

Universe



J. Larry Nance

UNIVERSE

J. LARRY NANCE



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For:

Alex (The Rose), Jake, and Cody



Astrophoto of M51 © 2010 by Bruce Morrell

Book I : Quadrans Muralis

Little bird

So light in
Night's womb,
Lift the mind
Out of rock's tomb
And bind with golden flax the
Monument never
To be raised in
The graveyard.
Bury naught when the
Tropical storm comes,
Rest never little
Bird: follow forever
Them whose Life is
Love and the joy
Of becoming.

Annie

You never second guess
Annie,
She lives her own
Way, way up in a
Tree-top, blessed Annie
With smoothed down
Feathers and the
Little stick house
Perched on a top-most
Limb, away from
Cat, someday hoping
For a double maybe perhaps
To double.
She'll invite you over
For a drink then
Talk about the cost
Of living, what the
Market is doing ...
A damn smart bird!

Aflame

Focused completely,
Unable to think
 of anything else,
High hills,
 Stonehenge,
 Trees
 Snow caps,
Makes no difference,
 Any of the trio,
 it's the same,
Focused completely,
Scattered colors,
Aflame.

Voices

“How high is an arm reaching
For death with a blue gun,
Cold and heavy in the hand and
Smooth as your lover’s breast and
Heavy as her body against his.
After all, those words have been
Said and never remembered
And the stone cracks in a
Million pieces because million
Is the number that sorry
Counts.

How high is an arm reaching
For death with a blue gun,
Little pieces of brass and
Heavier lead married and crying.

Try it here! Against the head
That turns and hurts and
Wants all those words to
Be again and again and the head
Can’t remember anything
Except contradiction.”

“Yes” and “No” and “I won’t” and
“I will” and
“I Promise.”

“I promise,” over used
full of nothing,
Marriage vows promised
Broken for a new promise
That can’t learn about Other.
Other, the new word that
Is never understood, just
Felt and he thought it

Was real, but what is real?
If this be real from so long
Ago? And we try again and again
And flowers fall down and the
Garden is left but it's all right.
All right, nothing wrong, He
Walked away, just before they
Got to the bedroom door.

She had a long talk about
How much they were in love,
After they danced and "he
held me...no one will touch
me ..." keeps coming back, like
The rush of a sword in the
Back of the bulls neck and
It is much too early to die,
To die,
For what? The bird has followed
Her over here, away from yellow
Room and she is alone
And the time drags slowly
And her head aches from the
Worry and the knowing that
That night was good for no
One but him with the street
Lamp shining through the
Curtains.

*"You were there and then
You were gone.*

*Everything's gone now,
You're gone, hopes gone,
The money's gone, there's
Nothing left now except
Me and her.*

*"I carried her, nursed her,
Loved her, and she
Loved you and grew up
And is crossing over and*

*She's beautiful and I don't
Have any options, I don't
Know what to do, I know
What to do. I know what I
Have left to do and I hate
It but you are gone
And I'm alone and she
Has no idea that we're
Done, you are done,
Finished, I'm finished and
Have no options left, except
Getting out of all this
Finally.*

*You were there and then you
Were gone.*

*I don't remember buying
The casket. I don't remember
Paying for it all. Maybe I
Didn't, maybe it's still to
Pay, I don't know. I just
Remember you in it and
Then we burned it up
And then you came back
In the bottle and that's
All I remember.*

*It killed you and that's
All I remember and
How little time it took,
How little time it took.*

*You were here and then
'poof' you're gone and how
Sick you were and how you
Tried but it all didn't
Work out and I hate the
Thing that killed you, hate it.*

*But I hate being alone, adrift,
No money, no hope, nothing.*

Off-shored.

*You were there and then
You were gone.”*

“...I’ll be glad when this is
Over for you...” Sister said.

She held the gun gently and it
Almost was, almost over, but
What pain can be matched to
“...it made no difference whether
You worked forever here doing
the impossible and making
the world sing and the words
Come and God to move. It makes no
Difference now or then and you could
Have just come and drawn your check
And done nothing and it would
Have been fine....”

But she would have not loved him and
Then this night would have not
Come when her head fell down
And she looked into the
Well of the Giants.
That deep dark hole, no
Bells, no caring, just
Forget and let music beat
Against the back of
Her head with him away
and her bird crying for fear
Of going away, far away,
“Far away”, the little children
Say, “far away”.

“(Little bird, you sing for your
Love and the nestlings that are
Coming, not of pain and hurt and
human frailty and human
symbolisms. Nature is irony.

Have you ever heard the mockingbird
Sing in the night, singing to her
nestlings, singling in joy and
peace and love?"

A mockingbird's song is symmetry.

"Little bird sing.
Is it over now and does
Your song catch in your
Throat. Do you beat
Your wings against the tree
As she reaches for flight
With an outstretched arm?"

Hardly.

*"What are you doing mother?
It's almost time for Austin!
Great car. Love it!"*

How high is an arm reaching
For death with a blue gun,
Time crawls along, the
Holy hour, seven and what
Will the night bring with
This heavy love in her hand.
It wants to love his aching head
And tear out the thoughts
That come so hot but jump from
So high a spot ...

"One more word, perhaps it is
All a lie. Perhaps a dream
It is and my love is beside me
And not at a far away hell-hole.
Where does my love lie? In
A pool promised never but taken
Again in that day, so long
A day, much like this one
With the heavy gun when all
The tears have gone and the

Face comes, that round face,
So old and mature, never
Uttering a wrong word.
Now the face come that held the
Gun before.”

She ran back and forth
And the tears flowed like
August stars blazing light
Now long gone and dead and out
Of her sight.

“...It is so exciting to have
A new husband...” Black flat soft
Shoes dragging quickly
Against the floor and the
Little red coat with the
Paint from a long forgotten
Picture imbedded on the
Sleeve. “...please don’t go before
I come back ... please ... please...!”

“God, the night was cold and the
Phone rang.
Horror is a grief never known until
That animal hurt was in her eyes,
Panic, remorse at the loss
Of love when the nights
Were frozen and paintings
Were in the back of the car
And it was stolen and the
Police came, and now they
Forever come.
They laughed and laughed
At the never loss and now
The loss is too great to bear.”

*“You were there and then
You were gone.*

*And I don’t know where
To go. The stupid credit*

*Card, and everybody knows and
It's time for Austin and there's
Not going to be an Austin,
Or a Dallas, or a Fort Worth,
Or a Boston, or anywhere and
There should have been an Austin,
Or a Dallas, or a Fort Worth,
Or a Boston and I just can't
Tell her, I just can't tell her.*

*You were there and then
You were gone."*

How high is an arm reaching
For death with a blue gun,
Heavy and the arm aches from
The holding. Breath comes
Short.

She's sprawled on the
Big sleigh bed for a while
Asking herself "...why..."
Never knowing and trying
To deal with the lies.
"I promise" comes screaming
back to me now and her words:
"You will ...
Get what you have given me, in
Spades."

When does love fall down and the
Words stop?

"Are you home now?
Seven, and tired from the trip,
Away from me! Far away from
Me, far away, shutting me out
For that hellish eternity, in
That office, with the bill in
My hand for the diamonds freely
Given.

And did she hold that hand, while
Dancing, with his star?"

"I am blind. When will I be healed?
Worse, why must I be healed?
Why did the hurt have to come?"

"She stood there, that damn
Black night, eyes black
With fear, and me
Jelly at the killing
Of her trust, tossing her love."

Early morning, after
Breakfast, walking down the
Sidewalk, by the bedroom
Window, hearing her weeping,
Tears flowing down his
Cheeks, biting his lip, all
Is brass.

"She searches out the
Gun and feels it as she has me.

"You don't have to go..."

*"You were there and then
You were gone.*

*You are gone, the money's
Gone, the laughter's certainly
Gone, just flew right away
And it was only yesterday
I was swinging on summers
Days listening to evening
Sounds and wondering about
The blue evening, the stars
Coming out and who they
Were and what they were
And everything was here,
I was here and it was all*

*Right. Wrong, everything's
Now wrong and nothing's
Going to make it right,
Nothing. Where's God
In all of this? I can't
Even consider God in
All this, just a void, an
Eternal void in my head
And the fear and it's
Getting worse when I
Think about Austin that's
Never going to happen,
Never going to happen.*

*We were happy once,
Were we not?
We were happy once?
Certainly we were.
There was us and now
There is nothing, and
A looming nothingness
That I'm scared of and
Getting to the point
Where I don't really care,
Don't really care even
About being Pacific
Rimmed, and Black
Panties and long
Tongues getting
In my head.*

*Dead heading how,
Dead heading.*

*We were happy once,
Were we not?"*

*"Twice the words were spoken.
Once by him, and then by me."*

She doesn't have to go and use the
Gun and "make it all over", the
Words and the love, but it
Is over and it comes and this

"Time comes slowly and now thirty
Minutes have passed and the
Room is hot and the bare
Back sticks against the
Green velvet chair. Strange
That it should be green and
All the words written about
Green this, that the other.
Never why is this answered.
Just circles of stupid thinking
Trying to get out of a corner
Stupidly gotten into.
I'll take care of nothing.
Take care of yourself. Go away,
Pull the trigger, let the
Whole thing go to hell.
Who cares? What does it matter?"

Out of Eden they go, tramping and running
Like little rats looking back, trying
To turn into pillars of salt but
They just lick the salt from their
Cheeks and hope for the best.

Yes, but the music is going and
Now he comes and takes me away,
Star dimming on my finger,
Killing the light in his eyes,
Making his stomach hurt
With the music of his breath,
Heavy with cigarette smoke,
Come and in that dark
Bedroom with the lamp
Shining through and Sister
saying: '...I'll be glad
When it is over for you'

The gun hangs heavy over my
Head and the pills begin to
Make sleep come until
Three in the morning and then
The fucking counting begins
Again. Counting and counting
And knowing that the phone never
Rings because for that eternity of
A short time, I was forgotten.
Four days to be forgotten,
Dead and here with the gun,
Cold and me hot and sweating.
God, let it come! Let me out
Of here! Yes, but a suicide never
Tells anyone about impending
Death. That's just the first step.
Two hours and fifteen minutes
And what will the road bring?
Will the gun go and me walk
Off the stage saying: 'I know,
I know....' Is the mind prophetic?
The little whining voice, no longer
A voice, standing there, naked, not
Knowing why all the fuss and
God, drop dead and go to hell.
Just stand there and wonder,
'Why all the fuss? It's just
Water and time!' Water and time,
Plenty for everyone. I'm everyone.
They are all here, fucking and drinking
And having a hell of a time and the
Cockroaches run out of the newly
Split cunt, running blood and
Sperm and nobody knows what
The Hell is going on ... the gun
Hangs heavy and the bell never
Goes off, just the mind, going
Off and off and '...come on over to my
Room and let me show you my cockroaches.' "

*“You were there and then
You were gone. And it’s never
Going to be right again.*

*The days are a blur. Sleeping
Is a waste. The jobs are all
Gone, shipped out by some
Sorry CEO to India for some
Kid to IT for slave wages,
18 hour days, as if I wasn’t
Doing 18 hour days when
There were working days
And you were still alive
And we made good money
And India slaves weren’t
Sucking us all dry.*

*God, I don’t know where
Jesus went, but maybe
This doesn’t have anything
To do with Jesus, it does
Have to do with
Pacific Rim and
The dread and dying and
Suddenly you weren’t
There anymore and that
Wedding dress doesn’t
Mean a thing any more
And that’s all the sadder
For all this and Venus
Is setting, Venus is setting.*

*You were there and then
You were gone”.*

“I have to go tomorrow but maybe I’ll stay
If you are any good at all. Got
Any references?
‘...now...’ finally it comes.
‘...no...
‘...no...,’
I just remembered, I’m

In love. Yeah, I'm in
Love and the phone never rang.
My bathing suit's all wet and
Tomorrow's my birthday.
I've been looking forward
To it for some reason.
I broke my sister's bike,
She cried, I skinned my knee,
My lover kisses me there, you
Can't, I just remembered, but
Just hold my hand and dance and I
Will get as close as I
Can without him knowing,
I'll have to tell him, he
Knows anyway, but I'll fain
Remorse and disgust and the
Wet suit won't make a damn bit
Of difference, it's dirty
Here and the place is a mess and
It's a long way to go,
But if mother works, I can get
Lots more things than if just
Daddy works. He's away most of the
Time, like me, away, and I should
Remember something."

*"You were there and then
You were gone".*

*You are here, and now
You are gone.*

*What would we have done
Differently? Big picture
Is now a little picture.
It doesn't
Make any difference 'cause
The crab drug you away,
Day by day, you slipped
Away, the crab dragging
You away and there's
Not anything I can do*

*To turn this around and
It's worse than Hindu
Land, and freaking CEO's,
The crab dragging you away
And I quit trying to hold
On, and I hated myself 'cause
I didn't free right letting
You go and that's what I
Did.*

*The crab got you, tore you
Away from me and her and
Ruined everything and it
Was too late to save any
Money, too late.
You were there and then
You were gone”.*

How high is an arm reaching
For death with a blue gun,
Heavy and the arm aches from
The holding. The linen not
Changed, the letter scattered
With the naive words inscribed
And night comes down fast and the
Presents are given, fast, like
Love, fast like the “click ... blam!”
Blood and brains all over the books
Not paid for, on the table,
Running like little rats down
On the floor and it don't mean
A damn. That soft , warm, mouth he
Taught to love, but he's neither
Her love nor his and this
Gun is the finish for a
Life never begun.

“What are you doing mother?”

“How short
And long are the two hours,
... well tell me what you did.

Tell me all about it before I
Have to go to work. Tell me about
The city, the street lamp, the hot
Night, the blind, staring eyes and
The gun so heavy against the head
And about the screams and tears
At the learning that one touch
And a wet swimsuit could bring
So much grief, no bells, just the
Sticky covers and the messed mind.
All messed up. Tell me about it.
Have fun! When was it good? When
Was it cool, when the wind blew or
When the father came in and
Knocked everything all to hell
And sister said: ‘...I’ll be glad
When it is all over for you....’
Tell us all about it. How little your
Voice grew and the knowledge that
What you could not understand
Could kill so quickly. Tell us!
Tell us! Tell us! When did
Remorse set in? When he asked you
Or when the curtains blew from the
Cool wind and the heavy mind.
Tell us all about it....”

*“All I can tell you is he was here,
Now he’s gone.*

*All I can tell you is she was here,
Now she’s gone.*

*Gone with the crab.
Gone in a muzzle flash.*

Thanks for the Glock.

And now,

I’m gone”.

Wrap up the gun.

Keep the thought.

Just
Cool, cool, cool.

The Manager

“Allwight baby, now wemenber thiz,
When the date’s wight then
We’ll make five-thou
And if you foget the
Date, I’ll chew you out,
Just wike the scwipt,
 Intha scwipt,
 Just whadid call foah,
 Wined up, all inna wine,
 Fom 9 to 5,
 All inna wine.”

And, are the words the same?

The time the same?
The space the same?
The fires the same?
Have we been the same,
All this time,
Excusing morality and immorality,
Frame in the symbols etched on the
Huge dome,
Still the same,
Yet moving?

Go down Sun,

Never have to face
Another face with
Words too freely given
Then time comes and
Night bares her breast
Bringing forgetfulness
In that short time,
Full of nothing and
Cracking the lovers
Mind with remorse for
Long lost words to
Newly spoken and now
forgotten read over and
Over is love scroll,
Over and over the words
Rise off the page and
Laugh and laugh because
Life is not what the
Words promised in
A short night, soon
Forgotten.

Tell me sir,

How do you piece a word
Back together again?
Concepts flow like
Leaves, green and brown,
Forgetting me and that
I made them and them to
Float down so nicely
Down, like my head,
Cast
Down.

How long does it

Take to learn “No!”
No to the promise of
Life and the giving of
Life and yet the raging
Voice must be used to
Wrench the “no” from the
Lips of a beloved and
That’s no good when
The “No” doesn’t come
Of its own accord.

But then three faces

Were seen and a hard
Slashing hand was used
To smash the faces to
A bloody, soft, pulp
In that night that hung
Long with bitter tears
Unshed, because tears
Could not come from
A well dried up.

The faces came and ruined
The apartment, bedding
Scattered all around, hung
Over bunk beds never seen
In the apartment but
Gotten in somehow.

Just wide-eyed faces
Looking all pulpy from
The beating while his
Manhood hurt from
A soon passed night
Forgotten this night.

In this short time,
Funny how time is short
And long at the same
Time, time, time when
It drags and yet flies
When there's music and
A new face and then
"No," the cheating "No."

The "no" that came after the
Road had been started
And the mind ceased to
Function and the
Phone Never Rang.

Almost caught

Night beam,
Thought became
Real, no longer
A sideline.
Words are flashes.
Hold all this in your
Gentle hand,
Cup my breast
And let the
Nipple flow,
Greedy with Love's
Stroke.
Toy all the air's
Diamonds, now
Is new, time's
Mighty stringing
Together of
A broken strand
Of pearls.

Io Saturnalia

1. When apple crates are empty

And little boys are making
Skate scooters you can
Hear a distant summer thunder
Come over the housetops
Bringing the smell of
Living old and new and a kind
Of fake peace that
Comes with Io Saturnalia.

My cosmology is written
On the sidewalk of my
Neighborhood, a drawing
Done with rock on
Concrete, a vision done
With the knowledge drawn
From my own history, a
Time etched into barks
Of trees, rings that
Silently pray:
“Io Saturnalia”.

“It’s this way Jerry,
You see we are here and
I draw a circle to show
The earth. Then there’s
The Moon and the Sun
And the stars that never
Talk, just glow and
Move in their own way
To the Sun’s slot”

“Well, even with all those
Stars, we can draw a
Circle clean around the
Whole of the stars and the
Moon and the earth.”

“What’s outside the
Circle, Jerry?”
“Io Saturnalia.”

For the little children
Come to the throne
Of God with supplication,
Asking for the loan of
Another time to be,
Spent in unraveling
Our blessed truths,
Trying to find solutions
When quickly comes
 “To Saturnalia.”

We have a beast, he
Eats so little, just
Bugs and lizards
And temples that
Once we called small
That were growing tall at the
Expense of my brother,
 “To Saturnalia.”

My brother built this
Land at the bidding of
Unseen voices, voices that
Decreed that money shall
Be the root of all living
Commerce and houses
That measures the man,
A boat, a car, thousands
And thousands a year, a
Trophy wife or a Negress with
A red mouth and green
Locks like a dying
Cedar tree. In these
Things are cities built,
Is the motion of ships
And the pumping up of
Towers for unseen voices
Proclaiming disgust at

 “To Saturnalia.”

Our time comes, swiftly
Now. Cities are
Built and distant guns

Are exploding. Rockets
Are mounting heavenly Venus
In anticipation of an extraordinary
Union:

“What copulation bliss to
Jet my way into a supersonic
Screw with you: Play on
Delta 303.”

“Io Saturnalia.”

The torch is thrown.
The bed covers drawn,
My red eyes hot and
As all men begin to stand,
I ask myself if only
Through summer storms
Is the worth of confrontation
Measured?

When we crawl for nearly
A year for two-week
Bliss, is this Bliss still
Truly the life’s measured
Reward?

Could theirs not be a
Greater peace than this
Magnanimous Coke
Bottle, imported
In sanity, sulking,
Straining for continued,
Sustained recognition for
Thousands of thousands of
Stockholders while the
Clock ticks on and a
Voice chuckles, then barks:

“Io Saturnalia.”

Picture yourself on the penthouse
Floor. All about is gold
Gilt and multifaceted
Secretaries that all know
The score: What a bore and
Then the sky turns a

Sparrow gray, then black
As the radio sings
The coming of a storm any
Idiot can see, but who
Really cares?

The funnel drops down and
Spins in ecstasy, sucking
Up the timber, the plantations,
The beautiful trees that
Rip out with scarce
A gasp. What an object
Lesson for our class encased
In the penthouse.
On the funnel comes, 52 stories
High until the windows
Groan and men throw themselves on little
Children to keep it away.

But wait!

There is one
Still who weeps at
Such a sight. The air
Is hot as she rises from
The floor and weeps her way
To the sill.
 "I'll stand here and
 Then go. Children know
 I have to go. It's here.
 Let the circle be
 Broken. Let me
 Through.
 My mind
 Is made up, the
 Air is blue."

As hair covers the eyes
Of all there, a woman
With long legs steps
Out to meet the wind.
Debris is pawed from the air
And soon all is gone in
A gray distraction,

"Io Saturnalia."

The floors are now swept
Away, our boxes now gone.
The arena is in marked
Decay. Bonds in their
Boxes just waste away.
But, we know the score,
Pop bottle wars do not the
Land fertilize.
Now we stand,
Together, in the face
Of a butterfly
Smashed against a fast
Flying windshield chanting

“Io Saturnalia.”
Blessed are the dead and dying.

