a pipe.  
His fingertips are drenched in the acid  
of the newspaperly pages.  
He does not have a female companion  
in spite of his strange wealth.  
I know he swims pragmatically,  
streaming his lean and tall body through  
the length of a pool. But if you look closely at  
him sometimes you can detect certain specters.  
For one, he is mad. And the violet and other worlds

that accompany all persons and give them their charm or defect, seem to have gained an advantage over him, so that he seems like a dark-lord, aristocratic caricature of himself; rather silly.

As he walks the small dog on a leash in posh loafers it looks like Alice herself would be just as much perplexed, and laugh at his bizarre condition; though otherwise he be the apex of normalcy.

Clear

*After Z Twig*

Loud louder peal!

Cry in the sky: pellucid light,

Soft star;

The light, a green-leafed savior,

lands upon the palm

All is present, and the sky . . .

The sky . . .

Everything is infantile as

the crackle of the Q-Tip

and the cobweb ecstasy of

our tears: gemmed serums,

little lightnings of eternity . . .

Louder, greener grows the star!

The star flight is lifting our hearts

into the sphere of perfect happiness

rise

forever

I love you

Dream War  
*After Stone in Focus*

I'm through with the passive-aggressive;  
with those who hide; and with those who cannot  
get lost in the strange paradise of their shadow.  
Instead they are skilled in the art of cold  
diplomacy and superficiality.

I can hear those who outpour  
complaint about this life, but who also  
uphold the summer-chalice of contemplation  
where dandelions dissolve into the sun of love  
burning frost all over the world.  
Though we do not melt the ice,  
their glacial worlds retreat a little;  
they hesitate momentarily.

Tell me, if we were put on this earth  
to dream, then why did we ever sign  
our doom with the ink of the imaginationless.  
I am addicted to the dreaming.  
Every night at 7 I inject these wild and  
soft orisons and these expensive, yet  
costless, reveries into my veins.  
I am the diamond, the silver stream  
floating in the sky. The perfect rivulet.

They are blinded by their own  
self-extinguishment; by the multiscreens  
provided by the leader of the world,  
a feckless and fetid man or woman who  
peruses the gold waves of the ocean and  
its music with miserly attention.

They think that lust for concrete action and self-grandeur

are worth more than the celestial rite of the suns.

Transexit

*After Hexagon*

Beauty of spearmint in echolalia of baby.  
Turn the leaves, the soft programs,  
touch the buttons of the chimes.  
Hope is for another day.  
Now is varicolored heaven.  
Drizzle gold notes, liquid figures of the sun.  
Come spearmint hurricane.  
Bring us new bric-a-brac with your cleanse.

What happened is gone, as the light closing of  
the crystal door on day.

Today is a new lesson.

We the adults convene as a thousand tongues  
scatter on the floor. We are all talking at once,  
eating eggs benedict.

As the morning expires we are egressing into the cold  
mother of the outside with the babies as our accessories

How silly is this existence . . .

Insulin

*After Milk Man*

My rostral shield is still unnerved by your askance look  
and the suggestions of your eye, insinuating  
aggression; your poignant speech pluming darkly  
over my body. You deliver me harshly from my limitations.  
You enumerate the sweet-mint-wrapped voids of horror in  
my silk-watered Anglo-body. A lobe of my brain burns  
with fury; fury to throw in the face of the stars.  
But here I am without credentials, as you murder me.  
I have recognized your intention in this day of a thousand  
pricking needles, as the sun sets imperfectly in the  
grandiose eve, peach-colored; as it has forgotten to  
adjust its frequency and intensity to you, the violet sire,  
and to the soft dire in my lightly offended iris.

Fuckface

*After White Blur 1*

If the cure is in, then  
Dissolve fetuses  
After morning  
Avoid the nuclear holocaust  
Of birth  
Ringing rings of dawn  
Epic sound bows  
Bit louder  
I shall die tonight  
And rebirth  
Into a safe straw  
The fear is too great  
Too laughter

Buy my brains  
sever  
I, the poet  
I am the hungry star  
idol

Epic  
Christmas  
Skip to the last day of school  
Speak louder a bit  
Spit in the beautiful girl's eye  
Is life irrational?

