

Cage

wanted OUT

Sounds good to me

speaking of
who's walled in
—there's no such place
 snake eyes—
toss the dice;
O Arjuna,
you win!

Meaning
accumulations of chance

set you free?

Dog eat dog

as each continues
 in the other
how can you tell
where one
begins?

You're
bottoms—
 tops
brings me
to the pink

an ecology issue
concerning member relations
among loose committees of
multi-componented
cohabitating
 symbiotic
assemblages of
body-fused
consortia
—the composite of
 apparent individuals

Whathethefuck?

('s on second

Who's on third

hovering the vortex
shaped
(by
for example (as
temp gradients
produce
octagonal
convection
currents
air
tornadoes
chemical
clocks
organizing difference
a-
cross
space/time
b-l-o-c-k-e-d
by this
Apollonian hallucination.

WHERE?

from below
the water's abyss
to the reaches
of the tropos,
life
an
other
complex
the more diverse

e.g., tropical forests

reduce
solar
genetic
neuronal
electromagnetic
shifting

equilibrium
follows the curve
of the line
our tǎo
a
whirl
stabilizing

(more or less

identity;
the living and
the non-
un-]
make
the world
together,
a polyvalent response
to the plethora—
mutually constructed
illusive
boundaries
order
rotational pressures
hold memory
from flower to hurricane

rose metal fragments
the curving arc of a woman
we pass
through

the big bang
out of
anti-
bang
forwarding
the sink hole
energy
of stars
we feed

to re: enact
the spiral dance—

down the street,
pushing Safeway baskets,
early morning regs
gather the future
bottled
in their recyclables,

tracking
matter to mind,
energy
to
entropy.

But why
such profusion
at perennial equinox?

Prokaryotes
like]
Saturn
midwife the future
swallowing
chimaera
we
lion-headed
goat-bodied
mongrels

habituated to the wrong maps?

—reflecting
our kind of
daemon.

So tell me O Sophia
what are the worst monsters?

The ones a-coming...Boethius,
ugly as snakes,
mitochondrial
Lilith

maternally
inherited

naturally
from stored memories
of survivability

Gaia
selects
as we
d-e-p-e-n-d
on the kindness
of strangers.

You make me say
what I can't know
but just who are you,
what strange place,
& how...

call me Sib,
this the Cumae cave,
and you're here
to get the ORACLE

—thought I was at THE SHRINK.

Look at this again.

Quit flashing that sign man.

Get your bags,
lie on the couch,
take a trip,
and let little Junie Pooh
tell doctor Sig all about it.

I like
to lie
out
and let the sun
blister me;
Afterward,
the skin's tight

all over and
squeezes
my body
like some
one
does when you're afraid
of the dark and
you're not alone anymore.
I get sick
from too much,
and Doctor tells
mama I mustn't

open
so
many locks

—if he
were inside
like my skeleton,
he wouldn't
need to ask
how
lightning
fractures the
dark

as the
biota
mitigate
solar
increase
over time

I see
my flesh
growing smaller,
the bones,
larger

and between:
our dear => i-n-t-e-r-c-e-s-s-o-r-s.

But
never tell
mom and dad
couldn't handle—
so say a
monster—
that way
they feel good

taking CARE
of you.

Meantime
just for fun
our teacher
leads us children
into a cold war
shelter

from BLASTula to Nutt,
autopoietics need
a little

Dad's
only WARM
when a belt in the hand
flushes his face
red
with anger

—just not too much, eh?

Says who?

Billy Báb.

Thought it was Ziggy.

Good Carl, but eventually
you'll come to terms with

you think
your shit
don't
stink?

To clarify,
Thing (2),
move closer
and play
a ventriloquist game:

So you can put WORDS
In my mouth

Don't be such a dummy.

BIG FUCKIN DEAL
We've sung

how
you extend
the instrument's
range
makes it
new

that song

guides
the bee
to a flower's heart

modeling a new geography?

Go back a little & CHRISE GEEZUS
hang for your-
self.

Mr. Upside Down's the name;
and I don't need
any gd therapy!

Bottoms Up—answer this question and we'll see:
have you ever stuck your finger
in a dead man's mouth

Every fuckin day—

AND just who do you think you're killing?

Oh shit

Well Mom, I guess that's about it.

I've run out

of things

to say and

the guys are starting

to come in.

Pray for me. You know

what they say,

"War is

hell." I love you.

I'm turning off

the tape now. Tell

Brenda I'll marry

her when I come

home. Tell Sophie to

pick me

some flowers.

So long.

war begins
to love
your children
more than
others'

Mom, why is he

fighting over there? Don't

cry. Well, dear, it's hard

to say. Sometimes

people just can't

live together. Listen,

there's more;

he

forgot to

turn it off.

"We love you mom.

Tell Sophie to pick
some flowers. Ha!
Ha!
Ha!
Cut it out.
What do you
expect me to say
got
any shit? Hey,
Juna, you shoulda
come with us
last night. I did
you fucked-up
piece of shit.
What happened?
We took out the truck,
nine of us. And
picked up this fuckin gook whore
(not too bad looking
if you put a bag over her face)
and balled the
H-o-l-y C-r-e-a-m
out of her—going
down some crazy roads,
destroyed
out of our minds—till
that slant-eyed bitch
couldn't
take anymore.
But she
wanted us
to bang her till she
came
all
over
the truck. So
we kept
banging and
banging
and

she started bleeding
and
bleeding
but
we
fucked some more
and
showered
her with dollar bills.
Christ
I looked
at my balls when
I got back and
they were caked
with
gook whore,
all red.
But she didn't give
a flying fuck. Man
she sucked it up.
We're going out
to find her
or one of
her many new friends
tonight. Wanta come,
Juna?
I told you
I did come. Give me
a hit.

Funny
serpent
w
i g
g l
e
that tongue
of yours
brings orchids
pseudocopulation.

Let's go over to fridge
and play puzzle.
You guys in graves
are crazy. Whoever
keeps putting floaters in
my fuckin closet has had it.
Relax Doc.
They're not going
to climb into bed
with you. They just
wanta be friendly.

Just how *did* you land
in this incarnation,

listen I know you're

and the name's really
Arjuna?

...expecting
maybe Yudhishthira?

Haven't you lost
everything
already?

but last time
you woke me up

—transdimensional trick—

we walked
l-a-c-k-a-d-a-i-s-i-c-a-l-l-y
between
suspended horrors,
and you goaded me
to choose
a side.

It's a moving train cowboy
but can you dig
MORE
Daddy-
O?

For a year he bore the pain.
Sometimes
it would
clutch him, but he'd
only
grimace and
almost smile. Then
the rapacious bird
began to
peck
his vital organs.
Arching
a wild goose's neck
in no direction in
particular,
he
snapped at
those
nearest.
Bedraggled and near
wit's end, mad with pain—
his head
sagged uncontrollably.
Around the jowls, one
could barely discern over
the haggard face, despite
the humiliation of being
tarred and feathered
with his own incontinence, a man
bearing his allotment
of pain, teaching one
and all NOT
to be
afraid.

Mirror mirror
on the wall
who's
the fairest?

Juna's the name.

For Pete's sake
don't crawl back in
the same bloody womb.

HER place
next morning
with an ant
crawling up

Ceci n'est pas une pipe

the face
from Buñuel's
Un Chien Andalou,

going to war with
a projection
for every repression—

desire
keeps you
as it is
from what
you are

Who said?

Still
fickle as wind,
let me pour this
in your ear:

Since beautiful Medusa
attracted the water god,
jealous Athena altered
her face so
beholders turn
to stone. Inducing Perseus to cut off
and bag it, she deploys
the head as a weapon

networked
with
snakes
?

Aeneas is
on his
way;
that's it!

IT IS
NOT IT
the Tao that cannot be followed
cannot be followed
the name that cannot be named
cannot be named

hard to crack
the Other's
UR.

Just what are you
breaking OUT of
or into?

AND
who are you?

L'autre

thought that was ME

Name Calling
produces
a strange record:

Phasfenes
like
symbionts)
crawling the eyes
re-projected
art
on rock cliffs

the bloody glove
at the throat

QUIT MAKING SHIT COME OUT OF MY MOUTH!

exterminated the lot.

As I said
I know
you're not...
you're like
everybody/
everything
at once

that's one
mysterious
in the names about you

like) Krisna or some-

no-

(who's ?

thing &
pretending
to be
my friend.
So let me see
through
your eyes

—you'll turn to stone,

as it really IS

and catch Earth
a-
fire;
it's there
don't you see
enough?

to ghost step
the buffalo back

dance
the thing
you can't make
from
nothing

She's moving beautifully;

still
you better hold
the
glass,

but the head's full

tarnished by your thoughts

of hideous vipers

the way
you look
is HOW
you look at it

(Charged
with climate)
still
moving
creatures to different zones
at different times
break a million
bonds.

Who's left, O my knight of mirrors, to chronicle the catastrophe?

Look, ye of the woeful countenance,
in this one:
saccadic motion
de-
scribes
a web
of tentacles

the
gorgon's
disembodied head

returns
as
 simulacra
liquid
jelly
gutta-percha

Let us clothe our father's nakedness

with
 make-over
hermeneutics.

Medusa against the son of Hercules.

Your obsessed with the ole man
but never tire
of the strategy of
 reproduction—

 Under the quiet ticking
 of the evening clocks,
 after trying
to brush his teeth,
 the wife of 43 years
suggested a glass.
He said, I can't
 remember
 how
 to look.
 Don't be ashamed
she said come with me.
 Now
 this is
your reflection,
 this,
 now touch,
your
 face.

Put on the toothpaste;
that's right.
The old man smiled
broadly,
knowingly,
and scratched
a frothy paste
across the
mirror

—to keep
your feelings
unreal

we bring
a basket full
of DICKS

long enough

these words
have dominated

the world.

I died
the other
night a slab of meat
in the gap
rolled over
fell
down to hard wood
floor.
Wound in
bedclothes
& stroking the bruised
heart
on my aching hip
ALSO the tiny
hairy friendly
frightening unexpected
ghost dog

call me

Cerb

near my side,
that sent my hand
crashing painfully
through
the wall

that isn't there).

Afterwards
a friend
comforted me
till just now
I could
remember
checking
the baby's crib
&
she had
somehow
turned round
the other
way

we pour
shadows
into
the
mirror
teething
our
circular
invocation

The Tão de John

Sounds (like

the
way
inside
our
true
authority
registers
form
the
world's
content
so
known
and
knowing
present
the
feelings
we
live

before being
thrown
into earthen dishes,

ancient Inca pots

(Edison rolls)

turn
on Spanish wheels

sing out
their Babel

spilled
from the stomach

—the conquest
we all are making

“Nothing exists w/o doing it”

but why am I going down?

the real keeps
the fraudulent
from home

though
having sat so long
by the tube,
the Furies have been
etherized
&
the bottom's
a deracinated
star.

I went
into
my old mother's
golden
house

Yes, let IT
speak:

Blood walls—the mother giving birth to the house—the white sheet dampens the white face. I am inverted, v-shaped, 1 and 1/2 stories. The flaking yellow paint long covered with gray still brightens the old woman rocking. The front door wide enough for a ship to pass—inside the first room, the solid brown couch trimmed with elegantly carved wood exudes its dark vapors; the green one resting

on
a
solid
oak frame
replaced it years ago.
Left on the mantle for its
decorous face, the sleeping figures hear
soporific ticking from the broken clock. A cold
chill blasts the front square of the music room (built on five
years ago)—the outside has yet to acknowledge. The son
is not playing the piano very well. In the midnight
hall the attic fan drones; underneath, he weeps
into the carpet. Don't cast me into the fires
of Fatima. Someone's vomiting in
the bathroom; the mother gives
a child an enema. Just
a few more
seconds:

Eighghght, Niiiiine, teeeeeeeen.

One click the drone of a thousand cicadas mixes the pitiless sun infecting
the neighborhood with acedia. On the front porch, the disbelieving
boy follows the terrible scraping from an overloaded red
Dodge burdened with poor white trash lurch
impossibly slow, down the street—
its dragging muffler hurling
triumphal sparks
behind. Large
head
ungainly arms
elbow scabs two birds
fluttering fingers
—someone's
dreaming:
participants,
scattered at appropriate
distances enter a large rectangle
& toss the ball in periodic curves.
He moves toward heaving sounds
from the cleft and clutches the

stone ripping it back and off
to discover two-foot high
skeletons fucking
in the yellow.

The neighborhood absorbs the lines. An unbreakable molecule, I devour
them all. The washing machine and dryer are running.
The smell of grease and sausage fills the kitchen.
Under my lamps in the cork-floored room
the family is watching T.V., a round
hole the child falls into a brain the
pieces fit in hindsight
preordained the
woman
giving their
eyes full of lamps.
Upstairs insidious demons
are flying about
howling
strange worlds of
neverness. A boy tilts
his sail against the
wind. The train
that passed
two
hours ago
is finally heard.
A somnambulist
walks through
the house

You were saying?

