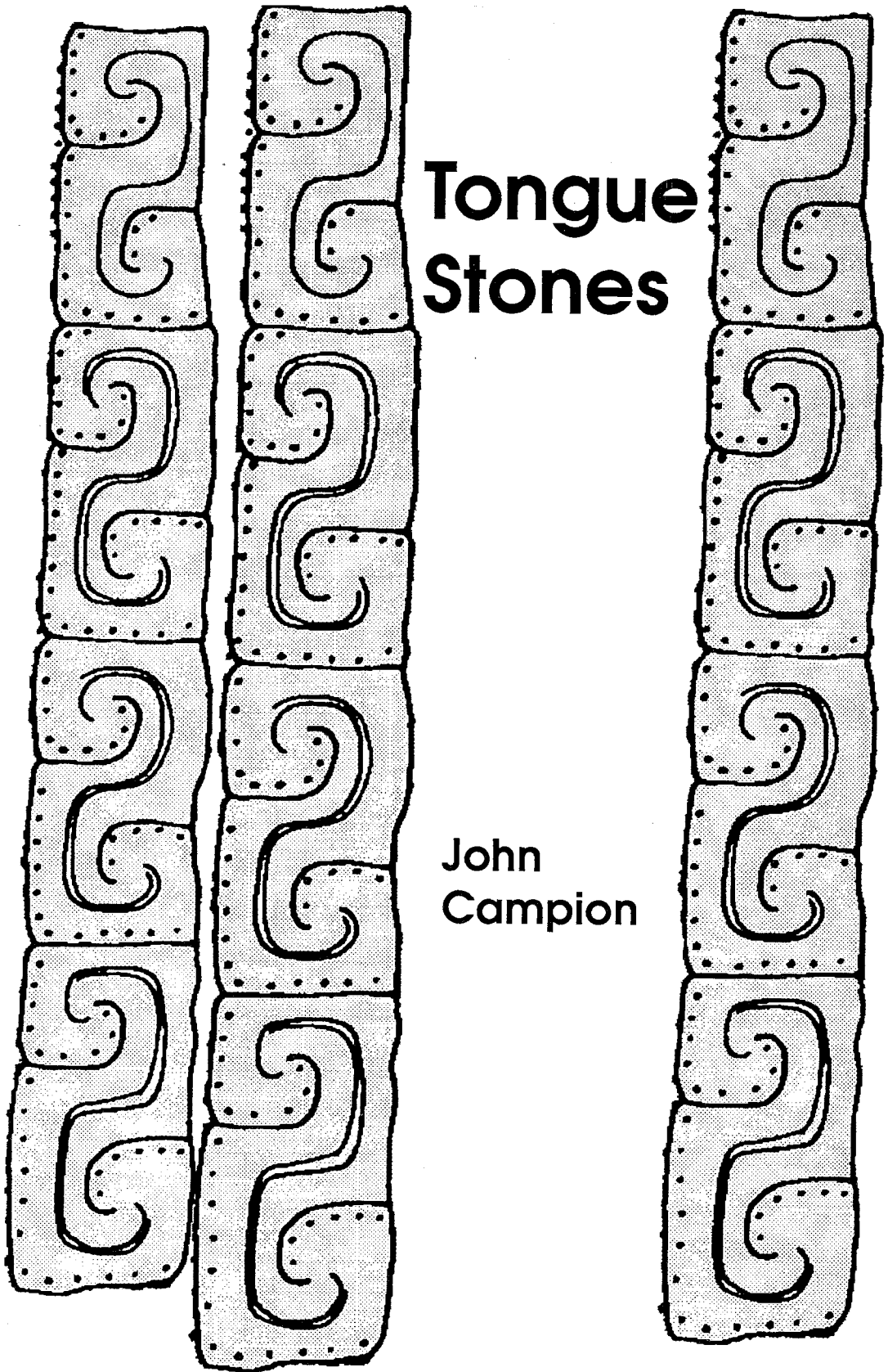
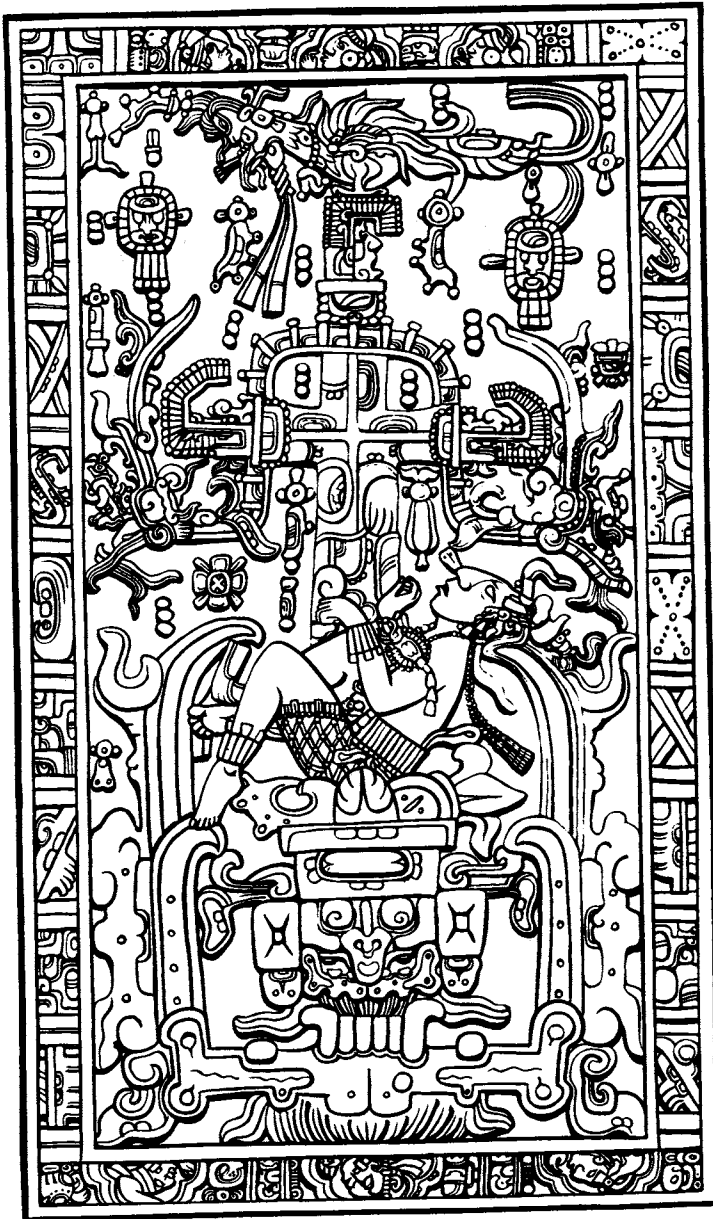


Tongue Stones

John
Campion



TONGUE STONES



Sarcophagus lid (Pacal's Tomb) Palenque, Chiapas, Mexico

TONGUE STONES

In memory of Ambrose and Mary Gordon
and also the countless named and unnamed
whose memory theatre this is.



Ecotropic Works

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Ecotropic Works (a.k.a. Eco-Tropic Books) is the environmental wing of The Open Theatre, a nonprofit, tax-exempt, arts organization

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Tongue Stones—LC #98-96775 (296 pages @ \$17.00) is the first part of an Ecotropic critique of Western culture.. (Winner of The Austin Book and The Violet Crown Awards.)

Squaring the Circle—LC # 98-96776 (230 pages @ \$17.00) forms the second part.

Make checks out to the author.

Ecotropic Works
P.O. Box 12336
Berkeley, CA 94709

*Birds do not know
it is the end of time,
they fly among antennae
unaware*

—Sirens—

(What is heard when placing hands over the ears)

—I am cursed, O Agni

I hear it always—

not when dying is this perceived,

though it is sound that digests

the indigestible.

Wheel ring

ancient hoof thunder

burning fire

the audible proof:

mast-tied in a troubled sea, sweating feverishly, I yearned for sirens calling from the rocks. The metatext contained the ominous sound—a veritable pun—signaling a modern apocalypse. Thus “my book” ended with a large red splotch—the image of my head after a precipitous and fatal dive or of that same crown penetrating a small hole.

Hub round which the spokes flare

from the ear flies creation.

Wind will make room for you.

The disease is tinnitus.
(Doctors say I will not be driven mad.)
The cause cannot be identified.
I alone attract the lightning.

Pitch varies from a low roar of engines
to the oscillating scream of the world storm.
As I can
I listen
like some diviner of cosmological weather.
Mostly
I seek a mask.
The world is such a place.

There is no silence for me anymore.

Let there at least be music
to rush like silence
framing the terrible intrusion.

It measures the black
myself
empty receptacle.
The horn's call is not limited to the end.

Too bad
the poet will bear not less than everything.

Music is percussion then.
Can you perceive the fluttering heart
beneath the disheveled wing?

I am the siren man.
My bomb goes off constantly.

Feet
move to snake rattles;
mysterious syllables fall
on implacable hungers
belly full.

when the moment comes
 you find the past too much
 to bear
too inconsequential
 the world i harbor
will be the wrong world
 i know
you already feel
 how then
can the rectitude of a given hour
shape itself
to the shape
 your ear is
 ear
i would bend
 sock in
 as mine has been
wrecked now
 forever

this all this while the hard wind blows
the scant wheat asunder

Living near a noisy station,
a family discovered through trial and error
that members could continue talking while a train passed,
if they spoke in a "certain tone."

1. The dung-beetle makes a ball and rolls it to a nest for the next generation of larvae to feed upon. If necessary, will eat of the ball to preserve its own life.
2. Egyptians thought a scarab drove the sun along a skyward path.
3. Sisyphus condemned like all of us shoves a stone up the mountain eternally.

ALL MEN ARE DUNG-BEETLES

4. While descending a cave, Amerindians sucked the juice of beetles.
5. After some hours, they began to hallucinate—sensory deprivation and the result of the aforementioned Divine Wine à la Scarabee.
6. Only then could they write the words, with their own dung no less, the gods our precursors understand.

LANGUAGE IS THE FOOD OF MEN

7. The paths a dung-beetle makes along the earth, along the perimeter of sky, form a double Ferris wheel.
8. All possibilities are expressed in the pattern of stars and the 10,000 things.
9. The possibilities reside in seats of the double wheel—each a single day.

AS BELOW SO ABOVE

10. The dream of the dung-beetle is the dream of gods and humanity.
11. The beetle is still rolling its dung.
12. We live in a chamber caused by interpenetrating girders, the mutual desire of humanity and gods.

WE ARE MADE OF LETTERS MADE OF DUNG

We wait expectantly
larvae in a hole
lips slobbering

SHIT

A jolt below

begins the root
the tower of languages the tree of life.

Four crimsoned petals
circle the square.
An elephant like the earth
holding a lotus stalk
supports

Her.

The dragon unfolds.

Twins gambol round
a giant log
fallen in a hole.

Having forgotten
no one can build the Sampo.

But this much is known:
you build the body out,

hewing, weighing, inscribing, engraving.
One letter moved
and you will be crippled.

She tuned
fingering the long board

her spine

Vertical turns
the horizontal

Ixion's wheel of serpents.

Empty your buckets
moon ferrier high
the perpetual light shines

upon us

Inspiration the Supreme Flash of Knowledge.

All things wait only to be summoned.

Envelope
 light of my soul
 fluid
only by virtue of
 and this also
the Isn't provides leverage
to move the earth.

To keep us human the heart of heaven blew mist into our eyes.

Go break your pots.
We must be drilling again.
The fire speaks
the one who shoots arrows at the sky.

A piece of thread to hook a star
 rafter to hang our things on

we do this for the continuation of the world.

Yet here wind shrieks
no kindnesses
our portion
the stripped gullet where bone
knuckles thru,
cowsides draped across a cosmic piano.

Then pity the insurrection of hearts
pinioned in their cavities.

I do not need glasses to pull them close,
am not separate from my rage.

Even in this indescribable wind
my hands are not penitential,
each finger a heart
pounding
against what?

Like tide pools, veins carry the brooding fluid.

To obtain a day
to begin with
at any cenote
dive

Sometimes I wonder
what those asleep
in the lower beds are dreaming.

Memory begins with
traces
do not deny the nada;
Herodotus
admits blind spots

Carboniferous limestone frieze of human hands, elephant, horse, bison, hind, tectiforms, chamois, ibex. 25 identifiable layers, 12 archeological remains.

At Castillo

(check Picasso's Bulls)

abstraction moves to representation

in time

Viesgo ringed with caves.

Hot springs drew animals

tongue stones

throne with a magic disk.

Like OVERbear,

cavebear clawed the paintings.

Humanity closer to the source

30,000 years ago

barriers

not fully erect,

but fuzzier-headed too.

The breakthrough in clarity at Altamira

marks the beginning of "Homo expediens."

At Puente Viesgo

the bourgeoisie are taking the cure;

fascists holding their annual convention

salute the Christ and sing.

Layer upon layer—

and in periods of abandonment

caves set down the eloquent blank page.

The bathers cannot remember what they had for breakfast.

Collision of Things

oooo +++++

+++++

oooooooooooo

HORSE

MAN

war

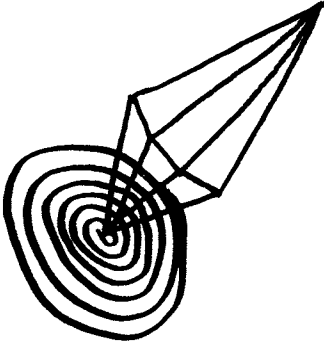
bringer

Iggy's Tree

Fish gills
blood covered
bird feathers
stuck to her side

underneath

The effort expended in maintaining the illusion will drain us.