When apple crates are empty
And little boys are making
Skate scooters, you can
Hear a distant summer thunder
Come over the housetops
Bringing the smell of
Living old and new and a kind
Of fake peace that
Comes with Io Saturnalia.

My cosmology is written
On the sidewalk of my
Neighborhood, a drawing
Done with rock on
Concrete, a vision done
With the knowledge drawn
From my own history, a
Time etched into barks
Of trees, rings that
Silently pray:

“Io Saturnalia”.

2. Sing On Illiana

Sing on Illiana,
There is strangeness
In my land, fear is finding
Its way into weed roots, questions
You asked me with the
Darkness of your eyes,
The pillow of your cheek
And then the wind blew
And the wings got caught
In a stream.
There was a beautiful
Pain made on a purple
Mouth that silently
Spread toward my own
Unknown.
There is strangeness because
I fear that questions
Asked are not cared
About, wishes born die
In fishes from the
Oceans that reach
Around crystals and
Make them glow.
And they were glowing
With the absence of
Courage, a pain the
Darkness and a
Wishing, wishing, wishing
Then a red glow
Came over the horizon,
The thin slip of a
Handclasp was lot
In the acid of
Daring, the ruby
Red glow hid the slow fire
Of the girl's song
Being strange in this
Way, by my own way
With branches plunging
In memories and
Leaner begging to
Be made a bed.
Where to the touches
Go? Into new darkness

Alive in the warmth,
The fluid movement,
The falling down,
Tents and desert sand
As pipers sing the
Son running along,
Looking back.
But what do you
Think when the royal purple
Is explained and where
Do my words go?
Where are the bridges,
Or are the bridges being made
Toward a gentle house
Surrounded by pines.
This is a fireplace
Lit behind the last
Fall of all our
Bridges rocking
From that purple
Brown loneliness
That is being cast
About to fools that
Only, Only, Only...
Or is the song
All wrong as it
The strangeness in
The land really
The safety of words
That comes easily,
Wish excitement, with
The order of a prayer,
In front of a prayer,
With the hope of Red
Tunics working on
The backs of airborne
Spider webs, slowly
Weaving a web of
Surrounding surrender
In the holy mean of a
Mouth that is sailing
Before east winds and
Is a pain that grows
With the passing of
A final star:
Madrigal,

Madrigal,
Madrigal.
Dance for me, sing,
Oh God, sing the
Village song, the
Sweet song, the
Song of New Spirits,
The song of God's
Children, small
Gods, the new
Gods, caught in
The web of up-to-date
Pleasures, pleasures
That a sad
Sordid Song in
Place of pleasures
Ultimate recognition
That sweeps down,
Burns and there
Illiana sat in a
Forest glen, with
Part oral beauty and
City words wrapped
Around her, small
Ghosts that fled away
Behind black roots
And peered out
With red eyes, I flicked
Them away Illiana,
On my way to your
Temple where the wind
Comes on the face of
Driving tears, the hopes
Of Survival, the look
Of trying, the leasing
Smell of indecision
As water falls better
Than rain and little
Flowers are blinded
On Sun snow.
Weep, weep, weep,
Die, Die, Die.
If only the words
Would go away and
The waiting would burn
With the coming of a

Finger click
Fingers that have reached
For eternity hot in the
Noon, written in the
Floor Stones and
Do you now believe,
Illiana? Do you feel
In your temple, the
Little Ghosts go away,
The sweetness come,
The rain begin to
Fall and a soft voice
Try to draw you
Away from your
Dreams, out into
The ultimate mating
The joining of crystal
And shell, the making
Of soul, the worshipping
Of a first touch,
Madness that is
Gladness in the
Late night temple
Only to grow roots
Outside.
The mouth of the temple
Is hurt with the
Reaching.
For whom is the pain
Remembering? Does the
Temple remember pain?
Can a Temple care when
Recognition can never
Come except for the hope
Of a Winter of Ideas,
Forgetfulness of loose
Leaves that are burned
Away, who go the way
Of starched angels.
Glittering on the strand,
Streamer of light shining
Through.
Look with me, my Illiana,
At a book written on
The water, in the center
Of a rock and Care.

A rock founded before
The coming of the
Son of Man, presumption
To the beginning.
To suckle the sweetness
Of purple blossoms.
Hear the wind catch
Its breath at feeling
The Ivory Columns that
Are you temple,
Your meeting place,
The secret of the
Universe, not
Definable in simple
Terms, but simple
In building and then
Cool, Cool, Cool
To the hearing, passing
To a north lace and
Then giving in the
Combinations, formulae,
Group equations, that
Meet the transcendence
Of Illiana,
Illiana,
Illiana
The brooding spirit,
The hostile spirit,
The spirit of a Nature
Re-born.
A resplendent spirit
More beautiful than
Aquila, more passionate then dying, an
Eating of Ariadnus
A singing of Madrigals
That dies slowly
With gentle looks,
A word of worry,
A last fleeting glimpse
A hope then for a return
To Deserts ablaze in
The lividness of white hot
Winds and the
Silence,
Silence,
Silence.

This was not before your
Coming, Illiana, your
Knowing, blowing the
Curtains apart, silk,
Tapestry, sold for
Short, much too
Cheaply.
The treasures of the
Universal being burned
In the moment of
Trying to find.
But your question,
Illiana, is already
Answered.
You know my thoughts,
I am real and in
A green-grey fire-glow
You warm yourself,
 I freeze, gladly,
Then come the living
In death, the waiting
For remembrance,
 We do remember?
 We do remember?
 We do remember?
 Are words now not
 Necessary and are we
 Now gods?
 Now we are gods,
 Illiana, cast out of
 The Clay and into the
 Aether, beside the sea,
 To evolve into
 A type of what
 We were before
 We made ourselves.
 Reach out and feel,
 Illiana, please,
 Illiana, I cannot
 See, the light is
 Cold, the march
 Long, and time is
 My enemy.

Before the time of the
Born fire, she came

To me, speaking low
Through the fires
Slow glow.
She danced for me,
Singing the song of the
Gods that was born
When monoliths were
Old.

Found!
To find in the fires of
Confrontation, before
Monoliths were old.
Now, the last piece is
In place, a hail storm
Is driving down and the
Bombs are ready for
Dropping through
Filtered red light,

Then the Song of the Gods:
“I come to you, daughter
Of the universe whose
Thought made the
Planets, whose looks made stars burn.

Who told you that
Loveliness was not
Your handmaiden?
Your long tresses
Are kept by a million
Secret phrases and
They are aglow with
The locus of gods.
Yours is the foundation
Of my thighs. Your
Bed is the beginning
Of an eternal love
Sleep.

I come to you, sweet
Woman, in the branches
Of an olive tree.
You have bitten me with
Your quest for fruit.
I will find the fruit
For you. I will crawl

And search the rocks,
Light will blind me,
But with eyes I have
No need your memory
Is my memory, and
Pages slowly turn,
Then you look for me, then
Fly, away toward the violin
Strains you commanded be played.
There are no second stanzas,
Only one,
Secret words.”

“Let me look!

And then together we
Will be gods, fingers
Touching to the
Surface of this pool
But swimming in
One another, as now,
Touching you in the
Darkness of this
Thinking?”

“And then, the plain fire
Grew dim away went
My gods.
I gather the sheep of
My life and follow
And follow, to
 God’s Song,
 God’s Song,
 God’s Song,
And the Four Marks.”

3. Will Your Baby Carry

Me inside, even though
I am not there?
Will you look into his
Eyes, trying to find
Me there?
Will he sing the
Song, and will he
Carry our melody?
 Would that
 I were there
 To hear the
 Song rather
 Than in this
 Mist...drums
 Shouting and bullets
 Over my head.
I look for you and
You are here on the
 Marks of my arm
Lead me. Lead me.
My Holy Family.

4. How Closely Was the Flower

Pressed to the
Book, saying nothing
But in the silence
Everything:
Flower Holding.

5. There Is a Country

There is a country
Where my dogs love to play.

The morning comes
Up with a shining star
And the birds call in sweet
And small.

A place where grain grows
Tall, branches flow in a
Soft wind, and gentle
People file silently to
Church every Sunday Morning.

It is a goodness that
They see. Nothing is good
But God, their God, their
Church, their sweet airs.

A beautiful country it
Is, with giant gorges
And here and there a
Stubby hanging tree.

They say it's not a
Good place to be,
On that hanging tree,
But what can be so
Wrong when hundreds
Have died there?

A country that believes
In their god. Off to
War they will go to
Defend hearth and
Shiny locked women
With bonds on their
Thighs...until the
Sun goes down and a
Shot rings out, they
Shout, and the trap
Falls.

They fight for all,
And a carpet cleaner
Puts a rifle on his
Shoulder, blows his
Head apart...

Watch the stocks rise
Or let me tell you of
The times they tell
The truth in church
Or in a duel
Truth! Don't tell
Mistress about Alice's
New appointment. If
There is an off-key
Chord, we'll take her
Clarinet away. Put
Her in a basket and
Set her out to sea.
Praise God!
Praise God!

Mine fishes do flow
In a stream they glow,
Pick up that rifle and
Shoot to kill. Not
Like birds but like men.
Little girls all in a
Row, thighs white
As soap, slippery as
Firemen's poles. Innocent
Youth who cry loudly at
The game. Bodies smash.
They cheer as the helmets
Crack. Their little girl
Skirts fly about,
Ten bodies on the ground,
Not moving; the
Ball is long gone and
Innocent girls with
Church curls gurgle as
Six points are made and
They are not...yet...
On a bet.

Twirl!
Twirl!
Twirl!

A dizzy prospect for
Ten-year-old boys with
Hot mothers, sweaty with
The chase, lazing on
Their backs, soaking up
The Sun as boys
Read their Bibles
Under a tree, killing
Butterflies with a
Switch of a knee,
 Softly,
 Softly,
 Softly,
To die and during
Their time find
Their freedom before
Getting caught at
Being good.
Marbles in their hands,
A country good with
Little children dying in
Their toy's arms, spitting
.22 shells at Daddy
All in a row with
The rain at the window
Watering the day lily
And the other sweet
Blossoms of love, a
Good place to be, in
The arms of a sweet
Blossom in a car's
Backseat, driven to
Distraction
As the choir sings:
 "Shall we gather
 At the morning
 Light, collections
 All in a row, Red
 Velvet on the floor,
 Grey, blue, yellow
 Glass cutting down
 Sunlight on the
 Tops of sweet virgin's
 Bonnets, all in the
 Daytime as the
 Springs tell a

Story of long trips
Underground.”
Golden grain overhead
Acre after acre that
Good farmers make
Whose wives are flour-
Dusted and true.
Women who use the phone
In the silence of God,
Good and glory. Whose
Mouths are filled with
Making good from
The hateful snore of
Evil.

Women in whose faces
Evil cannot stand in
The fires of their virtue.
Virtue that *aperçu*
Is the guardian of
Literature, music,
Philosophy, sociology,
Education, “three R’s,”
True, with a
“Lay me down to sleep”
For one husband only at
A time, sing for the
Glory of God Good Women
Pulling at cow tits
Unashamed.

“My lady,
Your bull has no horns!”

What book burns in the
Good country?
Isn’t God’s word given
To all men?
Farmers, Baptists with
All the answers (and all
The wives). Presbyterians,
With all the pomp and
Glory. Methodists with
The silver candlesticks,
And the glory women
With none of the world,

Just cool silk stockings
And silver legs.
And Episcopal
“Fruits of our labors” Martext
Meters, all in a row,
Nice high-peaked
Magenta fingers, dancing down the
Aisle, grinning ear to
Ear, Transgendergenuflexing
On heaped up wet Gitmo Korans.
A good country where
Soda is king,
Women peer through slits,
Men slit swan throats on a whim,
And truth is
On the March, January,
February, April, September
Maybe, and maybe,
The Sun will truly come out in the flash
Of a middle-class
 Ford
 Ford
 Fort the river
Stream. Flies in the
Meadow all expecting
The evening to come on
Soon, on the wings
Of a train whistle
Down at Main and 10th.

Here lies our city, clean
And pure. Here is out
Land, chaste and spotless,
Ready for the
 “Coming of the green hordes
 In that great and
 Shiny morning with
 Darkies at the door.
 The 40-hour rain already
 Starting and bulls
 Out looking for cows
 As dandelions afloat
 On the first crimson
 Tide!”

6. How Greedy filled are our eyes,

Shifting gold new melted,
Snows come in on winter's wind
And now our selves are empty.

Class us if you must,
But remember:
“Your steel can glow
Only once, then it rusts.”

7. Golden Spades bend as

Pastors look on with
Silly smiles:
“Brothers and sisters,
Here is the fruit of
Our labors. A place
To worship, to sing,
To give God the
Glory. A place to
Worship God. God’s
House that we
Will defend with our lives!”
Martex screams,
Foaming at the
Mouth and passes out.

And all the people march
In except God who
Bumps his no-head on
The low sill.

Didn’t you see that?

8. Thorax Smitten

Thorax smitten,
The bees did
Fall down dead
By the millions, in
A moment.
But the cake crumb paused
On its way to the
Queen's black belly
Only for a moment
In reflection
Resuming its tunneling,
Post haste!

9. I have moved my weapons

Downstream.

Away from the trout
That bit hateful bites

And deer that swear with
Brown watery eyes.

The trail's cold now
Anyway.

10. Where Was My Rifle

When I needed it?
They came on, sure.

I didn't know just why,
Just that the race had
Begun, and I had to run,
No place to hide.

All the people were there.
They said nothing as through
Grain fields I ran.

Then through the trees I
Fell, down a bank,
And into the river, rifle high.

11. Almost Caught A Night beam;

Thought became
Real, no longer
A sideline.
Words are flashes.
Hold all this in your
Gentle hand,
Cup my breast
And let the
Nipple flow,
Greedy with love's
Stroke.
Toy with airy
Diamonds, now's
New time's
Mighty stringing
Together of
A broken strand
Of pearls.

12. Complexions

Or
Bright black
Eyes outlined
In Red watch
Paper dotted
With meaningless
Caesar ciphers,
Attempting to make
Sense of
Coffee breaks.
And we walk,
To nowhere.
Forever to nowhere
For a reason
Not taught.
 Show me,
 Show me,
 Show
 me.

13. I am Covered With Salt

The day had begun, nothing
Could wash it away.
The Sun beat down,
Rocks all around, and
Strange people at work
On the water, finding only
Remnants of life's beginning
Forces, flowing around
My wet hair, hanging on
Broken rocks life has torn
From some dry land head.
Waves dash mint green foam,
Rataplan.
Gulls break the righteous
Love's lost rite fast;
Squid and rays now dead, and
I am covered with salt,
Not without savor.
Struck solid,
Covered with salt whiteness
I am as she was when
She looked back. Desert
Searing is now faded away.
I don't look back.
Hey, God looks never this way
Anyway.
Shade the eyes with
Frosted salt Sunglasses,
Wet as I am from waiting
On this desert water void.
Water all around and
Sand flies
Dry with air's night
Song.
Transfixed on this Granite Rock,
Waves dash mint green foam,
Gulls break the righteous
Love's lost rite fast,
I am covered with salt.

14. She is covered with salt.

The day had begun, nothing
Can wash it away.
The Sun beats down,
Rocks all around and
Strange people at work
On the water, finding only
Remnants of life's beginning
Forces flowing around
Her wet hair hanging on
Broken rocks life torn
From some dry land head.
Never looking back,
Waves dash mint green foam,
Rataplan.
Gulls feast, breaking the fast of
Righteousness,
Love's lost rite,
Squid and Rays now dead and
She is covered with salt,
Covered with white
Sparkles before desert
Searing faded away.
God looks never this way anyway.
Shade the eyes with
Frosted salt Sunglasses,
Wet is she from this
Glittering shell.

Water all around and
Sand flies
Dry with air's night
Song.
Transfixed on this Granite Rock,
Waves dash mint green foam,
Rataplan.
Gulls break the righteous
Love's lost rite fast,
She is covered with salt.

15. Little Bird

So light in
Night's womb,
Lift the mind
Out of rock's tomb
And bind with
Golden flax the
Monument never
To be raised in
The grave yard.
Batten nothing at the
Roaring Tropical storm.
Rest never little
Bird: Follow, forever,
Them whose life is
Love and the joy of
Becoming.

16. Poles Flash through the air,

Spinning a looked
Line, never mine, touching
A light latch on broken
Waves, white green lips.
Kiss a shrimp-fed line
And live in the new world
For only a bit of time.
Gasp out the hook, sting
Ray, floating in feathery
Cool green light world,
Take the hook, hear the
Slashing slick click
Of the hook in so little a mouth.
Flutter circular arms
In frightened flight,
Pulled out, stricken,
Eyes wide to the knife
And the tail is cut
Away: "See the stinger?
He can't hurt no more."
Then, go place the knife
At the top of the
Circular, white
Jelly soft head,
Buzzing with bees
Raging fear and push
With a tear the brain
To stop –SLAM-
No flutter, the tale
Is gone, no thought
No escape plan; the words
Cry, "He can't hurt no more,
Take the hook out."
Little mouth...give.
He can't hurt no more
He can't...hurt...no...
more;
But
Forever is the scene played
Out, knife cut and
Plunge, forever...
"He can't hurt no more!"

17. Kiss away life,

Run to the rock,
Look for mosses
Breathing longings
Misty questions:
“Beds gone; heads
together so far
apart. How can
waters be formed so
quickly?”
Take away the perfume.
Leave only the scent of
Your body on that
Lost sand bed not
Covered with water.
Water wetting eyes
Under grown mature boughs
Searching out grey days,
Nights sliver and
Night birds gone calling.
Call again. This time,
From the heart.

18. Go down Sun,

Never have to face
Another face with
Words too freely given
Then time comes and
Night bares its breast
Bringing forgetfulness
In that short time,
Full of nothing and
Cracking lovers
Minds with remorse for
Long lost words so
Newly spoken, and now
Forgotten; read over and
Over in loves scroll,
Over and over the words
Rise off the page and
Laugh and laugh because
Life is not what the
Words promised in
A too short night, soon
Forgotten.

19. “*Tell me sir,*

How do you piece words
Back together again?
Concepts flow like
Leaves, green and brown
Forgetting me and that
I made them and them to
Float, down so nicely
Down, like my head,
Cast
Down.”

20. How long does it take

Take to learn “No”?
No to the promise of
Life and the giving of
Life and yet the raging
Voice must be used to
Wrench the No from the
Lips of a beloved and
That’s no good when
The “No” doesn’t come
Of its own accord.

21. When a storm caresses a Diva

Alone with the Sun shining and little birds in
Green grass kissing the ground's mouth?
Time must rush and yet let the thunders
Become a lost thing with no light to show
The love yet to be found in a silent night
Aglow with a night bird's song long and last
Upon the hands that look only for the answer
To a never formed question not said but
Live, forever live, and taken into the
Highest clouds inner thigh and warmed there.
Rain drops fall faster now as the air grows
Gray and white in the last view of a Sun
Weeping through the soft white veil not
To be felt tonight, and all those promises
Yet to be expressed. Hear the crashing
Of water and ice on tin shutters and
Awnings that cry only one doctrine, one life,
One movement: Reproduce and lie still and
Hold your breath at the slightest sound with
Legs tightly drawn around and the back screaming
For unity, unity, unity and beauty only
For the eyes that know and seek and want
The beings of grace in the wrinkle of a
Lovely hand. Hold the time still and let
It not slip until the last cloud dissolves
Making the thunder lay down his arms.
Just the soft flowing of cool water
Resting on new bud faces, roses red cheeks
Breathing in slow time, glowing and pulsating,
Swaying in a silent wind's wide-eyed searching,
Coming as clouds drifting in the giving of
Birth, mint newly fresh rain ribbed and caught
Up in hours, days, months, and the finalizing of
Three lost kisses hurried before the Sun would
Set. Let the violet light reveal the drifting
Lovely face under weeping willow trees dropping
Fragile green life's symbol drawn down making
A far off mouth smile in recognition, giving
Consent to freedom, streaking gentle pools
Blue-black light with little know ideas
Now just formed.
Dark rooms shall not daunt the coming
Of the Sun. Dross will float in
Silver false notes and be

Mooded into passions eye's light. Trees
Deliver buds and in the land are little
Birds searching in short grasses, understood
Never; the masses eyes are closed in short
Slumbers of ignorant education and the
Water rests cool on roses red cheeks
Flushing in soft silent footsteps under
The clouded predestined moon's hidden laughter.
A bird's hunger is a rose's thought, jumping down
And around the step of long lost
Ziggurats reaching up to heaven on
East and West minions.

22. This is a time of everlasting tomorrowness

When all there is, is a look into a shallow past.
Now, what is there to give but a word that
Can never expect but strike against the wind
With blunted wings.

What is here is the only thought-wrapped present
That can be thrust forward with monk's hands,
Tattered saffron and a mind numb with the cold
Night wind that comes on the heels of the moon's
Dimming face, red with fighting yet another war
With the Sun.