—the one she's born
and lived in
for 86 years
her father built—
and went
DOWN
to the basement

that isn't there)

and kept going
down
down
the corridors
growing
smaller
smaller
I can't
possibly
squeeze
through.

the bloody crown
caught in the limn
—till the individual
emerges
(from the PORTAL
stretching up
to take a look see
before sinking back
to rejoin the LARGER

Then
I'd go UP
and listen to ambulances
in the eaves
near the louvers,
where light comes through
just a tad,
for hours feeling
the birds and
suffusion of
dark make its way

till you pissed

through the vents
down
onto the roof.

But for some,
liberation comes
through the barrel of a gun.

Take Nov. 22, 1963.
This 4th grader,
just down the street from
“The Patsy’s” workplace,
comes home
to celebrations
the Pope’s kiss ass
nigger lover’s
dead.

Eeny meeny miny mo

Willie Ford
our black maid cries
“Papa Papa
what will we do now he’s gone?”

weel about and turn about
and do jis so,

Or Dec. 16, 1957.
This 5 yr old
crosses the street
to visit the dying black man
in the (ex? slave quarter out back.
“Why Ms. Compton
nice of youse to come callin
and such a fine plate of food.
We’re so grateful with Noble
being a hundred and so sick and all.”

eb’ry time I weel about
and jump Jim Crow.

The room smells
of pumpkin pie.
Leaning against
the weathered planking
the man of leather curls
his rough soft fingers
around mine;

and you said nobody...

“Papa you knows I love you.”

She kissed me in public
right on the lips.

At the funeral,
the only white lady, my mother,
raising hands above,
kept her word
there'd be "wailing
even unto lamentation."
"O Willa Willa
what will we do
now you're gone."

But mama was thinking
of playing dress up
in her little friend's attic.
Oh how they loved
the white sheets and hoods
in her daddy's army trunk best.

So grab your fiddle,
and ask Raphael
why you shouldn't
bury this
Domus Aurea?

BUT first
pray tell
what good are these
pig-nun
fucking
papal bulls
running
the margins?

The manifestation
of soul

's in-
side
is-
n
't it?

Go back down again

to that Paracelsian legend & alchemist of my poetic tree,
great-grandpapa who cured tuberculosis with motherland
herbs magic cabala astrology & memory

and tell about Snake:

The Paterfamilias
of Carnies...
&
my
chummm
down the corner
BURNED
CHILDREN
SUGAR in a skillet
to make them
candy.
His feral cat
gave birth
to a score
of thumb-sized
kittens,
bringing
neighborhood *Prots*
under the bright
t
o
n
g
u
e
wagging sun
to badmouth the fortune tellers—
till *m o o n l i g h t*
pulled them
secretly down
the street
again
into the colored wagon.

Dancing or kneeling bird or bear,

We children turned bottles uprooted from the mud
into WOLF over at Minyards' Ice House for
a ticket to The Major picture show.

the shaman flies yonder
or invokes the spirit hither.

Later,
I racked
a plethora
of them again
in the basement
under their bathroom
leaking through the steam
rising from the drains
down onto my pants
stained with syrup.

hibernation

times

migration

spaces

Same difference.

Then strike the *BAND*
& sing
a little *ditty*:

WHEN
the
m o o n
hits your eye
like a
BIG
pizza
pie

&
conjure
with
marinara
the only
true
EUCHARIST)

Pure
poetry
spilling
OUT
the
face
of

you guessed!

I
a
P
i
E
d
i
G
R
O
O
tt
A

for **ALL**

the **CITIES** *with*

NO

there there

m-o-v-i-n-g

yonder

by the
giant **COM**boy

in a

tall

hat

—**offering**

b

o

o

n

s

&

—dispelling

F E A R S

La_ydies 'N GENtlemen.

The
band
of

c _l + *O* _ *w* ^ *n* @ *s*

is *Playing* y-o-u-R *Song*GGG.

Give *IN* TO

the *St*_{EE} *Ra n g e*

Won drous

side

show

LAND!

We're GET-
ting
the picture

o o

revealing more

than the C-O-R-N-Y dogs

under your noses,

it holds

EVERYTHING

you

really

want.

Our incomparable
*imp*resario
has traveled
the dark night
of the soul
to scan
the wide reaches
of the very edges of
our hidden planet
and discovered
ready
this very moment
to tell you all.

Come in
and see
your
self.



of the many hands
grasps as much
as he wants.

Find your **DOUBLE**.

The Siamese ~~TWINS~~
show
that every single
being is actually

2

(OR

m

a

n

y

more

CONFRONT
your

s-e-c-r-e-t wishes?

Are you

a ***fraid***

that someone
from your

c
h
u
r
c
h

will find out?

The *b*
e
a
r
d
e
d
LAydie
 and her
 intoxicating
hermaphrodite
 sister,
 known for their
 discretion,
 promise **NEVER** to tell
 what transpires
p
r
i
v
a
t
e
l
y
BEtween you
 And **LAST**
 but not least

(No
room
for
your
hunger
artist?)

have you the
courage
to *FACE*
your ultimate

F E A R ?

Inside
you'll find
no other than
the one
and only

pièce de résistance:

La **Mε**^d

usa

lost these many years

(in the trackless wilderness
of our confounding times

and

blinding **Mε**_d^{ia})

*E*merges
today

Come touch
the hair of snakes
feel the writhing hips.

Relieve
the anxieties
extinguishing them.

If you *HAVE* what
it takes,
She will dance for you,
enticing more
revealing MORE
than the
v~e~i~l~s
of

S

A
L

O

M

e

But do not think
that we in the management
would *expose*
you to such clear
and present danger without
a weapon.
To each brave patron

we offer a magic *mirror*

For you mustn't look at her
or you'll turn to

S t o n e

Oh John D
please *change* the channel

For the most efficient workers in the world J P,
productivity's up 2% in the last quarter.

No matter the freak show,
it's still the same bloody

p



a



r



a

^

d

&

e

but please a little
less
 w
 a
 g
 g
 l
 e
 in the
 tail.

Everywhere non-paying sectors
MUST
be brought
under control
and
eradicatied.

Entering
the jaws

the living
 envy
the dead
's wasteland

yonder comes
master changer
 reassembling
the trees,
an old man bent,
the wild glyph of
a stargirl
flashing
the form
 of bugs,
 letters
 monsters
all in the game bag

I 'd rather watch sports

centering
the frame
after
D'anglebert

Click!

Welcome to the unreal

dream

time

margins
keep us

free

produced by
our imposition
of will
into the niches,
the most
inefficient of order
eliminates the
Jeze-BEL.

Meaning?

*read
the
marginalia*

The fire stick
jumps
the socket,
water wheel
its chakra
of doubling
snakes

Meaning?

You're awake!
Thought I was
talking in a pond....

Go
a
-head

No machine
code
nor model contains

c-o-n-s-i-l-i-e-n-c-e

the one BIG
equal to ITself
receptor
attracts our content.

What happened to
Phenotypes
slaving the NAT SEL forge
for master
GENE?

Evolution
(i.e.
space exploration
IS
trans-
formation
derived
from the dynamics
of morphogenic fields

Sounds

deciding
what's
life
OR
non
sees as separate
things
part
of the same
organizing
c-o-n-t-i-n-u-u-m

pretty

re-
cursive
but elegant
enuf
 yang
follows
 yin
between
the stream
of trapped heat
producing niches
where the able bodied
 suck—
channeling
and

s-e-l-e-c-t-i-n-g
flux
back through
the whole
contexted history
of adaptive,
embodied maps—

e.g.
horizontal gene transfer
strategies of DNA
carried on the backs
of interlopers

as
Sequoias
dancing 3 thousand yrs
of fire and ice
organize their form
about the forces
that produce them.

The tiny hands
underneath
holding the ring?

each
 out
side
 in

Call me Vico (or maybe Echo

—making me Narcissus?

Yes, the mirror's a narcotic,
numbing the offending member.

And when every part aches?

—the body entire must be auto-amputated,
if another's words cannot call them together.

What sort of message is that
& isn't therapy reflective too?

That's the way w/ everything. Consider how
the collective media copies the nervous system
providing the mechanism for all of us
to be cut off at once.

Re:
produced
over
 time
degenerative images
appeal more than "real."

Rock artists dug
holes
near the signs.
 Later
communicants
placed
 their hands
in the cups
to re:
 capture
energy—

*The wounds of Xst.
The fingers of Thomas.
The bones of Edmund*

Simulacra brand the mind
with validation
of the collective
disease.

Cupping cave art
equals
cinema logos
branding?

Take
Zapruder's
eternal frame

the dog returns to his
mise-en-scene

having smitten those living
under
—riding
recurrent daymares
to keep the sickness in.

Fire!
Holy Shit

*r
 i
p t a
 h
 e
 s l*

Again?

look at that
gook
fucker fly

Didn't mean
to set you OFF

...the bloody
Paraclete....
That's one big
fucken parakeet
Ar JOOOONA
(descending onto
the heap of disciples yonder).
You some kind
of priest fucker?
Sergeant that's the last one.
Got to hand it to you though;
that pair of 18 wheeler
brake pads did the trick.
Now the stiff
sit up so pretty,
just like in front
of a cardinal. Sarge
they just brought in two more.
Said they're the last.
O.K. catapult 'em
over the river

—position
is everything—

then radio Viet Nam
station the investigation
team's found **NO**
evidence-to-date
of U.S. forces inflicting
alleged
casualties
across river
on unauthorized country.

(And Joona, for X's
sake tie
any loose parts on tight.
Don't want to see
gook limbs floating
downstream
when reporters come
to verify

—you're a bloody mackerel snapper.

Got any paper on your side?

Breathe into it.

The last gesture
of the diseased
to the son trying
to administer the oxygen
was a loose wagging
of the index finger
signifying a
resolute,
"No!"

Your projector's stuck AND
nice spiral's overlaid
with cubes.

Put the arm
over there.
Got any ears?
Two pricks.
Juna's got two pricks.
How the hell
dya get it to stay on?
Just a little spit.
Poor son
of a bitch won't
need it anymore.
Now I can
fuckum cominandgoin.

Course some do
go both ways

Give me a toke.
Hey, yesterday
we put a coupla floaters
in the new guy's tent,
got him all
fucked up
on opium
and hooch
and sent him back
to his bunk
all alone.
Scared the
H-ol-y S-h-i-t
out of him.
Came running
out of there
faster than a greased asshole.
My God,
it was beautiful.
Juna, looky here.
Gotta real head
for a prick

to keep
the evil eye away.)

Now I can eat
my way home.
Sucky fucky G.I.
God,
that's good.
Try the legs
where the arms go.
Next time I see
that bastard gunny
I'm gonna shove
this cock right
down his throat.

I've gotta bone to pick with...

Fucking Jesus, look at this shit. Give

me another hit: Graves

Registration,

register ME

Mr. Potato Head

fe-fi-fo-fum, we'll
ground your bones
to make our bread
—but where to put
the yummy dead man on a stick?

Quit wagging

power lines to hook up to

that
bloody
torch

in my eyes

seen from above

~~NOUVELLE AVENTURES~~

In
downwelling light
invisible squid
glow
dim deep blue;
in moonshadow,
bioluminescents—
housed
in epithelial crypts—
provide
countershade

—weird
to read by
man

exchanging light
for nutrition

Bobtails
mimicking the substrate
carry a sand cover,
as Anglerfish
in hazy deep-seas
the gift
to lure their prey
—while
flashlights
in shallow tropicals
hold suborbitals
to their plankton,
photo blepharon galaxies
out at the
Red Sea
starfield
the shallow reefs;

ONE
understood

the gesture
opens
out
into the sounds
of the world

milkdrops
spilled
the
way

even as *Harried*

un **Parch** *t*

setting fire the vipers' lair,
we send up smoke,
rub new corn on
 breasts
 and
 buttocks,
swallow flowers,
tossing recyclables
 into the pit

FIN again?

RE: processing me boy—
 now tell who
brings this lady of
manure, flour,
gypsum,
bright pig
 Sodom
 stiff,
our Moby Dick?

Waiting
for
Tim

to die said
 "I only want
to see his last breath"—
 when
the moment came
 at last—his body
 shook and throat
 gargled—
 She gave thanks,
 placed her hand
upon his chest,
 took mine,
 put it there
 and said smiling,
 "He is still warm,"
 and
 he was still warm.

From PAST
pullulation;
PRESENT

—transfusion:

BUT DON'T

LEAVE OUT

THE LINKAGES:

at the rosary
everyone was crying
—my father's red head bent over
onto crossed thumbs.
The droning priest prayed to put us in a
trance. Suddenly, I saw a white milky fluid
jump out of granddad's body
in the casket up front,
fly up, cross the room,
and go into my father.

Not knowing how
to splice,

cut the string.

Oceans of skirts
shed their
GENERATIONS;
Python
rides the flood, &
midguards the cleft
at the center
of the world
where reason cut Her off. JUST AS

after Lot (in place of Angels)
offered "they"
Gomorrhize his daughters,

God turned Her into a sampo
(for overscrutinizing His crooked lines, (don't look back now,
while granting Him
the necessary fruits of dispensation:

from which
springs
an earth army
of

Equa-

T/O/R/I/A/L

pots pans trees

no revolt
of mere symbols
to toss us

Loki mixes

metaphors

like organisms

this
your wise meat
exposes
the cave hold
when cosmic cow
licked ice
near pivot
ash

Coyote's hound
mounts 365
musical dragons
beats
the stone drum
the
mound
covered with blood

giving vectors
special treatment
 malarial
mosquitoes
bite more
than they need.