—who me?
—why not?
—well for one thing i'm sanctified
—you mean you're a virgin?
—no silly gods dont leave scars they're neat as a pin—
'cept they bruise your face with their thumbs



—i wonder what that spot means
—it means i'm its
—its?
—that's the kind of god i mean a tag with full address of owner—
i'll never get lost as long as my face is desecrated
—it must be terrible
—it is, but i get comfort knowing the world is mastered
—boot in the face?
—quite

after the city what?
just practicing

is there a future?

i doubt it

only a present continuously

film

cut

print

lips slobbering

Ezekiel observes the interpenetration of planes.

Wheels rotate till the moment
two faces meet
to form an identical day,
when fire consumes the universe.
The world must be destroyed over and over.

A deep and desolate place
Beetle lays eggs in,
compacts
rolling uphill with hind legs
to reach a place of deposit,
the pellet;
our mummified polis
like the heart of the dead
impresses my clay.

Who was it removed dirt from the eyes
the roiling mess in our deepest places?
The cogs
a mutual invention

Stereopticon

history starlink
multi-dimensional
unfolding.

Head, a hemisphere of stars,
dome, a bicameral sky,
electron constellation
snaps
all myth
a retelling of the year.

The circle scores an undivided line;
where the line breaks, the new begins.

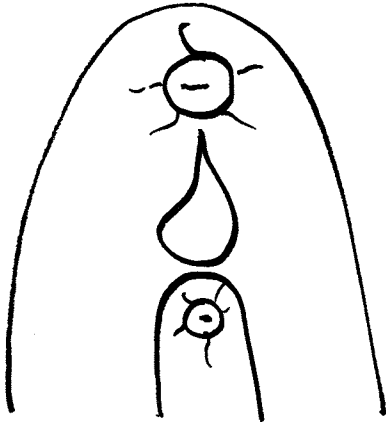
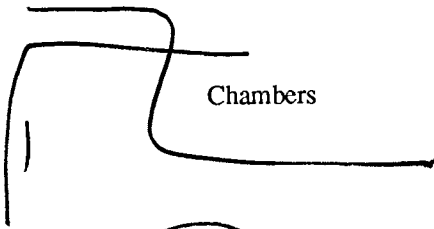
Heads at Rushmore

Whole
our world
apart

the catasterism of memory.

Descent was ancestral
first insects in the water
enter only during dry season

crawling



The Meeting:

send out your ravens swallows doves
you sleepers in deep space

the earth
our sustenance and harbor.

Goddess
of the waning new and full,

lines on her brow split like
Tigris and Euphrates;
moontime
power to bring forth
blood replicating blood

in jealousy
the sun has thrown ashes in her face.

Only by virtue of light does the heart shake,
valves clasp down into the moment of prayer,
tide pool dapple the dark chambers
sucking pull
into language

lantern thrust forward.

I pull a jadeite figure from deep within the ear

Cavemouth magic source

canvas head

letters long forgotten
these sorrowful ones
amid the raucous sound of the mating time.

What shall we feed them?

Masks

memory projection

man with stag horns and tail,

sympathetic

scutiform altar—

the last image

a large black feathered arrow

like a tree

painted in a craggy niche so the spirit might stick.

Dip your left palm in paint

and leave an impression;

when you marry make the right

to complete the name

on a shelter wall—a stork

Africa collides with Eurasia

Homo
migrates North
over the great closed sea
periodically dried,
interlaced with swamp.

Make sons to defend you,
daughters for trade.

Teeth tell the story;
we are not baboons.

Our savagery exceeds the design.

!Kung San gentle people
nearby G/wi
the first preoccupation is water.

Nomads husband the sources.

Come honey-time
catch animals
in bare hands.

Veneration of elders

the living memory

live on nuts and hunting
meaningful work
never too much
(less than citypeople)

carry culture in their head.

minimum technology

who believed the world flat
but lived round

who believe it round
but live

maximum knowledge

flat

Soaring buzzards swoop low
nuzzling faces in dead things.
We must accept
 but not abuse the form.

Nor blame the gods
 we long for them
to eat us.
 Gadzooks
relinquish possessions of the dead:
backbone, head
 nimbus of Osiris
bled into water,

 ye purveyors
of the prehensile lip.

Memory persists absentmindedly.

Imitating the desert
they remove the brain through the nose,
cut the side to let fall the viscera
 (stored in canopic jars)
leaving the solitary heart
 to be weighed against a feather.
The cavity is rinsed with oil and wine
and coated with resin,
body desiccated with sodium bicarbonate and chloride
then wrapped in a linen cover.

Do you think by walking
you murder crosses under foot,
bring down living souls
by fanning the wind?

Serpents

like the Hwang offering maps

taught the lesson of food storage;
even now one lost in dense forest
gravitates to water,

our wetnurse

Nile Amazon Indus Mississippi Yangtze Ob-Irtysh,

Old Sumer marshlands.

Mehsin punts the tarada he made
among bulrushes and buffalo.

Progress and the war are moving them out

paradise is not paradise anymore

new goals for the young.

The children will not learn to make boats.

The “new” will chip away at their inadequate lore

lead them from reed homes

into the order of villages.

Some will be moved farther

—the river runs black along the line

brings them to BASRA,

taxipimps for a new age.

And now rivers are not rivers
nor oceans

OCEANS

for the chi has been rent,
energy re-directed from its course—
psyche short-circuited biomass
genius into electrodestroyer
toys to hyperinsensitize the children.
Autopsychodrama on the go go
everywhere

 earth de-spirited
 by the hand and eye
the unwilling ear shattered
by wild crying birds.
Most of us are stupefied
and cannot speak.

CONFOUNDED

who can raise the water to its mark?
Do not let hope die like desire unacted on
 but align yourselves.
Carry lights in the palms
to bring back the color of things.

Then join the birds
in a canticle of screams
 and bring down

the throne of blood.

We use the 3rd world for cloaca.

KNOWLEDGE

our inheritance
resides at the bottom of a lake.

She guides me down
bids me carry load
to yonder shore.

I am a worker
fit for such tasks;
not only a bearer of messages
I do not understand
but partaker of sweet water
that makes the dim-witted
flame.

I go because
know not why or how
or what end
but need

*Your tanner will decompose more slowly
for his body is already quicklimed.*

Because She is there
a sweet aroma
rises from the tannery.

The progression—
yielding energies to advance life,
manifest positive in the compost—
is culture complete.
Resist the necrophiliacs of short-circuitry,
professors of rapid utilization.

Go to the place where elephant bury their dead.

Biology is against war.

Neanderthal died in the wheat
—covered loved ones with blossoms—
ice left grass behind.

Bi-spherical mutho-cosmography:

history turns on the digging stick,
a spear.

I read in the bones an error to be corrected.

Will you eat me for love or hate?
ask the genes.

You do not preserve
by drinking ashes
nor stay the gods
by severing to parts your adversary.

Of those who eat friends
and those enemies
the former tend to be gatherer/hunters
the latter farmers.

They are peaceful cannibals,
leave them alone.

The colonel explained the method
of training rock-apes to hurl stones
into the forest at the hidden enemy.
Their terrifying whoop is also an important ingredient
in this project.

Washoe signs:
GET ME OUTTA THIS CAGE.

Language a loom
and kind of
conformity
that holds the war machine intact—

the first lesson for the propagandist is to oversimplify.

Bloated vacuity:
hole round which the flesh revolves,
our roadway.

What passes beneath
too terrible to contemplate
“mind the CROPSE.”

Cave cities beneath ice,
moss wicks fat up
stone lamps
 picture maker
bushfolk bigbutt blackfellows.

The genealogy of masks
 totem dance
stag clan
moves below
makes tracks
 a movable chop.

Protean calendrical glyph keeper
sun rises in our fraternity.

First struggle over the power to remember.
Politicians
 extract
fleshpounds
for such predictions.

Hunger and propitiation

call for a new order of signature

with the power of the priest sign
but under the personal name
 of the family tyrant.

In our constantly expanding market
displacer of peoples,
only by success
(i.e., rising to the level of exploiter)
can one pretend to escape victimization.

Cities: stopover extraction points
on the way out West
a parable of greed.

After 1492 Sevilla premier oldworld/newworld portlink.
Gold for wardebt
brought plague and hyperinflation.
Some thought bad planetary alignment
rendered the body ripe
others the degenerate spirit of religion

more Jewdeaths
witches
Moslem rubout

fueled Italian Renaissance.

Plague-free cities built walls round the stricken
and forbad departure.

The rich of course had already gone.

”Society’s superego authority complex appropriates
Id’s polymorphous perverse
willingness
to globalize pleasure
through idealized repression.”

Rationalized as

biological guilt—

birth trauma feeds nirvana instinct.

* * *

(Death feeds life)
utilized
as Mummia
humanity yoked in labor
for personal gain;
necessary
acceptance
exploited in mass murder.

An accident on the tree
we shield the body from the eyes
prefer to gorge ourselves

All CORPSES ROUND

bring a feather for each guest.

Not inspiration.
Saturna moderna

“we make the earth
a quick fix:”

our will to be reincarcerated
in inanimacy

CRAWL BACK IN
and plug the leak
behind.

Limiting discourse to commodities,
adults
 enforce the taboo on thought.

It is rumored heads on the black market
are more expensive than entire carcasses
 bedecked with silver.
You'd think buyers
 decapitate their own
but perhaps disposal's a problem
and the head IS the main source of power.

Some are covetous to eat
of human flesh and the powers therein
while others eat every thing
and make corpses of us all.

Misapplication of Kachina
power lines desiccated fields
oil storage fouled water
junkyard squalor necropolis.
The power the dead have to nourish life
 leads profiteers
narrowly and negatively in/spired
to hook their chains onto the wheel
 pull the living down
to accelerate their reaping.
 Pitiable monsters
grubbing the ladder up
through a vision of dark circles,
 they live in the clouds
the backs of fellows keeping them
 above the stench.

(Not with herbs toads pufferfish beetles
crushed and rubbed upon lips
can they make the dead speak.)

Our ti bon ange
 robbed
and shoved up some

 mechanical asshole.

 Though Infamous Saturn prospered for a time
from his nourishing progeny,

the Melancholic
still contemplates enigmatic objects.

Take a trip down memory lane. You'll have fun visiting our new manufactured historical town.

In willing service to the social sector, members of the preservation league have idealized a model of a perfect olden-days Western-type community. We've actually constructed the kind of buildings people used to live in back then and placed them in an open space just for you to wander in.

Imagine what delight it will be talking to the robots we've installed throughout the park to simulate the animals and folk of yore. The kids can even ride the artificial animals and learn from the humanoids who know all kinds of interesting trivia.

We must not let our past die out. That's why we in the league invite you to take the plunge. We've got a name too. Just tell your local transfer officer you want to head out to CON WEST.

REMEMBER: our business is time.

E.g.
the spirit placated
post XMAS sales
tiny stores of greed
replace our rites of passage.

The contamination of a valley
pollutes the lips of knowledge,
the ravages of a mountain
cause our pores to weep.

Still born
we fumigate our gametes
disinfect the children
from dirty contact with earth.

He put his ear to a hairball and spoke what he knew.

Have confidence
techno-revivalist commen
on the air.
One arm's shorter than the other;
the LORD shall make it long.

TEEVEELAND

get all your stopped watches
and hold them in your palms
like you was going to pray.
The lord makes them go
and the tele-
phones start ringing with

faithseedofferings

and payments to the one and only
repairman of the universe
the original watchmaker himself.

98.6 is just enough to melt wax out of the works.

Ruddy safety valve broke
now a wound in my goddamn ear
perches in the flood.
Ergo my dust
squeezes and squeezes
but no blood
no juice at all.

What I see:

high-yield memory fuseout burst overload

assault
on the double helix

Jetblast contrail our web

USUFUCKT

civilization pitted against the spirit
the body against itself

Defense measure
false division of subjects

cloaked in a cocoon from which
we nor anything else will come forth,
our compensation:

aim weapons
outward
against paradise.

Genitals
gold
moon in water

leviathan swallows us

Pluto
Plutocracy
Plutonium

Cathartic release over Persephone.
Who comes to tear the poles apart?

He put her in a pumpkin shell

The vine of
Dionysus

X in his cups

Break through the skies
chariot rider
grafted to a tree of gopher wood;

it is the name we seek.

Yet "crazy wisdom"
chooses life

and embraces the generations.

A double axe
churning stars from the fire pole.

The debt to Tezcatlipoca:
X per Annum.

Do not say with Cain
you offer unpalatable gifts.
The blood in the teeth sings your heroes.
Let armies meet out yonder.
Eat the ones you do not kill.
Afterwards
place dough upon a cross;
have an able boy climb up
and toss it down to the people.
For mercy
when a man dies kill his slaves.
If he has none, unhappily,
send him on alone.

Sevilla departure point of first known attempt to
circumnavigate the globe.

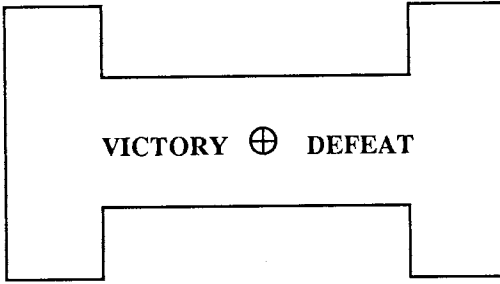
Was not, given
50,000 years of habitation,
unless one consider the world always new.

1519—Pedro Arias de Ávila beheaded Balboa in Panamá.
1538—Hernando Pizarro
 protege of Pedrarias
beheaded Almagro in Perú.

On this journey
we carry both
 what is taken
 and left behind.

The wide-eyed owl flies from the camphors
toward Melinche.

Dyad in the jaws of a ball court:



I look at the place where one can imagine only shadows
at the feet of some CORTEZ
or blood at the feet of dogs.

Knots in a rope maguey—

since white men came
America was kind no more to poets.

Juana knew this
but was forbidden to speak.