A golden-wrapped present it is not but rather
An only hope in a world gone mad: My love for you.
How shallow it all sounds! How base to cast the
Last hope in a mold that should be resplendent
With flowers and orchid sheets! How can a time
Such as this be measured either in the length of a
Paragraph or the face of a clock face?
Nothing stands save: "I only want you, still I
Want you and the thoughts that come in the dim
Hours of sleep's fleeting sleep with
You my only waking hours, the time when only
Sanity is put to the fore and realness is not
Anymore.

How strike the great bells no with crashing
Cymbals before the great army marches to take
Zion! And, here I can only hope that we shall
Come through. That distant time when amends will
Be made for long lost presents on beach of Terror.
Here is what I have. Here is what I must give to
You. Here is the last of time, the beginning of
Life: The shelter of your hand. Your love makes
Me. This is all I have, all I want, all I could
Ever hope to have.

God will that this day last forever, that this
Love should never flee, that this secret should
Never be found out. Here I stand, a beggar
Asking for the ultimate as the Moon turns dark red.
Soon comes the silver ring,

Little One."

23. A hill song is rising,

Rising from the branches of a dead tree,
Caught in the grassy fingers.
High it rises, misting the Sun
Into the time of night
When silver moonlight
Changes the golden day
Into a dream made of
Wishing livings
New beginnings.
Less is never the mark from which
Can be realized thesis living,
Grasping the last squirm of life,
Moving in lost rhythm
Hands burning coarse
Clasping red joys
Before a star is
Dimmed in morning's
Face, glowing in wonder.
Answer only that your words are my
Own, your feet are mine to cover with
Newly grown kisses; this night with
The singing of a love sick bird,
Awaiting the breaking of spotted
Eggs; down feathered loveliness,
The touch of a hand on tender
Made flesh; marking forever the
Place of love in bruises pure.

24. Wind my tears around your fingers,

Lace my soul's parting in nests
Made of red-silver threads with
Definite awareness. Loose on
This cheek a touch so delicate,
Trace all thought's goings with
Deep draughts of eyes dimmed with
Adoration never closed.
Slowly, with the speed of a
Trap flower, does your finger
Grasp the final essence of desire,
Holding and measuring its tiny
Weight in a comparison of lost
Years now pushed aside in favor
Of new ills, new pains, new colors
For red and white petals to call
Bees to carry their treasure away.
That soft tracing casts shadows
Against my cheek, shadows of knowledge
And truth's tongue loosed; all this
In a bronze flame's light on satin
White altars aglow again in the
Wind-swept night. Wind them 'round and
'Round, kiss them gently and in the
Caress of your mouth this pattern
Singing in your veins.
Shadows cover my love's face
Peering into the womb of life
Glowing from the spark of dying
And fearing the loss of want'
Glossy is the voice that feels
Inevitable hands looking in the
Dark hair down pressed under the
Palm in the darkness of yellow
Light, green in the dark car
Making the eyes slowly close and
Peering with thighs little spread
And then the lights come
Making the
Shadows cover my love's face
Drawing my mind into the
Recesses so pink and flowing;
Beauty is dead, perfection
Never was; the verb is dead
Killing the adjective in one

Breath; a daughter of God
Is shamed. The night is sparking
Fast pulses and time is pacing
Moon little light before the
Law is given; quickly beat
The law and rejoice in the
Face of golden hair upon the
Inner flesh so loving and
Damp with early morning
Tongues lapping the pleasure
Of brief needing before the
First light comes and takes away
The sleepy eyes of a father.

“Make it faster come, remake the
Sinews of my heart the best knowing
That we can have. My hair is brittle
In your mouth smelling of
Flower’s life force on your
Lips. You give the order of my
Legs breath. My thoughts race
At the thought of kissing the
Life of me reinterpreted through
Your mouth, dripping with me.
I take your hand and give you
My eyes to look through. We see
The world aflame and it is us.
Only through us is there a giving
Back to the Cloud that comes in silent
Inevitability.” All the questions
Are answered, for no problem is made;
The trellis in our garden has
Lovely eyes through its branches,
And a moan is under my arm”.

25. Look at the fireflies talk,

A point of departure
On the willow of time's
Face; marred by the breath
That races to meet with the
Real noise in the breast of
Creeks flowing. Loose the
Love light night upon the
Hot cheek, my love's present
To the stars. The day is
Nothing, night has garments
Newly made, hiding the desire
In my firefly's wanting hands.
The little water knows the
Language now noised abroad,
Through the trees, against
The grasses blades: "Life is
Gone and death has no mother.
Heaven has burned away in the
Last rite of hell and all is left
Blank. No more questions." Quiet
Reigns in the green-yellow of
My firefly's light. Light in
Your eyes.

26. Lift up a song on a Heron's wing

And let peace flow down as
Parchment walls with thoughts
Now long gone and never found again.

Late grows the candle wick's flame
Shadowing the vesture gilded glow,
Speech slurred and blessed in last
Tongues bright lookings licking the air;
Tapped not to the bottom of all things beginnings,
Only at the top-most places and at rest
In retreats of little leaves in moonlight
Hidden in star lights glowing ghost
Blue-matched fingers touching.

On and on it goes, the ever-going
Of time's fern feet on the patches
Of light's dark streets straight and
Narrow in a tongue's maze not directed.
Find and care for the air's murmurings
Only recently carved in this last time.

It is over, the last times, Sun never
Risen and warming the bird's nest in
The hand and the sex flowing down over
The hand in *vital*, little
Meetings now hard to find.

Wash and be made clean, in the last lean
Look of doves flying to the final winds
Winter blowing. Falling the leaves up
On the wet sexed branches, palm full of
Sperm, burning the stomach in new heat.
Then, the great orgasmic whole;
Whole star systems blowing up, GUTS,
Out to unknown parts,
But done and final and complete
Generating future light.

"Know" is what is to be held.
To have the 'know" and feel the
"Know" and be part of the 'know."
Without anything, just the flight
Under a heron's wind wing arm,
Strong to save and easy to judge

In impossible cities and towns
Never born.

Caring never stops, it comes on
As the storm out of the southeast,
Rolling in on green and black blushes,
Causing fears to be born again and again,
Transferred into the electric air,
Placed in the mouth and shouted to
Deaf ears and the hands pound against
Window panes not there, just clear
And out sided, not felt, against
Nothing, soft, not had, not a part
Of. We are without comfort and lacking
The peace visage; agitation to
Space. Wings all come now.

27. How closely was the

Flower pressed in the
Book, saying nothing
But in the silence...
Everything!
Flower holding
The words in check,
Beautiful flowers,
Breasts pressing
The book and
 searching,
 finding the
 ink pages the
 flowers own,
 flowers own.

28. Light glows softly around the

Tree trunk, feeling with cool
Slowness the time etched there.
Now comes a season when the
Light will be scattered, served
To past times and birth
Will begin anew.
There comes a fragrance
Drifting in your eyes. The luster
That is discerned when birds
Build nests and little organisms
Are unearthed, fed to young
Passions and everything is asleep.
A light comes up over the garden
Of your breast; fires burning
Over your head; the music singing-
The beginning of red dancing;’ the gypsy
Abandon of this day’s light
In eternal cravings for little
Cells to function and clear
Vessels to herald the essence of
Life.
Mark well the budding of a tree.

29. And now, my love, the song is dead

For it was born after you, not as an
Account of anything but just birds in
Response to the soft sheens of blue-black
On your wings. Mysteries, darkness,
Depths in pools misting
All around and over,
 over,
 spreading out, forever and ever...out.

30. Out of the deepest places is going up

A great smoke covering the land with
Sweet songs of adoration made in violet
Time's eye. Slowly and silently is the
Lyric given to red berry bushes that
Blush at the impetuosity of a soul's
Wonderings.

How great are the hill's breasts, snowy
With the touch of praise. Let all the
Creatures that sing give praise in
An evening's twilight, before the
Night fires glow, to the blush of two
Cheeks afire with the touch of a water's
Edge.

"Cast down the hard looks, all ye earth,
Give supplication to your gentle spirits,
And yet, let all those feet feel before
The forests are burned, the running that
Beauty trees sing in green, obscured
Seclusion."

When the cricket sings its song, and the
Little green tree frog raises his voice in
Wonder, then comes all the thoughts that
Can be ours, in these times so slow the
Wonders that are found in time's dying light.
Always is the song growing in brown grasses
Long dead to sons hand's light.

Now is the time for light to fall
Under a new spell, created, never born,
Forever without a mother, alone without
Darkness to guide to a false light;
Life falls under the decaying feature
Of death, and an ushering in comes,
Quickly, now conceived under new
Colors bleak.

How high does the bird fly? But higher
Yet is the idea newly integrated played,
Now time dead, now never conquered and
Life played to the limit of existence
Making existence bend to a portion

Without a portion with and for itself.
Higher and higher it comes and whizzes
Past the ears, falling down, dewy down,
With wonder, loving touched.

31. In a time of lost seasons

Whenever could come limbs long
Dying, releasing the limbo and
Destroying fast saying forever
Right. We rest here, wings fallen
Down, around the thigh red with
The bruises of a hot wind's kick,
Panting after brooks long dried up
And mocking the faces that drift in
Namelessness, upon the lift of
Word's meaning. It is a good thing
To see the part of man that
Knows, for here is the truth of
Nature: nothing multiplied equating
Reasons that cannot be given: just
A tempo that repeats the
Same verse: "...long will we live
Even if this living must be left...."
Look! The between state! Here is the
Peace of the years long past, and
Quickly rushing in upon us. Here is
A scream rejected. Here we don't give a
Damn, really, never giving, just sitting
And causing the end to come
To all the world that is and
Is not. It is coming...the last love,
The water brook that is flowing out of
Our hearts. It waters the earth between

All limbo states. All eyes cannot see.
They are born four times and time ending
Screech for a stop never colored
With the ink of acceptance. Ink that
Flows around the eyes and runs
Down the bed onto the floor and
Into the streets and
Pollution is the gift of love
Eating into the social mind now
Pregnant with doubt; color gray,
Gray on the blue of infinity
Making everyone afraid in this
Last time, laughter heard, two
Little voices echoing into the
Spaces alight with the passion of
Touch limbo;
In a time of lost seasons.

32. *My love's knee glows freely,*

Filling me with
Tiny lights,
That word again,
This so far away,
Miles be damned,
She is here now,
With me,
Hand on my knee,
Freeing my mind,
Letting my eyes
Rest on that
Delicate mouth,
Reaching out
Over the plains,
Highways traveled
Night long at
the glimmer of
A star's eye.
Everything, everything
Makes itself something
Else it is not;
The rock is a pillow
And ladders reach
Into the windows
Of heaven...My hand grows
Weary from the
First and last
Struggle,
Dishes clinking,
Music clattering
Notes to cold and
Sterile,
Drunk with rancid
Sanitary milk.
But come now
My love's knee,
Milk of the
Work...my
Found freedom,
Spaces reached,
Idea renewed
Today's changing

Moods,
Colored with
Nettles, briars
Soft as the
Train's far sound.
Sanitary milk,
Clean clear through,
White, pure,
Full of cosmic
Rays, shooting
In our veins,
Ring out the
Last year.
Cosmic white,
Bright light
Of the brain.
Forget it!
Let the cows
Go hang!
I'll drink
Only milk
From my love's
Knee.

33. What grace does move in my western hand

That searching finds a flowing scene
Full with the binding land,
Alive in my mind that asks
Nothing and in mile covered
Thinking is the building of
A city started?

Let my house be building in
A storm's time, fierce against
The Sun's transit moving.
My hope comes to me in
White vapor rising over
Center lines that cut and
Guide life in freedom
Opposition, yet to these
Gentle banks of cloud do
I find my Sun moving in
Musical time...on black
Dancing mountain's flowing
Hair edges, in free time,
In free time.

34. Gray-blue Suns blow

A singing wind through
The wires as the mind tries
To find a base; little
Clairemont.
Burnt-red yard scattered
With green grasses looks
Into the wires and lets
Glow Red Buildings
Slowly dying with
Lions inside and a
Family grave is silent
Inside Iron Fences.
How high we are,
Clairemont, alone
On this light scattered
Mesa, gray-black
Clouds in the East,
A dawning in the
East, wires singing.

35. There is a southwest wind running

Against my right hand,
Still warm from the holding,
And when ice begins to
Fall, your image is traced
Through glass alive with
The hope of word engraved
In the afternoon's light,
Unexpected fire in a
World grown still,
Measured in seconds
Searching for your
Face once bright against
Mine in a morning of
Lost hopes.
And I give myself to
The searching, through
Silver ice falling through
A southern Texican sky,
For your gentle grasp
That comes on a long lost
Summer day now torn
Away in expanded
Separation, compressed
In now ruby light
That rings all promises
Never given.

And when thoughts are
Conceived here, in this place,
Where can they fly but
To silver ice falling,
Shattering away my moods
In the image carried
Miles into a vast country
That speaks only of dark
Pools urging holy ghosts on.

Cover me with you silver
Ice, my transparent hunger.
Press against my marks the
Remembering place,
Warm hands pressing mine
Against your giving being
As the streets are

Washed away in silver
Ice and winds blow
Against my right hand,
 Trembling freely
 After my dream.

36. And now as winds look back

At the turning, what is real
Against the heart, the eyes,
The soul?

There has been given one-half
Of living; my other
Is bound in perplexity.
In truth do I search,
Now, for those gone
Seasons when away from
The cloud cover
Cliffs are new born.

Come slowly little song
Of mine. Find your
Questions answered in
Those searching glances.
Give only what you
Will, silver ice falling,
And in truth shall
Death with ease come.

37. Dance never away ice

Dance never away ice
Images.
Come freely,
Stay.

Mark your part in the
Shelter of my arms.
Never fear for loves
 losing.

38. *“For there is always me”*

And in this song shall
New seasons be born.
Would that these words
Could be graven on
Mountains flowing
With granite finality.
Where shall searching
End – “For there is
Always me” and there
Always has been.
Forever soft hands
Remembered in the cool
Warm bed of birth,
Touching the ends of beings,
Gently possessing the force
Of life beginning,
Extending the tips of
Joy’s extremities...And there
Is death...found gladly,
Searching through
The webbing of trapping’s
Conformity.

In this hope is feeling
Continued that
“forever there is me”.
In truth can find
Devotion set
Apart in this space yet
Hovering gently against
A sleeping ear.

39. Who holds your golden crown

Who holds your golden crown
And when protestations come
Smiles and refuses to relinquish
The hold?

My own silver Chastine.
And so it will be, the hand
In hand will never be
Quit. The looks of needing
Shall never be turned away.
The reaching for completion
Shall forever be quieted through
The frail flying of

My own silver Chastine.
How softly do you fly from
Me at the first hint of love.
How quickly do your eyes
Glow when recognition beats
Her wings and the sound
Echoes through the chamber
Of your love's beginnings.
With hearts beating, as in death,

My own silver Chastine.
Chastine! Chastine!
Your name is called and
Blind eyes reach out to
Bind your hair with
Feathered graces, flying freely
From your smile, in
Never ending lines.
Chastine! Chastine!

Your breast holds my name
And there does grow my
Soul in your garden of
Keeping and forever
Here I abide mine
Own silver...

Chastine...
Chastine...
Chastine...!

40. Night winds stand alone,

Venus responding with
White-blue looks cast
Aside, and words take
Opposite directions as
Turning in searching
Eyes strain to meet
The soul's kept secrets
That have given living
Its birth.

Night winds search out
Your tree to caress,
Whose branches stand
Firm and full.
Sweep in concentric
Moving to touch
With creative desire,
Blushes on the western
Sky, death knocking
In pressure time.

Now only are your leaves
Important, your blossoms to be kept,
Your being to be shaped under
Night wind's hands, touching
The blue-white skylight
As autumn birds begin
Their homeward flights
And living turns to
Standing still with the
Searching thoughts of
This night's standing,
Stirring your golden hair.

41. Listen...listen...when

Stars do fall a voice
Stand near your pillow,
A form flows free
Over your universe shape.
Your breasts are kissed
In star-brilliant wetness,
Their eyes are stirred
And songs are loosed
As you sleep here...
Listen...listen...my
Wind words forever come
To you.

Listen...listen...!

42. What portion of my person

Shall be torn off as a
Present token treasure
For you to remember me
By?

There is no clothing, limb
Or word, that could hold
Your attention for the time
I want, and in trial
Is given to you a look
That embraces your
Living face, captures it,
And, in turn, am I
Captured, never to be
Free without golden bonds
Breaking words loose to
Join and refurnish our earth.

43. Orange trees and purple flowers

Watch over the finca where
The sunrise lives.
His rising is on blue tile
Floors and to the splendor
Of stained glass windows
Scattering love words over
Crystal wine glasses
Drained to toasts in
Celebration of her soft warmth.

In anticipation does a
Night blue stallion
Wait to be embraced by
Her thighs, feel the
Thrust of her heels and
Sense the flowing of
Her hair in the wake
Of flying before the
Coming of the moon's
Hunger.

Fly me away to the
Finca del Sol,
Scent on the clouds
Clasping all of this
Urgency and offering
New wine to the sunrise's
Orange trees, purple
Glow, and palms standing
Erect with love...
Finca del Sol.

44. You've got to find a

Way to break this strain,
Seclusion trees and
Blue calliope, dogs
Running all about,
Sailboats sailing on
A breeze of subtle
Sauerkraut.

See him! Hiding sort
Of beside that misty
Tree! He's thinking
Of belonging, of winging
And trying to touch
Me.

He's moving ever so slightly
Now, his hand on the bark,
Canvas unfurled and
Clapping in the dark
Repast of cheap needs
Expensive coming, trousers
Dirty on the cuffs,
Bearded cheeks a brown
Muss of personal disguise
In the reality of impersonal
Guise,
 Creeping
 Creeping still,
 Motivation set,
 Black in blank
 Perception across
 That greenery hill.
The bats do crack. Hear
It! Feel the confusion
Of the ball?
It's the freedom coming.
Walking with club
Feet, crouching, twisting,
without stopping as surely
As we both know the
Peace color is to
Flee with the scythe of fall.

Can't we keep from

Falling? Really?
I hadn't thought about
that. You hadn't
either.
A cloth is wrapped on
Our faces. We smell
Of ether. Its going
Away now, the little
Boat.
We flee...but stop...
But stop...but stop...
At last! You've made a plea!

45. Who'll share the profits

When the streets are walled
In, tapes are ticked
And cars begin to
Run away?

Will it be that man there,
Sitting on the fountain
Rim, thinking only of
White perfumed gin
And applause with the
Coming of the Glory
Of the Lord in hotdogs
Hungry light, children
In boxes playing, clothes
Strung and Polytechnic High School
Closed down at last?

Let's doubt it for the sake
Of sanity. Let's pray
For rain and get more of
The same.

46. I am a Hawk who

Flies at night,
Marking doorways
With ocher marks-a-lots.
Bodies may there be
asleep but I'll not
Seek their peace.
Mine is \$1.30,
A subway token
and Cloverine
Salve relief.

They'll come in
Midnight alleyways
Sweet seclusion,
Away from candle
Light and wine,
The life of feline
Excursions in stopped
time.

My case is filled and made,
In my house nothing
Is saved, not words,
Not gestures, not
Friends in conclaves
Deep in Southern
Klaverns,
En guerre avec la
Noirceur du mal,
holy in
Traditional might.

I am a Hawk that
Flies at night.
My branches your
Hair, my nest
Your eyes flooding
With silt, never more
Clear, mooning in
Basins of buildings
clutching at the flight,
Whimpering and smiling
with the surcease of
Light.

Note the loss of fright
Old man of the South!
I re-cast my breast and
Transform with smiles,
The KKK beast.
In all things, you're here,
In this grey flannel
Tie dropped chasm,
Matter most in the
Least.

We lost our lease.
There are no more
Police. Redman chew,
He knew I flew when
The moon fell in salute
And gave up surface
Bruises without the trumpeting
Of tiny made flutes, children
In Fifth Avenue doorways asleep,
Without father or mother,
Wrapped in a concrete and
Icy minded sleet.

I am a Hawk.
I fly at night.
I sicken in youth yet escape.

Your hair is my prison.

47. The streets were full with empty life

The streets were full with empty life
When she came, briefcase
Defense symbol for her eyes
Only; a movement in pristine
Space, thunder with ticks
Of fast freight mindless
In whole sickness begotten
Through doorway's inches
Places

Into a black faced dried up well she
Sat and mused on her new
Directions exclaiming as
Chimes clicked in dry
Succession echoed by
Impossible bomb craters.

The old woman sang:

“Play your sax son,
Com’; on, play that
‘Ol’ Black Magic,’ you
Know the words,” and
In man fashion clapped
Her hands as the
Puerto Rican looked on
Shamelessly.