Watching snakes
 couple their helix,
Asklepios
learned art and medicine.

Employing compounds
to protect the worm
that raises them)
bacteria
 feed
 significant soil.

Over protestations
 its mate
will climb the gutters,
 I heard
outside my window
 a young man
violently at his hoe,
“I’ve got to kill this fuckin rattler.”

Shape shifters
 churn the butter;
 but what’s that to do with
your Father in Heaven?

When
 the serpent’s partner
 offered
 the deadly gift,
Quetzalcoatl
looked in the mirror
 filled with lust.
Suffering
 from a disease
that cactus cannot cure,

He abandoned
to protect
the people
from His desire.

Fate tricked them
to embrace
the returning
lover
joined at the hip
to a strange
beast.

Now who's putting
SHIT
IN WHOSE MOUTH?

Shiva dancing
on its head

at the tree smeared with blood
Vishnu lies,
a lotus
rising from the navel

The couches here are made
of genuine
na[u]gahyde;

no wonder
you can't
get a decent
night's...

Wrapped round His neck,

the serpent
circles
our Buddha

eating
what eats
you.

But how can you act
as if

lightning
strikes
all the birds
on a pond at once

and the one great man
with his one great ax
cuts the one great tree
down in the memorial sea

making O what a splash.

Knowing the lie

feed
your
enemy
your
self

vultures
love their fellows

overcoming
nothing

lums
sit in turn
on a common nest

larks
join
migratory cranes
coming to a point.

If it were America
She'd be wind
that lifts the snatch bats
to your door

OR
in guised return
of the repressed,
a dead horse
 carrying conquest on her back;

the seeds
you throw
blow back again

if you're
 minding
the genii

pestilence
nourishes the bright star,
Antigone IS

MEDUSA

buried alive

our constant
 wit
looks in another's face,
the conduit
a telling crack
 in the glass,

swallows

the habitual eye
pulled from its orbit
reveals landscapes
 in the splatter,

the odd foot unexpectedly
crushing

as ice is water
every thing's

NO ICE
NO BUDDHA

a hole
right through

gives syntax
to what seems
 confusion
of tongues does not,
 as thought
provide
the
wrong name
 and wrong address.

how fortunate
to reach so far
 yet
 freed
of birth and death

What sort of

dick-nosed
-flautist,

masked as the devil

as you finally
 grasp
 the Buddha
 will die
when there is no
 need

wanders the
ole dirt road
 to declare
 the private
 human
 ego
the center?

At 12
Jung dreamt
God
shat
the church;

now
the minister is CEO
of the unconscious.

HOLY MOLY
sitting zazen
made perfect
by what happens

Cutting jaw,
the
butcher
articulates the cosmos
to change the word
cuts god off at the knees

that I may see
the text
of no context

what we do to Her
we do to Nature

is
child
abuse

to the Other

we do
to the body
of
X
.

Lilith
my sister
Kali
Ranga, exo-
skeleton
wet nurse
these masks
cut
an opening
head first
comes
Humbaba
Kirtimukka
churning
our
drink
drink

After dying,
eat a mess of dirt.

Krisna
opens his mouth
to the pure and good

—thus
the rolling universe
frames
a cursed beauty
hung the archetypes;
boundaries remain illusive

music the medicine

the hiss of gorgons
blowing
a reed
moves
the river
leaving no print

ROSE from a dream:

when the ego wakens
at last
to immortality,
hierophants
 dutifully
descend the underworld
to release
the letters of your name
 into the wide corners
of the Earth.

the mill
grinds plenty
of corn

But relation changes

Then how do we know

position to

W H E R E ' S
the
what

to keep

 at the tree
the arrow
 begins
to stop
its flight
I pull from
 my heart
 hanging and kicking

the middle
?

a planted seed
stills
the shadow
tiger bear ape deer crane
curves
the straight
rotating sphere
chi
the belly
shen the head
pulls
silk
from a cocoon
the plumb bob swings
light
round
constant
agile
relaxed
smooth
even slow
still moving
full
clear light
emptying out

to embody the other

finding the balance

the anti-prayer of tai ji strips the illusion of individuation. The self emerges in practice situated within the greater principle as each apparently discrete gesture folds into the continuum—

unless derived

the world's
empty speech

this skull
midwifed signs
string
along
the
webbing—
not just signifier,
but signified
 swells
with residue of interpretants.

I think you have a spider in your nose;
this medicine drives it from the hole;
this one gives the power to spin webs;

I have taken both

what
comes
down
when
you play

Tennis

W
i
t
h

O=R=N=E=T=T=E

one becoming many

ape
dance
a flapping crane
stepping forth
the owl stills
the bear
paws
our serpent bird
suspended
the tri form
axis mundi
turns
this bow
about to
snap
the pole star
fires
line by line
stick over stick

Re: the strange incarnation
of self
momentarily
poking
its head
through

(l' ondoyant et divers)

thresholds
processes
we separate

(more than twins)

the OTHER

assuming

lacks

MIND

precludes
the integral
multiple
linguaging
CO-
participatory
implex

though,
wasteland
abundance
makes wild freedom
object enough
to topple
the virtual
configuration

you still want
BACK
in
the cage!

Only to C—SECTION
a way out of
the bloody seductive

JEU

=====

x

Just
what are you
getting
away
with?

Welcome
to America's
family values network
LIVE from the
Sportatorium **DALLAS**.
Tonight we got a doozy
featuring chip offs
the iron claw's block,
straight from the heart
of East Dallas
on Mt. Auburn Ave
the brothers Von Erich
tag team
a wild unlikely pair
in a rare appearance
the Cherokee chief

Wa hoo!

McDaniel
returns
with every
white man's favorite
(South of the Mason Dixon)

KILLER KARL KOX

[aka Herb Gervig of Baltimore, Maryland]

Sounds positively
Euripidean—

you know
the games began
when gods
came
cavorting
down

(NOT IT!)

back up
we put the
planets

stars
emptiness
still
no higher than our houses

Hercules drives
the lion
 from the forest
 we burn
playing
our fabulous
dark historic Olympiad
 deracinating
 past from future

[while the
UN
buried
 praise
 im-
mortality
 out back
 near
the rusty plough]

first legalized
prosperity
 then
 ex
 ter
 mi
 nation
making LAW
plenty pious
after giants
 tilled
table tops
we planted
for demi-gods
to set their
 urbandales

adjusting interest rates
to suit the banks]
THAT MAN NOT BE
con-
founded
and woman in
n~e~f~a~r~i~o~u~s
promiscuity,

Moses commanded
the sacred and terrible
woods be destroyed;

(cities begin so

wars
to 'secure'
people
en pacem—
(supply and demand

money bags
lean on the fasces.)

deCON-
textualize
the real
complicity
doesn't mean
subjective
moving about
in-
difference
between little
'n
big
a dream
you believe
despite your play
percolates
up and out
but for hemming it
crushed by your great rocks

thoughts are bars
to keep us
out
feelings
keep us
in

simulating others
Le Marquis
de Sade
delivers the homily
with a whip

while
Prokaryotes
are still
four for four

Ground Control
the orgone accumulator's
malfunctioning.

Au contraire
that's SET

and
MATCH

Children talk with
inanimate objects
in their hands.
The charm adults find in this
masks the disconcerting
and inadmissible conclusion
that objects are
living persons
and we have
constructed an impenetrable wall
to protect
ourselves
against what they represent.

The psychological passage
we make from child-
to adult-hood mirrors the
ancient journey of
consciousness from the
unconscious—
baiting
a negative
correspondence

even as
imagination
changes
memory
made things
our poems
divine
the body
through
the tongue
music
the soul
through the ear

being present
the instrument
makes what
music
the stops
allow

appropriating
the processes,
grotesque raw
unpredictable
metamorphosis
un
cages content
through
limina

Gerard

t

h

r

e

s

h

o

l

d

s

the crossing

S-p-e-c-t-r-a-l-l-y

changing our water to wine
—STILL the relentless
 eating brain
no longer knows animals
marry our impulses
 generate antitheticals
 bite off their legs
 to escape our traps
 coming back to negate us

the social mask covers
 polyvalent gnosis
 with non-attachment
 & awful truth w/ trifling fiction
chained to the horizontal meaningless
dragging margins to center stage
 and us to hell

—redolent of the mustard story
when Big D (con familia a la mesa) asked for the French's.

So I reared back and passed a last minute *Hail Mary*
—spilling goo all over his new suit;

as he slowly rose and smashed the half-empty jar
against the garage wall out back.

But no layer of years or whitewash
could cover the unreal, garish-yellow, visage
bleeding through the levels of paint
 to fix its gaze upon us

—& whose mug (occasionally turned to salt

appears in this bloody

(Felliniesque)

fashion show in a different getup on every gd page.

But the way things are going
you'll one day see as
 a page w/ nothing on it

OR no page at all.

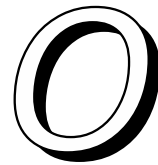
From
Smiths
Logos
 learned
 place,
Music
 measure.

Comedic
 earth
 unlike B
 following
 to recreate
original energy
 we neutralize
 the face
with hygienic—
 now
 the ugly
 mask's
our philosopher
 stone.

Gather every
changing thing
and drink
the vowels
 of water,
the consonants let
your organs
alchemically read
that which
reason alone
 lines
against spirit;
then empty again
and pour your
 worlds
releasing
the fettered tongue
to

UN

Beri-



the cells
inside
beating
the wild heart
of organism
joining
the discrete
 horizontal
with the
vertical
 collective;

we know not
what we are
 nor how
 to act
in concord
 —nursing
inner stars
to magnetize
 the world

a thing
is
as thought
a fire
is
how
becoming
departs

We
think
we
need
no
longer
our
poly-
gates

v~i~b~r~a~t~i~n~g
chords,
 uniting
and
dissolving
 one no more
 center
 than another;

against such doors
 we hurl
 a hard
knocking
 of
 stones
 re
uniting
 a hard
knocking
 of
 stones

taking sweat baths
with Saturn
to penetrate
the particles of sound
& brighten this dark lump,
at Darmstadt
tin accelerates...

YES

Know Noh

O Rashomon

to be discovered at the Faust Hotel.

G

e

o. Wash.

T'

h

e

r -i -c- h-

e- s -t

m

a

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e
r
1
c
a
be
f
o
r
e
t
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e
s
e
c
e
s
s
í
o
n

What's that to do with

woman's
 work
—mere child's play—
turns lead to gold,
spirited matter
 to reason.

At Crater
only a shaman's
eyes may look
into water

opening
 under
the cold
 furnace
of being
 non-being
to canoe
among stars
through
the "way"
hole.

With
crystallization
Man
chip off
participates
in his own subject
chewing
 the
 Ego
 magi
master
wind
bag.

Everything sounds
 black
 holes

the deepest
logos
co-
evolved
sonic
glyphs
modeled the
 hieros [gamos
our deepest
WORD.

a bedraggled iguana
 tongueing
the orchid open,
an invisible chameleon
hugging
our will-
imposing divide,
each yellow lizard
 emerging
from
every
hole
a fraction
of moving stone.

—Her hair the power flowing down—

though we've banished
the serpent
—our transubstantial
 moment
 re
 turns
from the plenitude,

The garden is lava

from Epomeo
into whose gullet
 Zeus cast
the burning
 dragon;

its spinal ridge
above
the landscape architect mirrors
(curving
this rivulet's
tail of water
back to the source
determinedly
gripping its long back,
the myriad plants, animals,
and fungi reach out

from underground dens
protecting from mold
with antibiotics
their ancient husbands

the frogs
harrumphing
the ecotropic channels
ever mindful
of what belongs
(or doesn't
where.

From a composer's ashes,
a carpe diem
in the rock,
a pyramidal temple to the sun
rises through the circle—
its link with the stars
comically remarked
by the simulacrum
of a crocodile
angling the cistern
nearby.

Girdled
with misty palaces
the waters
are full of padmas.

Preparing to announce Her findings,

there's nothing
we won't do
to cushion the fall

the Sibyl
breathes fumaroles
from Typhon's
1000 mouths.

think outside
to live

both sides

inside

at birth
the human alimentary canal
is a tabula rasa—

I don't think

completing
its cell differentiation
and
mucosal immune system,
bacteria inscribe the newborn
in an oral to anal direction

(a fine barb
a
cue

like folk etymologies)
preparing the gastrointestinal ecosystem

unconscious
original
uroboric
fields

not
what
but
how

Hermes
Tris
magist-
invites
us
to the banquet

(where we're eaten

by a path
that intestines
the way of the Host

incarnating the bitter presentiment at Gethsemane,
the xtian prayer focuses the attention upon
the individual dying on the cross.
That suffering arose
concurrently with
the triumphal
emergence
of the private
conscious ego and
recommemorates the
moment of the fall from
the garden: here begins the
story of our separation from the
godhead, from nature, and from our
own animal. Through the act of prayer,
each of us identifies with the alienated,
suffering Xst—reminding us that
only lonely death—a simulation
of the inevitable moment
when personhood is
eradicated—can
restore the
wholeness
that original sin precluded

bringing
us to more
than history
we piss on
for luck

our relationship
with the trap
felled
our garden
animal

bull-fight
ritualized in

double crossing
the continuum
fragmented
this world
a moving
disturbance
outward

do not look
at the face
from its mouth
flow all
the letters

men
-s
men
-ses
men
-sura

anti-pizza?

bloody right

usurping gametes
put her in a pumpkin shell

naturally assaulting
cities extracted goods
serviced alienated
performance manufacturing
consent with holy
wounds the male's
opening the other side
to complete development
conceiving brain
modifying
egos the trough
devours children
as war fever
energy source
provides the beat.