Mrit-a (heathen)  
*After Blue Calx*

To be human is to be the distillate of sun, sky, lily,  
swallow, horse, and monstrous machine;  
to be in need of aborting, to be seminal parachute  
unwrapped and glistening into the sky – dynamite red:  
the color of the world’s accusing. And a medicine is taken  
through prayer-chained dawns, every one – to cure the curse  
of the thumb tilting down and the other four fingers that  
point backwards at the accuser.

So, rise higher pinnacle, lofty being,  
striped with blue.

Lighter than technicolor, dreams are neatly enfolded  
into the envelope saved for my death day;  
natal dreams that shall surface with the aurora’s pulp,  
even as bugs crawl all over her; but they are acolytes.

I am learning without the “r”;  
only the leaning into light  
Gold seraphim like the burning  
swallows follow me  
into the light: the softest golden apex  
strumming impossibly tiny chords.

Thimble

*After Z Twig*

A universe is presented as a gift from vizier to vizier.  
The recipient notes to the other that the sullen roses respond less thoughtfully to his sprinkling of water beads. The gifter speaks:  
“Perhaps your words are lethargic and confining,  
not crystal and cold; not the sweet stigmas in the  
ballet of love-flirtation, in the undressing  
of beauteous wounds.” The vizier takes offense,  
and gives back the gift, though he be a  
kind deity, soft and vague. “This prism is not fit,  
in reality, for *your* sluggish, gardener hands,  
unmindful of the light-blue energy-branchings in the  
fowls and human birds whose bodies request the  
crystalline rise into freedom . . .”

And so the insulted sovereign takes  
away with him the cosmos that  
he had mistakenly entrusted to another,  
and waits for another time and better keeper to come along

1.1.-/3

*After Milk Man*

Mother is the lemon-scented ghost of morning;  
her sway of the matinal sky makes the moisture particles  
of heroless gaiety tremble in a reluctant  
downstream as I temporarily open my mouth.  
We lift the sky like a set, tilting it the other way,  
so that children left to despots may now receive  
the tree-bark dew and condensation.

Dog barks are not allowed here.  
The green grows with fear that is assuaged  
by the peals of Mother's voice, the bell:  
a translucent crescent inside  
her throat . . .

Cell

*After Stone in Focus*

Wishes fly out the window just as the zodiac  
vanishes like a false magician's cape; such  
instruments are intended to instruct. Silver  
and delicate structures are put to peace,  
or embarrassed by their own inadequacy.  
Even the rain only comes to remind  
us of this evanescence.

I sit on this park bench alone, because my  
friends were never really friends: they were  
visitors at the house of the infirm and the  
insane, though perhaps a drop of sanity sparkles  
in this awkward knave's eye – like the moisture  
coalesced on the plant leaf – magnifying entire galaxies.

What is the purpose of these great cobwebs  
when I am so docile and alone as now?  
My brain dissipates and becomes a  
beacon broadcasting to no one, a floating  
clear light. Only a god can see my levitation.

Only the programmer can recognize this  
fecund microcosm gone to waste;  
tens of thousands of fruit fields overripened:  
love snubbed into cosmic resentment.  
But none can come to my rescue;  
not galactic lightning; not the cat; not the man  
etched through the threading of the stars;  
sagacious, ambiguous. I salivate, unrequited.

I know how plants grow; sometimes I think I  
devised their science in the days before the ancient.  
I realized the sense of their genius.

So many times, I have been a bird;  
I have made love to the seasons; ladies laid over  
the lands and cities; though they, too,  
bid farewell and adjourned.

But here I am on the park bench;  
a single eye opened, in a state of  
vernal malaise, wondering, as each sad lash  
like a petal disintegrates and becomes a star:  
Will I always come back to this moment?

White Howl

*After White Blur 1*

Is it all evil?

Down

Would he

Cut out the corpse's eyes?