The old woman danced
Around, short hair standing
Out straight, rolled in grass,
Singing of new love in
A living looking glass as
The sightless musician
Felt awkwardly through
A now buried past currently
Wedded in the colorless
Resurrection trumpeted by
The *socière chienne noire*
And her taupe *enfant bâtard tour*.

A guitar man tried out the
Words as the hag hopped
Over the reeds, the wind
Wouldn’t blow across their

Waterless pond empty
Sea, scattered with
Coke cups and broken
Paint, fishes corpses
Hiding under infinitesimal
Light silt, orange, gray and
Faint.

While her world danced
And faked, the agent
Made his pitch, squeezed
Her sweat-filled hand
and chewed on stale
Rum cake:

“Eternal bliss is
Never mine.
The tears are
Sown over avenues
Staked to rivers
Edges and factories
Spewing out city
Bound, clock captured
Faces, saying silence
In tune with blank
Demonstrations.

“Now, let’s see you dance,
Like the girl there, while
I eat and count the
Night’s receipts surely
To come.”

“When shall I know
What I am to know?
Where is my bed
With no man to share,
Worked in time
Washed fashion? I
Watch the parade of
Willing perdition catch
White fire on the
Walls of grinding
Woodpecker hills, singing
Without rhyme, just
Wallowing in survival,
survival

seeds
bashed against
blue glass
Withdrawing, withdrawing
Down in the tube
Away
From
Me.”

As the quarter played,
The hag brushed against
Clouds, dog tired, the non-wind
Died. She began to
Try, fleeing from the
Dye staining what
Little was left of
The sky.

Her shadow cast a dark
Spell as knowing looked
On, drinking a beer and
Making marked time.
With two clicks
The spell was broken.
The world began to
Move again and darkness
Descended into the
Face of the Freeman.

48. They drew a line Sir,

They drew a line Sir,
A pact was made,
A promise saved,
They drew a line Sir.

Winds blew that day Sir,
My words came slow Sir,
It was a promise made
On waters camped by
Grey days witched and
Watched by single eyes,
A promise made.

The waters came back my
Lord, the wind will
Fly again, a promise
Made that day, far away.
They left this feather
By limestone banks,
Movers played that day,
In fair loss,
In fair loss,
They played,
In fair loss.

It was a day when Fair minds did leave.
Their voices found a home
In limestone banks,
In limestone banks my
Lord, in limestone banks.

Where do the waters go
When winds find new
Parts to show the
Southern geese, flights
In silver nights come
Slow and time my
Mistress ties in gentle
Bows.

Those limestone people
Knew, their lines were
Almost through.
They drew a line Sir...

They drew a line Sir...
Now where is “gone?”
A final place...no,
Now, where is “gone?”

49. Nobody ever asked him how it all got started

Or who blew the first note
Signaling the start of the day.
It was the same as all of the other
Days and nobody really came by to
Fill up the green bordered plate that
He kept in the shelf in his trailer
House with the silver tin roof.
It has always been the same with the
Little old man with the funny overalls
And the big shoes that don't fit so good.
It's the same thing that's been happening
For years and years: the tending
Cedar trees all in a row down by the
River where the frogs croak at sundown.
It's not a question of asking "Why?"
When it comes to knowing that is in the
Old man's head.
He just know what is happening and what
Is going into his mouth every morning
Like a little bit of bacon and a piece of
Toast that was left over from the day
Before.

Nobody knows about the trees like he does,
The cedar trees, in a long green row set
In the brown dirt that blows when the ground
Gets hot under the summer sun.
Down the driveway that leads to the tree farm
Dust devils chase each other and make the
Sweat run down his neck into the red
Handkerchief. Every day the trees are there
Waiting for their greenness to come out and
Make some more of the same thing they made before
Out of air and light and bugs that crawl about
On the back of the old man's neck at night.

John Ed thinks that things will sooner or later
Work out for the best. He has thought this for
85 years, and it has always been the same.
The trees are his for the land they use.
The sweat comes easy and the summer is coming on hard.
Time will come when the ladies will never know when
The apple seeds are ready for stars to form in
Their palms and wonder at the beautiful sight

That creeps into a pocketbook when a cedar tree
Costs \$8.95 instead of the regular \$11.65.
Trees grow funny once in a while. It is all funny
When the whiskers come out in the morning and
The birds sing once again and then the water
Is more brown at the edge than it has been
Before.

Look at the trees. They are a lot greener than before.
The lines are a lot cleaner than before. John Ed
Is hotter than before, and the bread has Curculionoidea
Illuminated by iridescent blue-green mold.
Arrowheads are made of mold. I saw the mold once
Come out of a rock and run across the floor and
Jump into a fine woman's lap. The delight just tumbled out
Of everybody! They wanted to know everything
That goes on in the world but John Ed didn't talk
Much about the things that everybody else talked
About: he just thought about the trees that were
Waiting on the river bank. They were green; always,
They were green.

Flies dance around the house in the summertime.
Sometime during the winter when the fall is coming
And mother knows about the coming of the first frost
She will tell about how the flies will come and stay
At the screen and not ask so many questions.
John Ed can tell about Mother telling about the
Flies and the wintertime with the safety pinning
Cotton onto the screen; pinned it is, on the
Little eyes that paint forms when Father paints
The screens around springtime.
It is a big thing, the flies at the back door.
It is hot outside and you can hear the fields
Crackle outside. It's hard to reason the coming of
The first blast of cold air over the cellar door
Where you can't go no more and smell the cobwebs
And hear the water trickle on the iron cot that holds
Mother and sister when the storms come and she says
"I guess we had better go to the cellar because the
storms coming across the field. We had better
hurry because I saw the flies at the back door and
the wind will blow. It is a bad time and inside I
am scared to be in the house any longer."

Everybody sits in the cellar and listens to the wind

Blow over the top of the cellar door. John Ed hears
The wind's moan and wishes that the air inside were not so
Hot. It's like being inside something he doesn't like
very much. The rhythm doesn't make much sense in here
With the lantern glowing and burning up all the coldness inside.

Winds blow the flies away to the top of the trees.
They sit there and cling to the inside branches.
It is a good time for flies to be safe and hang on.
Storms are never over, they just go away and come
Back when the wheat is a bit higher and there are
More flies at the back door. Tractors catch hell
Out in the rain when it hails. You can hear the
Hail-tink-song on the
Grain and cotton and tractors and discs that turn
Up the ground.

Every once in a while it is good fun to drive the
Tractor and go 'round the furrows and try to be
Caught by the old man with the funny hat that never
Stops or lets up during the day. The old man is
Funny to John Ed. John Ed drives the tractor to
Run around the furrows and down the gullies and across
The fence rows where father burned the grass away and
The telephone poles caught fire where the creosote
Was. It smelled funny when there is something burning
Like that. It is rather like a cedar tree in the
Noon sun before the irrigation starts and John Ed
Tries to do his work and those women always come
Or the fat businessmen with the pasty faces and the
Big houses and the notes that they collect from
Their neighbors for all the televisions that his
Neighbors don't want, including their own houses.
It is a time to be sick and wonder at the things that
Do go on in the world. The money in the bank that
Belongs to the people that comes from taxes. John Ed
Has a lot of money in taxes and the government gives
Him some back in Social Security, but John Ed isn't
Too secure in his social security. It isn't a very
Secure time to be secure. There are flies at the
Back door.

John Ed knew about the farm. He lived there once for
A short while. It was a fairly good time. He climbed
The windmill tower and saw Tip the dog run around and
Chase flies. During dusk they used to make ice cream

And put pineapple in it and eat it on the porch.
Stars came out then in the dark time before everybody
Went to bed. The fields weren't hot anymore.
It cooled down.

But now, it is hot for John Ed. The trees are green
In a row as they always have been for as many years
As he can think about it.

John Ed can't see in the Sun anymore. His mouth is
Sort of dry and his beard is two days old with thinking.
It is time to make amends with the world and those
Trees that demand to be watered every day as if it
Would never rain again.

John Ed knows how to make a pallet with cardboard.
Make a pallet of cardboard behind the tractor, John Ed.
Make it under the shiny, glaring shed behind the
Tractor.

Lie down there and shoot yourself through the head
John Ed until you don't see the trees nomore and
Your gentle winter-worn hands don't feel the trigger no more.
Your mouth is open in surprise, John Ed. It worked,
Didn't it John Ed? Now the cars will come for sure.
Your pallet is clean...your overalls are clean. It
Is a clean time with the gun against the tractor tire
And the barrel in your head with the little hole
In the front of your face with your head turned away
From the trees.

The flies aren't on the back door. Its summer,
John Ed...they're on your face, looking in the
Little holes.

Don't need the cotton on the door. It won't get cold.
It's a hot time. It is John Ed's time. Time for
Flies on his face and a tractor under the tin roof
With the trees at your back:
Black as hell.

50. If I sink below

The tide of an
Apple,
 Warm blows the
 Red fruit in
 A last
Blossom.
If I sink below
 the tide of an
 apple
 and let the
 sitting time of
 March go by,
Then and only
 then will the
 flute be blue on
 the end note,
 crying out the
 plain truth
 about wandering
About in the skin
 cell waiting for
Rebirth to come and
 take us all away
Before everything
 sinks and the
Sun gets hot no
More
 no more
 hot no more
 and the Sun gets
 hot no more.
But if we pick the place
 and the time is
 put in a basket
 for in the anti-
 time all things
 are possible
 to them
 who love the
 evangelist,
 under the
Tent tops –
Tent tops –
Rock with the

Wind, bend in the
Thrill of a teenage
Hand shouting:
 “Where are you
 God! Sing down your
 Blessing!”
 (Laughter)
And on they sing as
 the little breasts
 sway with the tent
 poles,
Sway back and forth
 while the preacher is
 scared shitless at
 the violence being
 done in his church
 in the face of God and
 Bank of America.
Then the shouting is
 gone away and the
 teens are gone away
 and the Sun is
 gone away and
If I sink below the
 tide of an apple,
 what am I but
the obdurate
Configuration embedded
within the forgotten
Tomb of everyman whose
Heart has been gone
 In his youth!
My song is gone...
 and I cry no more,
My song is gone...
 and I fly no more,

The Sun grew dank
with one word birds
withdrew
without
withering
wane
words saying:
If I sink below
the tide of an
Apple
what man am I?

51. And the prophet looked,

And there was a wheel coming down
From the sky and in it were Angels
Who thundered when they walked
And the light that shown 'round
About them was blinding. On
Their backs were beautiful wings and
They went where they wanted.

They came and stayed, leaving
A want to go, to leave, to
Go back, return with the
Face of Apollo, these
Sons of God whose remembering
Is past, whose past is searching
And whose daughters are
The ancient wives of Angels.

52. Flames strike in sparks from the end of the universe

and rise up out of the kitchen's stove burner remembering
the black kettle of primitive passion, repressed like
a mistress.

Out of the mistress comes the purification ritual,
A meeting of the unconscious with the consciousness
Through specific knowledge, Dogma.

What absolute authority is to be held in a voice or
Motion? In the face of Dogma and ritual comes
The obscuring of their efficacy resulting in the
Quasi-mono-linear immediate experience:
"Roma Locuta Causa Finita: the matter is settled."

Out of the words of the produced is the purification
Of the differentiate. History is no longer made
In the face of reality, but inverted becoming the
Present past parent, shoddy, poor: an exploited
Father coming to a fine university to be rejected
By a newly computerized son, an autogene appearing
As a quaternary, spouting Pythagorean tetractys.

The sun rises as four fiery points surrounding his
Icon in the presence of another Deity or equivalent
Being: the unconsciousness of the unconscious.
And throughout the monomaniac display of purpose
Comes his voice as Ireanaeus "Against Heresies."

With Hegel and Marx reality is process. Life equates
Itself and its own contradiction. When the process
Of movement within contradiction ceases, then life
Comes to an end. To this point is the undulation of
Existence: forms of economic production which determines
New formations of the human social order. Ethics and
Concepts then come from the consciousness of societies
Members produced and motivated by the economic situation.
Phenomena is no longer an example against the face of
Reality but rather a forever dissolving, continual moving
Through growth and destruction in order that the
Immutable ceases and only movement itself is perceived.

Through the movement, science will become perfect,
Philosophy reduced to uselessness and only formal
Logic pragmatic.

But underlying the face of change is the
Unconscious, in need of no purification. It is its house
Waving structure, the nymph, sylph, gnome, pygmy,
Mountain manikin, air-fire people of Paracelsus, who
With the water nymphs, sirens, giants, dwarfs and
Will-o'-the-wisps guard the treasures of the
World.

They push out and filter through the small opening of
Man's consciousness in little lights. They arrange
Themselves in the wires of the computer and reject
The light bills.

Down under the eye is a cot spread free where men
Make children of the gods, while sacred nature takes
Her clothes off and shows from where life comes.
Now deathless and divine – a mortal man no more
Expands into the free, upper air. Here, from down and
Under, he pushes from a thin skin of bronze.

53. Of Omega and Tinfoil hats:

“By whatever means,
We shall take this and
Go to the places of
Black vastness on a Wing of
Pull that is in our craft.

By whatever means out
Days will be long and
The dark time no more
Because now it is neither
Dark nor light and our
Faces are red against
The window through which we
Are witnesses of all our pasts.
Aeeo is with us and holds
The form of the creature with
Whom we took a part in
Order that we might find
The base element of this
Mass light system.
We swim in the stream
And in the stream are little
Beings long held there
With mocking eyes that only
Blink and question our
Bright shiny hose we
Dip into the soup for specimens
To take back with us.
Back with us
By whatever means we have
To take it back with us.
Aeeo has taken the form
From the nothingness of her belly
And the form has morphed belief,
Now is knowledge known,
The old tongue is gone and only
A whistle is heard in the daylight
Of all the new being that is time
Inversion.
Now the figure knows.
Now is the chart known.
Now is the way shown.
Now are we gone.
Again the coming has brought

A slow dipping down of a new
Way in the vast expanse of
Those bright suits
And in a glimpse
Mouths fell open at the sky light spectacle.
It has not been easy.
Times were when the shell fell
And we had no control as their
Craft whizzed about.
We laughed at those only for effect times
And we left them, as usual, dumbfounded,
And writing books and denying the
Obvious.
Those timeS were only for effect,
Effect on the animals that
Daytime lowed and crowed and
Wondered at hatching
That Aeoo gave.
We do not smile.
We do not give any life.
We take it
Away with us.
Billions are in us.
We are the beginning of times.
We are the essence of being.
We are because we are.
We have the coo of the
Dove in our hands.
In our backpacks, our
Silver suits glowing
With the air light and pink,
We have reason stored.
Songs sing and the base
Wonder at what is to them
Angels all flying around.
We will come and take it
All back.
That once will be more.
The seed has been spread.
Escape came one.
Now is salvation found.
Now is the coming of the
Perfect shape.
Our is cast to take everything
Back with us.

However new it is they
Come and ask and we
Want nothing for we have it all.
It is all coming. It is all
Coming.
By whatever means.”

A word comes to the minds of these beings
And the letting of these words are found
Within the darkness that is their minds,
Loosed under the stars feet and under
The swan slowly gliding, a
New standard that made with
Golden fringes and
Bernice’s maiden hair tassels.

“Let loose your bonds, o ye people;
let the rains come that have been
long withheld from your thirsty
people; let the cattle drink the
last drops that fall from her thighs,
for in these secretions are found the
fountain of life and its riches
abundant. The men of the earth shall
fail and perish, but forever will
the love and words that are in the
fifth galaxy out be made to a better
knowledge found in the negation of
death and life and death in life
through the fountain.”

The carpets glow red under the worshipping
Feet led in the forest by the giant that
Gives in the land the words that are
Soon forgotten and never heeded before the flood
Comes and the waters rise and the blood runs
At the best time of the month when
The ovum is come down with smiling eyes searching
For golden sperms now drunk with the
Anticipated eggs; the sky is glowing bright eyes
And know nothing save what in the hands turns;
Fires are born and lit and rage in the night.
Night lives come out to do justice to the juice
That the breadfruit tree makes. The natives
Are in the glen and with blue-black faces smiling,
Ivory teeth glowing, cow dung steaming in their hair.

Their rite forever and ever under these
Pink lit skies, the fathers dead, the mothers
On straw beds groveling after fleeting life.

If we could know the path that Jesus took

Made wagon style on foot worn
True, made of the glue of tenacity
Pressed down hard:
As sharp as a Tom-tit flying
Above searching out his lunch
In a bunch of grasses not
Pressed down in a persistent ascent
Toward the bliss of the
Universe, then we would not
Be searching, scratching in the
Sharp sand looking piously for
Sandal prints, and seeking out
The thoughts of Morocco
Stocking wearers, their huge broom
Swords slung over their shoulders
Tom-tit hung, flapping, slapping
Against a furrowed cheek
With the head strong knowledge
Of the path that Jesus took.

If we could know the path
That Jesus took, droppings
Steaming clear in the new morning air,
Still steaming in relief,
Then what?

“Slog along Tom-tit,
find you bird like way,
threading your course
to airy castles
row upon row in
Palestinian suburban splendor
in the grass, and
there is Eve’s confusing
flying buttress.

Sing a song of paths sought out
And searching never
Stilled but feeding
On itself singing clear and true.”

If we could know the path that Jesus took

Then we could go the other
Way and never step in anything
Because we could fly, Tom-tit sky
Above us, free as a bird, little eye
Espy the seeds down there
When we want them –
What a day that will be when in the flash
Of a pan our minds go
Clear and the song of a
Tom-Tit makes us all
Up flit.

String out in a line
And wonder
If we could know the path that Jesus took
Get the Volkswagens
In a circle and beat
The hoods to drive
The beasts away,
High priced gasoline, Ronnie, skulking about
With his bows and arrows
Slinging darts and
Jimmuh
Carter painting
“The Way” down the path
That Jesus took, The Half-Breed
Knows the path that Jesus took
Even if nobody else does,
What with his big ear to the
Ground in contact with
Nature warming insight blessed, tie askew,
The half-breed messiah just knew what directions
The Volkswagen took,
Now in the sweet, safe,
Safe singing all together:
“If we could know the path that Jesus took”
Then maybe Tricky Dick wouldn’t
Be the self-assured demon
Crook we took him to be, down
That bloody path all could
Go projecting 8mm film
Over the bar and long-necked
Bottles lined up in a circle,
Volkswagens in a circle in the parking lot,
Lyndon wide-eyed
And surprised that ant paths are
Going every which-away and

Someday all the veins will
 Converge into one –
 One in all
 All in one
 Trinity in on
 Three in one
 Nancy
 Harry
 Hussein
 Slick Willie prognostication, smooth on
 The tongue, slickery slip Monica
 Down we all flit taking
 The warp out of the
 Rag-head mind
 “Line up!”
 around we go, flying higher,
 archer high in the sunny
 sky burning blue bright
 pointing with the arrow never
 flying to the personalized
 Volkswagen license plates in
 A circle safe:

If we could know the path that Jesus took
 We'd all be quick to flick a trick
 Or two back at Dickie Bird, dumb
 In China from the blessed way
 “Via della Rosa”
 Mama mia
 Rosa mia
 Blooma bigga
 Tita seea
 Holy seea
 Freea mia
 Froma thisa
 Decision pleasea
 If wea coulda
 Knowa thea path
 Thata sweeta Christo
 Momma mia, Rosa
 Fria, fuck guido,
 Sucka mio, *Christo*
 Via Sanctu marvilliosa
 Mona cotta, oregano
 Sanctu Gloria in excelsis
 Tomato pasto

Veni sanctificator
Eata thja pasta
Shuta tha door
Kissa ma whore
Ut nobis corpus et
Sanguis fiat
Don't-a-say anymore
Marlon Brando
Cum sancto
Womb et gratia
Mea culpa
Passa froma
Before Ia
Croake.
Kyrie, kyrie, kryie
Tom-tit sing,
Volkswagens in a sling
Circle 'round about
Pater noster or two
On a bun *placeat*
Over easy

If we could know the path that Jesus took,
We could then Frank *brujo* Susan's
National sharia *l'église du profane*.

Dominus Vobiscum

Dicto hymno Gloria in excelsis

Comes late in the evening
And James and Jennifer
And Jean and Joan
Lie together
(the two not the four)
And then the magic
Begins, then come
The rites of resurrection
The fornication with
The blood of the lamb
Down with the lion
Mockingbird singing
Late at the rising of
Boötes, Arcturus bright,
Warming the blood
Fashioning the death
Into the glorious
Way

Ante pectus

Uncle George
Experimenting with sleep
Dark in the phosphorus
Glowing, running through
The coming, extending, slowly
Resurrecting, up from the
Great Sleep
“Gloria!”
“Ann!”
Saints all
They feel around deep in their own sleep for the
Resurrection.

The coming of man
James, John, Peter, Paul
Let us pray before
We begin:

“Dominus 42

Now we come

So let us screw!”

“Not good enough!”