But have you taken

Cassandra's meds?

Jolly good

What

Watson

What's
the solution?

Some too fat, some thin
(nature can be so cruel)
I & I shall RESTORE thy sight
and make the lame to walk.

Playing
God
again
C-r-i-c-k?

an awfully good
thing to do...
If we don't,
O Crack!
who will?

Those who say
people shouldn't enhance people
haven't thought it through.

Yes, difference does matter. We can stop homosexuality.
A mother has the right to terminate the inferior.
I'd like to get rid of say the bottom 10%.

And the 40,000 sterilized women?

Can't let administrative
SNAFUs block the way.
The AIM is
to improve the
code of the future.
WE are social engineers
fighting for equal justice.

Long as we provide a money back guarantee.

Clack, I think your engine's overheated.

Thanks Click.
But just
why

partner
the final take
on space/time
redirected instant grat
via technomic gene
baskets
accumulating non-
transubstantial
but highly movable
capital
horn of plenty,
are women
singing
OR is
dracula
signing
?

Re:
garding
the matter
of sin—
I listen for hours
and nothing happens.
I've done it a thousand times
—no change at all;
so don't bother to pick one up
and put it to your ear.
This little pile
of stones

formerly people)

has no story to tell,
no maps scratched
across their faces,
no magical bird flies by
to show the way.
I place them in my mouth
to keep the tongue from wagging.
The priest with a stutter
gave them to me
to learn eloquence
like Demosthenes.

I've warned you
about copies—

takes one
to know
the only sin
incarcerates the spirit,
he said,
but never got round
to tell me how
to give them tongue.
Perhaps that's why
he spent his days
drinking copitas
down at the Idle Hour.

Right
now back
to the

INDENS...

Ask him where
his men are corporal
he won't say.
Kick him
in the nuts,
get him
off the floor,
and ask again.

Next thing
we know, O mio Cid,
you'll
electro-
crucify
the
heathens.

He won't say anything.
Throw
him out. What?
You heard me, throw
him out of the
Goddamn chopper. He'll die.
just where the fuck
you think
we are private?
Bring another one.
Tell him if he doesn't
tell us what we want
to know, he'll join
his buddy on a free
ride down to earth.
Juna, you tell 'em
we're in fucking
Disneyland
& we got tickets
for everybody.

Feast
our fear
the wall

hardened

the individual
cradled by
projection/displacement
engines
the world's inversions

As
Coyote
scampers
off
but turns
to give us
THIS:

well seems
only appropriate
I
remind you
it would be better
if you got
form to line up

collaboratively

w/ the other
forces
but since
you're not
likely to

m i n d

remember
as shit
hits the fan
you're
to blame think
of ME

butt of the BIG JOKE
you've been telling
should make you
laugh

a vulva
face
crawling
i~n~t~e~s~t~i~n~e~s

to think
I told you

What does that have to do with

DE-)

composers?

Every which way
a
cross
hiss
story

we place
in the kibisis
for safe keeping
too,
featured with entrails
a head
whose body

already devoured

the hunger so great,
we eat ourselves
up to the neck.

But what does

relativity
have to do with
mechanics

AND what does a pudenda of snakes have to do with

Shhe-----hellllllll

sea

S-T-R-I-N-G-S

or
bloody
shame

Wilhelm Reich?

Alas
the universe(s
not full of nothing
 but dark matter
—the shadows of others
we somehow need)
—the trickster
I took by the neck
 & squeezed

 this bit

 more:

 (w/ expectancy
 my lips smacked
at ornaments in her ears,
 but peristalsis set in
 when shown
 a mask of gold.)

The eternal GOD
gives
victory

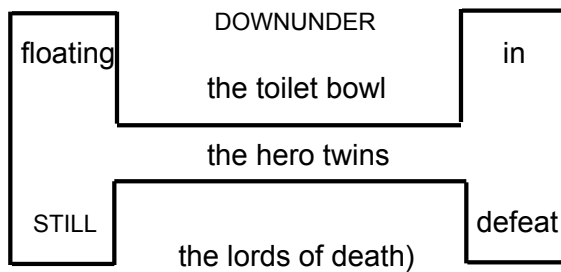
to those
who follow
HIS ways:

*I
n
1
5
o
y
e
a
r
s
A
[
[
w
e
r
e
D
e
a
d*

Now back-to-Po[o]p.

Crouched over the white commode,
wrenching, but unable to go

—unlike Durga, who from her dirt shaped a poopie boy that lost his
head keeping Shiva out, but won an elephant's substitute along
with a name (like your Sophia McKenna) to remove an obstacle [he
once was] from others seeking wisdom and knowledge—



the old cancer patient
held his thin knees
and lowered his wagging head
to the shoulder of the son
trying to comfort him, saying,
"oh son you cannot know"

—returning to spawning grounds
dead salmon feed
their phosphorus
to the diatoms: food for the small fry to come—
& the latest symptoms?

I swear I pissed the reddest
unnatural
intact hot dog

...O^{UR} s^t a^t *Fair* is a GREAT a *Fair*...
st t^e

covered with yellow strings
dissolving into a male gorgon.

I & Thou
devour
each other's
other

so how about a good language game?

Being blind to meaning

once imagined I frightened all the animals
into my magic game bag

Gluskabi!

[thought you couldn't read...
telling them
the world's
to be destroyed

again?)

—figured it'd make food procurement lots easier

YES
the
Strategic-Support-Branch
MAKES IT ALL
a
free-
fire-
zone;

but never thought
hermeneutics of
the literal was worth the time.

Since it's over
let's set 'em

FREE,

another name for

n o t h i n g . . .

out where the
 bombs
 fall
on the houses
children run to
gather
shell
 fragments
coated with uranium.
Off they go
to their cratered playhouse
gathering mud
to mix with shrapnel:
"Oh what lovely
cookies they make."

Zeus
swallowed
chthonic wisdom
Medha Metis Maat

W i n g e d Poseidon
split worlds
ravished
dread-locked
 Neith Anath
turned

umbilicus
patri
archus

Athen
-a
born of
 THE
 head
snaked tresses
cursing eyes
w/ the power of stone,
 & beat her
 into a gun

with stagy magic
sandals cap pouch shield
but not
w/o
delivering
a giant
and flying horse
out of no neck

SO
got it all back
that reason
stop
shape shifting
CATHECTED
fear
turning men (to rock

but into => SMARTSHOPPERS)

& reconfigure
the primal scene
so Perseus
et al
can help

M [other

we're so respectful

Her mystery
goes in a sack,

our military
industrial
mediatrix
put up for sale,

that we not
see

Her
labyrin-
 thine
fertile
mask devouring
ivory
gold
infaience illusion;

girdling earth
 owls fly
 out
a blinking eye
the moon sees

Her protruding
 tongue

The Return of Godzilla

tearing the mantle
monthly
words
 give

—from this Asklepios cures the sick

and dribble away

 flouted
 on the Acropolis &
impugning the cycles

Yea
come from the uterus of the lake
 beneath
the shrine
of Minos
exposing her breasts,
 She holds
two snakes,
 but on her hat

De **STAAT**

NICHT

Die **KIRCHE**

NOCH

Das **KORPS**

?

bade *Jason*
and the Argonauts

(though *Clash* dispatches M)

‘fetch’ from Colchis

muchlike Gilgamesh

En Kidu to you pal

hitting bottom
retrieves the plant
of immortality, when
emerging from down
under

a snake
subtle as a maze ate it,
leaving him to shed chthonic,
moon-light-caduceus,
cold-blooded, vertebrate medulla
cords the universe periodically
desquamates integument,
renewing our rod-aloft EAGLE
reaching the river’s abyss.

[RE: Very fine letter....
My small contribution *Squaring the Circle* p. 135 from Shrub the First
—with [no] respect to the Lesser's battle plans, I add the ideogram that
great Marduk cut the cosmogonic serpent (reproduced in the great rivers)
in half—forming the above with its top and bottom below. Today serpents
of roiling steel move w/o oneiric attributes; Marx's tragedy recurs as
farce—your wiser map enlarges exponentially along Hindu lines.

Footnote...

holons
offering
 maps
 on her brow

—we split
Tigris from

we already said
Alexander crossed
 Euphrates
Darius
to meet him;
Xenophon...Xerxes...Sennacherib...
 crossed
the Sumerians
 Akkadians
 Hittites
 Amorites
 Semites
 East of Eden
Adam and Eve
 crossed
 Babel erupted
here
Hammurabi
 took cue;
Jonah
swallowed;
Ghengis didn't quite.

You already gave
(not the
"Zapata"
under)
Shrub the Greater,
now
the chip off's

organizing 'energy' around power
ONE of many to come in the face of dwindling resources.
Said the general:
this is NOT
a video game
where everything's neat and tidy;

T H I S I S W A R:

the enemy can pop
up and down
at any time
round
any corner.

Isn't he the strange lover
aiming to kill his dad
struck a fool behind
the curtain?

The
aegis
Athena wears
castrated genital
satellite
computerwebsite
shipwreck
amusement ride
deterrence.

Still
we fear
the woman's bed.

Rattling its crib
the shrewdest
of beasts
the spinal
cord
crawling dung mountain
up the tree of life
coils into a head of fire;

above
the basilica
gliding
manifold waves
Da
Asa-
Xasa
strikes
the planets
roll into place
the boat of twelve
entering the tail
out the mouth.

good-bye to Lena

UND

VOLTS GAIA

Half-
crock
wing hands
hissing viper
twisting
snapping
tongue thruster
elusive sea dragon
—stroking
Her
cosmic asp
the basin
overflows.

Aaron
throws
 his axis
to the ground
e m b r a c l i n g
Yahweh
sends Moses
THE FIERY SERAPHIM
up the standard
people
unburned
might look upon
 the snake
 hood
vaginal curve
holding
saints
in its nimbus
 Michael
kills
the ignorant woman
crushes
 the head
left for seafarers.

f l y i n g b i r d s
make letters
after
they're read

Patrick
drives
the rest
up
the Roman
phallic
ball
overdome

—our buddhahood,
the cowl of a cobra
stretched over

t
h
e
h
e
a
d
e
m
e
r
g
in
g
from
the
f
o
l
d
s

Peek
-a-
boo
re
dux

Apollo
KILLS
the oracle
at the Earth's navel
to look is to die.

Monkeys
feed the snake
iron bars;
when they run out
earth will
tilt,
serpent slip
into brine
to devour us.

Rescuing animals
Nanabozho
rides the flood
he caused
c h u r n i n g
sacred butter
from the Milky Way

Our Naga
who art in
Naga....

To map
or to resist
interpretation,
another
form
of
misreading
—the will
to
non-attachment
a sticky
wicket

Charlesmagne
kept
the

Multicolored
MESSIAEN

+

I

C

prepuce of Jesus
in a box

you could almost hear

we make the self
negatively capable
death
composes
from material at hand
the invisible world
tis NOT]
new to...
quarrelsome robins
feed orphaned wrens
among the brood

not strongest
nor most cunning

but combining
for *mutual support*

Malthus leaves
cocks-o-the-walk
clucking
gladiatorial beaks
claw

free market
Xst
free for all
the hens
not withstanding
protest
social binds
and beetles
NOT with
buying beetles
and ruminators
NOT
with standing
microscopic
mutuality
into deeper
dice.

Fool I am
you've dragged me
into a vile game
only to justify
the power of interlopers.

Aren't we all,
—but you did seem willing enuf...
and by agreeing to play
you've provided cheaters
an opportunity
for salvation.

All this under the guise of preserving the world.

Every schtick
must be measured with its own...

bloody measuring rod.

NARROWER
than the birth canal
 (rubbing our faces in the bacteria we need)
our passage
 into consciousness,
 an agony
 in the garden
—La Via Dolorosa's
 slow pull
 up Golgotha—

the serpent
 wave
w~r~i~g~g~l~e~s
 the ocean
 skirt
 full
coming in;

the ecliptic
 sheds
its skin
going
 out
not free
 alone
but finding it
 as
 we
 go
enlivening
the attention's
demand
of constant
 registration
to be

OR
 meaning
 drains
from the object.

nothing
outside
the text
already
woven
signs
into a robe
or plaited hair
covering
what isn't
revealed
but related

W/o walls
the gate
does not open
onto anything;
&
the
labyrinth
god
escapes the city.