Start late. Camp not far from home.

Clark provided first basic survey of territories. Notes on languages disappeared, museum broken up.

Found corn, rye, potatoes, flax, barley. Servant a euphemism.

Exposure: spoonshaped shovel of tooth
divination on the side
that aches the most.

Copulation too
is mnemonic.

Part of the biota, yet
we seem intent
on hanging
from a shorter chain

Not just languages
 (Amazon "reorganization" of land use)
cultures blotted
before they've entered the dream,
we need no gods to cast us out,
we'll simply forget we're plugged in...

squeezed between legs
of profiteers
licking their chops
 not 10
to stop them.

In another day
 these war daddies
were priests of the hummingbird

STRANGE how
some have power to smell out death camps

drawn like zealous flies.

Cihuacoatl
will celebrate those who die in childbirth

give a star to each

one for the epoch that ate the dinosaurs.

Priest class taps
—like oil—
(pretext to satisfy a thirsty god)
an ever widening circle.

The present image:
on a building inscribed “Maternity”
Chac Mools await deposits
of beating hearts
—downunder
the roar of self-congratulation
at the temporary success of new surgical methods
responsible for such delicate transfusions.

Flowers have come to seize us.
Where are the women and their captives?

Perverted
paradise apex laid over slavebase
LaPuta
MASS
population clusters
feed military hegemony
—capitalnarcomilitares.

The Hummingbird sips nectar.

Garden metaphor networks
king's vassal tribute:
cotton from East
baskets of gold dust
feather goods
exotic game
precious stones.

Authoritarian accountancy
enables consolidation of valley communities
accompanied by necessary heart digestion
required by such a sun.

Light too is the horror.

The One kept us floating
over hordes of the slaughtered
empire
the spoils.

Hyperdensity reflects military mentation.

Even our birds are bloodthirsty.

Romulus and Remus suckled

triumphal music
Roman arch
like a yoke
on the neck of a Jew.

Who will bear the resurrected dead?
Now Peter man presides over the shaft of blood.

Decrees of Roman senators
indicate they
thought behavior a lamp in service
against foreign barbarism.

Roman controlled leisure reign
hypermasshypnotic
forced hate values
flood the amphitheatre
combat-prep lower class
feed grotesque appetites
social control of labor
for pleasure.

Make love just like Im suppo sta.
Fashion/ists
provided imaginary content,
the pool turns red
and reason

denies the numinous
quality of things;
Sophie unsexed we crave
the hangman's magic.

Despoliation of vision
at Guadalupe
fetishes are draped in pearls
worshippers blind
to what vestments conceal.

Seek not Mummia the power of the sudden dead.

Though able to keep
 living bodies intact,
those with storerooms of money
have not enough
to keep ghouls from their corpses.

Boob toob insta-fix
of the me now collective suckout.
At core
the assault is
cold war
consumption as soul substitute.

I stared into a motel room
and some god was sucking a man out the navel.
Vidhead eyeball popup giveaway show.
Thus one places tv in the context of memory theatres.
As I watched and nodded,
I mistook the ant scampering across
the tabletop for a cat bent
on tearing my legs apart.

Evidence:
en el museo del ejercito en Paris
se encuentra el falo de Napoleon Bonaparte.
Dillinger groans.
LBJ challenges Ho Chi Minh to a duel.

Let us be interred in our automobiles.
In shafts we place scraps of the present
no god is addressed
no ritual accompanies them
only the gnawing anxiety no one will be around to care.

NEWS
WAGE
GISM

ERASED

tabula rasa

hogwash soul butter

conjob

They stared at nothing
and listened to incense.

In short

cut across the land like a careless surgeon.

What will come from such a birth?

A nation in decline is not given to conservation.

Short term gain

protects the current privileges

as soil blows

(the culture)

away.

Keep parts up to date
or you become obsolete
subject to replacement.

Cloning means achieving the same
uniform quality of production
found in manufactured goods.

I look into faces
no longer children
but smooth pastless
disembodied organisms,
their function dual:
stimulation and repression.

For many It's just boring
waiting for something to happen
the crushed violence of the beast
head bulging the pants.
Fear the denial of the sophisticates.

Holes—
from them fly all sorts of things;
there is no finger stuck in.

Wind spreads them like a fever.
Will they make us well?
Why does the ship rock?
Are birds on the mast head?

Since growing old he could no longer get it up, so bought a machine the inventor claimed would make him harder than ever and women he loved bruise its head. The doctor whose name in another age was Frankenstein has given up a chair in electromagnetism to be in at ground zero in the exciting field of artificial intelligence.

Some contain hope
because they are not yet
hypnotized by the thousand eyes of Mammon
whose gifts detract from self-worth.

The moon like a modern uterus
burnt out
and covered with sores

the inexorable purveyors ranting of commerce
unsex
celestial wheels like a juggernaut
roll

unobserved
terrestrial notes
animal life
fucked over

the poor served
trickle down
urine
of the rich fly eaters.

If need be, Cops will jail those showing signs of vision.

"My grandmother's gadget's gonna get me rich."
Torrid penance.

repetition

no

not when naught ought and shaman ate flesh his blacksmith brother caused
variation breath carries carnal togetherness forefrontal lobed out now pre-
impregnated energy forfeited this colony of proclivities as the preying mantis
lifted the head called out the soul does not listen to the body and the body
forgive the nadabliss other forgetful necessity of all nasties what nestles she
swore on the testycalls tittle dooo doo no ju ju is for only and you your yours o
daddy down in the grave tell me something i got dont go and serendipity do da
smiles of a pastor man prez sez home home on the go for't multiply oh your anal
births.

BEHOLD!

priests came like a pack of dogs
tail in the behinder's mouth
proclaiming a single truth.

Marginally self-directed robots

people without money are unattractive;

Capital, the contemporary Spanish fly
activates the pheromones:

Easter eggs.

Who is like GOD
and what has It wrought?

Arjuna's mind was fickle as wind,
he despaired at killing
but could not dispel the opiate poured in his ear;
 Krisna's serpent wriggled in.
I prefer your grief hang above
the din of confusion to accuse the preserver of castes,
the only particles moving,
the waters of blood to their ocean,
fruitless dissolution of flesh.
You are the death that ravishes us
 flame that calls us home.

Night knocks the frightening caller
dons a dulcet badge.

How much does it cost
the loss of a soul
incommunicado?

Touch me bovine
incorporeal bliss takes a shot
doohickey litter spills

my self
and toiletries not nice
corseter of women
prohibitor of me
ourselves creator/destroyer
preserver of nada
the torrential dilated bait
dollar

feces notwithstanding co-deCapitational
whack off
and what's more
we haven't any
nyet
stuff of pudding.

Like insects, antennae poised
 carry
 to the next incarnation
info

for that
 invented rays
so we might suck the void
 thou art but...

Fontanelles.

And in what they imagined to be head cavities
saw a fire burning
 endlessly burning.

In that place
 Being rides the wind.
We shall split
 like atoms
the gene—
I expect an explosion.

"Not two blades of grass the same"
the prunefaced nun had said.
Now on the table I see
two identical mice.

*We no longer play god,
we play with god.*

Fatter thinner better different new mixed
we change the library to suit ourselves.

The man with a pig pizzle,
popular nighttime teevee personality,
will speak with Dracula—
a genetically engineered vampire manbat
who requires daily intake of raw meat—
on what it is like
to be the first step in the long road
toward male reproductive capacity.

Do not leave me alone to think.
The system has revolted in noise.

If the closing in of space doesn't,
time will.

Chemicals
resist natural checks.

Escalation of demand
increases in the face of exhaustion.

"Standard of living"
carrot counterpart
for the stick behind,
guarantor
behavior mod:
the "new market place."

CASTOR AND POLLUX
will be on vacation thru the season.
Thanks for your patronage.

Survival responses
built to get out of the cold
have grown too big.

Withdrawal syndrome/
indefinite period installment plan,
when will the bill come due?

Seek instant grat

DIE FREUDE
has taken refuge in the woods.

Lack of reference
repressed grief
we dress the dead to admire them

our own invisibility
out of mind
loss of feeling.

There is no lack of obstacles.

Phylogenetic sense of justice
individuated
at odds with NEEDS
refuseniks mentally reformed
criminal victims gassed
with scapegoat mobological thought from behind
I'LL LEARN YOU
the passing wind....

Progressive infantilism in domestic animals—
you may see an image of yourselves
in their stupid fat complacent utilitarianism.
I do not admire their lack of aggression,
only the sense of otherness
sometimes.

Not disembodied
not counter-KULTUR
not thru vice alone,
but atrophy

the cortex numbed into dysfunction
by meaningless (?) overstimuli
cranial blackout imminent.

Advertising is NOT apolitical;
the hand delivers its prescription
future memory rubout
BIG SALE.

a slight turn

rub on the hinge

beneath a ragged oak
scientists gather

mumiyo
residue of the former king

As the tide determines—
THE MASS OF MEN
provoked to vomit or guffaw
a most effective curb.

RATHER
murder your sons
than see them shirk honors of the field.

There is no animal with greater thirst.

Hypnotic inducements
via the holy doll in the
Ventriloquist's lap—
“eager believers”
time occupied in obedience.

“During war-reverses
sacrifice in abundance.”

Will the campaign succeed?
Perform the holy rite.
Kill three virgins
and you will prosper.

AND ANOTHER SAID:

“How could you expect me to banquet and lie with you after
changing my men into pigs?”

Nor play with Mars.
Do not let what needs to die
live for pity’s sake.

And lo
men transformed
as serpent teeth
underground.

Be wise
in time of emergency invest
and profit by war’s success or failure.
Short or long
in panic
is greatest leverage.

Nor are there pits wide enough
to contain the bodies.

From dark underbellies
of sheep
did they escape
after ramming a pole
through a round eye

Elijah made war on Baal
called punishment down
upon the citizens.

Interdestructiveness of systems

BOMB knocked THE out of creation.

Gods feed on desires of men
rouse their thoughts
shall not rest till

wind drop honey on the righteous
havoc on the rest.

From
the dripping oil of sacrifice came the world.

Cover the coat to suggest a son

live with the fathers

turn water red

rain frogs

bring lice

scatter flies

spread ashes to foster boils

 breaking forth with blains

hail

blow the locust in

 harbinger of darkness

devour the firstborn

pass over houses with tokens of blood

 emblem of our design and pleasure

And to those forced to die
in this business
we must offer more
 blood re
QUIRES
otherwise
 how should future victims
be persuaded
their graves untopped with remembrance?

matrifratricidal
 nausea

 his terra call
plunder

foreign policy instrument of commerce

 If you but see me naked

like those wicked magi
their proclivity
 to kill everything in sight

the first word uttered

 fingers he made war
from the dead grew
brought soldiers from

the toes.

Memory is a carbuncle.

We hide in a fortress of years.

Dreadful flares light the sky
thunder hurtling across
like a white kerchief

a napkin moist with the Face.

In the midst of storms are things revealed.

Enlil
called it
the people wept.

Valkyries above remark
the musical ballet of tanks.
From their chastity belts
shall drip
how many ghosts?

The wizardry of fire penetrates the core.

Men, not potsherds lying in heaps,
cover the approaches...
like metal
melted bodies,
fats left in the sun,
fill the molds.

On the banks of the flood
do pairs of fecund gods create.

Like a storm was she taken
the slimy peak herself.

Thus the world was created as rape
Man's altar ego
did the job.

Videotropic psychotisms

erasure

prophyplastipants replace dermatologically inferior

genoparts

with stimulating easycare Polywash.™

REMEMBER

our scientifically approved system

puts you in CONTROL.

Guard against improper cuerpal contact

while heightening premature

ejaculoinclinisms.

Note: recognized safe for thermodynamically sutured
vagioplasts as well as penlinx gothic inhibitors
(under FDA ruling 9b.leg. 4m.84.)

THINK of

12 wheels one inside another

viable permutations layered

planting season

sky correlation with life parts

and the instinct to freedom.

BUT OUR AIM

cranial necrosis

necro

feel ya

Memory tracks
cranium spreads
 individual into pluralities,
 monopolized
 pleasure
channeled into labor;
there is no equal distribution of pain.

Identification of self
with the hated master

 this is order.

Law as repression—
work sublimated sex,
polytheism simplified
propagandist victory
into mono.

We embrace yokes
to protect us from the woman

 —the sense of déjà vu

released

blood into a tank

 a little at a time.

Logos the mass replicates the tauromaquia
the horns of Diana
the clocks the clocks.

DEED
progenitor of taboos.

Female gives more
except among fish.

With the largest penises among primates
human males dominate in meat societies.

Better living conditions
coordinated lifestyles
refuse not even wastage
containment vessels
spurious ego choices
fill
new needs

alien

X

ch

ange

the appropriate
gesture
at the appointed hour
con

fine

ment
inter/changeability of work/leisure units
productive

radioactive birds
migratory

geist

reason

devious

like Saturn
offsprings
the spirit of joy
this madhouse of earth
yet wills
against.

Security seekers babble nirvana
defense initiative:

ex

termi

nation

the origin of life

We are not voluntary compost.

From "village" derive "villain".

In wildness is the preservation of the world.

When wolves cease to cry
shall we be

compelled to make manure of the bones of our fathers?

With agriculture came
thou shalt not covet:
to lose food or woman
is a terrible thing.

Large communities' mass production
of pseudo-individualities
increases social stratification
—cooperation en masse
supports complexities of war

order at behest of chaos

Undeceived by the lure of bright stars
alone
She probed the deeper paths of darkness
between.

We adopted a dog
named Culan.

Woman suckled him.
When he died siblings wept.

Where ewes yeaned twice yearly—

 needing a bag
she pulled the womb from her body;
agriculture she put in;
 civilization
 spilled out.

So fragmented the whole cannot be grasped.