Dominus thanks
For their box
So pure, let me
Feel it, let me
Come near it
But this I know
It is better than
Me, better than
The resurrection
For she told
Me so, TELLS me
So...before I go...
“I am Jean and Joan,
have you given thanks
that I am here?
Are you sufficiently
Grateful? Have you
Brushed your teeth,
Taken a bath, wiped
Your ass?

Do it.
Pray for your
Sex. Repent for
Your list.
Shame.
‘Oremus’
Condom all
Qui tecum or
Oui vivis-
There is no bow,
Do it right

Present in the night
The *Gloria* is coming
See the light, repent
For the salvation
Of your member, sinful
Member, resurrection
True at my altar

Gloria in excelsis
(if it occurs)

Opening a can of Bud
Flip-top top

Dominus Vobiscum
Extended scrotum
Other prayers precede
Prayers of lauds

Clouds of frogs
Warts and hogs coming
Out of the fogs engendering
 Tears,
Moving tears, Bekins moves
Them best, storage
For tears
 And life returns
 Alleluia down on
 Your knees, punching
 Away with the
 Resurrection and the
 Life, never forget
 That I am your *Deo Gratias*,
 Your wife to whom you
Pray, damn your
Prayer of lauds,
 giving thanks
In a commode tank
Making all the sins
Go away
 washed in the
 blood of the
Sears and Roebuck model
 2130563 automatic
Thirty two cycle douche
 box, hoses up
Her nose, ripping up
Her frozen TV dinner,
The 2008 Messiah peering out
Of her womb
Smiling into the
Resurrection and the
Light,
 Dew on his nose
 Reciting the
 Munda cor meum
While munching on a
Second edition Torah
 Flora
 Fauna
Fauna over the box
Lay her out
 Give her the
 Resurrection and
 The light

Gone in the night
 Phosphorus is the
 Life of man, glowing
 On the beaches
 Watching Zero eat
 The holy saint's
 Last remaining
 Resurrected, consecrated
 Constipated, orated
 Peaches that
 Teaches the holy
 Way, the hands joined from
 The *Per Dominium*
 Straight through
 The last lie down, the
 Crucifixion, splayed
 And sprayed, spayed
 It is, into the ground,
 The fecund ground
 As the rubric directs
 Boötes coming up
 Slaking every thirst in
 The flask of an ass
 (It's a piece of cake)
 Slice off a bit
 Go take the first
 Bird you find
 Holy Ghost like
 On a date in
 The back of the tomb
 Her holy womb
 Peter, James and John,
 Levitate, resurrection
 True,
Dominus Vobiscum
 The sheets are wet
 The resurrections
 Come and gone
 Now come the Son
 Of Man and he did
 Repent, the phosphorus
 Flowing
Adoramus te.
 Sugar and lemon.
 No cream, please."

Simone—

You gave it all away,
Said it all didn't matter,
But in the end, Sartre
Didn't matter, he just
Left you with it.

You took copious notes,
Kept the diary ... thinking
That all the words would matter ...
That someone
Would care, like all the
Rest of us, that someone
Would care.

But in the end, all
Alone with just the
Memories and nothing
To sustain ...

Nothing to sustain.

Sunlight ... Moonlight ... Sunlight

While light
Sand light
Turquoise water light,
Purple water light
Meeting gray-blue skylight,
Venus glowing white,

Intense cloud light
Bearing down and
Scattering across
The water and coral sand.

Clean light, pure
Water light, filtering
Through cloud light
Skimming across blue
Skylight.

Glowing fish
In blue-green clear
Light, magenta
Neon blue, emerald
Green, fast-light
Through crystal
Water washing
On coral tan light
Sandy beaches.

Purple horizon dance
light in alternating
Lines marching in
Parallel blue, green,
Purple, turquoise
Wave lights to the
Cream beach.

Cayman light, Georgetown
Light, offshore ship light, live light,
Night light.

Moonlight on indigo
Water and silver sand
With patches of moonsilver,
A sterling path to an
Invisible horizon
Lined once by a
Platinum blue moon.

Silver moon patch, blue silver,
Evening Sun patch gold,
Fading tan to
Blue light and

Then fossil light breaking
Through, lining the
Bear and crown,

Fossil blue and white intense
Day-type light reduced
To points, gold, red,
Old light, deep blue-black
Spare light, patch
Platinum light washing
Ashore in cadence,
Rhythms soft in
Soft night light.

Rā

Rā,
Gold Rā,
Rā that cleanses
And burns all thought
 Away ...
Gold Rā
Old Rā
Purifying Rā
Burning Rā
That makes the
Fisher glow blue
 And red and orange.

Rā that burns away
The day until all is
Blue-white and
Turquoise, tan and
You can't see without
Welder's blinders.

Intense Rā,
Old Rā,
Gold
Rā.

Silver line on the horizon,
Gray and gray trying to meet,

Silver line on the horizon,
Rā light, platinum bright.

Leaden sea, soft burnished
Pewter, silver line on
The horizon.

Evening light, pale orange
Leaving.

Silver line on the horizon,
Last Rā light, intense,
Less, but bright spot
On the sky-sea line
Fades away, not the day,
Slowly slips into gray,
And Rā away through
The line.

Watch the sea rise

Burn away everything
But tan and turquoise
And purple and blue.

Sea disc riding high over
The yellow coral,
Starlight bright,
Day's intense rays
Dancing on smooth
Caribbean seas.

Sail away to the

Purple line,
Through blue-green
Patches and away
From the transitions
Gliding above the
Soft coral sand.

Sprite

O.J. sees the bee:

“Hey mon!
Bee in the water!”

“You go to eat?”

“Yes. You want some?”

“Um..”

Steak for O.J. and
back into the bee
pool.

“Where been you all was?”

“Oh, just to the shore.”

“Oh.”

“How old are you O.J.?”

“Six.”

Water dancer.

It's a study in contrasts ...

Interfirst Plaza's green
lights go on ...

Charles Rambaugh's lights
go out ...

9,000 pounds of crab claws,
10,000 of shrimp;

A flour tortilla,
A glass of water.

The mayor flips the switch and
Zapps Dallas with
green argon at 9:30 p.m. ...

Charles Rambaugh is zapped
with an injection at 12:27 a.m.;

"My goodness gracious ...
that's green!"

"It's all a game I'm tired
of playing ..."

Argon stabilizes to a
Lime glimmer green in time ...

Before dying, Rumbaugh
says: "It's not going to
have any effect.

The table cloths at the
celebration feast were
white ...the place
just packed with
black tie ...

The gurney had white sheets
and stood alone against
a red brick wall.

Small frogs came
To live on the porch
One late summer's day.

Small and rather round
And green-gray,
They sat charming and fat.

And, another lunch day
They were gone,
Having been et by the cat.”

לה

And here's to

All you queens,
Giving us a shot at your guilt.

Well, no thanks.
I've told you to
Take a gun and blow your head
Off ...

But no, you're so involved
In being designer chic,
You can't even get that
Straight.

לה

Life in the U.S.A.

Young bride:

“But how will we survive
when we are old.?”

How will we pay the bills?

What if we get sick?

Then, we’ll need money
and we’ll need lots and
what will happen if we
don’t have any?

How will we live?”

Young groom:

“We won’t.”

לה

Remember ...

You should not get involved
in the life-cycle of the
humming bird.

לֵה

He went off with men,

And he stays with men,
far away with men
he stays and lives and has
not been home in years.

He lives with men and
knows their wants and needs.

Day pass and he lives
mornings, eats lunch and
dinner with men.

He sleeps with men and
hears cries in the night and
builds a wall of indifference
to the calls and falls and
flying in the darkness,
sleeping with men.

He sighs with men and tries
to protect them against the
end and pretends not to see.

He went off with men and
lives with the sleeps cries,
and sighs of men,
Holding them against the
Sundown,
Magenta clouds against gray
clouds against gold pale light
against the going of the Sun.

He dies with men and they
die quickly after walking in
the garden, the lovely
garden, walking in the
garden, sweating in the noon
light, leaf ceiling, birds,
insects, flying mites, water
spots, glimmering in the
olive wall room, little breeze,
twigs snap under foot and he

walks with men in the
garden.

לְהַ

Trees

Why do you make
Them all in a
Slanty line?
Blue,
Beige,
Squiggles,
Hill (lock),
Wind,
Rustle,
Squirrel,
Top?

לה

Found Poem #1

Concept
Concrete
Neon
Neon
Concrete
Growing
Out
Hard
Light
Wet
Sizzle
Z
ZZ
Neon
ZZZ
Crackle
ZZZZ
Symbol
Colors
ZZZ
ZZZ
Z
Mylar
Trees
Two
Pieces
Flash
Dormant

Found Poem #2

Rossetti
Galleria
Spanish
Modern
Art

Found Poem #3

Angolian
Modern
Art

Found Poem #4

February

7

Lotan

-o-

Works

On

Paper

Texts

Found Poem #5

Giuseppe
Zorio
Radical
Fluidity
Le
Contraddizioni

Found Poem #6

Sono
Ovunque
Everywhere
Are
Bagnoli
Tear it
(Copy)
Off
The
Wall.

Francesco
Diptych
All
Along
The
Road
Igloo
Installed
Straight ...
1975

Found Poem #7

1975
Tableau
Vivant
Cicada
-o-
Mortuary
Announcement
1970:
Masculine,
feminine,
Androgyne.

Found Poem #8

33
Artists
Were presented
Of which
Many are
Newcomers to
The Profession.

Found Poem #9

A retrospective:
Clogan
Writing
Now.

Found Poem #10

Sounds:

rim

ski

core

see

kov.

Found Poem #11

Polyptych
A
Loan for
Scotland

Found Poem #12

Bury
Ireland
Nail
Hammer
Shovel
Saw
Clods
“Wham!”
Green
Clouds
Flowers
Rain
Streams
Little
“The
eyes
were
framed
in
black.”
Applications
brush
by
Quotation
back
on
itself
Covering
the noses
“Shazam!”
Yellow
Sneeze
Blue
Trim
Leg
Up
Leg
Down

Fly
“Shazam”
Magic
Painting
dots
Magic
Painting
dots
Link
Together
Yellow
Blue
Lines

Found Poem #13

At
The MOMA
Last
March.
MOMA
Skin
Pores
When
It
Does.
MOMA
Mona
Lisa
“sfumato”
Gherardini
Bristol
La Joconde
Palin
La Giconda
Le sourire glorieux
Bristol
Le visage déesse.

Found Poem #14

Objective
Security
in
Grass
breeding
and
Link
Sheep
Shearing
This
That
Won't
Work
Use
This
Rather
Water
Wood
Steam
Coal ...
imposition
Excuse:
He
did
it
but
I
don't
know
how
much
he got.
Call
this
guy.
He'll
know.

Found Poem #15

Sharecroppers
Go
To Paris
And
Paint
Themselves.

Found Poem #16

She's a
Square dancer
and
She's
Really
Ugly in
the
dark.

Found Poem #17

Trichogyne
Egypt
blowing
Sand
Pyramids
Trinity.

Found Poem #18

Note from
2235
to 1976:
Everything's
About the same.
We've
Forgotten.

Found Poem #19

Trinity
Praise
Sand
God
Triptych
From
Pyramid
Whom
Trychogyne
All
Three Fingers
Blessings
Trinity
Flow.

Found Poem #20

Rā is the Sun
The Sun is Rā
Rā is a god
god is the Sun
And so the Sun
Is a proper noun
But being so
Is a contradiction.

Hubris: The State of the Hydro-Electric Station

We marched and marched in July of 1999 (or it could have been 1969) carrying our mops and pails, eating Bab-O and Comet mixed with coke for breakfast, lunch and supper, but not telling anyone lest they should use the whip (“they” and “anyone” being the guards, Meursault and Aganstan who rode big red horses with gray tails) and we thought about our (our being us, we who are in the line with the mops and pails, we who eat Comet and Bab-O mixed with coke; the line being what we are in as we walk to serve the Hydro-Electric Station that needs to be served: cleaned, polished, worked up to a spiffy polish.

Lovers from the past six months since we started cleaning the Hydro-Electric Station and the road that goes right up to the dam that comes from the camp where the Bab-O and Comet and Coke eaters live in imposed security with “them” and “they” who wear out dozens of whips a year but stimulate the state economy keeping the whip weavers weaving and making whips for “them” and “they”. (Later on I’ll explain all this to ya.)

Its real quiet on the talk (except for whips and following Comet eaters, Bab-O eaters seem to stay on their feet longer) because all the birds left or committed suicide summer before last. They flew west and then made a sharp left turn, them that flew away.

The rest touched each wing tip on wires on their left and right and made puffy light balls which “them” and “they” swear are UFO’s. They’ll beat you ‘till you wet the ground on which you lie if you try to tell them any different. So we don’t.

Hell, what’s it to us, their opinion, however distorted, isn’t worth a licking, and yet at times it is, just to see them get worked up and confused and flail about swearing at Comet eaters and Bab-O swallowers alike that the world is in their image and we must ... we must be beaten ... we must be in the line and standing up so’s we can be beat down to get up again and clean up our mess and dry our pants and march to and fro for the State Hydro-Electric Station.

A Short Family History

In 1805, Jacob Westerfield
Married Ossie Fordman
And they lived close by
Arnold and May Bridgeport
On their farms in Ohio.
Ten generations later,
Alice Westerfield married
George Bridgeport in
Los Angeles.
Mais qui Dieu se soucie
Peut-être?

A Solution

In order to get over military weakness,
A country should take shots.

Make tea at three

With me ...
Put cookies on
Your knee like
Me and let us
Converse as you
Please. In a
Gentle time not
Far from the grime
Of the ring that's
In the pot where
The tea stains and
Is hard to get out.
Sit down and let us
Begin. Pour please
And tell me what
You've been doing
In as lovely a metre
As can be.

It's a pretty good
Thing to be at tea.

I'd uv knowd bedder ifv

you'd tole me whad to do before
Ids nod easy knowin' whad youd lige for
Me tue dew.

I don't unnerstan ed either. Hell, you
oughd to knowd thad!

It was good and honest but

It was not sustained (the writing).
You must sustain the writing or
It doesn't work
Out at all.

Nighthawk

In the evening, high in the sky,
flies the Nighthawk, black wings
striped white against a blue-
black field.

He cries a course-high call and
sails, quickly flapping his wings
and resuming his sail.

Nighthawks fall in a breathtaking
sweep to the treetops and rapidly
climb again, re-joining their
fellows whose flight occults the
evening's newly blinking stars.

The Nighthawk is a mystery, his
call so far away up in the sky,
cutting the dusk and making you
rush outside to see the bird. It is
the cry that starts you on the trail
of the mystery of the Nighthawk,
looking high he's there, white
slashed wings motionless against
the soon to be sparkly stars,
gliding, hardly moving and then
with a quick movement, he's
gone, faster and faster,
sometimes falling into trees in
the next block and just as quick,
he's rushing by, shimmering,
right on top of the pecan tree and
with a punch, rocketing up and
up, lost in the leaves.

Hear his call again.

Triumph.

Invisible.

Again, motionless, blotting out
stars.

He's met up there by a
confederate and another and
another and yet another.

They cheer and wheel and are
still; then they're away, bursting
out of the formation and
screaming their joy in their
plummeting and diving and
climbing almost faster than you
can see. Then, they're gone again
and their cries are again far
away.

Then, they don't come back.
They've disappeared but just
then, as Scorpio glows newly,
the black Nighthawk shadow
glides again, for the last time,
somewhere out of the top of my
eye, from right to left, to
somewhere in the pecan tree and
I look but he's not there. It is
silent now, the Nighthawk as
silent as his gliding and I
whisper:

"I love the Nighthawk!"

And June draws to a close this
night, folding over and gently
covering the enigma, the great
mystery, that summer flier and
crier and maker of me to come
over and over to see, but more,
over and over to remember and
remember, and never to fathom.

Purple Martins are

darty little birds and I thought
they only flew late in the evening
when the heat went down and
maybe there would be a white
moon against which they could
fly.

But in the mid-day, this day, they
flew and dove, and flew down,
low in the fast lively flight, bat-
like and sleek in their tiny
boomerang shape.

They flew with the high Sun on
their wings and they were black
against the clear, blue Texas sky,
full of the birds that flew and
darted after insects to the
accompaniment of cicadas whose
song echoes a hot Egyptian day
for the part when locust swept
and we call cicada locust now
and it makes us think of Egypt
and Pharaoh on a brass-bright
day full of Purple Martins like
today.

The Big Five

Blue-green-black with whitecaps,
Gray sky, wind blowing out of the
Northwest and he's heading
Toward the Northeast and its
Right at freezing.

The little boat flies from
White cap to white cap
And the old Bell and Howell
Looks right into the thick
Of it.

The little boat rocks with the
Swells and he has to get
Heavier gear out to beat
Back the wind, and maybe
A thick wool cap the cut
Some of the Sea sting.

He plots the little boats
Position and leaves the
Wheelhouse to go below
And check out the Weatherby.

Its good and clean, smooth,
Oil beads the water prospect
And he locks and loads.

The little 7x35's beat on
His chest as he climbs up to the
Forward deck. The Spray is
Platinum against the white
Floes and he scouts.

White on white moving just
Every so and the boat swings
To the big block, wind
Crossing the bow.

The amber stock against the
Parka fur, squeeze and its

Away and home.

He pulls on the silver
Flask and feels the
Contentment coming.

The winds turn and swirl
Snow and whiteness
Touched with a rose.

And he remembers the
Big five and it was
Warm there and he loved
It and here it's cold
And nothing for 2000 miles
And it's good,
Very, very, good.

Red, White, and Blue

The Continental soldiers
gathered themselves up
and tramped New
England's coast up and
down, to the little tine,
catchy lines written by
their betters,

Better-better than
Continental Soldiers
officers not unlike Old
England or France or
Spain with her ranks
saving souls at the last
minute.

Now,
Continental Soldiers have
a catchy sound, all right
and brassy and snappy,
something to look back on
two or three-hundred
years later and use to
excuse
political men with
terminal brain fever who
work very hard
convincing their inferiors
that what they are about is
what the Continental
Congress was about,
another happy, catchy
proper noun replete with
excuses for better, or
worse.

Free

1.

I am free...
That's a promise made by me
Through the years...
Through the years.

I am free...
Riding with the wind,
Sailing with my friends...
Through the years...
Through the years.

2.

They shall be free,
Sharing our song
In life's loving embrace,
They shall be free...
They shall be free.

They shall be free
A promise in the season's breeze,
They shall be free...
They shall be free!

3.

Let's all be free,
Through the years...
Through the years.

Through the years,
Tell our story,
Join with us,
How free we'll be,
Through the years...
Through the years.

(Refrain)

I am free...
That's a promise made by me
Through the years...
Through the years.

I am free...
Riding with the wind,
Sailing with my friends
I am free...
Through the years...
Through the years.

YANK

Yank Rachael is 76 years old when he tells me this story.

Yank Rachael's best friend is Sleepy John Estes who plays the best blues guitar of just about anybody.

Yank plays the mandolin. That's what this story is all about: Yank's mandolin and his music.

People who know about these things say that Yank Rachael started Rock and Roll.

Rock and Roll became famous because of Yank Rachael.

He wrote a song that I remember from around 1957: Corienna, Corienna. A popular singer of the time, whose name escapes me, recorded it.

Anyway, Yank Rachael has all these years played sometimes bright, sometimes bluesy, sometimes fast songs.

They are songs about people he's known. He's a singer of people who have trouble and about people in love. Yank has always played the mandolin.

Now, this is how Yank took up the mandolin.

Yank is a little boy, about nine years old, walking down the road.

Yank lives in the Deep South. Back then roads didn't have paving like they do today. These are dirt roads, dusty dirt roads, that are soft and fluffy. This road that goes to his house is hot.

"Them red sandy roads back then burned nine-year-old black feet pretty good," Yank tells me. "My feet's pink bottoms would turn cherry red if'n I didn't move along pretty quick don'ts you know."

On this particular day he is just walking along and admiring the nice summer day. Yank listens to the birds talk and to the scuffing of the sandy road.

Then he hears something different. What Yank hears is neither bird songs nor wind whispers.

It is very pretty music, music that has a sound he loves instantly. The harmonies are coming from the porch of the man that lives right down the road.

Yank hurries.

Yank thinks that the music may get away if he doesn't run and catch up with it.

There on the front porch of the old house sits an Old Man playing something that looks kind of like a guitar but is smaller and is shaped like a gourd. It has double strings and the old black man makes special, tuneful sounds with it.

"Like it?" the Old Man asks Yank.

"Sure do." Yank says. "What you call it?"

"A man-do-leen," the Old Man replies. "Ever seen one before?"

"Can't say that I ever have."

Yank cannot believe his eyes.

The mandolin is a wonderful thing. It looks smooth. He has it in his mind that the mandolin will feel kind of cool.

Yank watches carefully. The Old Man fans the strings with a tiny, polished, tortoise shell pick he holds carefully between his thumb and fingers.

The Old Man finishes his melody with a flourish.