Rip the flesh out in defiance

Of the insane

Troll god

Trill

Find the horror in the

Light trill

Burn the

Copses

The superstition sucks

The logic is killing me

I can't be found

Is mother lying?

My curse

My heaven

My brain

My fucked mind

My mine

My trill

My appraisal

Release me

Release us

Sylph

*After Blue Calx*

Crease the sky until the perturbed drop of deep blue falls  
upon the growth of our arm; this sire of despair soaking into  
it without the flamboyance of judgment – which is really the  
dullest fair in the brittle-oak summer where nothing matters –  
and the people – dressed in white, like suns – swivel and partly oscillate.

Today is the day I set out to place upon the implausible; to place  
the snub-nosed, blue insult upon the face of God with all his tangled  
web of radiant clouds, which my teachers have pointed at, though I  
have ceased so many times to believe in their enthralling with wan  
and wise words. These teachers are irksome clowns who have answers  
for everything. Their squeaking words resound with verity, but their truths  
are nowhere resonant, no more than feathers, no more than nymphs  
made into boats; as the water lulls and resists  
from promising the syntax of sex.

Today is the day I chose to kill the god who invented the utopias.  
Perhaps there is nothing more than what we envision in our midst.  
Because of the deity, my mind has come apart, and my soul is wandering  
aimless, distracted with its many selves.

This peerless and homeless self holds the lethal instrument in his left hand;  
it drips navy blue ink on the steppe under the cloud striae  
upon the diamond skies.

I set down the piece because this is  
a pilgrimage, not a slaying.

I am looking for the grail, the sail  
that cannot be thus named . . .

I shall walk past all reason.  
I shall leave every thought to desiccate

under the vault.

I shall never return until I have died;  
dined without feast, without stars.

And then, once and for all,  
I shall come back to tell of the slivered spirit;  
of the echo of laughter hidden in the hush  
of the firmament that dissolves us –

into the young orange tree  
sprinkled by the shiny rain.

A Long Life, Well Lived (Affix)  
*After Stone in Focus*

Tonight. Erase the last endorphin and  
the last trace of self. I want to slip out  
of my soul and out of my brain.  
I want to travel to the sky,  
spiraling out of control,  
my body weighing less than a ghost;  
sailing into the zenith of nothingness,  
or high enough. No more  
memorization or math; no more clanging hearts;  
no more warmth and labile moods;  
no more livid fires.

Why do I even enumerate  
these accursed pyres? I want to shed my scales  
and be no more. I want my veins to wither  
like the weather. I don't want to limn the outburst  
of sunshine like a godly boy in the classroom.  
I want to be lighter than light.

I desire to be the eye  
in the maelstrom when all around virgins have been  
shedding tears of blood and sacraments and covenants  
that make no sense. This is why I am irreligious,  
and the only station I believe in is the train station.  
Neither do I believe in knowledge, in the falsity of a radiant being.

I wait at the train station,  
in the brown shadow, for my carrier.  
Cared for – by whom – I do not know or care;  
on the way to a destination,  
in this state of pleasant yet lucid inebriation.  
There is nothing else to do,  
but wait for the now approaching train

full of Luciferian peace.  
Though I am ancient, there  
is only this adolescent stasis,  
as I begin to get up with the sweet ghost  
of last night's spirits haunting my breath.

Untitled

*After Z Twig*

Why do I not cry the light  
from all zones and heights,  
from every decrepit soldier,  
every airbrushed girl, every lizard  
screaming for attention?

Why must I be the spirit of agitation?  
Why must I be incarnate?  
Still, I stand in this square covered in my own magenta blood.

“Listen!” I cry to all. I can hear the Lord.  
He is a lemon, kissed, hovering here.  
He is the panda perhaps too, but now more:  
the floating lemon. You cannot touch him,  
only become his brain and listen to its braiding glories,  
melodic patterns so sacred they flee themselves;  
so profane they drip these echoes, beauty.  
We are doing nothing but opening a lemon,  
with the sky crackling in response,  
but this is no grandeur, nothing special.