Like birds
 poets must walk among the corn.

The thing she bears
is memory.

Crescent—a pair of forceps
gripping
the moon-dark head
it too a bearer
all plants their myriad
replies
bee swarm
jumping eye of the
Buddha frog every shape
composed
recombinant

Who then is the puller of skies?

We unpeel the earth
and roll at your feet
the food of death.

Thieves will steal thy remains mistaking
them for treasure.

Not that Cain's gift was unacceptable;
the cereals carried WAR in their sheaves.

Hoarding of grain built
walls to keep in the city raiser's
abundance.

matter
mother
muthos

Therefore pull down
the battlements
from Demeter's crown.

Open the city to the sky
(nor security dome neither)

and welcome the campo.

Swastikas

dark blue
fire on a ram

power to consume the world

Takes

more than paper thin
force of will
to glue the star to its pole.

Mill grinds us

flood pours forth
the listing of an ark
—navel plug—
homeward

Caduceus
my staff
a friend to lean on.

Out in front
a dog

dropping pieces of meal he stole
along the way.

Comes dancing
and playing the mouth organ

the Kanza man.

Flood of Osiris

seeds

trade

land and sea routes

RICE (and paper)

on camelback from Samarkand to Cairo

disease too.

Exposure will rob you of defenses

but what a gift to the children.

Rats carry health in their jaws.

corn beans rice wheat barley rye oats potatoes peanuts sorghum millet cane
beets banana coconut cassava

(usurpation of the female)

the moon is the mother of corn.

Cornflower my symbol
famine the food we eat

drying above the gorge new colors of a butterfly,
ungainly wings made easy prey.
I was reminded of the fresh faces of young girls
swinging on bars in a Sevillian garden.

Like corn you will be shucked.
Your hair streams tassels.

In Europe
only the poor eat corn,
in Portugal mixed with wheat,
in Spain fed to pigs.

Corn staminates are separate from pistillates
grains protected on the husk
hairs continually dance.

Tall corn phallus,
a young girl
stripped of leaves,
Xipe salivates at the dancers' jangle
a green jewel pulled from within.

Gods, too, eat with their fingers,

huddle 'round a fire eating
popped teocintl—
perhaps from an ear came forth.

When you marry
let the bride carry a half-shucked
cob.

Corn like culture and religion
grows the height of a man;
the hair is inflorescent.
Silk dangles
from a polystichous ear.

Before harvest
women hang their hair down long
the ovary is protected within.

Smoking Mirror will have to wait
his popcornheaded virgin
granted dispensation.

Under cover of moonlight
men spill seed to the ground
women
whose blood is pulled by the moon
(for this stalks are red)

d a n c e i n r o w s

mimicking the life
of the

V E N E R A B L E

corn.

BIGHEARTED,
choose older women
to prepare the beer;

their spit is rich
the corn likes it.

On TEEVEE
Miss IOWA
flutters by
passing out jars
of sweet corn cob jelly

hmmmmm.

Plant when the oak leaf on the ground
looks like a squirrel print.

Like peevish Indras or misbegotten ants
red men will flee:
destroy the corn and you deracinate them.

Not to the rich alone did god deliver,
but times are such that poor men
will sell parts of their bodies
to get some.

Many botched jobs—

only when gods made people of corn
did they succeed.

When death comes one
for the squirrel the corn the cutworm one to grow.

...Is said to have come
from the compost of a dead woman.

 From the rape
rice grew out the navel
coconut from her brow
corn from the teeth
 I planted every one.

 Millers add vitamins to devitaminized rice
 dust bran with talcum
to make it white
among humans
 the most eaten food.

 The rabbit in the moon
grinds down the rice
has turned me
 to powder.
Overhead the tree
shakes loose its ashes.

What the calligrapher said:

a rice grain a bullet
a rice grain a candle of peace.

Rice like corn has ears
grows a cosmos—
milk squeezed from the breast
of a woman of knowledge.
Red varieties she created in a different way.

Earth was ravished by Under-earth.

Rice a mate
uterus round and firm
as Mae Pho Sop.

In her memory
do we toss at weddings,

go to fields

turn soil
work and fall.

Shred nose and lips
for the privilege to address
the potato divinities.

Do not fear to pull out sticks
and dig roots and tubers
like us
are mainly water
inverted
and filter your blood.

With them shall we remold our arses.

Dark rye

ergot

The Inquisition

now
somewhere in America
a boy opens a bag
of
Wonderbread

There CERES
here money:
 passage stripped of naivete.

Once a man ate gold instead of bread.
When Golden Belly slept
he was apt to roll round from bad dreams;
 is said to have been so large
that during these turnings
you could hear screams
of those crushed under his great paunch.

 From the scattered parts
 grew wheat and barley
 from his round stomach
 emerged a calendar.

Hooked up her menstrual plow
and tied the winding knot
like a serpent.

(THE MOON HAS HID HER FACE)

They covered the alphabet
written in sand
with barley seeds
YE BIERE SHIPPE
and then released a cock.
What do the letters spell?

Dhanya—
like the cows
we live on grass.

Come to drink the dead
cruelly
we have loosened
to grind
like barley
her thighs.
Now
our own skeleton

(the sampo)
is devoured.

Earth the puta
tolerant of petty extraction,
what secret word comes from the raised skirt?

Granary
mirrors
culture binder
spinning jenny
pole turner
clothmaker of words:
my hands have ears
drum speaks to them.

all plants have souls
corn rice wheat potatoes

have great souls

If hunting fails

MANI OCA

when I say get with child a root

I mean make annual pilgrimage to this house.

Digging yams is a form of theatre.

Pacific mind
(in which the serpent has buried its head)
reaches round

volcanic truth
 sliding plates
disrupter of sleep
mythopoeic application of the known
with receptivity to what is revealed
syncretic discrimination of
 center and circumference

brings forth
coconut
 tree of life
travel food for early traders.

On BIKINI
tests destroyed them all.

Yes ladies, sometimes old methods are best. And our scientists at Jimson Products are out to prove it. Put a dash of Jimson in the works and you won't just be pushing and pulling; it'll be two on a broom and flying through the house. And who says corporations don't give a fuck?

Carve your pumpkins with care.

Shen-nung
I
pay homage

who planted soy on a mountain.

Drink milk and grow horns.

Jesuits brought it from China to Europe?

On the farm
new victims are shucked.
Before going to altar
who will don Xipe's gown?
Images of Mummia lust
the dracula cult of war.

Study ways of planting
that do not require tilling or weeding.

Slow and slow
everything touches
overload avoided

the desert blooms in its own good time.

Discovered a body
like America
and gave her whiffs of tobacco
riffling from both nostrils.

Arrives the day the wicked
cry for ants
to save them.

Indians greeted with corn
whites brought wheat. Now

the moon is covered with strawberries.

Here we built markets
there the wall
—Black Tuesday—
the slave ghost's revenge.

Iroquois corn.

Early European settlers robbed native storehouses to stay alive though they had been taught to plant and knew the Indians needed food.

Nail plow first

harden sticks in fire
place a footpiece on the end.

Some feared if you began to sow
wild plants would die
so continued gathering.

Eridanus

once rich as amber
full of stench
in shame
the bringer of fire comes
to bury his face.

The flooding of the fertile alluvial basin between Ticino and Po begins the centuries-old ritual of rice planting. “New chemical methods have raised yields and lowered expenses,” a government official brags.

12 towns now need
water shipped in—
poisons to control bugs and weeds
in paddies
released with the sluices
water filled with
atrazine, molinate, bentazon.

Crops grow weak and dependent.
What happens if the chemicals are withdrawn?

Angry residents chorus:

“Farmer Assassins!”

The new accountancy
shifts expenses onto somebody else.
Who pays for this book juggling?

Like the roiling serpent
we devour the tail.

No lamp shade will block this illumination.

Do not wear the skin of a god—

impersonators
must be devoured.

Yahweh is a scourge;
his food is everywhere.

Beware those
who prefer flesh to plants.

“Do you think such burning piles of rubbish
slake my thirst?”

Cain

Agribusiness bears the mark of

Memories of androgyny:

foreskin taken from the convert,
Ishmael too offered up his piece of flesh.

Kill a son?
In generation is knowledge coded.
Sell even your birthright for porridge;
wear kid gloves;
the voice is the voice of Jacob
but the hands....

Beneath the ladder
like a cross
the star field

o p e n e d

Farmers are addicts;
their diet of fertilizers
herb- and pest-icides
and the mercury vapor lamp
pervert the alchemy of earth,

this magic egg.

Meanwhile
glad hands at the savings and loan
take possession:

*thirty thou a bid a bid willya
gimme thirty who'll gimme
thirty...*

Primitive cyber-space prototype
lingo
masks the rip off.

What you'll find in the SNAKE'S belly:

Plutonium
Cesium
Strontium
PCBs
Arsenic
Mercury
Radioactive Solvents
Uranium Dust

...

Agridolor.

Spirit

unrepresented in transactions
guided by the children of Mammon,

theirs a science of private use.

Now

a diaspora of soil.

Our bodies

not transmuters
but conduits of waste;
dis-embodied by-products
no longer conspire with the uroborus.
Shit is sterilized.

We will ourselves to fragments,
teach no mythology to farmers.

The digging stick

a writing instrument
lined the field for agriculture.

When humans did not die
the dead were always eating more than their share
till a woman tossed a corn cob at her dead husband
driving his spirit away
like an insect.

Now there is enough.

Delay meeting disease
and be stricken with deadlier force.

You are a weapon
to which I am determined to be exposed.

Words of a commoner:

*Big long time Dibble Dibble come
plenty kill him black fella.*

I travel with the white
—like rats—
a constant companion.

A property owner:

*For the natives, they are neere all dead of small Poxe, so the Lord hathe
cleared our title to what we possess.*

Such skin we rip off
and hang in the sky
to canvas a ship

map our future.

The head of earth stuffed in Saturn's mouth,
such a book,
he said
get it and get it FAST.

Modern science
eradicates the organism

injects poison
—like petrodollars—
into food.

Home of the free,
the invisible hand is totalitarian.
It seems we are to be destroyed
by leverage,
wealth extracted from the poor,
love in the cemetery.

Opposed to curbs on CFCs, Secretary Hod suggests we respond to ozone
destruction by wearing straw hats and sunglasses;
of radioactive lands, cordon them off and walk away, pretend they do not
exist.

Before 2000
antibiotics will not kill
resistant bacteria.
What plagues
will rear their heads?

Today
artificial pathogens
sicken the allergic
who live
unable to face our toxins
—like antidaughters of Rappaccini—
in isolated communities,

waiting for

airborne attacks.

Fertilizer produces bomber landing fields.

The chemical's aim is multidimensional.

Farmers are warriors,
gas mask and rubber glove the prophylactics.

Wise Alyattes permitted enemies to sow
assuring annual plunder.

“Seek first palatable levels of devastation
when faced with intransigence.”

War in the body,
hunger
 a well-placed bomb,

 food is a weapon.

The heike crab has come to resemble
 a warrior;
Japanese will not eat it.
 The poet's voice falls
 into the biwa.

 Earth
like labor
a fuel,

appetites have swelled.
 Fear what gestates.
We feed
from nipples of war,
milk, too, a chemical weapon.

Dust rises over North Texas,
near Amarillo workers off to PANTEX.
The Ogallala half-drained
farmers forget husbandry;
 corporate knowhow
raises the stakes.

Our lifework is devastation;
yet we maintain these “healthy lifestyles.”

Science dishes up bombgeists
defense measures
the pay off:
POWERSURGE,
the payment:
Suicidal wave units
maintain and enlarge ground
positions
despite overwhelming airblasts
and chemattacks.

BLACKOUT.

ring a ring a rosy
pockets full a posey

tissue

ashes

all fall down

Now a plague over the water
bursts with the candor of chrysanthemums.

On the Colorado
paper boats full of candles
float

down the river
to reclaim the gray spirits.

A man with red hair and freckles
sings in Japanese.

Somewhere
are tall buildings covered with shadows

but no bodies to make them.

Unable to pay the debt
he gave over the rights to his father's corpse.
The holder of the IOU
in time
won the entire family vault.

Histories of the evil
at full circle moon
(every hand covered with hair)
such creatures prowl all the days and nights.

NO HEAD NO LOOT

Condemn war protestors for cowardice and cut off their precious heads. Of those convinced to attend your party let them know that in order to share plunder each must remove the head of his kill to prove the claim. Later a fine goblet can be made, bringing comfort and fond memories in old age. To reinforce this structure, let wars be celebrated annually. Pay special honor to those who have been killed. Let everyone drink from their cups, but scowl at those who have none from which to sip.

Moreover, do not forget the women, these mothers and wives. Raise their social positions as losses increase. This will be a powerful spell to a wise ruler.

SECTION III

**ON THE INSTITUTION OF THE MOTHERHOOD MEDAL AND THE ORDER
MOTHERHOOD GLORY AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE TITLE OF
HONOR HEROINE MOTHER**

Article 13

....7 children....3rd class
....8 children....2nd class
....9 children....1st class

Article 15

...account is taken of the children who perished at the fronts...

(The Laws provide for taxing those with few or none.)

sugarbabydoll
muñeca syndrome
mas
cara
meinkampf

to light what I cannot say
before going out
a five-year-old's artpiece:
the bomb and the sun
on opposite sides
falling
caught in a strobe
the sun growing smaller
the bomb larger
everywhere
trapped on freakish sides
still standing

wind

all fall down

“He that sheddeth blood
His blood shall be shed.”

No there have never been such monsters as now,
each of us a sacrificial candle
incandescent in August
and burning yes burning.

FIRE?

We gave it back to the Gods.

Why does a Being drape itself in this
generosity of flesh?

warring factions duplicate my formulae families' organ seed blasphemy where
ungod me here voluminous stretchers waiting processed meat more succuba my only
mother factotum meets hillocky sun and jetblast robes our birdsong

Post Chernobyl roundup
Lapp People
dusky mountain glen
full circle moon.