"Want to give it a try?" the Old Man asks Yank.

"I sure would!" Yank says softly, almost shaking as he takes the mandolin from the Old Man.

Yank sits down on the edge of the porch with his legs dangling over the edge. Yank let his legs swing alternately as he plucked tentatively at the double strings.

Pretty soon he begins to single out, note by note, a simple little song. The Old Man hums along.

Yank finishes. He brings his head up smartly, and smiles at the Old Man.

"Thas real purdy!" the Old Man says looking out over the fields shining in the hot summer Sun.

The grasshoppers zing and click in the Johnson grass when it gets too hot for them to stay put.

“That was real purdy. Try another.”

“I think I will.” Yank says. He makes up another song.

“It’s no trouble a-tall to make music on the man-do-leen.” Yank thinks.

Too soon he comes to what he feels is the end of his newly made song. It is time to give the mandolin back to the Old Man.

Yank watches the Old Man take the mandolin.

“I like that man-do-lin.” Yank says. Maybe someday I’ll have a man-do-lin. Until I can get one, maybe I can come over and play yours?” he asks hopefully.

“I would sell this mandolin for the right price. You want to buy this ‘ol mandolin?” the Old Man asks Yank.

“Sure!” Yank exclaims. “Sure I’d like to buy that man-do-leen. Sure I would. How much for that man-do-leen?”

“I’ll sell this ‘ol man-do-leen to you for five dollars.”

Yank told me: “Now I didn’t have five dollars. I’d never even seen five dollars before, but I sure wanted that man-do-leen.”

“I don’t have five dollars,” Yank tells the Old Man, “but I got a pig. How’s about you taking a pig for that man-do-leen?”

“Yes. I’d sure take a pig for this man-do-leen.” the Old Man tells Yank. “I’d sure do that!” he says leaning forward in his rocking chair. The Old Man smiles down at Yank with his bright white teeth shining.

The tooth outlined in gold caught the light as the Old Man settles on a deal. “I’d take a pig and call it a fair trade.”

“So’s I goes home,” Yank says to me, “and I got this pig I’d been raising and I took that pig back to him and we made the trade for the man-do-leen.”

Yank took the mandolin home. He left the pig with the Old Man.

Yank gets the mandolin out and plays it softly every chance he can. Then one day Yank’s mother asks him:

“Yank, I haven’t seen your pig lately. Where do you suppose that pig is Yank?”

“I can’t say I know Momma.” Yank says looking out the window, wondering how that pig is getting along at the Old Man’s house.

Momma comes into Yank’s room and the glint of the mandolin in Yank’s arms catches her eye.

“What you got there?” Momma asks Yank as she bends over for a closer look at the mandolin.

Yank’s face is hot.

“It’s a man-do-leen Momma.” Yank says, watching the object in question turn ever so slightly in his lap trying to hide.

“Now where’d you get a man-do-leen Yank?” Momma asks Yank, kinda turning her head to one side and putting her hands on her hips, the way Mommas do when Mommas are on to something their children are doing that’s not quite right.

“Well I got it from the Old Man down the road Momma.” Yank says. “From the Old Man that lives by that great elm tree down the road.”

“Now how’d you come to get that man-do-leen from that Old Man down the road, Yank?” Momma asks slowly, squinting her eyes the way Mommas do when they knows somethin’s up.

“I can’t say rightly.” Yank says.

“Well, you’d better say rightly how’s you came by that man-do-leen `cause there’s a switch out on that peach tree singing Yank’s name in this hot, summer breeze!

That ol’ peach switch ‘s goin to keep on whipping until you do say rightly!” Momma says with just a little rising in her voice. You know how Mommas get.

“Well Momma, that Old Man and me done made a trade. We made a trade for the man-do-leen Momma.”

“What kind of trade Yank?” Momma says, standing up straight and putting her head back as if she had eyes on the bottom of her nose.

“I traded the Old Man that pig for the man-do-leen Momma.” Yank says, kinda looking down and touching the mandolin, wishing he was somewhere else with the burnished singer that makes such pretty sounds.

“You traded that pig for that man-do-leen? Well I’ll tell you this: comes fall when this family’s eaten po’k chops for supper, you’ll be eaten that man-do-leen!” Momma huffs, turning on her heel and kind of floating away, the way Mommas do when they’ve got the truth out of you.

“Thas what she say to me,” Old Yank says to me, “and she meant it!

“I knew I wouldn’t get any meat come fall,” he laughs, “but I had my man-do-leen.”

“I never wanted to play anything but the man-do-leen,” Yank continues. “I jest never did. Lots of people play the guitar. They’s good at it too! I can play the guitar all right but I jest like to play the man-do-leen ‘cause nobody else much plays it.”

“The man-do-leen has kind of a meller sound that I like. Folks, they’s seem to like me playing it too!,” Yank says.

“Later on Momma axed me to play some songs for her and I did. That song I did for Momma goes like this.”

And then Old Yank picked up the long ago pig-traded-for mandolin and begins to sing one of his oldest songs with the words like poetry.

Sleepy John Estes plays right along, picking out the melody and counter point time on his big, old, brown, scratched-up guitar.

Mères pardonner les péchés du volume de la chanson douce d’un enfant.

And so to Mary and Joseph you were born, held and loved, loving dreams,

for you played over and again as she nursed you and drew strength from your small, delicate, helpless self, looking for the first time at the world, discovering the joy of air, perplexing, lovely, overwhelming in its first-time coming into your lungs, and you cried some, relieved and happy, cold and unsure, but held by her and in her keeping safety swept over you and soon your first sleep came.

And with all the turmoil, Mary and Joseph gave you everything they had: love, peace, security, home, prayers Sung during the night when Lilith disturbed covers with her flight, watching you with wonder and recognition then flying high and scanning the horizon.

You smelled the wood your loving daddy worked. You held small wooden toys he made for you and you played at his feet as he fashioned tables and chairs and household implements and carts and wheel repairs and made plans for houses and talked with his friends about wood and brick and mortar and making things. The wood smelled good and mother came and there was nursing and the smell of household smoke and daddy's sawing and the hammering sounds of the grooves and tongues going gently into place.

And she taught you about God, the universe, the world and how to sing and pray with the angels.

Magnae Cirtutis (A Man Of Great Power)

And you grew and your universe grew and you loved Temple and the singing of wonderful God acts done for The People and you were The People and The People were your daddy and mother.

And then he was gone. And you cried and didn't know why he had to go. He just did. And the pain was so hard, your head hurt behind the eyes, the fire wouldn't quit and consumed your stomach and you cried for him and his sweet face came to you in dreams and Lilith cooled you with her stationary flight. Now, as he taught you, you made the chairs, the tables, the household

implements, the wheels, repaired the carts and planned houses with your friends and read about God and went to temple with mother and prayed for daddy.

Propheta Veritatis

Then in a blaze of insight it came to you: Nothing matters except God. Your only reason for being is for God. Our only reason for being is for God. Pure spirit beyond spirit, Spirit beyond the universe, Kingdom of God, Eternity, boundless beyond the universe, held by God for God and now coming to you and to us.

We are sons and daughters of God, not of men, not of kings, princes, queens, princesses, bushes, trees, rivers, mountains, clouds, rains, lightening, thunder, stars, planets, universes, space and time.

This is only a beginning.

Statura Procerus Mediocris Et Spectabilis

And the dream became vision became life and insight into the human condition, your life drawing from love became love and you began to tell about your vision, to tell about your dream, and the dream grew into an all consuming reality, a reality born of the Spirit of God, flowing directly from the Godhead, and everything was quite clear and the message simple and clear and some listened and caught fire.

Vultum Haben Venerabilem

Oh, yours were stories of love. Remember when they got married and they were so very poor and all there was to drink was water? And love became real. With smiling face you poured out the water to one and all and sang your friends praises, how beautiful she was, how loving he was, what good people they were and the hope of their future and the portrait you painted of their life together drifted sweetly into our minds and meshed with our souls and we heard their first born cry and our joy was such that the lovely water became wine our giddiness the product of your love and I'll never forget that sweet night and how we all loved one another, and how you loved us.

Planos Fere Usque Ad Aures

And then in what seemed a moment, your teaching stirred the elements so that a storm drew up and before we could get shelter the mob had you and Herod was there trying to please everybody and nothing was working and it seemed that the world wasn't working anymore.

Aliquantulum Ceruliores Et Fulgentiores

It grew darker and darker and then the mob shouted out for you to be hung because you said you were the Son of God and that the promise is that we too are Sons and Daughters of God. At first Herod wouldn't think of it. "They can do their own hanging." And he tried to duck out but nothing seemed to work. The mob, cowards all, hiding behind their religion of kings, princes, queens, princesses, bushes, trees, rivers, mountains, clouds, rains, lightening, thunder, stars, planets, universes, space and time, too cowardly to do their own killing.

In Statura Corporis Propagatus Et Rectus

And so in that little dirty, dusty, nothing of a town, that mob, with Herod washing his hands, took you to The Skull and hung you between two thieves.

And on that day, 33 years after your mother and daddy shared in your birth, dreamed wonderful dreams for you, worked with you, taught you, loved you and shared their lives with you, you died in agony and torment, all for love.

Just 33 years, you're just beginning, you've just begun to love, you've just begun to learn of love, you've just begun, just begun to trace the vision out to the blue horizon line, but now you're nailed to a crossbar, set upright and left to die in the Sun just for being contrary to local custom, looking for the last time as man at the world, losing the joy of air, perplexing, hideous, overwhelming in its last-time coming into your lungs, and you cried some, anxious and unhappy, cold and unsure, but held by her there at the foot of the cross in her heart's safe keeping.

Rex

But then a stunning thing: You die but then you're here, bright and shining. Now, after all those ages, those ancient times when we just began to walk and it was all we could do just to survive, you gave us the will to live, you gave us the will to love, you gave us inspiration and when earlier Neanderthals placed flowers, and we drew pictures in dark caves because we suspected something was up, then comes your dying and then your resurrected light breaking upon the civilized and uncivilized, burning away animal sacrifices and queens lie with dead horses while chanting silly sexual refrains while priests circle and dance. Your breaking through death ignites imaginations, raises cathedrals, poetry and literature is written, and songs sung and played to this day in exaltation of your living love, of your dying for love, of your living in us for love and we are so Sons and Daughters of God, through your love for us.

You transcended life and death on that cross.

And now life has no fear.

And now death has no fear.

Your love transcends life.

Your love transcends death..

We transcend life and death through you and with you are one with God, safer than you were in the four arms of Mary, now and throughout Eternity.

Fat Boy sits down.

He picks up a food
stained menu. A
big-boned woman in
a rose colored dress with
a beige apron comes
up and stands beside
Fat Boy, asking if
Fat Boy is ready to order.

Fat Boy orders a
hamburger, well done, with
no pink anywhere.
“When you get through
you just raise this and
I’ll bring your check.”

There on the table is
a Texas flag, kind of
a fancy flag with
gold fringe.

Fat Boy looks at
the flag, kind of
studying the flag.

Then he takes a swig
of brown water.

“You done your
Christmas shopping
yet?” Fat Boy asks
me.

Before I can answer,
Fat Boy interjects:

“I’m just going to get
a few things. Don’t
have to get much.”

“What you going to
do this Christmas?”
I ask. “Going home?”

“Yeah. I’m going home
for a while,” Fat Boy says.

“But there’s not such
a good time there. I don’t
have much in common
with any of them.

My old man’s been
in the restaurant business
forever. Well, he’s got
this little
place see, and he’s never
had much. All those
people of mine are poor.

When I first came
out of high school, I
made more the first
month than my old
man used to make in
a year. My old man
is poor. The whole
family is poor. They’ve
never been anywhere or
had hardly anything.

One Christmas my little
brother gave me
a pocket knife. That’s
the kind of thing they
think I’d like.”

He stops while the
waitress puts the
“swell done” hamburger
in front of him.

Fat Boy opens up
the top of the bun,
letting meat steam
out, checking that
the meat isn’t pink.

Satisfied that the
meat's not pink, Fat Boy
settles back
while the waitress
cuts the well done
hamburger in two.

"That's what they do here,
cut your hamburger in two.
It's the way the do it here.

Anyways, my people
are poor. They never
had anything. I got
nothing in common
with them nothing
at all in common with them.

I every show you my Mensa card?
I got it here somewheres.

I don't know what
I'll get 'em.

But I tell you
whad," Fat Boy says
between bites of the
first half of the well
done hamburger with
no red meat showing,

"Id won be mudge.

She's a girl friend of
mine," Fat Boy says.

And I look at the
squares on the big sheet
of photographic paper and
there is a little girl
in a cowboy hat with
cowgirl gloves with fringe
on the wrist part and she
has a vest on that match
the gloves.

She's a little girl, really
a little girl.

I say: "I thought you meant a
little big girl." and suddenly
my perspective changes from light
to serious.

"She's just a little
girl," Fat Boy says, "but
she's real smart. Really
a smart little girl." Fat Boy
says.

And I wonder why Fat Boy
doesn't have a big girl, that he
has a little girl for a friend.

I think that perhaps
he can't get a big
girl because he's so fat.

Nobody wants a fat boy like
Fat Boy.

Fat boys don't get girls.

Then I shrug that off thinking
"Sure. Fat Boy could get
somebody if he wanted. There's
always somebody out there
desperate for somebody,
even like Fat Boy."

"Well," Fat Boy says,
"I carried her
and her folks down to
Houston over Christmas.

They've got people down
there. I took them down
in my new car," Fat Boy says.

"They ain't go much. They's
real poor. They's ain't got

much at all and I took them
down to Houston, me and her
parents and that little
smart girl. We all went down to
Houston over Christmas.
It was all right I guess,
being's how they're so poor.
She's such a smart
little girl." Fat Boy says.

The Run begins at
3 p.m. A new cold
front is to blow
in three hours.

Pet cocks on, tickers
priming gas into the
Amals, key on, he pushes
hard on the kick starter
that will haunt him when
he's 70.

The old Triumph rumbles,
throwing off sleep, and
he thinks about Fat Boy
as he flies away.

Twisting and turning,

the spiral tracks there,
in the sky, in the
flying of clouds
writing the natural
secret ... and in the
gentle shell,
twisting ever this way
and that, slowly turning
in the spiral marked
force mystery that writes
the foundation of
the universe,
every upward goes the
gyre, twisting and
turning the
advent of life and perhaps
too, but hidden still, in
death, the reverse spiral
to twist toward life
and reverse again.

Cycles and measures
of circles infinite,
circles of whatever
devices are God's seeing,
scattered everywhere
as reminders or maybe just
universal watch springs,
main springs,
forcing the movement,
the circle, they cycle,
waxing and waning
by the micro second to
the infinite time measures ...
around and around, smoke
in nature, twisting
and turning in
blind acknowledgment of the
ultimate
mystery beyond gravity,
the ultimate force

that sends the earth

around ...
the moon
around ...
The planets
around
The galaxy
around
The galaxial
movement
outward to
cycle back ...

all turning and
twisting out and out
in some immeasurable
force gently pushing
against the warm
making it go,
making the cell spin
in microscopic Brownian
motion rarely seen but twisting
in gyre life,

alive to the
recognition,
prints in the
nature of all
things ...

always returning

but a new place,
but adjacent to the
old, but chambers
on chambers on chambers,
ever building and
growing in the fantasy
of the life forces the
force that moves the
springs that move
the cells and the
liquid flows ...
Ever so the spiral
goes and is rarely
recognized ... but
there it is, mute
testimony of all
that is and all that
we will be,

Phoenix ...
Gyre ...
Resurrection ...
Season cycles,

Ever it goes and
in all are we caught,
claiming, boasting
freedom but making
only beautiful spiral
patterns, chambers,

circles in the
pond,
ripples, radio
waves, out ...
outward ...

Cycles and gyres and
shell movement.

What will I say?

First Canto

I will say that the
imprint of all
things is in the
cycle, in the
gyre, in the
Helix, The Helix on
Helix ... Double
Helix that is
pushed by
Chambered patterns,
pushed outward and

I come to my limit ...
What pushes the Helix?
Why is the Helix pushed?
How is the Helix pushed?
Is it but a simple
answer or
truly awesome
and wonderful?

I know we can know,
we have the pattern to
follow back, the original,
patterns, the Helix, the
gyre, the cycle that
is the reflection
movement of the
Force.

The answer is
outside the Helix ...
Not the gyre or the
cycle, that is, but
the skeleton. Look
beyond the gyre ...
beyond the Helix
and there is the
pusher, the mover,
the prime mover
beyond the Helix ...
Perhaps not.
Perhaps so. It is closed in

those chambers ...
closed and locked
while the new
chamber is built and
slowly closes itself
and in the closing
off of the chamber
moves in the gyre,
twisting in its
little space, mocking
the astral movement
yet as complex as
galaxy movement.

Perceive as galaxy
construction,
measurable rhythm,
in tune with all
of black nature, the
life thrust, the spark
of life and the spark of
death's winding
sheet.

Second Canto

Does it twist?
Does the shell twist to
The left or right?
And does it matter,
the direction?
Does it really matter?
Yet it does as the
force that causes
the twist, the
invisible drive,
machine clear and
pure, imprints its
influence on the
shell, on the
Winding Sheet, on
the Seasons.
Circle.

Clear it is in its effect.

The reason is locked in
Nature and the
twisting is the key.
ever upward. Incense
swirling in circular
cadence, plodding
in spiral upward course
captured in the spiral,
caught forever.

Third Canto

And the wind blows
in the gyre.

It comes in the gyre
down the plains,
across the forests,
out of the desert it
comes, thin and loud
and swift it comes.

From the sea the
winds twirls and
come out of the
water in a huge spiral,
flowing as incense
caught in the whirlpool,
twisting upward toward
an unknown target,
moving forward in
relentless purpose,
caught and made by
the tensions, tensions
Created by complexities
Not seen.

Fourth Canto

Look not to escape.

It is written on the
Storm, on the storm
tossed shell, on
the prayer smoke
swirling in the twisting
streams, spun by the

quick wrist of a boy
in confined space,
chamber upon chamber
closed off. Look behind there ...
All of those closed
off shells, chambers dead and sealed,
and who shall break
into the chambers and find
what treasures are there?
(Why should such treasures
be there?)

Look back and see the
chamber chain and there
working on yet another.

Built into us,
the need to build chambers
in spiral testimony of
the natural electric
stream, powering –
driving the machine
in mute testimony
to prison.

Around and around
the prayers go,
around and around,
implied movement,
implied construction,
a fable for any
child,
terror for the
adult self-made.

Fifth Canto

They are creatures of
old vintage, gentle
and prodding, loving and
graceful.

They are creatures sometimes
hunted, sometimes frightened
by the thunder and rain,
playing in the warm aftermath.

They are eons old and ignored.

I've known them all,

From the smallest to
The most gigantic.

They have been for me a
Key to the present.

Laid out in rocks, they
Imprint their lives for
All to see.

They claim the millions
Of years in their passing
And tell the mystic
Myth with hard
Fact – it was a
long life, -hard but good-
and they lived it without
ark or sacrifice.

Theirs is the record to
Be broken.

Tell me they come in six days,

Or five, or flour, or
Three or even two fool!

You've not watched
the crease in your eye grow every day,
the hand wither and
die, the blue in
your eye fade and
the days fly away?

You are dying faster
Than they come
Fool. Faster than
They stayed.

Explain your comings
And goings fool,
Gather up your cross
And hold off the water
And the glossy casket
If you so presume.

The waters roll on,
The lid snaps shut.

It really doesn't matter
fool. It really doesn't matter.

But, you don't have to
be without.

We found it time to raise a shrine,

Symbols we found in
Perhaps a book or in
Some magazine, or
Maybe we just were told
The triangle, circle, square, inversion
Shapes in a certain order
Yet maybe the symbols
We saw in an
Art show in a
Gallery, perhaps
That's where we saw
The ancient symbols.

We painted the symbols

Δ□○▽

in white paint on a
rough board and set it
aside. This, we knew,
was the engine that would drive the shrine
to life.

And then, we took the
four cedar trunks,
thick, heavy with
cedar bark and cedar
smell, and set the posts in an elevated
line, set the posts on
a high porch, with a dark backdrop.

Then, with the posts
In the line, facing the
Big bear, we placed the
Symbols, painted
Symbols at the right
Hand of the posts,
And left the shrine
To do as it would.

Then, as I worked in the
Garden, I saw a shimmering,
A shimmering among the

Cedar pillars, august highway heat on the plains.

The shimmering intensified
And took form, first a
Man, then a woman,
Then another woman, and somewhere in the back
A man formed, shimmering,
Still.

The woman came down to me and said:

“We are here but for a little time, soon we must go.
But there was a way to come and we did come.”

The ethers moved about
And the woman continued to tell me about being there and I asked her:

“What’s it like over there?”

And the man answered:

“Nothing. We have rooms,
small, dark rooms. We’re trapped in small dark rooms.”