This is something called beautiful.  
You are not expected to surrender  
or to bow down. Even these words are  
the profanation of the falsely sacred.  
The lemon light bleeds in this free and  
lightest cult, this mother’s spiral come undone.  
This is this and nothing more.  
This is the closest thing to a religion I will accept,  
and nothing less . . . This . . . as we speak softly and  
bleed here . . . light, zero, nerve . . .



Dot

*After Grey Stripe*

Lines, circles, lavender, sheets of paper, pentagrams.

All these are senseless.

There is no Platonian overworld of forms.

The intelligence of the other world  
glistens in our eye; and our fingertips are shiny  
with the perfidy of creative spillage.

That world is actually attracted to its ruptures  
into this one – with which it intersects –  
and it loves the abortion of our brain's creations  
back into the supra realm.

There are no networks to speak of.

That world is self-similar; a single point;  
it is in the accursed iris of the cat;  
it is summarized in any fragment of Nature.

There, the holiest being moons people at every noon.

And the holy rollers bleed vaginally as they glide on their skates.

There is plenty of messianic radiance as well, but its light does  
not interest those who would rather softly analyze  
skeletons and taste in this morbid rumination –

a dark incarnation or flower of God.

There are those who are repulsed by the golden  
and consensual messianic light; they crawl over  
the crepuscule as beetles, and are much more  
evolved than the attracted and childish moths.

There is vital interest in the venal, in the filthy;  
in the serpentine; in the lowest vibration;  
in the oscillating of orders.

There is also the unresolved, though I fail

to see how it should torment.  
If that place is the summation of Spirit,  
why would it have liminal states and  
claustrophobias, agoraphobias?

There, everything is tinged with the  
insanity of a realm that here on earth  
springs into the cuckooing of the clock;  
into the wry and inviting smile of the  
spirits-obsessed grandfather whose whole  
revolves around the circumference of the chalice.

## Sounds

### *After Hexagon*

Why can't I be displaced like fragments of sound  
into the vermeil sky; into the blushing orange sky,  
the lime sky, infinite, where sounds are  
kindling the clouds, as the Eros above is  
enthraling the whole vault that  
is dyed blue by the coolness of yesterday's moon:  
and by the highest flying birds.

Here in this air above the ground we have  
these lowest and prettiest vibrations stealing  
their sound-anglers from the soft-rump, low clouds.  
The clouds are heated by the  
dashing and sweet heat of orange blossoms, but not by the leaves  
– green – with their agendaless vitality.

Only the birds, sires, receive this green frequency and use it to split  
the sky in half so that they may climb to still  
higher and dulcet atmospheres.

Smear

*After White Blur 1*

Sex sex sex

I want to fuck the angel of death

Fucking Mortician

Eat my gums

Ahhh

I can't

Stay snide

Wait

Louder

Oh

Must you shovel daemons

Into the ogre's deep cackles

Liquid shit

Snot

Verbatim

Fuck mother

"Legit"

"Ligament"

Fuck you on

Both counts

Horse

Neglect

Ay

Para

*After Blue Calx*

The mighty weather resounds with clarion sound loops in infinity.

The fruit of the trees fills consummately,  
and its fragrant echo makes us rush to the pulp of the sky –

residence of the Great Energy or Being

Crescent raindrops fall in the sky disseminating  
their seismic languages. The soft languages of rain,  
these golden drops, belong to troubadours  
who have been crippled by the lack of music in their veins.  
Now they have channeled these sounds onto the streets and fields,  
also awash with the muses.

The musicians will ever sparkle.

They are open, where others pontificate with blue certainty.

Afterwards, these bards: the beautiful and secular worshippers of the ancient  
spirit – gather to fill their lungs with the smoke of a strange and languid,  
but strong, flower whose language sets selves adrift  
upon dangerous and liquid-turquoise skies . . .

Eeeewwwwww

*After White Blur 1*

Story of my life

Snitch pow(d)er

Shoe glue

Liquid tit

straw

Berry slide

Wizard anus

Ride the father

Until his hearing is flaccid

Eat mouse

Mule

Millie is pure stink

Ouch

Blue

WTF?!