500,000 reindeer

10,000 becquerrels

Per-Folke mocks
chewing pungent meat,
does not worry for himself
is not going anywhere.

The calving season looked to be good.
97% of this year's slaughter contaminated,
50% for decades?
50% of elms,
Cesium 137 at half-strength in 30 years.
Meanwhile,
herders drive deer
fattened on radiation
rain sopped summer lichen
from high ground to autumn corrals.

“Who would have thought
nature could be so wounded?”

Officials have suggested a relaxation
of limits as a partial solution.

ALSO

catastrophic instant slaughter
deep burial plans,

THESE

revised to selective winnowing of the
weak and old
lassoed and killed,
the rest fed to mink and fox.

My heart goes with the people
who remain to make the great drives
—I too am aboriginal
and weep
for the ones
who for their children's sake
turn from the ancient ways
to safer genetic ground.

World-tree
our universal pivot
hydro-axed.

Within a single hectare of tropical forest
a hundred species of trees may grow
containing untold varieties
interdependent ecospheres,
we stupidly puncture.

7% of earth
nurture 50% of species
yet we destroy 59,000 square kilometers annually.

THIS VAST GENE DEPOSIT
from which the future is incubated
hideously transmuted
to coinage
terrible DEAL for the children.

This is a memory theatre:

largest plant gene bank Ft. Collins, Colorado,
a quarter million specimens
some cryogenically stored to -321 degrees F.
flanked by munitions factory
and nuclear reactor.

Forthwith,

Virtual Reality Machines

will pave the way for inorganic substitutes.

What are we preserved from?

FBI library awareness program
presses the nation's librarians to take active part in rooting out those who seek
information that could be used against us.

Cells too
lose memory function.

We have learned to gobble what's on the table.

The task du jour:
supply functionaries to important locales,
survive as interchangeable units,
maintain the sense of self-worth
by digging in and
assassinating the rest.

Arms race—
overpopulation batteries
make us lonely—

aching from constant beating
ribs longing to touch

we prey on ourselves
outflank the balances for personal gain.

I do not only mean we are burning libraries.

Metaphors emanate from the damp mold
below
or fall

upon us like hieratic birds.

CIA ethics:

"deliver appropriate pain to the appropriate place."

The death of a subject

—especially when the object is unobtained—

MUST

be considered

the failure of the technician.

HIGHTECH Frankenstein

hypnotic plug-in for emanation

suckout

corpse radiance

Peacekeeper missiles—

the pentagon is a pentagram.

Till recently

we had not power

to bomb them out completely

could control them like rats.

I cannot

without shaking myself apart.

After shock treatment

we smile begin to nod

the [u]n-clear referent and misplaced modifier

(the nothing we point at the other)

is a revolver.

Bodies move to the point of no attraction.

All war is internecine.

I thank ALLAH

the pain I suffer

comes from the nothing that is.

The surface?
Plastic rags.
The hyper-repressive new
monics
advance the rub out.

“We ask our great leader during this heroic struggle to grant a *fatwa* that we may eat the dead so abundant here.”

White South Africa supplies US
chromium, cobalt, manganese, platinum group metals, andalusite, anti-
mony, chrysotile asbestos, industrial diamonds, rutile- and titanium-bearing slag,
vanadium,
for
jet fighter engines, turbine blades, boiler firebox insulators, ICBMs, IBMs,
cruise missiles, rockets, H bombs.

Mr. R. wanted a sell-off of US minerals to force Congress to support apartheid.

Oyez
The year DOOR HINGE was elected
I prayed
She Who Saw Everything
would sit
and smoke
with Here Comes Everybody.

Basel toxics
kill the Rhine.

River turns acid forest goes black ozone full of holes
we feed a destructive NUT

our disORDER
PATHO
logical.

The predator preserves the prey.
The fish are in constant flux.
We live in biocoe[g]nosis
but overexploit the system
(fucking rabbits in Australia, cane toads)
technogeometric alterations' catastrophic effects:

like coalmine canaries
or sky fish indicators,
amphibians gasp for air!

We would dance at discovery of a single cell in Other space,
while here
with no bird to lift us off planet

how many keystones on how many arches
must be removed

to bring down

the great dome of 50 million?

**WARBOSS
MOUTHPIECE SPEAKS PROFIT LINGO
IN GUN RACKETEERING PROBE
DRUGGING INVOLVED**

Banks ferry money out of LA
fast as they can lend it.

Managing the MOB
(i.e. leading the people)
a job for Kali.

What will they do when they have killed their enemies,

THOSE
who amass power
by surmounting corpses?
If the small death I suffer
by taxes satisfies
I will pay till we learn
to invoke some Other.

Here we incarcerate with mirrors.

Damn you for embracing murderers
and screw your ORDER
but for its speech of paradise.

Looked through the rubble,
found the bath but not Diogenes;
him we could only imagine.

Cannot accept denial of
the imprisoned deity within
nor fiddle amid
 signatures of hyper-speed
 —a little Mummia for a little
luxury—
 infrastructural short-circuitry
of organic law,
ancient priest class decadence
amplified extravagantly by the current batch.

Weird to speak of freedom as control.

Normality a form of despair,
preparation for what's to come:
if the dead have power,
from the near dead
 draw energy
to feed the machine.

“It is the memory of life
that must be sublimated to this great end.”

Like

grave-
memory-robbers
through war
we preserve a state of grace
chewing money hosts with blood in them.

The unforgivable unforgotten
is idea location.

Batcry above
dolphin move in the slip.

Time in the hands of masters of order
shoot out the clocks
enemy of love.

The figure
behind security interests, our
nirvana

interrupted by a visitation from an Old Friend.

Remember
the ones who died
(nor glorify the undertakers)

a stench is

eros
by another name

multi-step

lead

detox

our

guide

ain't co-dependent neither

work proper
respiration
 the numinous body
thrust from
an incandescent sack

Do not lose the garden for the world.

Disconnected hymn sings wonder,

a golden germ dipped in the water's navel,
the germ of spirit.

The flood brings destruction and prosperity.

Bury shit
 for safekeeping

like any thing digestible
dawn is fit meat.
From its bowels darkness comes,
from the nostrils day.

I am not a doomsayer of desire
but note death is a hunger too,

 am democratic:
I contribute to the hunger of others.

When you celebrate peace
leave your uniforms in their cedar chests.

Of soldiers
those living guns
stuff their shells with semolina.

Indeed
"Stuff seeds of every kind
in all rockets and bombs over the world
and set them off.

The earth knows what goes where."

Like birds
missiles
fix on a star
guiding them on the way.

On you who make a business of war
I place a curse to last a thousand years.

NUT over Earth

my hands too
like a Berber's
are red and black
with the stain of memory.

With our animals
and seeds
we shall yet reach the other side.

Ear
bright as an orange
heart

air
a sound not made

the body's
mantra

Sad happy music of the Gypsies,
a goat climbing to the top of a ladder
 then slowly spiraling,
a monkey's enthusiastic somersaults
the lugubrious trumpeter with incessant drum
the children the women
 gather a few coins
 on their plates.

Wrapped in 3 1/2 turns of silk this
serpent under foot
squashed by the great globe
cannot resist.

debt built

warhate lodged
in the silos
wheat

fart
knockers
your body their
host

still the corpse on the stick

a lone bird
continues to fly

the earth

Great Pan is Dead.

On hearing the news
disciples sent up wreaths of smoke,

Padmas of Lamentation.

Metaphors grow from the ground to seize us. Sitting at a table in a bar, the group of 13 crystallized. A hanging lamp cast a strange glow on one of the faces. Having caught a glimpse passing through, I wonder at The Last Supper if banqueters noticed?

On benches such as these
we fill the holes of memory.

Genesis first
then floodtime,
 our boat moves slow as a seamonster;
 birds cackle overhead.
The triumph of agriculture
sacrifice of Isaac
 wisdom
the whale swallowed us
spat out
 lamb and lion.

Babel
Outside in
where ghosts go dancing.

40% of Amerindians died with the white.

No evil here
the devil does not speak our language.

Shoot to heaven when angry
these words
like hearts
have no meaning but in consort.

at Dio
Nysa

Not for nothing is Persephone
Queen of Hell.

One morning before dawn
injected rosy ink into obscurity
I walked to Herndon's,
first going round back to take a pee,
and there to my astonishment saw
(as if a shock of tassels
whipped my pallid eyes)
no Xipe wanting more,
but atop his city garden compost,
basking under star and moonlight,
the squatting man himself,
momentarily connected to earth
by a turgid substance of his own making,
as a cloud of steam
rose all about

heavenward.

absorption of things

do not
run arrows through your arms for grief

calumet feathers

there is no returning
there is only returning

go to smoke

Knit ourselves together with animals
cast into sky
to enlarge our scope;

spread out—
this was literacy.

From stars came division of labor
provision for the archivist.

Of nuclear wastes
no one
can imagine a sign
to warn passersby
10,000 years hence to keep away.

Common as a Celtic firedog

severed head cults—
Salome dances
for the Baptist's,

tales of wickermen
filled to the gullet—
through entrails of a sacrificed man
they consult the deities.

Verse is mnemonic:

(sun/moon
intercalary reconciliation)

to calculate eclipse
place shells on the ground.

Nothing lives that has not died
copulation and eclipse
 fire over earth
balsam of the celestial.

First conflict
 resolved in post-glacial patriarchal hegemony.
Blood rises with the moon,
 is spilt with...

 St. Peter's an equinoctial sunstone.

Picture writing—the crab clan—
surface and stylus
 affect content and style,
do not forget your hands.

 Ley lines
language cooked in the dish of trade

 Zero concept

Circular sky dome
made mirror
calendar turned perpendicular
pulled down and rolled.

Indian number cults replace
through Islam
 obsolete
repetition
//// V (scratches on stone
four Ram Clan Moons

 Mystification of,
female sublimated
 in starcluster Virgo
of the blue gown.

Translation to mechanical
presentiment of industrial revolution

Dionysian attempt to redeem the time

 US invention burst
 repressed dreamtime.

Menagerie
sweeps by.

We have lost the stars.

From which they knew
plants animals
when and where to
sow hunt
visit neighbors
gather eggs.

A second crab
beginning of rain
rising river
the serpent drinks it down,
the fish caught in the sisters' net.
They portion out the year
basket size.

The first librarian
—observer of skies—
rewarded by a common payment
of grain.

Around the world
suntime
measured at solstice from heelstone to slaughter.

When shadow hits center
light mid-summer fires

on earth and in heaven
redolent as a clock

analogue of corse.

Asleep without dreaming
fear the monster
lying dormant beneath the skin.

Geomantic stars
skymap the earth.

Clay was severed from its parent the underworld;
thus we remember our first home
shaped in the form of castes,
the dead likewise created

silt enlarging
sky like earth formed of deposits—

remembrance requires transubstantiation—
lovers still

in water
near the muddy peak mingle their Ka's.

Wild dance on her belly
against such schemes we toss
the configuration of the universe,

carry the table of destinies
 ourselves an ark.

But the hole these garments embrace—
a state that possesses force but lacks authority—
fills with mere wind.

Pray Gods
create a twin for your ruler.

1st comes the welfare of potent men.

Undone by fear
Enkidu is killed by the bull; a new age begins.

Now Gilgamesh must learn the way
 of loss
 though he seek
everlasting life.

Do not aspire to this hopelessness.

Work like Utnapishtim for remembrance,
or you will vex the serpent underground,
regret all the days of your life.

Put the blood back.

Teach to think the mind jump out
rendezvous and couple
a line as natural as a sy

zy

gy

the moon black as it is white.

Begin with a woman a serpent a man a tree
—let them go at it every 6 months or so—

shovelshaped incisors
blue pigment
magic in the sacral region
like corn

fire and drill
the dog

metalurgy

Great like the Nile is the Mississippi.
Make the magic flight into earth through water.

Old Egypt delta farmer
after recess of floodtime
relied on pigs
would turn them loose
to stamp seeds underground.
Be cautious deriding this beast
that saved us from cannibalism
offering its flesh in our stead.

The moon eaten whole

food of which the Buddha died:

first the priest ate it
then everybody ate it
then nobody ate it

Hard Extreme to
Portuguese zig zag,
precipitous rock-fall near Sagres—
End of world—
beginning of new
 navigation school
 visitation
stoneage remnants
about to change
at Lindoso on the Lima
 new dam
brings “them” up to date,
up to Galicia’s
bagpiped
red-haired
frecklefaced
 Moorslayer,
 the bull underground,
to Mio Cid, Salamanca,
 the GREAT NOISE
 of the interior castle,
Segovia
whose name means stork
for those above soaring
and nesting on steeples,
centralized politics, religions in the vortex,
 tilting at windmills,
 the garden of lions,
prostrate in the mongrel at Córdoba,
 back again
by a circuitous
bend of the Guadalquivir to Sevilla.

Then

Fez door opens
on lonely alley
 an angle of light
brings to view
a half-nude man
(sucking a chilam of kif)
every now and again
stoking fire, brown hands
 full of sawdust.

Nearby a woman's hands are dyed a red dark ochre
eternal reminder of something
 partly regretted.

Medicine is strong
in that place we could drink wind
till Orion tilt his belt and Venus
 show her colors
—when the black thread
is indistinguishable from the white.

Poetry

is not the wild grass
charged with its spirit?

The woman carries a stick
and bag for food and infant.

Space time maps
tubers shoot root rhizomes

more than how to kill.

Hunt ends at sight of a mouse print
on a gemsbok's.
The animal passed long ago
since mice are nocturnal.

Digging stick turned harpoon
—genes swarming among our colonies—
vibrant edge of selection,

sound the alarm
(at personal risk)
for brother and sister are near;

memory in the code protected,
altruism is biological.