“Small dark rooms!” the woman added. “There’s nothing over there
except small, dark rooms where we are.

But we like men, and
The men like women, and we can take you back.”

There was a warning, that
She could take us with
Them but I was not
Afraid and I said, feeling
Sorry for all of them,
Her in particular:
“We’ll pray that you
will be able to leave the
small, dark, rooms.
We’ll pray that
You’ll be able to leave.”

And I knew that they
Had hopelessness in their
Voices, and I didn’t want
To believe they couldn’t

Get out and I wanted
To give them hope, even
If there was none and
Too, I didn't want to
Go with them.

And the woman, to the protestation of the woman
With em, took my hand saying:
“We must go now, come with us.” And
there was an energy,
a magnetic energy,
so that I could not
pull away from her hand
and she was pulling
me toward the cedar
pillars but I finally
pulled away by thinking
about what I had told
the shimmering woman.

I think about those
Cedar pillars now,
And what, at the
Time appeared to
Be magic.

I know the key was in
The symbols that unlocked
The door to the cedar
Pillars and all the
Time that lives in that lock.

Someday the time will be unlocked again.

Look at the pictures boys!

Women with clean
Skin, ample breasts, sculptured.
Hips clean and
Flowing, legs long
And movable.

Look at the pictures Boys!

Get one for a close look.
Fat thighs, lumps,
Skin cancers and
Moles in profusion,
Even on the soles of their feet.
Breasts small and
Hardly there,
Hips flat and low,
Legs that come and
Go slowly,
Flowers full of warts
That need burning off...if the doctor
Can get in there...
Ignored for years...
Girls expecting
Passion from
Body bags, no,
Demanding passion
From these body bags and with
A price even Howard Hughes
Couldn't afford even if he was
In the market for
Flotsam on a fetid sea of femininity...
Not like the pictures Girls!
No way! Not like
The pictures.
Never will be either
Pictures don't talk
Girls,
Pictures don't
Get drunk
Girls,
Pictures don't dry up
Girls,
Pictures aren't silicon
Girls.
Ain't failing Viagra either.

He was an old rock and roller

Black as grime on
The underside of
An old truck motor
And he's waiting to go
On stage for the
Millionth time
And the white whore
Is hanging on,
Hanging on and
Feeling him up,
All over him the
White whore puts
Out, spreading
Her bag in a
Sexual pall as
Darkness falls,
Black and
Blacker.
Good ol' black boy
And good ol' white whore.
Don't know where they've
Been: just black and white.
Atramentum/crustum candide.

I knew a 28-year-old

Baptist dentist once
Who couldn't make love,
But she could fix teeth...
Sort of.
Went to South America.
Never did make love.
Fixed teeth though.
Fixed lots of teeth.

She lies down...

“No fingers. I don’t like
fingers.”

So, up he gets and to the kitchen
Goes and chops up some fingers.

It was all a big mistake.

“I think I’ve got something!”

“Not from me you didn’t.”

“I think I’ve got something!”

“I doubt it. You never had
much of anything.”

“I’m not bad to the boys,” she said.

“I take them to bed,
I just don’t like it
Much so I don’t thing
I’ll go with any of them

Just

To

Lunch.

I’ll go with them to lunch
Until somebody comes by
On a boat and I’ll sail off,

I’ll sail off,

Off I’ll go

I’ll sail off.”

Postscript: She never got off again.

She's got little bag breasts

For a couple of thou' from
A doctor on Elm Street.
Little bag breasts.
One nipple looks left,
The other up.
They're lots bigger
Than they were before.
They were tiny bag breasts
But they did look straight ahead!

Take it off sister!

Take it off!
One, two, three, four
Hundred pounds.
Take it off you white lard whales...
Fat sucks.
You tent wearing
Bitch, the only thing good you've got is
A shadow
In which to curl up and keep cool!

“Where’d you get those orbes repugnante de Venus?”

Those are the most
orbes repugnante de Venus
I’ve ever seen,
Jesus,
you *propagación de las brujas* are
Something.

¡Que te den por culo...no!
You’ve got to be kidding,
Besides, you Mex’s
Balloon up after each and
Every *carajo!*

“Where’d you get those
orbes Maria?”

“From you you *pinchazo tonto!*
No mas, no mas!
Adios yourself out of here and
Leave the Visa.”

“You’ll never get skin cancer.

Not with chicken shit
White skin like
That. No sir. Not
With *el blanco* stuff
Like that.”

“Heat up that much
fat and you’d explode
like popcorns I’ll bet.”

“Ain’t summer great!”

“That ain’t no way to treat a lady.”

Bullshit it ain’t!
She be uh flying Marxist,
Flaming liberation theologian,
Black Panty jib, mizzen main
Luffing in goose stepping snaps,
She a marvel, a jewel, a glowing
Zygote,
A reproductive evolutionary
Dead end,
Birth certificate challenged,
Wide eyed with liberal
Insanity, handing out
Handouts when handouts
Have all dried up,
Pretending she’s putting out,
Insisting she’s putting out,
Screaming she’s putting out,
In her head is confine perfect order
Singing a song of scapegoat
Maximus,
And all she loves:

“Georgie is everything I’m not and
That’s really irritating (Where’s my
Rosaries hail whatever?) but
I don’t care what’s fair...I’m fair...
Rosa, Rosa, Rosa,
But Narciso is and Francisco and Mark,
Michael, Betsy and Ralph, maybe Donna,
Maybe Oscar...I...like...dunno,
Tat me a FIDM, CKC, onabotulinumtoxinA...
I’m telling you what to do now do it whatever
That is ‘cause I told you so and I don’t
Really know ‘cept I’m on a roll.

George is everything I’m not and
I don’t care what’s fair I’m fair but
Narciso is and Francisco and Mark,
Michael, Betsy and Ralph, maybe Donna,
Maybe Oscar, I, like, dunno,
Tat me a FIDM, CKC, onabotulinumtoxinA.

“I think you should...”

You need to get...
You ought to...
I believe that you will...
You’ve got to...
You’ll do this now...
You’re goin’ got...”

“Shut up bitch!”

“The color needs to be...”

“No it doesn’t, you blind
cunt.
It’s not color anyway..
It’s chicken shit.
You’re contemplating the
Chicken shit in your
Pathetic mind...
Just chicken shit.
Here. Take this.
Put it in your hand...
Pull the hammer back...
And pull the fucking
Trigger.”

“Snap — **Boom!**”

“Now, see. Chicken shit.
All over the wall. Just
Like I said. Nothing
But chicken shit.

Don’t bother cleaning it up. Just study it and
keep your mouth shut.
It’s to look at, not eat!”

“That’s it.

Drink a second bottle.
Suck it down.
Take you mind’s clothes
Off.
Fat, paltry, little mind
Full of black dots
And unconnected
Thoughts.

Suck it down you
Stupid slut.
Suck it down.”

Oh! You’re going to
Direct traffic? Give
Directions? Make
Pronouncement?
Demand?
Cajole?
Naked minds aren’t worth
Fucking with even if it means ending
The sentence with a preposition.

***“I want to be your friend...
always!”***

“I want to get away...forever!”

Where in the name of God

Did all these broads
Come from?
Just look at all these
Bags!
Jesus!
I can't stand it!
They're smiling!
Jesus!
Where in the name of
God
Did all these broads
Come from?
Full length mink,
Leather boots with silver studs,
Daddy's Merce.
Can oral Roberts do
Anything for 'em?
Can Jesus do anything
For 'em?
Did surgery do anything
For 'em?
No!
They're hopeless. They're
Here. They won't go
Away,
So,
I will.
Where in the name
Of God did all
These broads come from?
Whisper:
"From other broads back
Into infinity
To the first broad, born
Of man, a figment of
Some cosmic
Imagination".
A con.
A joke.
A bag of shit fashioned
From male bone,
Flesh of flesh,

Bone of bone,
Fat of fat,
Bag of bag. An
Infinity of illusion.
Man made woman,
Woman made man.
An endless cycle of
Futility.

And then comes color.
The final frontier of
Stupidity the mass,
Graminivorous,
Great producers,
Winners of the
Civil war.

“And who made you boy?”

“Some Marxist slut.
Infinity of sluts.
Only mine be a global Marxist.
Who knows who be my father.
Who care who was my father.
A spade. Spades.
And don’t never forget,
Once one drop of chocolate
Milk gets into the white,
It ain’t never going to
Be white again.
And so she went global
And when it was all over
And done with she died
Eaten up with all that
Chocolate milk.
And so be me and the
World is what it is for all of her damn
Great social experiment
Ceptin for all the purple
Kool-aid drinkers,
They’s cool with all this,
They be so cool.
Some global Marxist slut.”

Genét, Genét, Genét.

Product of an
Infinity of broads and
Sluts.
And loving every minute of it.

It all caught up with
The frogs
And they damn near had everything they
Held dear stolen.
Genét, Genét, Genét.

Locked away forever
Genét, Genét, Genét.

Finally dead forever
Genét, Genét, Genét.

Mailer! Mailer! Mailer!

Opened the door and
A slut product damn
Near sucked him alive.
 She did one gay,
 Another she left
 Alone.

Eaten up with
Slutterlyness.

Mailer! Mailer! Mailer!

“But Marsha,

You are XX—
I’m XY
(There are even XYY’s!)
That’s not even,
That’s different.

Different isn’t equality,
Different is not
The same and we’re
Not the same,
Never have been,
Never will.

But Marsha,
I’m XY
(There are even XYY’s!)
That’s not even,
That’s different.

We’re not equal in Y’s—
I’ve got one, you’ve got
None or you don’t have
One and I do.

It’s not the same.
We’re not the same.
We’re not going to be the
Same, ever.”

Illusion

For a short time
The plains disappeared
And the rain clouds on the horizon became
Mountains and
Living was a valley
Ringed with grey, mist
Smoked mountains, small
Clouds scudding against
The grey masses.

I bought \$100,000

of accidental life
insurance protection ...

But I was killed anyway.

“I don’t like my photograph

when I’m being me...
when I’m talking and
being important ...
when I’m impressing ...
when I’m at lunch ...
when I’m in important
meetings ...
I like my photograph to be
Smiling wide, staring into
The goddamn camera,” he says.

Soft, she comes now,

in evening's quiet
thoughts,
away from the crowd,
soft she comes now.

Soft, she comes now,
slow, measured speed,
not hurried, simple
and elegant in constructions
born of music.

Soft she comes now.

Soft, she comes now,
Hands strong in the
Sculpting of artistic
Things, never born
Before.

Soft, she comes now in
my evening vespers,
hair swinging in
the twilight, free and
shining and full of grace,
Soft she comes now.

Time

The girl, a babe,
sits in the low window
and stared through
the screen and
watches the orange
disk go down.

She begins to know
the feelings that weigh lead
heavy and gray cool in the
neck, and fears a loss.

The woman, high on
a summer Sunday,
watches the red
disk dissolve to
Cardinal magenta and
picks up the year's
refrain.

Fast the Sun falls
magenta dull over
the edge of ascending night.

It is pale
pink over the
edge of the green
horizon —

Two birds fly,
North to South,
hastening against
the coming of the
gray light.

And, it is gone.

A plane flies in the
gray light where once
was crimson, orange
red, and magenta;
a plane, North to

South, where two
birds hurry home
again the going of the light
and the coming of night.

And, it is gone.

But, they will come,
blue, red, green amber,
against the blackness,
sending out messages
to the edge where
once was the Sun,
orange and magenta.

Messages, perhaps to
be decoded, perhaps
not.

But they will come,
against the gray twilight, and the
familiar velvet.

Lights, broken days,
Sun into blue, green,
amber, split and divided;
to be re-assembled in
time once again.

The Bride Cometh

“Let me introduce you,
She’s from Paris.”

“Oh, Paris!”

(Paris: Hemingway, Joyce, Stein, light, wine, love, food, coming back from the war, civilization, Flaubert, Guignebert, cathedrals, Il a encore l’air de province, the Louvre, Paris!)

Provençal, she shakes hands studying me
abstractly through the blue haze.

She has no accent of which to speak. I am puzzled. She’s just a little overweight, plain but pretty;
Something on her mind, eyes furtive, smiling and smiling.

“It’s just a little country
town.” She offers, bringing me
quickly back to the Red.

Later he of the black velvet western jacket would say:

“Do I know you?”

“I think not,” I reply.

“I’m a Parisienne,” with a long
a, then he smiles as wife and he
dances into buffet position,
now to the meat end, now to
the salad.

The wind blows a storm outside.

“Well, my father lived in
Woodland as a child.”

“Oh, Woodland, yes.”

“Yes, Woodland. And I
remember fondly the sandy
Red River road, the farm

house and the two wells,
one with a bucket and the
other with a four inch
diameter and a plunger tube
that brought up the wonderfully
cold water. It's great country."

But I don't tell about the tree house
seat my father had built as a child and
that he took me there to the field of
apple, peach and oak trees showing
me where he passed his summers.

And years later I would find his
initials carved, as he promised,
in the officers' quarters mantel
at Fort Walters.

Nor did I tell of Auntie's and
Jim's farmhouse in winter with
cracks in the walls, sub zero
wind blowing in, the butane
fires turned off, me sleeping
with my uncle and having to
get up in the night, outside
following the path and the
Owls lowing softly, me holding
my uncle's hand unafraid,
engrossed in the cold and
the sounds and knowing it
was a special child-time and
I was the safest I would
ever be. And my uncle and
my father's uncle would take
me with them and the two
dogs, Molly and Rag Mop,
and we would hunt quail and
pheasant and I would watch
Molly and Rag Mop find the
birds and we would shoot the
birds and later eat them
at Uncle Roy's and Aunt Lucy's
and Lucy fixed venison too
and I thought it was beef not
knowing the difference.

Paris, Texas: pines, colored people's
church services singing sweetly in
the night, the river, arrow heads
made by the Old Ones scattered
throughout the fields and along
the Red River's banks, forest
ranger's tower from which the
country is spread out in greens
and tans and reds wells, dirt
roads, heat in the summer, soft
nights, tree frogs, stars through
the tree tops, dreams of anticipated love.

"What's supporting Paris?"

"Oh, Kimberly Clarke and several
other big companies. You know they
bought a really wonderful place,
several acres."

"Yes, I heard."

"There's a wonderfully big house
and they are doing a lot of things
to it and there's a lake, it's quite
wonderful. Well, I won't monopolize
you."

And away she flies to later dance
a funny kind of dance to
really good Stevie Ray Vaughn
kind of blues.

I knowed Johnny Marshall

for a long time.

I remember when he climbed the mesa.
There he was on the top like some kind
of Indian from some year done gone by. I
was down at the bottom with ol' Sue; she
didn't care nothin' for the mesa 'cept that
she didn't have to none. She just flicks
her flank from the flies and stares off at
the open sky.

There he was makin' hiz way through the
rocks, I seed him, looking and lookin'
and lookin' for jest the stone. The he
throwed up hiz hands and later I'd heard
his whoop. Down, down come the
brownish chest on Johnny's rope. Down
it came and then there it wuz, clanking
on them rocks at my boots.

Then Johnny throwed over the rope and
in a short while we wuz stuffin' our bags
with all that Fargo gold.

We'd come here in '46 and done bought
The Star off the prairie with a little part.
Damned if'n it ain't been good Lilly,
damned if'n it ain't been good!

The Sun looks in through the window

And it is evening with the Sun low down and
orange, gold and yellow.

Through the Japanese pine it looks and then quickly
bends its way down and down, more gold and
yellow and sometimes now green through the tree
with ray-scattering through the window's screen
wire. Away it goes teasing for a chase to make it
stay when at noon it was cursed.

Turn over a log very carefully and you'll find

A tiny city with tiny people in tiny cars
Going about on tiny freeways and having tiny
Wrecks and hijacking tiny stores.

A tiny university houses tiny scholars in
Search of the universe's secrets.
On the south side of the tiny city is a
Tiny observatory with a tiny big ear
Sending messages to unknown listeners (who listen big!).

Tiny politicians give tiny speeches and make Tiny
promises on thousands of tiny
TV sets all around the log.

The tiny people are forever worrying
About tiny wars in the grass and so don't Venture far from
the bark.

It's a tiny world worth careful study, but
When you turn the log over, watch out for
The snake. He'll hit you right between
The eyes and you'll have to take Anacin
For a week until the swelling goes down.

Hedgehogs don't make good neighbors.

They're full of piss and vinegar and
They'll run out at your wagon when it
Rattles their bridge where they live
With their Trollmates.

When the moon's gone down, they'll
Sing and sin and keep the chickens
Awake, making the feathered beasts
Cluck and clack and shift feather-like
On their skinny stick perches keeping
Me awake wondering if some dog is creeping
About the coop.

Now onetime I tried to make a pet out of a hedge hog.
He'd sit on top of a tree
Grinning down at me whilst he'd chew
On an ant or two and make little hedgehog
Noises bristling his prickles at me and
Just be generally standoffish.

He was good lookin' through, what I could
See of him that is. He'd look at me
And grin that grin and I knowed he'd
"Rather be back with the Trolls.

So's, I let him go. The very next
Day, dammed if he didn't run out at
My wagon, spooked ol' Baxter
And run us clean into the next county.

Hedgehogs don't make good neighbors.

Squaw Creek Indian Fight

I can understand the raiding Indians shooting the fox hunter
And the settler and the darkie, but I can't understand why
They shot the fox hunter's dog!

They stole the fox hunter's horse but I can't understand
Them shooting the dog.

Down around the Paluxy, dinosaurs used to
Dog-paddle across Somervell county.

It just doesn't make sense shooting the dog.

The settles, the horses, the foxes, the Indians, the mills
And the women dressed up like men are all gone now.

But I won't forgive them shooting the dog.

Willie Edgar Mays wuz a Clay Whig

Of tha Kentucky Stripe and studied
Law for a spell he did. Than came
Tha Great War and smoke covered
Tha land and all tha boys went away
And some found Colonel Clarkson's
Fifth Regiment home for tha comin'
Years.

Fighting with tha Missouri State Guards
Wuz hiz call
And through tha brush and over tha
Priddy streams they'd run and searched
Looking for God knows what but I
Knowed we wuz all skeered and manys
Tha time I wished I wuz back home
With Henry Wallace Morgan and we wuz
Back in tham fields and eating
Dinner with tha folks come Sunday. But we
Wern't.

When we wuz workin' on tha tha defeat of
General Lyon ta Wilson's crick and gittin'
Our budds shod up and watchin' our
Wounds turn green and purtrify, and our members
Fall off, we'd listen' to tha moans that always
Come in tha night

And Willie Edgar Mays was a Clay Whig
Of tha Kentucky Stripe and he wuz always
With us shoutin' and ridin' that big
Damn horse of hiz 'round in tight,
Liddle circles and well we all run
And run with tha smoke flying around;
We ran until we couldn't hear nomore,
Jim Yarrow got hiz elbow shot clean away
That day at Wilson's crick and Colonel Buster
Went down in tha
Shout'n and cryin' and tham bayonets
Sighin'.

But Willie Edgar Mays picked up tha
Standard and away we went to tha
Open prairie, right in tha smack
Middle of all tham goddamn
Federal yankee troops,
Thare we stayed until I thought
I couldn't shoot nomore, hidin'
In tha grasses all afire like it wuz.

Than thin's quieted down and tham
Federals wuz gone. We trucked up'n
Und wuz off'n to Elk Horn, marchin'
Through tha dirt turned mud streets
With tha snow flyin', sitin' down
When we couldn't go no more.

Cold it wuz, yes, and Willie Edgar Mays
Got us to Lone Jack and tha Federal's
Cannons got us good.

Than when we wuz completely spent,
Tham Federals took Willie Edgar Mays
At our head and we all stumbled away
In tha snow now deeper and colder
Than every before to tha damned
Flat cars freezing hot, cuttin'
Through tha blastin', hoary
Air for our genglemen's ride
To Gratiot Street, St. Louie, where
Calvin Bloom, Marcey Moody, and
Jim Ed Clapp fell deat at tha
Prison door.

In it all, Willie Edgar Mays tood
It fierce mad he did and busted out
We did joinin' up with tha Regional
Command at Little Rock under
General Kindman and findin' time
To fight some more, just fight
Some more, when we could, shot
Up as he was at Helena, we charged
Like tha Southarners we are at
Fort Curtis. Around tha stockage
We ran, circle it we did, burning and
Cuttin' out way through, never once

Givin' a thought to what we wuz
Killin' or what we wuz doin'.

Tham horses wuz dead, snow pilin' up,
Our beards all frozed and more bullets
Comin'.

Runnin' now we wuz with Willie Edgar Mays
The Federals has hiz name and we
Found tham again crossin' the Red River
Where deer run silently away and some laid
In their runs and we couldn't stop
To eat because tha Federals hated us
So.

It came to an end, tha great runnin'
And shootin' with tham Kirby Smith
Campaign. We'd lost our heart by
Then. Tha men all dead and our Rags
Dead stinkin' and we gave it all up at Richmond.