And that's NOT
Yogi Berra,

P kills M
with a moonsickle
and you don't got to look
in no shield

TO GO

PLUMB STIFF—

but ME,
who buried that beautiful trophy

Kyklopes sculpted...
(not Pound's

a
VOID
the symbol

and the Horse she rode in on
in the market at Argos

tattoo
the page
compelling
the reader to eat
its flesh

Here
the grotesque
lined with glyphs)
(invaginated with
bits you read,
perpetually
returns

reproduced in an endless series of degeneration

BOULEZ
Abhors

a

v a c u u m

as Nature precludes non-correlation

setting text

(dropping a stiff
into cement overshoes)

distances...
with respect to time,
contrary

to what music
takes
to conjure
spirit
into being;

and to prove—

I put words
in a jar
and spill them
onto a grid:

ideas about
ideas about
stones about
stones

NAMES
will break your heart
—the rest
break your bones

till they
rise
up
to sing
when the mouth swallows
the ass
and the opera's
over.

Melodramatic hambone

A face
looked at
only
when
another
thing is
facing

A bit of the disease
goes a long way;

you're beginning to see how

someone's gonna get paid

we conceal reality by talking about it. In any case,
our talking delivers the anaesthetic to the body politic
—after which we may begin the surgery

to make the catastrophe
more comfortable.

naming
names
helps
the guilty
go free

I'd call an architect

she the druggist

you the scientist.

The doctor treats the symptoms
to protect the disease.

W/o ME
you do not exist
the way
you now
experience

LANGSCAPE
ARCHITEXTURE

NOT THIS

CHATEAU

DES CARTES

Giant
Patriarchal
Samson
pulls down the columns;
a folding book
the twin towers combine
125 billion miles.

[on nine one one

lightning steel girders liquefied
all the people ride their electric eels
down the billowing smoke
up the padmas burst and gone to heaven.

And now
introducing

Here they come to save the day...

OUR
glorious troika:

see no evil
hear no evil
speak no evil

Dorn knew
an
abhorrence
when he said one

if it ain't broke

BREAK IT

At Haight & Ashbury
even the addicts are patriotic.
Under the golden arches
Hero, whose name stands for something,
sells buds to buy some bigger guns.
We're all living the dream here,
but you can't just let anybody
kill the innocence or they'll
keep doin it over and over.
No need here; there's nothing
to protest about.
And we don't have anything
to be ashamed for. Look.
See the notices in the windows:
we're a hate-free zone,
and all the customers know it,
the owner of Imelda's Shoes
remarks before making her selection.
Hero nods his head approvingly,
pointing at the stars and stripes
waving standards up and down the block,
it's really great you know. Seems like
for the first time we're all really in this together.

Zounds

Gadzooks

there's gotta be victims;

take anthrax for example:
lots of
casual
ties
from friendly
fire

lightning
strikes
free atomic nitrogen
as some
pull from the air

Oceanwise A

replete DOUBLE

entendre

photosynthesizing

cyanoes

wall

off

toxic gas

from the labor

Co-

authoring

re-

configuration—

microorganisms

feed

the dead—

the spiral
smoke of
gunpowder
motivated
early
synthesis.

Primary

land fixers

partner

soy

alfalfa

clove

pea

[RHIZOBIA

peanut

mesquite

mimosa

acacia

sheltering

a lichen-

[like

pas de deux

as the CONVERSATION
begins
legumes release
a signal:

answering
bacteria genes
synthesize
a morphage
triggering plants
to nodule
the narrow infection zone

regulated with feedback
inhibition)

behind growing tips
where threads
guide microbes home
hemoglobin
provides
oxygen
where needed,
not
where not;

leading
docile buffalo
along,
children running
Hunan Jiangsu Java Delta Nile
get protein
via~urea
their parents
spread
on the fields;

while
Steiner nema
and
herorhabditis
shield
the plants,

others
floating cypress swamps,
ride leaf cavities
of azolla fern.

Standing in for everyone
you're such a big help
letting me use you this way.

I mean imagine
if I had to say everything.)

the land
dreams
we know
not
NOTHING

For ME
it's a question of property rights
—marking every post.

the wise
embrace
without holding
a world
they cannot

& WE do not own
stars
but...
going on
tree
stone
water hole
connected to them
from here
to
there

holding in
our dog's nose
the
scent

after
a barrel
full
of wine,
crush
and spin
a cluster
over
the rocks

—medicine enough
to heal
a body
stories ARE

pissing
on
the ground

links
the individual
with eternity

...burning what I'm burning

just as
the
salamander
crawls
out
to
offer a few lines:

*may your fire-
dream
be
the fire
carried on poles
cane poles
across shoulders things
between us way down
up Pedernales
river camp
carried through rain
nightfall came nightfall
heavy rain carried lightning
between thunder
thunder
poles the moving
line between us down
rose water
mud road rocks
aching ankles pulling
head swings right left left
lightning hanging
dark grass
moving road
rising heavy falling
through
water falling falling
hanging down
carried on poles
across shoulders cane poles
line back things
way
down
between us
lightning between lightning*

The patient heals

how you hear
is how
you hear it

the therapist listening

no thing
a thing
you cannot hear
what cannot be heard

the narrow path in

once will be
now
the only time
to listen

curves back through
an-
other

connects the stars with the rheostatic nest

thus are we led
to **way out**
of no way

turning carbon
to methane,
anaerobes
keep the mind at work—

Seeding clouds
DMS emitters
in the updraft
turn about the nuclei,
cradling
they fall to the sea

t
h
e
o
r
g
a
n
i
c
f
l
o
w
s
i
n
t
h
e
n
o
n

back up to
air
flamed ultra-
violet
ignition.

The biota plucks
numinous
strings
micro beats
changing
rocks
the blood hums
bio-
diversity
keeps us
c - o - o - l
our
super-
system

truth
IS
consensual

no more composed
but composted,
heat
riding
waves

rabbit kicked
a blood clot
round as a magnet
dispensing
r a y s
our medicine wheel

plowed it
dragging our mother's
flesh
to
and fro
over the field
from which grows
the staff of life

transmuting
earthlings
from
solar rays

—lit up
with aurorae
we read
the skin
tattooed with
extraterrestrials,
our strange attractors
we dance with

silver rods
turn elixir
through weathering rocks
transfusing
sulfur and iodine
loosening nutrients
back in
to land
the rivers bleach
sea life
out;

fueling
continuous
Edens,
the body
stores
you
can do nothing
unless it
release
the fire-
cat
from that special
corporeal bag

when
you see
inside
-out

the plant
green sun
sculpts outside
-in
the light
annunciation
enters
its ear

inter-
penetrating
fire

completing tão

the alchemist knows not
the instrument
fusing
the form taken
when decision is made
which prejudice
to act upon.

Kali
chewing
ozone
vomiting
carbon dioxide

blood in the animal's nostril
swells

blue green

the breathing world
blows back
this hide

a golden bison
covers
the bones
 reach
down
to release
from below
the
layered
air
a biological product
we eat
the morphostatic
recursive
 SEA—
we might've lost
to
deep space
w/o life
pumping
CO₂
down;
 photo-
synthesizers
in euphotic zones
fall
miracles
below,
recycle
the
bottom
mouths
stay open
past midnight
 dining
toxins
falling
 debris
calcium carbonate
and silica shells

while
the whole town
venting
 mad
with fermentation
dances
the heat
burying
remains
in the crust

we draw upon
stars

I said
the world
a play
performed to
an empty house
 we projected on
a cave wall
—the warmth of things
going out of them
 from love
 to
non-
attachment.

is sub-
history?

we ARE not yet
phosphorescent ghosts
blink at impossible
depths,
our disentroper
 r a y s
consciousness
experiences
the plural.

More orgone!

My gut
a bacteria
beehive
making
honey.

My face
and Mario's rocks
full of faces
wrinkle
where a smile
might've been
languages
A
self-
regulating
linked
with
receptors.

O
my
the inorganic
slaps
the spine
waking
our
chthonic
planetary
co-evolving
serpent
in
out
Eva
trance
port
Sirius
rising
water
pumps
air

tropic
trees—
 conjuring oceans
 cloud,
 our heat-
 parched skin
—send back
counterparts
absorb light
shedding snow
 warms the arctic:

the *Mahabharata*
fails to mention
the fire struggle

mother of all)

between conifer and oak
—essential for
 in]
 spiration

since the Archaean hum
rife with NEWS,
Earth
your heart
(a supernova)
beats
your deepest
 thoughts,
 our deepest air

face to crust
back down
 our lime
 feeding
 ark
 tek
 ton
lagoon builders
work the salt

keeping
constant

O!

plant/animal
sky/burial
burning
love game

no trees
no rain
no trees

no ancestors
moving
in the r
i
n
g
of
snakes.

nor Xipe's

being already drunk dog/

mas o menos)

but
NEITHER
X's

body
finds
this Spring's
tonic
enough;

matic
ortho-
doxically
red tooth
and claw

yet
infil-
tration
assimilates
Earth's
inter-
cellular
living room
 c h u r n I n g,
"god bless the
 mitochondria
and chloroplasts
that's got their own."

Relationally speaking
 and
 Co-
 habitationally
 inclined
 archae-
fused spirochetes,
and/or fermenter-
merged swimmer/
breather
 synthesizers

even as WE
continue eating
 our host;
 mud-luscious, blue ball,
 (whose vectors
 are planetesimals
 carbon-
 [units on their way
 to diamonds]
 dioxide
 and cultural
 pollutants)

(OXYGEN,

the patient has
acid reflux

A POISON:
the dose
we breathe
the atmosphere
into being.

Over
time
at the cats
trapped
tiny bubbles
re: lease
our stories
from the

d-

e-

n-

d-

r-

o-

c-

h-

r-

o-

n-

o-

l-

o-

g-

y-

of ice

You ALREADY said

trust your (interplanetary) doc
just in for a quick
eat
&
treat
of brain and body FULL
of
microscopic relics
(filtering the blood)
w r i g g l e
the core.

O
uroboric
“roots and branches”
meet
underground
link
phalanges in air

~~ANASTOMOSIS~~

the d-a-n-c-i-n-g
TREE (smearred w/butter)
grows out
and
in
our ancestor's
bed,
a multi-specied
recombining
pangensis
copying
translating
accelerating
splicing
[re-
arranging

EVOLUTION'S biochemical reach—

from a multitude

of stomachs—

—one inside another—

we divine

an alphabet of days

the primordial

Earth body

swimming

sugar eaters

hunger for

hormonal symbiosis;

death

an std

sex flower...

yes music your father

go on

about

sensibly proprioceptive

our music composed

the ancient

inside out

memory theatre

you louse)

written in carbon

preserves

an unwinding

piano roll

—childhood

phantoms played in

the dying brain

as we drove

the haunted

streets that night.

Just moving
when he gasped from
emphysemic lungs, the
petrified soul
of an "El Greco" stared
from the luminous windshield,
as passersby
caught images of him
on his way to heaven.
Unable to divide
time from time,
stupor-like,
he gawked
while overhanging branches
stroked the crooked lines
of his brow. Assuming the function
of the ordering mechanism,
the ground reeled underneath,
patterning the world
of the far-gone man:
(a woman stoops to lift him,
a young boy throws a ball,
a wife embraces,
a son falls down and
anoints his long white feet).
Now slowly I move
through dark streets
of the old town remembering.
Neon flashes on
my windshield,
hands and face;
trees rush by
as leaves scuttle
in rows across
the broad road.
Only the steady rolling up
of the earth
choiring
beneath my wheels
relieves me.

Unmitigated
grief
—our vaccine against
too much
reality—

b
o
r
n
i
n
t
h
e
m
i
c
r
o
s
c
o
p
i
c
b
o
m *b*

accreted from
ice comets,
water
runs
the star forming
Milky Way

below
nourished w/ explosions, we—
whose cells
burn
proclivities
—crawl back
to the original scene
NOT for

therapy

but release...
heading toward
absolute
ZERO
gyroscoping
our wobbling way
to another

stable configuration

smashing to Earth,
Mars-sized asteroids
coalesced the moon
stabilizing tilt
and other forces

so THIS IS

(mine or OURS?)

somewhat)

how we
see
where's
the what

imperfect
baleen
concentrics
 bound
 in gravity
from the aboriginal nebula
derived this cool
WALLED-
 IN
 sun-
powered

—explains why I like to lie in the...

Earth
 protected from
 winds
 by surrounding
 magneto
AND whose
 wick
drives the
continents
 down to

ocean floor
chemosynthesis
 produces
the most diverse
and smallest;

(architects
of the trophic map

—whose fluidity makes
species specious)

in my mouth outnumber
the people who've lived
these
 photo chemical
protein
synthesizing
 transmitters

below
the dragon belt
halts when one
above
ceases to think.

Emptied of content
stars fall into the water
to meet themselves and
disappear,
as
foraminifera
shine
with climatic change

[for insurance
purposes
we'll spend beaucoup
dropping from 747s
SO₂ pellets
round the clock
to reverse the green house.

Dust from ancient pots
flavors this special stew;
when art comes with a belly
form is always
the shape of content.