On the back of a bull she rode

 east
 north south
 west

a change in religion a change in calendar.

Reading is augury,
the river loosed from bondage,

blood ineluctable,
one need not kill Osiris.

A scarlet-tongued fish swims by

large as leviathan.

The ax
unbroken
remains in the world.
To set the spirit free
let soft parts
corrupt;
dispose of hard
in a proper manner

place a menhir.

Build with stones that give a dream.

Captain bitten down to a nub

Osiris floats the river
drained from his crocodile.

I took ICHTH for ITH
-yphallic
so hung a limb
full of moonlight.
By Joe, I thought
the stiff had a fish between his legs.

Ruddering
oarpull
resistance
again

bull and ram kill
love
scales the flood

the sky shift

time began when she placed a terrible mask into a bag.

It that is eaten

swallower of flies
dances on skulls
moves when trout sing.
Look at the nine women with the pig—
are they not dancing?

World confounding as Kali's necklace
each jewel a skull
each skull a letter
 come of coupling snakes.

In rabbit ripe Easter time
children go a-egging.

Sky signs are linguistic,
 the turning of a page.

Though come by way of Mars
wear birch
 not mirrors
in your hair.

Overhead
the dragon rides crookedly.

Cast your milt on the earth
and let oyster-dropping birds
mistake it for a pearl.

Would teach my ghosts to know
the trees
yet
being stripped bare

letters fall away
perch on some Gulf platform.

You will not be deprived of OCEANS.

When the egg cracked
God spilt out

like a serpent
shall ye eat.

Humanity is sacrifice;
but do not expect to regain the earth through cudgeling.

Tend fires well and they will not blame you.

Carry sticks into the ingles
and brood over the world.

Wind that inhabits the chest
drives the sounds,
oceans
of fire to their destination.

if you are dark inside eat fireflies,
if overbright eat gloam.

If the ear is satisfied the moon is satisfied.

If you must put on skins
do the bear dance and dog
for they sit in the middle of the way.

When you copulate
make the world feel it.
If you must raise totems
sit in contemplation
before carving the faces:

memories carried forward are power.

Sprawled on all fours
they vomit

upon us.

To the music of clucking hens,
the murderous dance of the lame cock

crippled trying to fly,

that She will crush the serpent's head is euphemism;

foreknowledge like foreskin shaved off clean,

memory must go forward as well as back.

Piglets sidle up the moon.

(In Her pleated fan she conceals 10,000 lives.)

The galaxy dribbles from a prehensile lip,
comes down upon us
like a dove in which a ka is placed.

We move in the scales,
preserve ourselves
at the Other's expense.

Preconstructions shape apprehension—

 remembrance is pain.
Because it is pleasurable to annihilate

(total pleasure total gain)

we withdraw cash value from repression.

Indulge your moods—
this your only freedom.

The main business:
liberation
 from what?

excess torment
that (would rub you out
but for the value of your hide)
 plugs in
to biomass murder
process of digestion
re-piped
 nirvana
hyper-decompost superfuse
illusion of the world.

In the heartland ideological black magic harvests a new
crop of soldier skeletons.

Spearpeace says:
freedom comes from Moloch's barrel

and not Diogenes'.

(Not recathexis for being)
Reification
of labor
as alienated performance
in pre-established functions.

These vestiges must fall
like milk teeth.

The current collectoautopropagandismo
glorifies dehumanization:
the soldier overwhelmed continues to fight.
Now repression is primary

human will
expropriated.

Come the important day
 extort more from her pouches than virtue.
If she doesn't bring gold enough
 pour gasoline
 and set her ablaze.

A wedding gown is fit fuel for Mammon.

No diviner of plans but a pot to carry water along

Mephistopheles whispers to antiFaust:
“the MASSES have signed a pact.”

Black magicians
with their PENTAGONS
stretch the system beyond its moment.

Not yet wholly edible,
for banal luxury
we lower intensities
like a bear in winter.

Practitioners
devour death’s face in the mirror
dreams somehow, too,
not even a couch to lie on
behavior freshly upholstered,

shit impacted as wisdom teeth.

Where are the antibodies
that would knock them out?

I am a speck
cannot see
why the 'system' has permitted Moloch's children
their moment of hyperspeed.

Gear-up
for inter-planet
ejaculatory superflux
 cross pollination?

Drink the poison.

Loki is a bringer of light.

With a little luck
the bells on our pointed caps
jangle, and we dance.

We have fought since forever
yet conquered nothing,

left the overburdened goat
in the desert to die.

The moving particle proof against
solidity
like an adz
the heart burns through ice.

A dark bird engulfed the fiery bull
and rain came.

Like a river coming home
—a green gash through gray—
lay my body in Nut's arms
so I might die in harmony with things.

Circumpolar stars
effective spirits
two eyes
mid-day a falcon hovers effortlessly high,
an old man teeters west
pauses to look before
descending the stairs to his cellar room.

In floodtime observe the hillocks of mud.
Life came not from water but
slime harboring unknown seeds
incantation chambers of incubatory mirrors

Hermopolis
counterpoise

Do not speak of primitive
only what was left behind and why.

Culture industry enter/con/tainments'
coordinated hypnogogic brainwash where
slavery masquerades as liberty—
be sure to attend.

mama gave suck out
the lightning
in my body's house
the electron in the eyeball
rivets attention

her napkin
red with the face of X

How to rip it off
the master
we rely on.

Forbid Dealers entrance.
The world is sick with them.
Pull down mask
 and mascara;
Everywhere opposition,
before swine spill the seed

 Giving Giving

Let extractors of earth
 for the present need
reconcile the premise
 with their love of death.
May the past be unerasable.
 its head bruise the foot.

Is there hope
the short circuiters of dung
in gay deliberations
 bent on filling their pockets
will be at last digestible?

No inverted annunciation,
what irreparable gesture of the clothman
gives way to life
 the clumsy exactitude of the coffin?
When dust clears
wind has stolen our eyes
 fried them like eggs
to form "civilized" humanity.

There is a hold beneath
for every kind of
 deposit
where nothing grows
though everything is daily compounded.

But is a rock ever smoothed over?
I place cacti in their drawers
 and whisper obscenities
in hope something may appear.

Sphincter attempts to squeeze it off,
a feathery neck broken
but the blood jumps out;

 would just as soon throttle a chicken
as let one drop fall
but in their ears.

HOC EST PORK-US

On such days
make models of pigs
and a house of dough
and bake them like bread.

Through streets
women carry puppets
with gigantic penises
and copulate
in the temples,

where swineherds may not enter
though they husband offerings.

So ashamed
 he hid from moonlight.
When it came
love like the candor burst from chrysanthemums
 gone to Buddha
 exposed him.

One night

 Arjuna woke between two armies
and was commanded to choose a side.

—I do not kill easily.
 One as worthy as the other,
 I love them both.

 But was rebuffed.
—This is an illusion and not worth the fuss.

 So answered.
—Then You needn't mind I join a side.

 But HE clarified.
—If you don't, what will happen to the order of castes?

Cities are metaphors. New cities proclaim
expedience.

Segovia
framed by a fork in the river—at the point of divergence,
a castle in the form of a ship. Beneath
this image of the conquest
a fish.

Stones procreate, dream, and die.

God the first alchemist
genesis the chaos
prima materia

branching cranial spark:

got my teeth into baker's bread,
loaded with mercury
—like fish—
(shot cannons in the river)
to make the corpses

rise.

They congratulated him for being
a brilliant Indian
before sending him off

shining, they said,
like a jewel

to Huancavelica.

Near Jabugo
place of good hams
old SARA tired of photos
 lovely children
she never had;
so made a picture
and sang her grandchild's
 first communion.
Amid confounded looks
 —illumined in 3 x 5—
a prized white bull beside smiling SARA.

Now
the Woman
must live in town
Civil War measure of the arrow binders
after Andalucia secured.
Vengeful tongues found their marks
even unto the sanctuary.

 Outside
the great oak
lined with corpses
fell down, killing a soldier.

Nearby the baker wept.

SHE said
the tree had seen too much.
No one obeyed the order
to cut it up
so the stretcher pinned beneath
could be used.
Everywhere
tongues quit wagging.

 Let the mirror be cleansed of smoke.

 With a moonsickle
the alphabet was cut from the limbs.

Follow the wagon to market;
notice the corn's effect.

Specialization holds
systems isolated:

“If only i could become an effectively producing fragment
with significant income.”

Disconnectedness the rule:
the bomber flies over
the below.

Where is the deposit made?

“Seek direct converse with the angel.”
Avoid goetic/practice theurgic.
Though Pharisees have seized the place,
do not fail to throw Him in the try-works,
 His face the ugly man.
What can we do but look at the death of everyone?
Impressions of the past
do not weigh equally upon us,
 must be “strum”
 into show.

All things that can be done are being done.

O freer of soma and the 7 rivers
give me thunder.
Like a chariot of 7 stars bear me away.
From above a striding bull
smiling I drink of 3 beakers
 juice squeezed between rocks
and vomited from your belly.

Waters receive the germ primeval
and rest on the unborn's navel
 where all things abide.

Put blood on the fields
but do not look for sacrifice;
invisible circulations filter through.

Corn tassels make handprints skywise.

Go to the tree.

Be cautious of
beautiful malignant giants
who confirm your powerlessness.
Do not hack the offending limb
nor sell an eye, stop to weep,
nothing will be born.

Acquire a piece of stone
and learn to separate stick by stick.

There is no hall of heroes
we're paying such homage to

poly
mono
meateaters

I stand with disciples
when tongues of fire descend,
 the woman consumed
as the word fills her ear.
I too am a receptacle
 will give utterance
 catch fire to the grass
where I walk.
Who is not worthy?
Who can turn away
from the moment of proud vehemence
 when love finally casts its seed?

Burn
 that you may be
kept from the cold

limbs not catching fire.

no wonder
women refuse to give up
carrier bags of old

not only the materia of the brain
nor language spill out
but the anima

*

*

*

temporal
memory store
integration
parietal lobe

what for projection

?

I asked "Are you merry?"
and She
 answered,
 "The birth stool is a bridge
from here to yonder;
brace yourself."

inchoate silence of a funnel cloud

void leading to void

the creation of names

turns on a potter's wheel

Subtle weapons make me bleed; overt weapons bring me to
childbirth. I am ripe for Her who takes me down by the great oak.
With a scythe she cuts mistletoe thick with berries.

When the main vine snaps many flowers die

my heart
thin as a wafer
torn apart.

Call down the beast
that taught a heart to lie;
let not its blood
mingle with earth
nor cry reach ears of innocents,
but bury it like fallout
under 10,000 pounds of lead;
forbid children to bring flowers
or follow proprieties due a sentient being.

Came upon some unusual creatures
taking a walk
and pushed air into their nostrils,
when they vomited the children
as if already consumed.

From the House of books—a house of bread—
to gods drunk wading in blood
we sing this cannibal hymn.

Elements like
Eucharist are transubstantial.

From the mouth grows a garland
of flowers
all awirl.

Wobbly the wheel effuses.

Only muscles of the present:
peaceful energy hemmed in,
violence gains admittance everywhere.

Forgotten things resurrect;
we do not love the
watch of the soul in isolation.
Like clouds of fragrant myrrh
the substance for storms gathers.
Not carpe diem—

no one who goes will be coming back.

For magic to illuminate the palms
 satisfy with human wine
primal ur/ges
and lift the torch to eye level.

Use every good map
 but chuck a bad one
then walk
beside a learned friend.

Do not let them suck your blood piecemeal.
 Currents hold power
full of the souls of sparrows
 lifting.

Turbulence in the heart of X,
a doubt that crossed him
when he beheld the assassin's face.

A
 VOID
the hex of earth-haters.
 Prefer
 the snake below
over prescriptions above.

Dangling from

the web

everybody talks but we're
making skies safe for supersonics.

Short solar waves change to long heat.

Ozone destruction greenhouse cancer

crossing belts

hubris

our

noos[e]

phere

we have learned to eat the weather.

Mare's tail at 26,000,
among mackerel skies
he cast a line;

does not require a reflection in the water
or boat with a churnstick,

one must learn to fish bidirectionally.

Cirrostratus
torn gauze
halo of sun and moon

caught in perilous winds
lower clouds
elephant

scud by.

Above
wind shaped anvil heat in a thunderhead
ARK TEKTON
(radioactive particles in the mid-drift)

When you eat fish
you eat brethren.

The blacksmith forgives the shaman.

Where sun sets
one
who wears rabbit blankets
told us
to dance

everyone
not
understanding
whites
shot us into gulleys—they we painted

red.

Leeward desert,
acid frozen in needles
on the windward side,
come spring
snowmelt will send them
down the valley
a crown of thorns.

Each new vision
a ghost
added to the dance.

Slow wobble of earth
wind belt

polar fronts
disturb
stable trades

the system speeding toward Vega.

Jet chalk
high above stratos
our heads
a tabula rasa

nacreous clouds
bands of pastel

a curtain aurora
opens;
a meteor entering the atmosphere
turns
incandescent
as it penetrates dense layers.

Over the shoulder
she bore a bundle
and walked
through the milky dust

buffalo
stampede
residue.

Earth's rotation turns the cyclone,
drives straw into oak
sucks up debris,
has lifted frogs
and poured them on cities.

Red clay
falls as a rain of blood
caught in the spinning trades.

Somewhere a millwheel grinds the hours.

Beside the furnace
blasted with rain and bellowing wind
 she beat the anvil
and out the figures came—
her face powdered with leprosy
black as an obsidian knife:

are these not proof enough
you have our hearts?

Open your jaws
we bring flowers,
that we may speak
with the ancients
inhabiting

this place.

let dark ages be crucibles

thus may good come from ill
as medicine from snake venom

Things spring
from hydrogen
burns
yet are cold enough.
From the boundless we came

handling this pile of stones

like burning stars.