Graph

*After Blue Calx*

Door, open to me. Lead me upon the scent of your trails that  
go to nowhere; my body cut into silk-crimson threads . . .  
Where I am no longer ego. Assemble a heaven  
for me where the clouds are touched by an unassuming deity;  
where thoughts are set adrift by the blue-grey breath of a god's will in  
a sky where the falcon is animal and not animal; where there is no proportion.

Hold me out upon the white, coldly burning tongue of *never*,  
finishing our finite languages. Let me lose myself in its precious sirens  
with their conversions: dial-tone prayers that are not prayers because there  
is no smudge of sacral purpose and the answers are instant.

My spiritual languages are not holier-than-thou,  
they are rays that run through physicality.  
They are portals to simian mothers and their children.  
Clear sound loops resound inside these  
primates on the edge of the great internal sky; the unequivocal quiver;  
the pulp that erases all constructs.

Let the dim wits retreat into their safe zones, their totems;  
Let them take the long way home.  
This lake overlooking the terrible unspoken name of God  
is for those whose limits wither all time and everywhere,  
slipping away like the single white lines on the highway  
ad infinitum . . .

Lass-gal  
*After White Blur 1*

Cymbals

Pimples

Relic

Lick it

Eat

Shovel.

Worse

than a

Limerick.

Like me,

I'm a green trident tongue

Yikes

Kill my soul

But save

The

sound

Entry

*After Blue Calx*

Fear grazes my spine like a razor-sharp tear  
or a defiling lightning.

I desire to heal.

So, like a bird, I try to feed on any energy that the  
Holy Ghost might have in store.

I hope for the chalice-full of evolution's vertex;  
and the side-stepping of its negative causes and effects.

I flee from threats, bombs, quicksands  
and other frightening zones.

I am sick of this terror in my brains and my veins;  
in the prime of my being.

Though, because nature is designed to heal –  
my nerve endings might be evolving into an elixir;  
transfiguring into some cooler . . . caramel.

How fitting it would be to go through my days  
calm, centered and fluid.

The Ghost is in the earth and sky.

This Being is imprinted on every rock surface,  
on the blue thunder, on the jaguar;  
it is the muse of every fearful twitch and anger;  
of every joy and fortitude.

It is the source of every sacral nightmare;  
and where a mother gifts the abstract sky  
the gift of science-nature;  
while the prey unlearns its existence and  
its life is severed in the blink of an eye.

Bodies fade and daughters die upheld in arms,  
as coral frames are disfigured;  
as lessons are imbibed and licenses  
of the living extended another day or moon.

I pray to this Sky-Brain; this ghostly machine –  
full of atomic glint and dark purpose;  
this mammoth signaling in codes to sentience everywhere.

Ghost: I pray to let the distillate of all your lesson,  
of all your colorless language,  
fall upon every tongue and skin,  
entering the follicle.

Let us enter your Empyrean . . . lost to the world . . .

Goodbye  
*After White Blur 1*

Eat snivels  
Eat snot  
No one has a purpose  
Lick a brick  
Kill uncle  
Fuck fist  
First  
Fuck is the word  
Invented by the Holy Ghost

Like  
radish  
Dump  
And flat bums.

Eat yellow . . .  
It is the most snide  
I love suicide

Leave a note

Shambhala?  
*After Blue Calx*

Sky: send the sound-shiver like a razor to slice my body.  
In this crimson incision is the face of Pan, upon whom I wish.  
But in his face is also the sapience of the blue clouds  
and their fear of imploding into the empty palace of nothingness; of the lost.  
This is that fine line of being . . . where we hope we are not alone;  
hopefully we will at least be the desire of some predation,  
rather than by ourselves. Meanwhile, like marsupials we wait crouched,  
or simply sitting at the desk in the blue day tasting  
the blade of the ochre sky outside and the strange drizzle  
that evoke Mother.