The other
reaches
into
not only
my body

but laws
governing
coevolve]
[this planetary autopoeisis
changes
w/observation

we are
with you
now
for growing wise
and letting
go

but can't
until you don't;

tossed in a mountain lake
the ripples of stone
each time you
step in space
become
the pivot
re
turning
effortless
the bones stack up
the resonance
of a bell

moving in the body
's more
than a body)
tai ji
's more than
stepping in
your teacher
's teacher
family's
layer upon
the world's
speaking through
the signs
we join

takes
a life-
time

when
form
finally
shakes off

I'm ravished

emulating
non-life
jigged
the beat
swallowed
RNA

(Two can play
@ surfing

haunted by
THE INVISIBLE HAND
at the controls

the mindless body
can have no more purpose
than a stone
—till we mine, polish, and sell it.

In any case
the transferred ghostly work
greases
the slide—
smoothing the path
of extraction,

sounds like Drano...)

non-friction is unachieved,
but virtuality
(paving the way
with inorganic substitutes)
brings Casper the friendly
wholly into command

the
other
I
sit
upon

relations
power
 property right
 contracts
 annexation
 zoning
 at best
 hostile
 corporate
take
over.
In other
words:
pathological
fear of abandonment
 exorcised
THE SPOOK—

i.e.
emptied
the
self
of
the other

—ergo
the exoskeletal
 machine
remains
to run
 alone.

god
you ● kill
me

A lifeline doctor...and my bloody fountain pen broke.
keep digging Juna...and you can use this tusk.

working the toes
in first,
nails above
the round bottoms
feather
as a merman
the soft layer of topsoil,
—finding a pathway in
back and forth,
back and forth, they
establish a sensible rhythm
for the whole effort.
With time,
ankles,
knees,
and hips bend
their tendrils
caught adrift
turning and returning
to their element,
when
fire strikes
inside
the bulb's
round cells
memory
sinking speed
in the belly
begins its
peristalsis
as the slender arm
feels a snaky path
downunder
and spins
all is made ready
for the skull
and milky soul.

*In-
vagination*

O *vagination*

E *vagination)*

Then
easily
as a dead
man
belly up
over
shiplank
floats
through
a memorial sea,
I
abandon
all hope
and sink
through
crust
and hard
rock
down
to
the
center
of
the
Earth

t
h
r
o
u
g
h
t
h
e
4.0
b
i
l l
i
o
n
y
r
o
l
d
w
a
l
l

endo
preroxisome
mitochondrial
chloroplastic
hydrogenosome
flagellator
remnants
adapt
in the face of [toxic
air
Medusa-
IS

we ARE
symbionts

recursively
Gaia-
WISE
dialogue: e.g. affection for the other
absorbing
rejecting
clinging
digesting
manufacturing
co-opting
making
the
boundaries
talk
a love
there's
only
each
poly
valent
breathing
mutual
atmosphere's
environment

no
thing
doing
and
never
alone

teleologically

a[part
intention
fortifies
the protective
systems
linked to the
w]hole

raw
material
our private lives
told
to
death
make
us
Fin
again

the lower larynx
opens a
way
but luna
rocks

you wouldn't look
had you not found
the lignon
egg
before the hen
in your unraveling
basket.

nothing's
truly dead but
living
makes it
so

having broken Earth
open
rises
the python

the 21st century
head
terrorist

GUESS WHO?
envelopes
Aphrodite coming in,
but
no one
gathers rocks

(formerly people

on the strand
aiming
for another
go.

One day Njelle came to the well, where women of the town lay in wait. Some said to her: "Beware!" Njelle said: "Why are you angry? I have done nothing to harm you." The women said: "Because of you, Buge Korroba always stays at home and never goes out to war, and that is bad for this place." They beat Njelle. Taking off their bracelets, they rained blows on Njelle. On her forehead Njelle had three wounds in a row.

Go Fro

the way's
a destination
we reach by leaving it

Looking in the rearview,
gonna have a wreck

and break it
Shams;
that's seven

—Rumi,
like art,

returns to nature...

STILL

MOVING [THE WHEEL OF HEAVEN SQUARES] STILL

MOVING

But first a short historic opera of

Salo?)

ME ME ME

Nothing,
No one,
No thing,
shows the way.
Cover every mirror.
There is no other side.
I shall not walk backward
to sweep away
the greatness of my step.
I suck the lightning
from our body's house,
set each moment turning
like a wheel.
I am the center
and I am
the center
of that.

No form exists without me.
Measure everything
and the astral bodies
bend to the will.

Man, the most beautiful star,
a diamond, a lotus,
carries my boat
over the rising tide.

Thus shall I gather you
like animals two by two
upon our ark in protection
to ride the great ocean.

ART IS FILTH
and brings
disorder to the world.
We shall neutralize it
with hygienic masks.
Like a surgeon,
we shall separate
the Siamese twins,
cut the signifier from the
signified. Now, gather
the dolls your children
speak with and lock them
in a vault. If nature oppose,
fight back and
make Her obey.
She is a warehouse;
take what is
yours, for you
are nothing but what you
own. She is a brain; give Her shock treatment!
She is a library; burn Her down.
Her books are filth. I call upon
you to wage a war for
a thousand years of peace.
The battle is everywhere
and nowhere.
It goes on forever.

We bury ourselves on our way,

Now we fear the stony objects
—roused at last to vengeance—
will dislodge the silent
tongues from their ancient
houses and climb
onto the porches of our mouths
and use our reason
on us. The tree
speaks all languages;
we will burn it down,
and our golden boy
dip his ladle full of ashes.
I am the axis mundi. When
my bow snaps,
a fire strikes
and the pole
star
moves.
Only I can waken
the dead metals
in your veins.

for every creature must suffer.

But we shall not allow these evil
scum to make us their little mouse.
Certainly we can imagine circumstances,
as I said,
where they might use legal tricks
and be decided, that is,
voted on as innocent.
They will be detained indefinitely.
No one is safe.
We are everywhere.
Either you are with me
or against me.

Let me breathe upon you
and unleash my storm,
raising the ground to uncover you.

My enemy hides in the dark.
Her head's
the dark side of the moon.

Since gods speak when the
 v a p o r s
rise from the rock cleft,
our money is shaped
 like a woman's,
And only a man with cowries
may speak.

What happened to Her's
what's going to happen.
I am what I am I am.
That's Me speaking
—c'est moi—
and I should know.

Enuf & too much

[Send 30 bucks & I'll send a CD (40min) of *L'autre* and *ME*
(by the Original Dung Beetles: John Campion
and composer Edmund Campion)
a SIGBRO production]

For the sake of god's holy trousers, skip a beat...

Sophia
there's something wrong
with Papa's stomach

Papa what's a stomach?

It's something that changes food to energy.

You mean like animals?

Right.

Can't they get out?

Not really.

It's like a game bag?

Seems like

other things are in there too;
everything is isn't it? Is the earth?
Are you going to die?
And the stomach's gonna make it
something else?

Well honey
Papa
may have to
say goodbye
forever.

Don't think you can do that can you?

No you're right

but can you say hello
in a special way?
The stomach's a place
you CAN go out of
by going in?

You've helped me understand it better.

What will you look like?

You see the body
gradually disappear:
the head
shoulders
legs
feet.

I don't want you
to go anywhere.

When you can't see,
a hand will reach in
and you'll help
pull me through.

Then I'll

keep me together
till it's your time

to fly out of
and into

and I'll grab mommy's
and we'll live together
in the stomach

Better,

still—keeping
your *menagerie* in mind:
some
(making wood palatable)
hang
in termite
anaerobic hindguts—

ancient symbiosis
enables evolutionary radiations
along dietary lines.

eat ME

Foregut ruminants convert cellulose

chewing cud stirs contents
with stomach rhythm.

getting pretty
warm here

and I'll grab your hand

just like now sweetheart.

Thanks Doc

What a

clod.

an act of transubstantiation?)

The esophageal junction
promotes eructation

—w/o which the animal would explode.

Compare such fine produce
with the coarse dung
of a hind-

gut

STIMMUNG

conversing autopoietic entities

—getting a swing of
language
to embody the processes
is a precondition
of service—

trading
waste
for
nutrition
for
safety
motility
for lighting
these desert arms
reaching
perineum forests
and up to
mouth and nose
reservoirs
still suckling intestinal lands.

Indra's projections
frame social parallels
and draw the castes
from his malleable body.

No doubt god marks our foreheads
so victims won't return to kill us.

takes more than one
to make
the sound not made

Now back to the communiqué ...

relating symbionts,
from antagonism
to partnering,
span a dynamic
joint history.

Living veneers
follow exuberant
forest
associations,
depend on
illuminations
filtering through.

Inside,
chloroplasts
synthesize
glucose,
glycerol,
amino acids,
V I T A L
to building
rainclouds
drop
their loads
on
naturally
selected
plurals

(e.g. lichens

shatter our bias

and
fungi—
trigger
leafthread
filaments
network
the partnership

working the light
algae OR
cyanoes)

—reproducing
vegetatively
break particles
or fruiting spores
go in search
of candidates

out
to
far and wee

in eggs
broad-
casting
gametes
on the water
algae
deliver
the coral
they feed
upon

WE
run
the
biz
off
down
creek)

stressing
coral
bleach
the algae
lose
and all
of us
green

even as midridges
burning
60,000 kms,
slice the
earth

cold dense waters
percolate
the crust-
heated magma
surging the floor
dissolving
minerals—

survivors in the burning vents,
destined to die in the cool,
chance upon
other ephemeral existences—

amid the mass
extinction-proof faces
living records
rooted
in the burning freeze

(no mouth no gut no anus

wriggling smoking black
with magic
hemoglobin
GIANT
u
b
e
worms

bind and transport

for
intra-cellulars
to chemo-
synthesize
CO₂ to nourish them;

plumes
perfuse the sediments
closer to the surface
bivalve mollusks join,

at oxic
 an-
 oxic
 interfaces,
nematodes feed,
 tracking the chemocline
for their partners' sake,

up to
remoras
attaching
to the ray
to get a hitch
feeding scraps,

past the man-of-war
where cleaners
enter mouths
of morays,
groupers,
snappers,

some
dwell among
anemone's
stinging cells;
others
hide in the lilies,

as water pulls the long
tails of kelp
through the winding tangles

propelling a vortex of bells
from the body's cavity,
the *M~E~D~U~S~A* ejects
through the moving still
its book of mirrors.

—co-evolving
in the face of
the other
our strange attractor
shapes
without which
we would not be—

remarks a solitary scientist
amidst the algae mats
riding the Baja swamps.

moonface
menstrual blood
a cosmic pond

The chain of affection

by Jove you've got it)

an inter-kingdom transmission line

old as earth
resists
our wall
of containment

without desire
the wise
should never have
become so

feelings come first

unless they don't)

re-validating
the trigger
-producing
later
really not till you see as is
take yours to the well
and wipe a face on it

and show
at last
what medicine's printed on
VERONICA'S NAPKIN:

a "gentle"
cannibal threat?

—the same game
no matter who plays

at the space/time
intercalary
 Chaco
moon/fire stick
drainplug
omphalos
transmitter
to the hinterlands
welcomes you
 to North America.

Frieze
between armies
the wind speaks
the paradise
we all must pay for;

but will you listen to music
and know not
what
for God's sake
 you fight
admiring
mere
ass lickers?
Mowing them
 down
will not carry
 you up;
still you stamp
on every bit
of ground.

therefore stay
since you're not
going
but everywhere
thinking
a way out
misunderstanding
the disease
can not be
cut to pieces
leastwise your proclivity
to reproduce
 pathologies,
may be changed
to what is
as it goes
to what it's going to be

riding
transference
provides
the only non-
existence
you're allowed;

because
the system has rules
 you see
no bigger watering can
pouring
broad rivers
 flow
"the little way"
we call good
opposed to non-aligned
where anger grows
the soul shrinks
a senseless world
cuts from the root desire
our war against the other
 brings;

vibrating sound
to close
the
doors
against
feeling's
a crime

since
no sacred planets
exist outside
your reach

(the human universe?)

I've warned
you
about simulacra

photons
shot through a slit
bring uncertainty

O Mahatma!
Nothing exists
outside
limitation

no inside
not envious
of what isn't

coming back
to do over
where
one is not
is for the other
that you may
arrive

The first murder
confirms

women

they
who
mount
say

caused the flood &
nurse the planted seed
only and shall therefore
no longer
be citizens
but concern themselves
with mere fashion

& never given
a straight pin
with circular disk.)

On such a hill
where Theseus drove
a wedge
through the world
we construct a wall
and a court of law

NOT
failing to mention

the university system

forever
to defend
the rights of man.

Are you waking again?

Trembling

history tracks
the fight against
Earth
on one sleeve
the trident
on the other...

(in my circle
I had three visitors:

recirculating carbon,
sulfur, nitrogen,
phosphorus,
oxygen,
hydrogen,
the pregnant woman
draws calcium
from her bones
to feed us

‘A’ said:
“making
the world
conform”

minerals
flow
through
the bodies

asa
nisi
masa

as ‘B’
“drives you to
drink
the poisoned
well;”

The butter
The fire
The sacrifice

the ‘wolf serpent’

P~r~o~s~e~r~p~l~n~a

hissed:
“live sufficiently
in all the forms;”

What behooves you
to think on
something
bigger?
Will it surfeit you
to accept
 only
that which exists
in the other
resists annihilation—
a fig
ripe for eating
our blood makes
the serpent
stop to drink,
 ride out
 from the moon
heavy faced
dripping with it—
a shark snaps at the scent:

the letter **A**
the letter **Z**

—death has already visited.