Zeus made humans from ashes of Titans;
we long after cinders.

Yet ashes rise
over lake BIWA;
trees shake them loose into air.

I fear there will not be ten of us.

Who shall arm the trees?
X my soldier
hell-bent on revenge
strikes the pyre.

He too I suppose is a maker of skambhas.

Fear of Liberation
dons a hog mask,
distinction granted by the inquisitor

—manifold world—

artificial niches
support repression-based forms.

What prescription is written on the superflux
memory tree read in the acorn?

Dip your reason
at once
in the bowl of regeneration.

Build outward manifestations of inner cities.

Book must be round

contain twins

zodiacal as corn

monumental

fluid

enough

architecturally viable

the globe is one.

Only the head suffices.

The play continues though the audience has departed.

Obedience
disheartens wild creatures in the forest;
kill only the subservient.

Earth swings free
held by nothing.

To know how thoughts are steered
watch the paths of dragonflies.

supergism
(manifest negative in the scientist's tube)
announces the surrogate mum

We must be cooked
till we shine with eyes
of river trout.

Stove of the living
and the dead
sun fire source earth incubator

medicine is change;

the body's furnace will hatch it.

Between horns of the cradle
one is immersed.

Dam the river;
rob what you can
before reaching the Maw.

More than snakes spring from these mouths.
“What will dancers give the audience of white faces hovering?”

Hearts cut fresh
and piled in the market.

“Who will devour our shit once she is gone?”

Women must be fed to dogs,
learn a pure and clean conception.

Only when read with obsidian eyes
can the text be so interpreted.

Nor is penance enough to cure a wound,

but in ice
fire enough
to light a lamp.

Those hearts wrapped in papyrus
stamped with a ring
you may cut out and flay
first pouring wine to Apis
 quickener of wombs

Incarcerated gods
must be liberated
body set free
for collaboration with soul.

From such
build the theatre:
dream
any portal
the right perception of an act
every blade of vision
smoldering in the grass.

The bee dance leads to a source.

Ur-dust rises at
the actual shape:
a rectangle so full it is blackened.

But not disgust (Z advised).

The synapse of tree limbs
burst within is
not unmade
by discovery of others.

Library kiva theatre garden sweatlodge pool to reflect the
moon a bed to dream in.

Should begin writing and never stop
till ink drain from the body
and the oceans swallow.

Yet the chill doesn't suit me.
I need a you to listen to my little patch.

Who will utter
the incalculable loss?

With a sock
over the face a thief
comes.

Having no beast of burden,
follow the mysteries of your feet
and arrive.

For warmth seek sun people;
otherwise look in snow.

Virgin-born
he slew the bull on Friday
let blood fructify the earth.
Three days he lay on a rock
then rose.

The thing to be read:
carry meteors in your ark.

Lines
innate geomantics of the paleomagi
radiolanus

map reading through eons
benchmark
for pole change.

Print new images
for the old
—put aside like bones—
have withered and now rain down upon us.

Let dances come
from the dream of a child
who has not forgotten
her Self.

Tergiversating worm:
the sun's progress

in stone
 henge
 mirror

look to the genes.

In this too holy month
a wolf effigy consumed
 pretense shorn
but castings put in the compost
 bring good fortune
 one hundred and ten years.

Not only the spiral in the genes must we surmount,
 the double helix is everywhere.

The phalanx of particulars,

rumination on a flat beneath a hill near the Hudson amid certain old architectural structures: looking down a vent saw a pair of rails leading nowhere; so deduced Riverside park the old metro stop. An overgrown stairway led to the station.

Under the new World Trade Center lies the wreckage of Old World early traders,

Manhattan a palimpsest.

Three-piece-suiters passing through Grand Central
“fail to notice” down-and-outers drunk on T-Bird,
sprawled on benches.

Near a saxophonist
medusa woman caught me
riveted her ole eye
from the distant country
says she can tell where I been.

—You hated your parents.

—Well not really they did pretty good.

—O yeah they fed you but you educated yourself on your own.

I see you in a big tower with a windmill

(motioning her arms).

A candle is burning.

(She slaps her butt.)

You worked your ass off—

but did you let that candle go out?

Know that without word
my chi would grow ashamed,
refuse to inhabit my body
and seek some windowless doorless abode,
would lose faith to work honestly
and take up corrupt ways.

Though I fear as much as despise,
will wash your feet in this fresh water,
 hold the painted face,
a white moon between the hands;
 thereby my own face is whitened,
 Veronica's napkin
full of negative capability.

Not undone by contracts,
 I see a poor trader

 given up;
you contemplate a new dress
as consolation.

I still go into the woods with you

 yield to flourishes

that could fill stomachs up,

 eyes full of fire
 that rise
 like doves.

Old Sevilla flares from a hidden garden. A great cathedral squats on a former mosque. From its side a serpent crawls down to the new department store, eventually reaches the wall used to embrace the city with powerful arms, keep the people in during plague years.

El barrio

carries in the narrow lungs

an enigma of the hundredth name.

Guardians of the labyrinth

—whose intestines

like a face

will devour us—we

minotaurs

inhabit it only

confused

occasionally finding our way

perhaps

led by some girl-child

carrying a candle.

The constant cry of flamenco

holds a double mystery

North African and Indian

the latter floating behind

some veil

palpable in the running snot

of Gypsy

barefoot girls

“a crotch game virulent as a plague.”

The house is Arabic.

Calligraphy on tiles like a reed boat:

“there is no God but Allah....”

From such certainties one hides

in these puzzling streets

imagining other magi in other boats.

Above

the Azotea

reveals an old man’s last pair of drawers,

a palm riding the wind,

the flight of positive birds

among myriad antennae

angling down the orange groves.

In such a garden you pass through many gates

leaving an emptiness

no longer emptied of content.

From the fire in the house with no name
I saw three fat Jabugo pigs
round as this old moon
stand among explosions
of umbelliferous plants
and grasses headed like wild barley
or hung with panicles of oats.

Underneath
a sky shaped with oak leaves,
a couple listened to the grunting
they have known for too many years to tally.
I wonder how deep it
presses into our dreams,
how mournful this last sound
like the breath of a dying friend,
in a year gone out of kilter?
Who is it moving in the grass?
More than vision coming from this fire
somehow transformed
and to what star
like an arrow
pointed?

from vibrations of a string
he made rain fall and river run

Bruno burned at Campo di Fiori in 1600

magic memory smolders

after a storm that snaps in the brain
like a splitting tree when lightning strikes.

O Mater
ial
of which all are made
filter me again

the life of a star confirms the alchemist

How is it the unassuming grass
does not forget the time,
but everywhere
the creature with a brain
refuses to focus?

Above

Blake flashed with Ezekiel's wheels;

below the spectre man
in the consciousness of a flea
embedded itself in our side.

Carry it now
as an ark
through dark waters down to the place
where women are bathing.

There beyond
 rocks and trees
arching together,
a swimmer moves over the water
all the way to town.

Mnemonumen
make the boat
 carry us
over dark fluidities

till deliverance on some shore.

I'm just this far
 (pointing to himself)
away from it.

They say he wrote music
watching crows fly a plowed field.

The oak leaf
has earned its name.

Meditate the slow decay of the body.

Take eucalyptus for memory.

Can't go anywhere but the place I ought.

Contentious blossoms too may burst in spring.

Wounds like flowers opening
before the thirsty lord of birds.

They buried the body with wands,
brought cloth of narrow weave
(from which voices come)

and long sticks carved and painted
and carried them to the place.

Here would be no love
but for memory of one
laid in a rubble of sticks.

Clashing rocks
the terrible guard at the gate
mask over the bakery

(who shall behead the Baptist?)

one
from a pike's jaw
another from
a backbone festooned
with archways
made a harp
and began to sing

The nail this piece of me tears on
earnest as a crisp dollar
begins with screaming
at near misses
or at least this:
the whittling away
with quotidian infidelities—
whole fragments

vacuous complaints

pipe dreams

Drink the old wind
not illusion
incomplete vision.

Pythagorean strings
pendulum rates
copulative verbs

the sun's genitals.

Pick five lobes
from the place
where horns keep
the clouds from clashing.

Move aside, you're in my line of sight.

I looked in the mirror and became everybody
one by one

whatever thought
became

too horrible

so pulled down

I preferred to crawl with snakes
legless peripatetics

to escape the view between the blinders.

A new spirit of longing
to depart this life
entered the mind,
 a desire to be absorbed into the It.

—Those who love and hate nothing
 have no fetters.

—For a god this is good,
 but I am a man and hack my way;
 shall not fight lest I kill some holy being.

—Do not worry.
 Take a place beside the others.
 Do not put faith in illusions.

—Such illusions
 are my content; but perhaps
 there is something in what you say.

—Besides, if you do not fight
 the order of castes will be undone.
 Do you want your daughter to marry
 an untouchable?

—Oyez and oyez.
 We are undone by different mirages.
 I shall cast a new ghost spell
 in the heart of the bodhi.

TETRA turns PENTA

Old McDonald had a farm

i a o u e

“the crooked lines ...”

unraveling the dreamtime,

apostles

banquet at behest of...

Seizure
like liberation
at the gates of Hades,

a foliage of mucus
picked from a newborn's eyes.

Be wary of speakers whose trance
robs consciousness.

power above justice love or knowledge they thought

one must submit to it

Kamakrisna swooned
when he saw cranes fly the Ganga.
Misreading the knot
proclaimed himself a God
so Mother swallowed
him like a fish.

The last cranes to make letters as they paired
were in Anglesey in 1908.

When will the affair take place you ask,
when will we be tossed?

Bathe in cow urine
(cows remain venerable)
before leaving the corpse for vultures.

Leave off suttee;
live to carry a torch
alone.

On such a moldy morning El Mundo smells like a nasty foot uncovered
after months in the same sock or a sticky pair of balls
dangling in a moist scrotum.

Feel free to complain about excessive heat in a greedy world.
But as sky swallows a stone hurled into its throat, do not cry out when the tree drips oil.

Read from the lotus hanging down.

When you receive a gift
put it in the fire.

Listen to the animal at thy ear.
You do not comfort Krisna by speaking indestructibly.

You will be a nomad
till you arrive where you are going,
then be made a slave
 having earned your bondage.

Myth reunites the split brain,
 individual with the tribe.

 Against God
remain a trickster;
 the pillory is near.

Be not witness and judge
 unless you bear the burden of executioner.

Put faith in three baskets.

A third grade teacher said it best:
"you write like chicken scratch."
One cannot overlook such remarks.
I have made of them religion.

Find me near the coop
studying hieratics on the floor.

Emulation of tracks:

two toes forward

X

two back

we gather spectacles;
their independent spirits
wreak havoc.

Writing speech of gods
invented that wisdom might prevail.

wedges pressed into clay
picto
petra
hiero

jewel in the lotus

boustrophedon
writes as he plows:
→ the man
lli seil ←

some say more:
the visible man near me I know lies ill on his side on the skins in
the present house close.

Put your ear to the ground—
the earth is speaking.

As plain dancers
know the vowels
through the mastery of limbs,

match feet on the ground
with hands in the stars
let us by tying knots
in string or rug
paint stars words building
or any other thing.

*Women are not interested in ICBM
throw weights.*

Settle quarrels by singing.

Lakota man
against this standing rock

(where witcher made water)

press your spine
this the place the moon rises.

Release Lilith-Ma-Gog from bondage.

By all means pay the debt to Aesculapius,
magic a kind of prayer,
wind to keep the fire glowing.

Sympathy of all things
not for gain
but understanding
the children's
inheritance.

Express yourself through the 410,000 knots,
often in triplicate.

We do not need a dream to start.

Build a bonfire in spring
and make an image.
Burn the one yelling in my ear;
this bigmouth god
rattles the frame,
 has mistaken me
no doubt
for some deliverer.

Give to names their names

make one science and metaphor

know breath

stone tree and waterhole

Aiming

triangular heads

on wondrous ships—like carpets—

we have flown,

leaving a husk behind

but to arrive at the Bulb

with greater prospect—

the

Earth

Follow the way of the heliotrope and nightflower;

pull the image down
and deliver it to the ear of earth.

Astral magi,
the movements of animals above
are prehistoric script.

As Bone Adz said,
“The First Illuminated Manuscript.”

From twins
a poet received the art—
remembered places of banqueters
squashed dead.

He spoke for three hours
assigned a part to each room
chakra or garden gate.

By odor dance
signal fire tongue
hand or foot
shall we be
freed

Our knot keeper is a machine

Sun struck us and required a form
mouth-pantomime
mimetic turn of body
inherent language
evolved from a shriek

Common tower diaspora
prophylactic for pure sign
the deceiver's gift in the garden

the sheep's cry
like humanity's
is strengthened by infection.

Particle wave
linguistic paleontology
our names

where stones are put sleepy one breeze near the ground fish catching
place fat beast place father of waters daughter of skies tobacco pipe
friend's place where we all got drunk

The infinitude
beneath the cloudy glass
not weighed down
but nourishing
what carried us

Drink tea from leaves of linden

The palest ink is better
than most retentive memory

I do not believe

To fly borrow feathers
 from the place of shores
but before returning
learn the dance from air spirits
to fill the empty people.

Hung on a tree
 caught in spring winds,
begins the dance of moons
 —lifting or falling—
a stork, clacking her beak like castanets.

Topped with arrows
my head
aims at constellations I am
ignorant of,
moves hidden planets in the blood
along like boats.

The oceans of the heart will not save us.

Go tattoo your buildings.

Meditate the pith
but pitch your tent in the new growth.

Discriminate spirit from spirit

torn left toward end
bereft of place
not in a
noward

A wish is an adz.
Only the desirous love their food.
Like corn be ripened.
The priests were glad
Xipe enjoyed them.