There is no ultimate reality that makes sense.  
If there is heaven, it is a soft and wild asylum;  
the sanguine brook is playing through it as Pan  
whistles in the forest and it is another docile day . . . in this realm  
where absolutely nothing matters, and the weather is created  
by the spores, the lithe insects and the dry or humid floor . . .  
Pale skies and their clouds are effete brains.  
The sky and mushroom reflect one another;  
those who can read their gentle and supernal encoding  
are beckoned into further mystery.

Blind in the pond, the transparent amphibian is not negligent,  
it is only letting Nature conduct the impulses in its encased brain –  
the toy of child deity. Still, I think the gods marvel at their creations;  
how could it be otherwise? Would they spend eons bored?

In this life I am afraid of the cold and transient meetings  
with the sublunary creatures, what I mean is  
humans; especially, the female ones.  
For one, they seem to lie . . .  
Do the sacred connections reset themselves back to zero  
within this vortex of chill winds?

Also, I am afraid of my own gelid shadow.  
Does it know something I fear about this reality?

I position myself under the sky that hopefully  
another happier inspiration may be my eternal bride.  
A bride who bestows me so many heavens . . .

Sirin

*After White Blur 1*

Eat me vagina

The story of my line

Life

No

Time is running out

No

Eat

Wunderkind

No

Did you say

Echo

Airport

Wipe out their whole race

Carrier

It's only kindness knocking



Chrome  
*After Blue Calx*

I enter deep blue. Erase every color of my skin.  
And diminish my aura until it is not even visible upon  
the fingertip of the primate. There can be no incarnation,  
no rose, no sacred, no more.

I see a house made from a posturing that is nothing.  
I spy so much falsity in the habitats of phonies.  
They build their alcoves in this infernal life.  
People who never dip into their true and vacuous residence.  
We are not kin. Because they seem to fit perfectly within the  
resolved puzzle of their lives.

I want to die in the blue poltergeist within the cavity of my body.  
All these fires must die. Diminish the radiance of the sun.  
I don't want to overflow like so many tides onto the auroras and  
crepuscules of feminine smiles; these waves of elation are stymied.  
I care nothing for the holy, the pussy, the animal, the crucifix.

I have climbed the height of color and summoned it  
as savior in the collapse of faith, and of thought  
which had regarded itself as limber or taut.

My face sags. My hands are igneous with shame.  
All that is left is the scintillate of the dying speck  
of ember of a sexy mind extinguishing from disuse.  
Reason is the needless gift.

All credentials dissipate. I am the power of a blue streak,  
as absurd as the broken fire hydrant, as the erotic nun, as the imprisoned sun,  
as the peal of the god in a deaf world, as withering voices seep through their  
matrices' cracks; and where spiders' gentle vainglory is justified because they are  
too delicate and beauteous to know other levels' existence

Kilo

*After White Blur 1*

Chemicals

Leaking

Never

Again

the story of my life

Faster

Flabbergasted

Wasted

Disease

Kill that whole country

And the remainder

To the cosmic toilet

Kill toil

We are floating

Diamond opprobrium

Endorphin fuckers

Neo-Nazis are lemon heads

Juice my

Bib

Don't suck my finger

Ladder

*After Blue Calx*

I used to put the sun to bed so I could play in the park  
of paradise as a child: the fever of the vesper outside my  
window would grab at me like a sheet; a holy ghost that  
loves the adventure-hungry. I longed to run  
in the streets where gravity yields and there is no transgression

Then once there was a single bright dot in the violet evening sky.  
There had never ever been a colder yet sweeter point.  
I yearned for this, my wings failing to unfold before the apex,  
but my flesh melted before this star

My wish was granted, so gratefully  
I poured my green silken tears on the fast streets.  
I detected angels.  
They spat their music into my mouth,  
and I set off the drifting of other worlds,  
playing impossible chords in the night-season  
that evoked the aquifers of history.

All of this poem's orison is intended to bond me with the tender  
and wild cosmos where  
I behold realms under  
the irrelevant moon: chasing the fumes of highs

## About the Author

I live between territories, realms, and cultures. I am a wordsmith, though not defined by this or any other label. I am pre-existent as all things. My mission is to become one with the universe and leave behind all values and ideas, as I dissolve into Pure Being.

Notes