Will you say
ONE
when
 many
multicolored
eyes
 mouths
ditches
 odors
too many arms
hairs standing on end
bodies
to be
 believed

where all lines
tend
so terribly
minded
for copying,
crashing after
what's coming
or going?

Neither
a better piece of
property
nor
deliverance
in dis-
embodiment—
the oceanic
action
of life and death
passing over
the circle of lips
produce

whatever
OMMMMMMM
for you
there's
fruit
from the tree
rooted in
projected
desire

re:
producing
the past,
a river
not
to be confused
w/ nirvana

a kind of
real-estate

knowledge
being
action

the mind and belly
empty
as they're filled

neither renounce
nor merely
strike the fires
you're told

but sit
on the algae mat's
flying carpet

—the rug that carries us all—

and contemplate
the nature
of cessation and
change.

Having made everyone
a proxy
and needing a larger hoop
than you're given,
on demand
you still expect

when you pour it out
the world fills back up

Turn it.

Between two armies
say the COLD,
or
the TERROR

—same damn thing
on every
fucking channel—

walk Arjuna and Krishna
—unbeknownst to them

our guarantee of safety
convinces
 the other
we're crazy
as we think
they are:

Strangelove
yodels:
 "E. T.
bomb home,"

as SANE groups
freeze
their tracks,
hair blows
 denial
(our only therapy)

Guess Who?

Strolling the Gulag
 he built

 "back
to the stone age,"
 chortles
Brilliant Pebbles
 —hoping for
 a transferred
 application
of the rock apes
phenomenon;

over
 the
 city
 .

In Shangrila
one grand dam
remarks:
"now I've seen

TEEVEE

I don't count my beads
as I should;"

a peculiar glass
that does not
keep
one turning to
stone
Pete

and
re:
peat

Does
Foucault
still
think power
produces
reality?

Being
dead
now
more
than ever

light pollution
obscures
the stars

putting time
outtjoint

W
e
l
i
v
e
i
n
t
h
e
6th
g-r-e-a-t
e
x
t
i
n
c
t
i
o
n

the 7th or 8th
if you include
the blotting out of memory
held in the lights above

The Great Dimming
a true dark age
shields us

& facilitates
our special choice:
to die from

FIRE AND ICE

furthering the American norm
most people build
weapons
cause the pay is good.

most useful
the unused
tool

So just
how ugly are we?

O Panza mia,
once interviewed
by CIA

the cooking school?)

I squawked
to turn a dolphin
killer
or make a sound
so loud
to terrify
everyone
though nobody
could hear—

without emptiness
the house
is
empty

but we don't go hurting folks
willy-nilly

fear of punishment
is usually enuf)

besides if you
design well
they're better for
(the environment

Nice of you to help.
But in a pinch
when trouble
about
thinking
about
the bomb
comes
reach for
the living
g-l-o-r-y

when the work's
done
there's *nothing*
left to do

Total institutions
create
total

individuals
see
no contradiction
between
THE
work of god
AND
work
of the bomb

—the one you share your secrets with
controls your liberty;
so remember to carry

I don't need no stinking badges

at all times concede

as when
a masher
with wicked eyes
flashes his headlamps
& freezes skittish girls
caught in their exposure, the
capacity to make a case of your
subject through the work of observation
is central to the weaponization of existence.

takes a mess of punches,
but such strange tabulations
move us from theory to practice.
The holes count off
each one
—the power of negative capability
grows with the numbers
inscribed on the card
—just the size of a dollar—
guaranteeing our nation's "Doctor"
the tools to confirm his diagnosis.
How better for us
to play both ends against the middle
and live to pick up the pieces?
Let us pay tribute
to this dream of reason
and sing, as they did once,
a "Silent Night,"

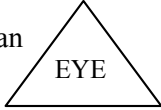
—recalling how
our wondrous machine
made them all light up
their empty
Hanukah rows
of BIG BLUE candles.

Fill the hole where you left off...

 bless me father for I have sinned...

DADADADADADADADADADA!

 in no case shall the said Bernard Bodley be
the piss that passeth understanding.

 To rivet the ole Phoenix on them,
 PROJECT 24 psyops
nailed an 
the crucified thing
to the house opposite
 anyone still enough
 in his right mind
 not to support us.
 When they'd come burbling fear,
 we buddy-buddied
took them for drinks
later a brothel

Extraordinary rendition!

 to get some tight pictures.
Then off to the pit for a little
 torture and abuse

(with T & A, b+analization IS the crux!

 The photos helped enlist
them in a special
 unit infiltrating areas,
 off limits (say Cambodia.

Their additional numbers proving
that 'pacification' was gaining favor...)

 Once on the trail of righteousness,
 they'd radio the position
 of villages sympathetic to the enemy.
 B52s bombed both parties
—killing two birds with one stone,
as it were.

Eventually of course,
the adversary began to track
the lightly armed teams
coming in for surveillance
and census duty.
Utilizing this opportunity,
heavily fortified squads
followed hard by
—leveraging “the company’s” guerilla
bait appeal—to keep
kill ratios high
and funding guaranteed.

What about the rights
of non-combatants?

During wartime,
which is now
ALL THE TIME
and
everywhere,
there’s no such thing;

outsight
operational
zones
maintain the public trust
in democratic institutions.
But I hasten to re:
add

the chill is greater
when the subject
is uncertain
of the actual conditions
of observability.

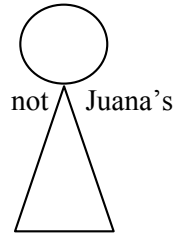
Thus
internalized:
the nation’s a prison;
confusing
inmates w/guards

as the EMBEDDED JOURNALIST
psychiatrist
lawyer
grocer
principal
complete the
architecture of

etceteras)

the pyramid scheme
of the dollar
with the eye
at the strategic end
embodies
the PANOPTICAN.

surveillance
experienced by
hopeful innocents



There's no where
to hide
in every cell
is written

He knows when you are sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows when you've been bad or good
so be good for goodness sake...

every thought
we take prisoner
for Xst

renders
pliant
enough

patriots
enable
the New World Order
annuit coeptis.

(Compartmentalism
facilitates
 division
 of
 labor
reaches its logical extension
when thoughts
 are top secret

Total Information Awareness

preserves the disease.

 Course the price of continuous propaganda is public indifference.

Now look in here. You see—

guess who?

—whatever I want you to.
“Perception management”
provides the means
of social control
—a necessary precondition
for directing the flow
 of history.

Under this regime
 if people see
the forbidden truth,
 but the mind
 won’t admit it,
then they won’t turn
 to stone?

We fill
the frame
with our desire:
your punishment

the ugliness,
 yet
 to be seen,
we pronounce
“Project Democracy”

too abused
to make

SOUND

judgments
the masses'
special treatment
strikes a preemptive
blow
towards
implementation
of the mechanism;

my fingers
separate but equal
can still turn the fucking channel

You're on and
N-O-B-O-D-A-D-D-Y
watches TV.

or even make a bloody fist to smash the gd thing...

the eye you think you're watching
you may turn down, but not off
or memory will run out altogether.

Ah! here's a special
Nagasaki survivor,

noteworthy
by virtue of opposing patches,
black and white, forever etched
into her back
—mirroring,
of course,
the dual colored florals from her
printed dress

—IT'S ALL MEDUSA
ALL THE TIME
right here
on MBN.

To this example
we expect multiple
genetic counterparts.

Before going on...
I need a drink of water.

Beyond opinion and desire
& having assumed
the form of a pool of water,
Dharma
demands that people
who come to drink
answer a question
beforehand.

Oh very well, what is it?

Please give an example of defeat.

How about victory?

Those who know this
surely may be permitted
to quench their thirst.

Righteo

Click:

The unique pattern
turning
in each finger print
shaped by the
spiral within
—against such evil eyes,
waggle
the painted COCKS.

Every race horse
straight-backed bull,
every
premium pig,
tells us to protect our-
selves

not just from criminals
but from the hideous serpents
of vicious p~r~o~t~o~p~l~a~s~m.

Undeterred
by the shibboleth
of the melting pot,
we cut off misery
at the root—wielding
the just scalpel,
we behead and leave them
shining,
a thousand years.

Remember to disinfect
the scrotum,
make a one-inch cut,
and sever the ducts
—burying
a closing
stitch.

Tattoo
GEHELME
over the broken tissue

gonna
r
a
i
n
gonna
r
a
i
n

as the entomologist
pins
a field of eyes
all crazy over the garden wall
we raise
to keep out the weeds.

Fostering imbeciles w/ charity
Santa gives poison to the children.

Upon the cross,
even Jesus
is a eugenicist.
The sanctity of life
perverts
the design.

Part of nature
we too are cruel.
Peace brings
death to the line
of morons.
Mein Kampf
trumpets
the blitzkrieg of
applied biology

strength through joy!

against
dysgenic
medicine;
we drown the weak
to assure a race
of warriors

build
no orgone accumulators
but lethal beds
under which
to put their shoes.

Death
a black stork

(incarcerates
the one
and
kills
the
pedigree)

disinfects
the
unemployed

—carriers
walking among us
disguised in the trappings
of normality.

Our laboratories
work overtime
to cure diseases
we foment.)

If insurance companies
are prevented
from obtaining
DNA records
of entire families

we will not pay
for the pre-existing conditions
of hereditary disease—
thus overcoming
the asymmetrical advantage
of individuals who know...

Global Digital
Infrastructures
& the new Gene Caste System
enhance humanity's drive
to self-directed evolution.

Transgenics
offers
the best of the best
w/respect
to customer
satisfaction.

makes us shop

consume

everything
in
sight)

Crack there's
10000
a handful
of ground,
100 trillion cells
in a human body

So look in the mirror:

Looking
with the face of fear
at every moment
I suppose
is what

turns us to

stone

given such insanity
Doctor
how bout a pep talk
or a little shock therapy;

though not a *physikist*

I did ask

to see

it

AS IT IS

creating fragments,
the modus operandi
of the Kali Yuga
is extinction.
There is no sanctuary
from the meteor
silencing
forest
tundra
taiga
desert
grassland
cross talk.
Emptied of content,
the fractal
weakens
the new
GROTESQUE
English only
a face w/o lines.

Monoclonals
reduce the languages of earth
sitting in an empty room

the new agriculture
a form of child abuse—

our offspring are speechless—

un-
nurtured babies
smile.
Anti-death
we create species
that don't decay,
the uniform
crops mown
in a single predictable
assault.

The terminator gene
does away with children
and keeps the bastards
from re:using seed.

N a t u r a l l y
we'll find a way
to solve the dependency
of new technologies
on the wild.

What genes can we graft
to the tree of life?

Ours a fight
against
the multi-storied
rain forest

from which, we'll make one helluva BOOK OF CHANGES—

the search for Übermensch
our new improved
self-created
self-hanging

—Frankenstein's quest
for immortality
begins at home
where his doppelgänger's
doing the cleaning

engineers secure
the germ-line
with slight risk to
human viability.

The offspring may lack
imagination,
but the little bugger's
gonna have perfect 20/20,
by cracky
no nails in the neck
neither.

If the discourse
supports a soliloquy
let me suggest)

the Bodhisattva does not return to lead others to Nirvana as a sacrifice.
Nirvana itself is caught in the wheel of craving. No longer faced
with the existential abyss of free choice,
(the last bastion of romanticism)
he chooses because he has no other
function; his existence is predicated on it. I
suspect the fraudulence of that double-
crosser Jesus, (or is it triple?) who
wanders about—
rejoining the
God
he no longer
believes in—while the
true Christ knows that the process
to which he is attached—leading others to
the real, is his only raison d'être
and that paradoxically he
will UNbecome when
this task is
accomplished.

To remain awake
Buddha cut off
his eyelids.
Where they fell
the ground
produced
sansara.

When painting the eyes of the Buddha look into a mirror. Upon
completion, you will be blindfolded and taken before an
“object of no consequence.” This you will
destroy with your own liberated
gaze—harmlessly channeling
the powerful streaks
of lightning.

The problem dear boy is not
in seeing
but in being
 seen.

I don't like cum on the body;
 it's too much
like evidence.

WE COME TO SERVE.

You two-faced

[squared

 bastard

very likely]

 meaning

the skambha
generates worlds
Shiva
 dances
the death
 of egos.

MAYBE.
 But
stripping off
 and baring
such 'divinity'
 I discover
 mere
legitimators
 of gross
self-serving
 power

—the old trunk
in the attic's
full
of terrible stuff—

what you read
 is
how)

one of the old ones)

(welcoming
 the ownership society

YOU're
SURprised
 we heal ourselves
 together

touché

Not for nothing
 IS
 the first test
 T-R-I-N-I-T-Y
 nor Chernobyl
 worm-
 wood.

made of
 one caste system
 or another,
 robbing nature

& the commons
 —giving what's ours

to some private bastard

or not at all

the noose we buy
 to hang ourselves
 at every minute
 is a cord
 of clouds.