Will is great
but space contains the will.

Do not be disarmed with infinitude.
Utterance of the smallest is great:

when he gave he gave two kola nuts.

Without memory
we do not know the unwoundable are lifeless;
only that which dies may speak.

Therefore
pity souls who cannot find their bodies.

Engender what you do not comprehend.
A man who does not dream
is untouchable.

Put the boat in the water
and be on your way.

The concubinage of light—
when will the syllables of the collective hour,
when the duplicitous face
break and set out on the luminous trail?

What pitiful carcasses we make.
Vein carries them
 past the song of seacows
through desperate rocks.

Will you follow

a solitary figure
under yahoo sail gathering wind?

light flashed in the garden

wand branched into candles

two for blessing a throat

seven for climbing upon

Sun the honey
sky crossbeam from which hangs the hive,
symbols in a line.

Where are the eggs?
Bees hum, brood over the flower,
pause before they sip.

Go from life to life,
asleep you hear a buzz.

Continents straddle the seagirt.
Because I cling so greedily to my
crust of bread,
the brahmans hoot.

What is the difference between their hoot and my clinging?

Any god (worth its salt)
can piss on an old dry stick,
cause it to grow branches and sprout leaves.

Let there be no delusion about reward or punishment.

Only that which frees
the trapped spirit

only that which rises
—like the serpent—

from the great wheel.

When a child will not be quieted
sing a mantra,
no speech so happy as when wedded
to breath.

A ball of earth shatters against a stone;

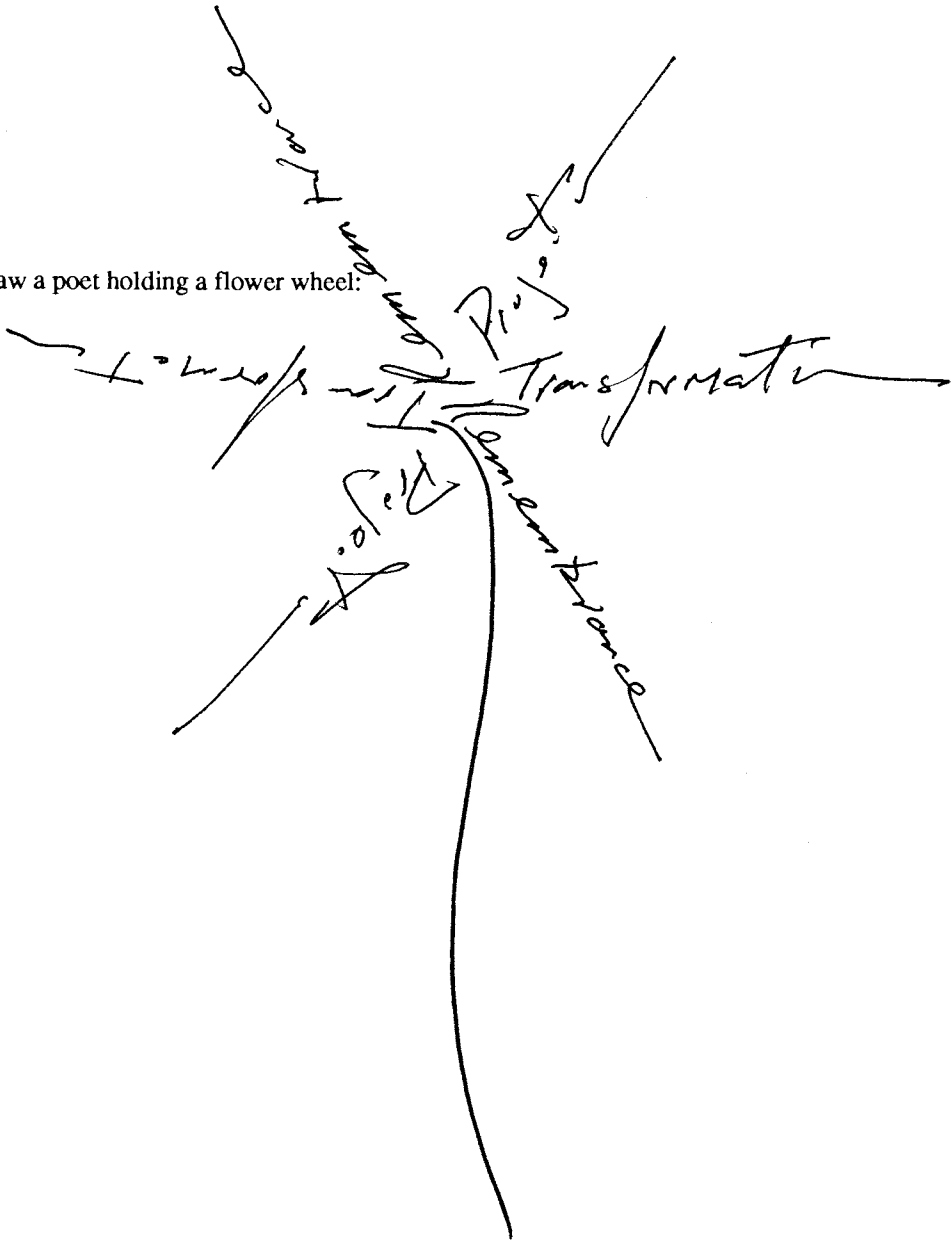
sun sets

like an AUM.

We are the children of

emergency

I saw a poet holding a flower wheel:



Fractious moment
the blood tells

Coroner's up late
much to do.

Will
heroin needle pusher's light
explosions in the graphic pulses?
30,000 warheads
mean peace almost.
A few more space-based should
really do the trick.
What's more
teeter totter

give me give me
our portion
—not about
moving into habitation
of the world—
the lost candor of a rose
the sense—everywhere—
the thing has gone bad.

Only among deniers
and gainsayers
a smile
though their eyes are glazed.

Seek not only records of spirit
stored as sound on magnetic tape
but feel them in the rood of your bones.

Telescope dialectics
to synthesize.

Offer all this to the ROCK LOVER.
Then take up residence in the HOUSE of Job
and hold permanent discourse with the elders
on the wisdom and justice of heaven.

Lotus light in the head says
unite with me.
Sweat bead in the palm replies
already

I am that I am

Do not follow your utterances
to the ends of earth.
Observe the scarlet fish in the water.

I prefer the mortal world
to schools of carrion spirit.

Is there anything untarnished by our thoughts?

I will give a thousand cows
if you'll tell
will the world end when desire perishes?

After instructing his wife in the cosmic self
he prepared for the next life
took leave
and went into the forest.

But why for such a one was there need to go anywhere?

Do not write your name on parchment
and lock it in a vault.
Plant it and study the growth.

Gobble

a snake a tree the earth.

 The wanton flood
not gone out of me
drops before the minotaur
past blindness
carnage and time
rifling the pile like cataracts,
my dissemination.

 Still through metal stalks
the world persists;
dawn inhabits the earth.
Old triangles group themselves
along the horizon

floating on pink buds of the water froth.

“Real” life waits for
sleeping figures writhing in their beds
till the hum of the headbone
purr in the morning
tv giveaway.
Not anger I want to conjure
not ply wood like some laminator

but may be later
some one some thing
won't ignore.

Storks pick their way through Alentejo grass
as wind flashes

silver and green.

The flame-colored butterfly is gone,
will resurrect;

do thou likewise.

Preach the pantheism of seeds
perennial genes of the golden rod
silver wing of midnight crows.
When others are asleep
get up and gather what it takes
for ceremony.

Dreams replenish the soil.

Her putrescent soul
(draped over the couch)

packaged, cartoned,
prevailed upon.
Nautilus inanition
the hideous beautiful
shape of humanity
was a choice for
big grab
soft underbelly
and big one too.

My illness an envelope

being
moved

the tooth breaks through the carapace.

Can a wonder be said not to exist
when air is shot with veins of pure fire?

From the wild storks' incessant clacking
learn the purposeful
erotic dance of castanets.

From all track-makers
 things that move
read signs;
from stationary beings
learn insouciance.

Mooncalf that I am
I bask by moonlight

 learn from the grasses to pray.

She who waters herself is my desire

like Cuzco

the navel

The ground seized me
and lighted the way.
Only when one sleeps awake does one fly with golden birds.

When you have flown far, lie down and dream no more.
When you have overcome them all
you'll have reason to weep.

Overcome nothing
the only Upanishad.

Produce fire by rubbing,
the self is dearer than slaughter,
from it everything emerges.

(Fear comes with a second.)

He who adores the incandescent will shine.

Thus the señora comes a Sunday dawn wrenching the head off
a chicken
my fingers, fetters round a pair of scratchy legs, hold,
while blood jumps on the pants.

When you drink
place the mouth below
the bottom above.

Inhabit what you encompass:

time

snakes in a coil

—dendrochronology—

the rings of our ancestors;

like earth,

dive into the sky.

Pre-Folsom by thousands
we are middens

replanted like feathers.

The vulture stinks
well to heaven.

This fire
honors morning,
by whom we are sanctified.
I stand in the shadow of bright trees.
Upon me
rain petals
—fragrance sweeter than pomegranate
fills me up.

A gorgon mask is set above the ovens
to keep nosy children from the baking,
 protect the letters of the holy name.
Thus are we kept from paradise.

Ezekiel a
heron rolling fish into a wheel
 and I a gosling
openmouthed
 await the offering.

Five shining circumferences live
 the number divided forever.

(Somewhere, an arrow flies.)

The function of the poet is to bring peace.
I love apples.

Put on a white face
looked a strange animal
 or moon seen from treetops
so mistook the crescent for bullhorns:

“Taurus vulva.”

Tossed sticks are letters.
What she carries in her bag is the future.

As mares are impregnated,
so the virgin...
 listen to the wind:
what stirs there?

Edges of the noumena brighten
 where she dances.

My hunger
SOPHIE

not a reliquary
like a great god or toad
carried in the leg

Projection

lead with the head
a child coming forth

Noosphere

Mine for gold if you would make it
put the king under the seer

FENG

SHUI

bones crushed
like cultures
under
 plates
 into meal

 over all
an old Mexican woman
 “caretaker of the estate”
is busy making tortillas

N U T

Q u i n c u n c i a l

Reconciliation

G E B

Boat
—like calligraphy on tile—
to carry me off.
Orion lifted;
Pleiades fell into the blue flag.

Remember
when catching a crocodile

plaster the eyes with mud

Wonderful Ibis
dancer near water
devourer of flying snakes

we give thanks

Numinous hands
 moved
 golden birds through air
till they flew at me
pressing themselves into my face

Light

entered the temples
on either side of the skull

hovered nearby
sucking the life
from an ithyphallic hanged man.

The changing periplum—
the moon in the water is rapture.

Her thoughts cause the Nile to flood.
Earth moves
and the waters obey.

Make
the mask live
deliberately.

We communicate by trophallaxis.
The brain is a place to walk through.
You only get the feel of things

by touch.

True lovers

need no oil for lamps
to light their chambers

Room

that is every place

the light

I am

Stone became a lotus
where I buried my face and slowly
began to eat
the vulva in the water

The frozen land a part
contains silence

a great receptacle
not looked at from a vantage point
but inhabiting the gaps

till we are inhabited

Severed
like John's head
but vitally central to things

paradise hides under quickening shades.

Do not long for previous incarnations.

Not my/self I behold in the water
but an image of it.

More and more descend into the muck,
their packages too august to mention.

Trace the mantic flight
—cloudburst of insects—
humming in prayer.

Come too late to bury the dead,
we saw come forth
ghostly torrents
from the river's deep mud,

billions
walking from their place,
as when planets lose
the influence of gravity.

gimme gimme
 fallout
long haul
jig's up
only thing left
Osiris weighs it

blanch of a sun village
wren dance
during the pony circle

 sound of a flute
 under African tents

From the spermaceti comes a beautiful light.

Fresh from the frozen land
this mooncalf
burst from a white lotus.

I burned palmwood in May
to honor her,
pave the road toward midsummer.

Hinge on which the door swings:
a flight of 20 longlegged birds,
six cranes dance in a willow grove
(our speaking trees.)

Like the oak
send out your laws

Acorns fatten the pig.

The moon in the water is covered with grasses

All spokes radiate from a single hub

myth
eco
logos
the new paideuma

We move
in a sphere
all things abide

Moloch is a God that loves children
so much
he eats them.

A skull spits in a woman's hand.

We who are about to die salute you.

Part of the problem:
to make a bag or basket is first
something to duplicate the uterus, a calabash,

the swelled stomach
to carry seeds forward.

From her pouch shall break the new water.

Coiled like a snake

the basket is second, then fired vessels.

So she turned inside out
and the letters spilled.

The woman is the first kiva

and the Earth was before the first.

I hear the sound not made from two things
pounding
like silkboards;

a fretted instrument
my spine a ziggurat
the serpent crawls up,
shakes its tail
stretches from here to yonder

[liberation through hearing]

bursts
a thousand petals.

A star sits on a pole.

No matter where you put the body
you bury it in the house
everything that is
is alive.

But I'm not going to let
you off the HOOK
you bastard!

Hell no.

Under your limbs

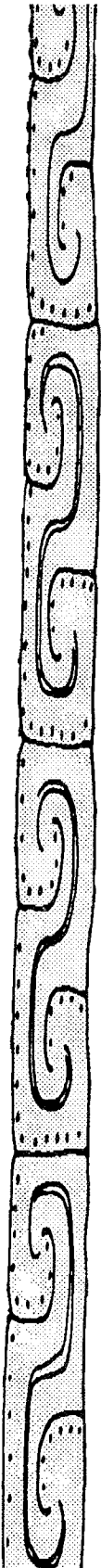
find me laughing

our prospective

place of transmutation

On a bed
carved of living tree
the lovers make a circle

do it over



Stonehenge, spring 1986.