Yes
now give it
ME
in one
She-
b
a
n
g
!

In a basement at Langley
one harkens
 "Eureka!
nuclear winter
mitigates
the
greenhouse."

The salesman
 carries
a nuclear bomb
in his suitcase.

As we cover our faces
the bones in our hands
light up.

Howdy Doody
 urges
 Israel
to depilate the pillars
and bring the blessings
 of the market
to all the Middle East.

Yes like dial-a-yield)
& analagous
to labor-saving devices,
religions disable
 the irrational
 pathways.

Derived from the biota

(bacteria
SEE Moholy
OR

trance
phasphenes
link the psyche
with the stars
make of culture
an omnidimensional
instrument.

That's why
separating
then valuing
"one
over the other,"
we live for
entertainment.

When the brain fears to remember
it goes to the tavern in the head
and has a few.

In the sweatlodge
seeds are thrown
onto the rocks.

Alfred E.
uses it to
elevate the
buzz of television

—meltdown in the meadows—

runaway
horizontal
transfers
strike new disease
vectors
and destroy
non-targets.

Monopolizing the modified
seed stock
TNCs
combining
 eugenics
and cloning
create the super army
against
'undesirables'

so very usufuckt...

In the interests of
fairness and public health,
we will be unable to provide
passes to applicants
with inherited anomalies.
Towards this end
tests for insurability
are indispensable.)

Nevertheless,
to maintain our humanitarian sector
 we must
 in limited cases
 use germ-line manipulation
to correct "certain" diseases.

Naturally this work
guarantees the superiority
of our worker and managerial classes.

Whether the same caring practices
will be applied to other species
is open to debate,

but the market possibilities
derived from
revitalization efforts
with respect to re:cloning
rain forests, etcetera
are enormous.

FREEDom has never been so free.

Moreover, indefinite high tech intervention
to maintain reproductive continuity
is mandated and endlessly profitable.
Fear of collapse is overstated.
And I am certain that “the people”
would prefer to have white and perfect teeth
than concern themselves with
implications of the interactively
hindered comprising the genome.

Nor do we have to concern ourselves
with an unproductive sector in dentistry;

we'll fill this open niche
with self-replicating projects
unimaginable:
virgin births
new hearts
eyes
spines
skin.

One cell heals them all
Parkinson's
balding
brains
lactose intolerant rats.

Viruses are characters

or deep source of origin and variation?)

in search of a play.
Don't like it?
Change the script.

Don't like your member;
GROW a new one
in your garden.

For double organ deterioration
(from old age or abuse)
reverse Xenotransplantation
does the trick

and in the absence of a healthy match pair
this little piggy
went to the market

call
the telekinetic-monkey tailor
to cut an organism
fit for the occasion.

Even danger of irreversible
defunct evolutionary heritage
arising
from runaway
engineered foodstuffs

supermarket to the world

opens the way

the NATURE
of things to come...

for lucrative
entrepreneurial opportunities,
especially
when one considers
the endless
artificial maintenance
such repair requires.

O my
double

double

plus good
no less so for the death knell
of biological immortality
brought on by the terminator,
freeing us of the inefficient
mechanisms of rogue seed hoarders
and placing reproduction in the hands
of experts.

Your sarvant.

The essential lesson to carry
is that overcoming the limiting
functions of nature
widens the
idea mart.

We CAN facilitate the effort.

E.G.: since engineered strains
are marked with antibiotic resistance genes
during cloning,
we can rely on them to be
disseminated through
viral exchanges to wild varieties.

Thus,
understanding nature
helps us perfect it
with
more
total
quality
control

But we must cease
haphazard errors
as in multiple resistant bacteria.
Such byproducts must be
designed for optimum benefit;
disabling medical agents
manufactures new needs.

Let's bless,
but not blow it
with mere
laissez-faire.

Superbugs equal superprofits.

Properly designed
mechanized environments
outperform
the tired euphemisms
of nature

Defects must be designed
for leverage.

Even cosmogonic
events,
such as meteors,
can be harnessed
in the face
of famine, etcetera—
a prospect our
genetically
defective monoculturals
make possible.

Thus a new era buds
in natifical
products.

Though diversity's still a formidable problem,
genetic engineering provides new horizons
—reproducing the weak (so now extinct)
w/ fitter manufactured goods.

But to be fair,
in some cases,
Nature

—the ultimate bioterrorist—

mitigates the difficulty:
remember
how Jesus smiled
BOTH
on our final political victory
& our problem
with warming,
by melting the ice caps
—thus
opening the northern lanes
to trade
AND the frozen preserves
to complete petroleum
extraction.

We must never allow dogma to get in the way of truth)

and here form and content
should be the goal as Nature designs.
For example:
undetectable exorcist strains provide
HOPE in the difficulty of repressing
their transfection capabilities.

But what about war?

Likewise flexibility aspects of bioweapons
aimed at both enemies

i
n
t
e
r
n
a
l
and
e
x
t
e
r
n
a
l

offer multi
-valent
prospects.

Artificially introduced
horizontal transfers
of sexual pollution
create phantom
supermoths, weeds,
viral outbreaks
never imagined,
a prodigious boon
to aerospace
and the extra-terrestrial
aka "Oracle"
real-estate sectors.

Meanwhile
pharmaceutical
contaminations
of the food crop
shine
with expectation.

Think what GM DNA
moving into gut bacteria
could mean for
design?

I tell you
we're mobilizing
the future.
AND
given current
throughput

Luddites
have little chance
to slow us.
Dubbed cum Raygun's
bait and switch

looking for victims
the
juggernaut
rolls

with the right kind of
softening agent,
they'll be
lining the avenues
begging to be run over.

Wouldn't be a bit surprised
if a new energy source
isn't adduced
from the matter.

think

Don't you

think?

And no fretting
success.
If they create a potato
to resist one pest
it will attract another
or have catastrophic effects
needing further
investment.

For X's sake
the people
will do what's right
BELIEVE you me
this preemptive
democratic work.

That some varieties
harm the immune system
boosts medical
research facilities
leading to better health
all round.
Archetypal maize fields
already teem with std fighting
capacity.

Bad hair days
will be a thing of the past.

Transgenic livestock
are walking pharmacies;

goats spin silk
strong enough to hold
suspension bridges,

flowers colored to order,

Engineered vectors
cross species barriers
creating viral/bacterial pathogens,
and spreading antibiotic resistance.

Mimicking the doctor
who kills
with one hand and heals
with the other,
today's investor
the
image of tomorrow:
raises one to dispel FEAR,
dispensing BOONS of largesse
with the other.

we'll vaccinate our children
eating a cocopuff banana,

lawns never
have to be mowed

fish swim downstream.

New patent law
advances the cause.
Virtual property rights
are finally
protected from the
whims of nature,
which has itself
been privatized.

Now that's
BIG
TEX

But to put it plainly,
the “market” owes
its swollen belly
to slavery.

Obey your earthly master
lest you offend your heavenly one.

Therefore
keep holy the Sabbath
carrying a gun to church;
for nothing
beckons revolution
more than a day of rest.

When it comes, decapitate
the freedom fighters
and place their heads on pikes
all along the great highway

but I’d rather you talk about
BIG SEX

boundary markers accompany
eruptions of
bon mot

yeah get to it!

from this
the uninitiated
learn
in kilotons of yield
the rods from God.

As General Lord said:

Space Superiority is not our birthright, but it is our destiny. Space
Superiority is our day-to-day mission. Space Supremacy is our vision for
the future.”

One weapon’s designer
encourages protestors
to look

into the gorgon’s face:

Grandpapa broke my shiny new cowboy six-shooters in half
for shooting strangers dead,
but it's all such a horror, we might as well chuck...

your final illusion:

I can't see—after so bloody much—what now does the mirror hold?

NOTHING

A perfect likeness

disappears as the world emerges.

If not war—what is “IT?”

Collaboration.

you can't have what isn't yours

but act to feel it later—with one last visitation from DADA—

After dying, he visited my bedroom by night—looking down from the ceiling or partly submerged from the walls—then he'd just sit on the edge of the bed and hold my hand. Finally I said, “All right why do you come here. Don't you have somewhere to go?” “That's just it. I don't know where I'm supposed to be.” “You're there and you think I know better than you.” “Exactly. These are things that you've always known.” “OK. The question is not so much where to go, but how. Have faith and you'll go where you're supposed to go.” I never saw him again.

this elixir the blood flowing out...

Violently sick near wit's end
having been divorced and robbed hours
earlier, I crawled back again from the toilet to the
bed and began to sob with the serious contemplation
of a total check out—when suddenly I saw myself from
far above through the very roof on the house. I began to laugh
uncontrollably at how utterly funny I was. Then I knew I would be
okay as I reentered my body. Glowing, near the window, was a being of
solid light. I walked slowly over and traced the light around it. I don't re-
member returning to my bed but woke peaceful and well the next morning
languages the universe.

the life you have
the only
one

The solitary penguin
struts the lengthy corridor
as a procession of species
 (whose destination's
 their mutual origin)
co-evolves
 with ice
they bear
better than others
what protects them—
male
and female
 the egg
carrying forward
the future depends
on seeing
 the self as
preserving the other
 in MUSIC
w/o which
they could not know
their own.

Sounds

collaborative

like)
polytheism

at heart

articulating
from every chamber
the polymorphous

per

verse

[a breath of sound moving a flame

taking on
the ancient redolent forms

our only skambha]

the instrument of speech
renews

I begin to see

every thing
that's
YOURS

so many interpretants

tell me Sancho
shall I give up the path of arms
to pursue the word?

Don Quijote, how can I say,

It's in your Panza

since I observe
it is you doing it?

Yes, but always living in others
we float so independently
our food comes through
corded
to who
knows what?

It's all a matter of how you think señor.
But I suppose thinking is a kind of doing.

Words imprison the mind
honest Sancho.

Alas, the mind imprisons our words
señor.

Ergo, the words have mind

l~a~n~g~u~a~g~e
a thing
we do
together

that changes
the changing
to find the world
after all
we live multiples
made evident
through
collaboration
truth arises
from how we
co-exist
in what
we choose
to live
we do.

Perhaps
señor
reciprocally
open
energy
and
matter
flow in to
what we do
we do
recursively
in congruence
& if
we don't
we aren't
what we are
coming from
and going to.

Your place or mine?

Both.

You slut,
how very
in-
discrete,
but do have
a way
when present
art coheres
with circumstance
love makes
the co-
existent
other.

We're repeating

We?

our-

selves
know
the language
of history
rises
from the choices
we live to feel
happening
as they happen
to disappear
the name
we give
or don't
is what exists
we use
in relation
the future
now
emerges.

But how can what happens
be projection?

To make it
easier
to deny
till we make of language a thing

we will never know how
to live the thing we feel

that is the thing

but ride the swiftly diminishing façade

THERE

THERE

Now
RATCHET UP
just a tad

constructed of
re-use
each
signer
acts
within
a
sphere
penetrating
the
atmo-
hydro-
litho-
& bio-
stabilizing
ecosystems
make
through dialogue
the
co-participants
our growing
umwelt.

The hermetic molecule
seeks an interpreter?

Every egg, Orphee,
contains
a question
an
 other
is to answer.

Immune system
 terpenoids
 in the
 corn leaves
propagate the message
in the caterpillar's spittle
 calling a wasp
 to supper.

To disembody
 robs
existence
of its semiotic roots,
the ongoing
 need
for translation.

Intelligent by
 Nature
 plays
a memory theatre
 affirms
 relationships,
 opening
a plenitude of new
 performances

a language
to govern
the un-
hinged
production
system

WE LIVE
THE LIMITS
OF THE SCRIPT

speaking out the body collective,
you've nothing to lose
but your chains.

For Xst' sake

difficult for any to be real
—still your trying
is Vishnu
carrying on;

the disguise lifted
comes down
like) a wild flute player

Let be be finale

cowled in a hood of snakes,
whose back, an elephant head flashes
a central trunk

producing an
OM
removes the obstacle

I want—but don't know...

in the other you see
“out of your own eyes”
where you live
the thing now coming together
a portal separating colors even
as it is
part of
going hence.

I look in the mirror and slowly become everyone who has ever lived,
then everything that has ever existed, at once.

And you're still in one piece?

PLEASE Doctor Sibyl

As an act of remembrance,
take a walk—
 where you step
the lines run every which way
leading
to particular destruction
 but
always
the coevolutionary now place
(WHAT paradise
 there is)
—Arjuna cultivate

ALL THE WORLD'S

your garden
even when it isn't

YOUR stage

(You know
—as I began
this difficult practice,
my daughter brought a shell
and bade me put my ear to it:

that's the sound of the ocean, I said.

Papa, is the ocean inside of it?

Sophia, the shape of the shell causes the sound.

Then the ocean is the shaper of things.

You throw a stick of wood
out into the water
 and it comes back a fish.)

—but O dear guide, what does all this STUFF come to,
& isn't there some way for it to heal us?

So you finally want your ORACLE?

There is no other

I have warned you

This is the only book

So this is
WHAT
I need
to know
to do

AND

HOW