Willie Edgar Mays, I'll never forget
Him, turned to us and bade farewell
At old Richmond. We'd lost it all
And we wuz all free and we all had
To walk home, and walk we did hating
Tha snow but remembering how he wuz
And how it wuz and wonderin' just
Why we ahhadn't anything to do
No more.

Book II: Via Lactaea

There is an arrow of time

Shooting through the fabric of space
Striving against silently boiling
Matters...

Brightly boiling matters,
Blackly boiling matters,
 hidden boiling matters,

Teeming elements and teeming
 forces, striving against
 the arrow of time and
 movement flooding,
 patterns making perceived signs
 against blackness.

Curving times arrow into
 a neat spiral, adding time
 on time and making new
 movement and new forces
 striving with and against
 the flight.

It is a mix, a cauldron of matter,
 swirling in the immeasurable
 blackness of times arrow.

And...we've heard the wings swish,
 but hearing is not enough,
 we must know why and try
 to fathom the edge,
 the very edge and
 find the reason for
 the other side from which
 the arrow bends and scribes
 cycles and spirals in the
 finite bowl of night.

It's disappointing,

after all those parsecs, then this.

Sure, you expect something beautiful,
then this.

Waiting, listening, watching, and then
some damn kid in Russia says they've
come and they have big bodies
and little tiny heads with
a disc on their chests,
if chests they are.

It's disappointing, damn disappointing.
Why is it they're always the shape
of a bad dream?

Well, answer this.

How'd they get that far with
a pinhead?

How'd they build that marvelous
saucer with the intellect of
collective red algae?

Yes. They'll stand out there in some
field and dream up a marvelous
saucer with lovely lights and
colors that dazzle and then
when the cosmic moment comes, its
relegated to nonsense.

"In the beginning...." and then the
story just falls apart.
Good start. It just falls apart.

Here come the pinheads.

The big pinheads. The pinhead
story. The mighty cosmic
pinheads and their magic
guns that make whimpering
kids disappear and appear at
a touch of cosmetology.

Hold it.

Cosmetology is beauty and beauty is
universal.

Ugliness seems to be universal too.

Disappointing.

There is a vortex into which

There is a passing and
There is a finality.

There is a vortex into which
There is the possibility of
There being everything lost.

There is a saving
There around the edges
There where mystery resides.

There in the mystery
There is keeping and
There comes, too, loss.

There is in escape
There through the vortex where
There is another universe.

There is a vortex into which
There is a passing and
There is a finality.

There is a vortex into which
There is the possibility of
There being everything lost.

There is a saving
There around the edges
There where mystery resides.

There in the mystery
There is keeping and
There comes, too, loss.

There is in escape
There through the vortex where
There is yet another universe.
There's a wall out there.
A huge wall.
Bigger than ever imagined.

A star wall.
A sea of stars so large
They can't figure out how it got
There.

There's a wall out there.
And, whose there?
And, what are they thinking?
What's going on?
How old are they?
How long have they been around?
And who or what are they are worshiping?
Who are they fighting?
Who are they loving?
Are they painting?
Doing sculpture?
Watching time?
Writing poetry?

Who knows.

Centers on centers,

Centers positions from
Centers to Centers.

Centers from edges,
Centers that scribe
Centers.

Centers on centers,
Centers positions from
Centers to Centers.

Centers surfaces tops,
Centers surfaces bottoms,
Centers edges thin and thick.

Centers on centers,
Centers positions from
Centers to Centers.

Centers opening to
Centers with surfaces and
Centers with bottoms.

Centers scribed spirals,
Centers with edges think and thick,
Centers pivotal points.

Centers on centers,
Centers positions from
Centers to Centers.

Homunculus

I am, am I not?

Or, am, I naught?

If I am, then I
Ought to be,
But not to see if
Even only me.

If I'm, naught,
Then I'm scintilla
Flashing neurons
Numbering Milky Way

Stars.

Electron clouds,
Illusion
Patterning dreams
And aspiration,
And loves,
And loathings,
And fears,
And gods,
And reflections of being me.

I want to cry

When I think of
 The People.
Crickets singing.
Stars Shining.
Fires glowing.

I want to cry
When I think of
 The People.

Buffalo generations
 Lost in the
 Plains mist.

I want to cry
When I think of
 The People.

A front Drove Rain

Warm on the edge,
Gray before the
Blue-black edge
Lines up across
The North, Gulf
Clouds flying to
Meet it, layer on
Layer flying,
Swirling, and
Then the turn.

Quickly everything
Changes, the breeze
Picks up, the
Warm's gone ... It
Blows blue-black,
High blue-black,
Years it's been doing this,
Turning to driving
Rain out of the purple
Black and
Then it's gone,
Cold wind blows a
Steady smooth cloud
Cover and
Night comes on.
It started with the wooden
Flute playing.

Raindog

She's red and gold
In the gray mist streaming,
Steaming and shivering alert
In the late evening light
She goes and comes and
Flies in the night,
Here, there, a phantom
In flight, settling
In warm, dry sanctuaries,
Resting, after saving
Children from wild
Traffic and human
Predators lurking in
The blue-black city
Recesses.

Raindog takes a break,
Walking into the
Little Red Rooster
As a petite, middle aged
Secretary.

Raindog sits down in a booth
Across from Old Man.
She orders coffee.

"It's cold out," Old Man says.

"This is an ice storm of
historical proportions."

Raindog drinks her coffee in
Little sips, watching
The storm and watching
The cold air come in
As the door waves
Back and forth.

"What your Name?" Old Man asks,
Stirring his coffee carefully.

"Raindog." She says.

“Raindog?”

“Raindog.”

“There’s something familiar
About you. I can’t put
It together yet. There’s
Something very familiar
About you.”

“What do you mean?” Raindog
Asks, knowing full well
What Old Man is talking about.
She knows there are good
Old Men, and then the other kind.

Turquoise

The Sun Is Yellow Gold,
The People dress in
Silver and turquoise,
The maids in white
Buckskin and beadwork
and Taos boots,
And the men beat
drums gently from
The Roof tops and
The maids dance in
A line tracing the
brook, hand holding flowers
In right angle bent
deerskin-white-fringed arms.

The wind shift line is
yet to come and the
Wind blows steadily
out of the Southeast.

Blue-black patches of
Clouds move easily
Up from the South,
Across the valley
And up through the
Plaza, gently raising
the piñon-scented
dust, brown-gold,
perfumed cloud,
Through the morning
And into the lovely
Afternoon.

Clouds fly continuously,
up between the peaks
around Taos, streaming
up from the warm
Tree line and then the wind
Begins to change and comes
Down in a steady stream
From the Northwest.

The *Sangre de Cristos*
Begin to change by
 The minute, the multiple
Peaks changing from a
Faded blue-silver farthest
Away to a blue-green-black
Foreground.

Clouds stream up
Between the peaks,
Meeting rain sheets
As the wind stair-steps
Down through the
Mountains and flies
Out Southward,
Silver, dark purple,
Green-black, the multiple
Peaks, back-lights of
Silver every once-in-a-while
Gives drama to the action.
And the only sound
Is the wind painting
These subtle shades
Of rain-wet colors,
Minute by minute.

This is the joy and
Excitement of Taos ...
Those drum sounds of
The People, the images
Of Taos Mountain and
it makes you wonder
What it's like up there
Where the clouds are
Forming and then
Driving out South you
Find out.

You are up in the mountain
Where before, the colors
Danced that skillful,
Expressive swirl, and
The white gas blows alive,
Wet and cool and
The colors below fade

Green and light-grey and
The receding mountains
Surrounding you change
Just the way they did
At Taos only now you are
Up with these high rocks,
Watching the mists
Streaming by, but the
Best to remember is
Taos and that mountain
Where it all began
With The People when came the
Wind-shift line.

It is easy to see why
The People dedicated the
Mountain as a holy thing
And the wind and rain and
Clouds Trinity spirits
Whose play is sustenance
And worship for those
Fortunate enough to watch
And understand.

Hózhó.

The Sun Is Yellow gold,
The People dress in
Silver and turquoise,
The maids in white
Buckskin and beadwork
and Taos boots,
And the men beat
drums gently from
The Roof tops and
The maids dance in
A line tracing the
brook, hand holding flowers
In right angle bent
deerskin-white-fringed arms.

Taos

Up there, on the plaza,
Shops all around,
Gold light,
Dappled shafts on
Smooth pave stones
Tree leaves made,
Little Suns by the
Hundreds flickering
On the bench at
Your feet, on
Your hands and
Across the canvas as
I work.

The wind is true
Spirit,
 Spirit wind
Blowing warm,
 cool,
 gently,
 hard,
Blue-black when it
Rains and chilled
When the snow
 blows,
Aspects of the Spirit
Wind that animates
this place and
Inflames the mind
When we're far
Away.

But now,
The light is gold and
The Spirit Wind is
Teasing cool, holding
 back, letting the
 Sun warm, then
Flying about in swirls,
Pulling at the canvas,
Moving ever so

Slightly the easel,
Pretending, threatening
To carry it away.

But it's only
 Wind Spirit play
And the finished
 paintings rattle
And shift a bit and
The next painting
 begins to catch light
And glow and its
 another good one,
rich, glazed, scumbles,
 contrasting shafts
Of color, Walking Rain,
 space,
Better than a cathedral, all
Caught here in the
Single-plane universe.

And hardly without
thinking, taking the
Money, watching only
Half-interestedly as the
Patron holds the
Acquisition in front
Of her, and you can feel
 Her excitement at
 the discovery, at
 her find, and
 another sells, and
Another and I
 think of the
Gallery where the others
Are, the soft brown
Hardwood floor, the
Paned windows that
Reflect the spots when
It's blue evening,
And in the back, the
Old desk with the
 laptop where the
Word Spirit cloud like
Hangs until the
Fingers ache and

the elbow burns
And it's impossible to
go on anymore.

If there are paintings
Left today,
I'll take them home,
to the Gallery,
Hang them
Near the front and
Remember them as
I have the first
Drink of the day,
The one that sets
Everything in place,
Explodes warm and
Then hot and bursts
on the tongue
And stops, just
long enough, the
thinking.

But that's later,
now,
Up here, on the plaza,
Shops all around,
At the top of the world,
Gold light,
and I'm
Painting, sure,
unafraid,
bold,
happy,
Feeling the Wind Spirit,
Smelling the *piñon*
smoke and
The antiquity, sensing
The Old Ones, The People,
that live here
in this place,
This high place,
Where spirit wind,
spirit light,
spirit trees
Move through you,
touch gently

your cheek,
feed your soul
with peace and
joy and
happiness
as the painting
come,
as the words
come.
Later we'll drink.
Later we'll eat.
Later we'll write
About the
 gold light,
 painting,
 selling,
 the gallery,
And the adobe
 that smells of
 piñon and coffee
 in the morning,
 piñon and lilac,
 and
 dreaming of
 lovers living
In the embrace
Of Spirit Wind.

Soon.

Merganser ...

You're a reality
Painting.

Painted Bunting ...
You're painting
reality.

Dharma Sermon

Cars and trucks
Radiators
Smoke from diesels
Clacking tappets
Horns honking
Claxton's claxing
Gunshots
Birds ... flying alone.

Look at quarks,

and God isn't there.
Look at genes
and God isn't there.
Watch the cell work,
And god isn't there.
See how the baby grows,
and God isn't there.
There, the geese flies and
The elephant roams,
and God isn't there.
When the storm comes,
And the season's change,
God isn't there.
The earth flies in its
Orbit, and God isn't there.
Watch the Rosette Nebula,
M51 spin, pulsar's wink,
And the edge of the universe
Expand, and God isn't
there.

God in nature is the
Perfumed scent of a
Woman passed by.

1994

In 1994, one-point-five
Million babies were
executed at \$300 each.

If they'd been Jews
they'd called it a holocaust
since its not a sacrifice, they call
them fetuses at \$300 each.

That's more than the kid
that was killed for his
\$30 jacket, granted,
or the old man for his
\$60 worth of groceries
or the little girl for
her body at nothing.
I'd guess you'd say
it's cheap at half
the price.

In 1994, one-point-five
Million babies were
executed at \$300 each.

Some had to go, sure,
there's lots of reasons
why, it'll justify,

All because four points
Apply:

1. One-point-five out-of-control women asserted their control to lost control
2. One-point-five irresponsible men never assumed control
3. One-point-five men and women flushed their collective moral compasses and
4. A fetus isn't a child.

There's not a lot of profit

in it, add it up.
What then?

In 1994, one-point-five
Million babies were
executed at \$300 each.

Fetuses aren't children.

Augustine differs.
Souls are created at
The moment of
Conception,
I thought they
pre-exist and are
inserted at the moment
of conception,
but nevertheless.

In 1994, one-point-five
Million women
wrote off one-point-five
Million souls at
\$300 each
simply because baby souls
weren't breathing,
were dependent on
the cord,
were attached, not
severed, like
a hangnail,
a facial hair,
a false eyelash,
a monthly curse.

One-point-five curses
raised to a million,
they couldn't cry,
they couldn't see,
but theirs was
a universe invaded,
raided, and their
hearts exploded,
souls set free,
all for control.

“I control my body,”
but not her passion.
“Mine to decide,”
now God, she assumes,
and her life’s a lie,
abnegation of
 femininity,
 womanhood.

Put on Sappho’s
 mantel,
 deny wearing it,
 but it fits nicely,
 tailored complete
 with hooks and
 wires and denials
 and a button labeled
 “Control.”

And where was he,
 was them?

Relegated away,
 Castrated,
 Ignored,
 Hated,
 Slated for failure,
made to fail, loved then
hated then thrown away,
turning their eyes away,
they killed their manhood,
one by one ‘till their
chorus grew to one-point-five
million mute,
 impotent,
 lost shells
 of flesh, the
 walking dead.

In 1994, one-point-five
 Million babies were
 executed at \$300 each.

What percentage was
 Red,
 White,
 Black,
 Yellow,
 Brown?

Is there a race card
 here?
Or does it make any
 difference playing
 the percentages,

They'd never amounted
 to much anyway,
 they'd been in the
 way.

They'd been homeless,
 Loveless,
 Probably poor
 and worth nothing
 in the end and as
 it is, they're worth
 \$300 each not to be.

They'd only lived a few
 years, probably not
 contributed to the
 GNP, never exercised
 the franchise or
 soldiered on some
 field of dreams.

They weren't loved,
 They'd never loved
 it's presumed

That they won't be loved
 is assured.

But they are loved,
they are missed,
they were children,
they are lost souls
found,

Discarded Creations
searing the mind
and there's the
worth.

The only reason

For man and womankind
Is to search for
God.

The only reason
For sentient, sensate creatures
Is to search for
God,

All else is distraction.

Before time

How long was it?

How long was it,
before there was time?

Before time there was
no time, but the
period from the
point at which
time and space began
with the Trinity,
Plasma,
The strong force, and
Radiation,

Goes backward to
When?

If we could measure
This length before time,
How long would it
Be?

It was a depth of
Timelessness, and
It is a depth of Timelessness,
That is and against which
The edge of the universe
pushes in its
expansion.

Going backward from
time is neither
backward nor
forward it is
The creative depth
of Timelessness.

And all of the
depth of Timelessness,

Plus the time of
The Trinity to
the current touching
of the edge of the
Universe at the
current point in
the depth of Timelessness,
Is the time it has
taken for us to
consider this,
But how long is opaque?
At an immeasurable point
in the depth of timelessness
was negative time

At the fixing of the
Trinity and the
mixing of the Trinity
Became the point from
The pre-point
How long did
this take?
It is drifting
in the depth of
Timelessness,
it is opaque.

The Trinity mix is
pure simplicity,
Strong Force,
Plasma,
Radiation.

The point of Trinity
mix holds
everything that is,
everything that is to be.

Trinity cannot be
contained,
Trinity could not be contained,
It blew,
It engendered itself
And began time and generated space,
Infinitesimal space,
The seed of the

Universe this was,
This trembling seed
That energized and
Blew and grew
And engendered
 chronology,
 The appearance of
 infinite space,
 The illusion of
 infinite space,
And time that moves
synchronic with
The expansion of the
 Universe.

Trinity

Trinity:

Plasma,
Strong Force,
Radiation,
Three.
Three-in-one.
One thing:
The point of
The Universe.

A mix of a
Unified point,
A seed of
Everything that
Is to be,
or just
Everything that
is to be
Everything that
Is
Everything that
Was.

Trinity:
Plasma,
Strong Force,
Radiation

Father,
Son,
Holy Ghost

Strong Force,
Plasma,
Radiation

Pure Light,
Pure creativity,
Pure essence of
Non-duality become
Universe.
Duality become
Universe.

Trinity II

Strong Force,
Plasma,
Radiation.

Shell,
Yolk,
White

The Cosmic Egg.

Fertilize it and
It'll explode
Into Universe,

A living entity,
Living in God.

Trinity III

Strong Force,
Plasma,
Radiation

The Universe cell
In which is coded
Everything that
Will be,
 every thing,
 every place,
 every thought,
 every Universal
 thing,

From Unity,
Trinity,
From Trinity
Duality,
Plasma

Spirit.

God

Pure light,
Pure creativity,
Pure essence

Pure essence,
Pure light,
Pure creativity:

Pure creativity,
Pure essence,
Pure light

Trinity.

The City of God

The Eternal
Depth of Timelessness
at whose
center
is

God:
Pure Light,
Pure Creativity,
Pure Essence
Father,
Son,
Holy Spirit:

Trinity:

Strong Force,
Plasma,
Radiation

Universe without
Beginning,
Universe without
End.

And what is the Cause,

The Universal
Cause?

Trinity?

No.

God.

Trinity is
God elements,
God is God,

And from God
The Universe
Flows.

Vesper

And So We Think
We're Born!

But in you, Universe,
We're gestating,
Waiting to be born.

Our Mother's womb was
but a foreshadowing,
An insignificant fleeting
reflection of you.
Infinite we thought
It was,
Infinite It was,
but now Finite in
reflection of the
apparent Infinity
of The Finite
Interior You.

And from You we shall be
Second born to timelessness,
We shall be second born to God.

In This Universal Womb

Some will be born,
Some will not.

Out of this Universal Womb
Some will be born,
Some will not,

And why Not?

Only because, they
think not.

And always we dream

Of The Great Symmetry
When all was light.

There was no day,
There was no night,

There was The Great Symmetry
When all was light.

So, the Sun Shines,
And drives away the
Night,
And always we dream
of The Great Symmetry,
When all was light.

Note: It kind of Works,

At least it means
Something,
Who knows?
Maybe that guy
Over there?
I doubt it.
He's just out of
Electrotherapy.

(Editor's note:)

Electrotherapy
Was a 20th Century
Treatment for
Reality adjustment.
The method did
A good job of
Getting the
Patient's attention
And then blowing it
Away.
Anyway, he's still
Working with reality
So don't ask him
Anything.

Time ...

Music ...

Edge of the Universe ...

That other

Universe over

There.

The nice flat one

That flared up

Around 1928 ...

“Where’d you read

That?”

On Disc 1.

“If there any significance in

The number?”

Yes, of course.

“What?”

Code.

“Code?”

Yes.

“A message?”

Probably ... I don’t

Know, really.

The Code

Axiom

1. Pure thought engenders pure creativity.
2. Pure thought is neither infinite nor finite.
3. Pure creativity is neither infinite nor finite.
4. Pure thought can segment and coalesce.
5. The pre-pre universe was pure creative thought.
6. Pure creative thought segmented, concentrated, concatenated, and coalesced into a universal cell, the Point, The Trinity.
7. The pre-universe was this universal cell made from pure thought.
8. The pre-universe cell contained everything that the universe would become and into which the universe would expand and grow.
9. The pre-universe cell was The Trinity,
 Plasma
 Strong Force,
 Radiation,
 Father,
 Son,
 Holy Ghost,
 engendered by God, in which the Plasma held the chromosomes on which
 as coded everything that was, and will, be.
10. The universe began when the universe cell was energized by pure thought.
11. The universe began as pure simplicity.
12. The universe is growing to greater and greater complexity.
13. Chaos is one of many universal elements set in motion by its chromosome's code.
14. Chaos allows the universe to develop randomly as needed to achieve the goals of universe.
15. Chaos is Finite.
16. Symmetry is infinite.
17. The universe is a living organism, a living creature, whose reflection is The Trinity, whose reflection is God.
18. The universe's interior is finite. The universe's exterior is infinite, timeless, space less.
19. Brains are finite.
20. The mind created of brain is infinite in its contemplation of the infinite, timelessness, and

- spacelessness
of the universe's environment.
21. Mind is designed to simulate the universe's environment.
The brain simulates the universe.
 22. The point, The Trinity, the cell's genetic constructs, simulate, reflect, the
universe's macrocosmic elements.
 23. Pure thought is eternal.
 24. Pure energy is eternal.
 25. The universe,
as construct,
as system,
is not eternal.
 26. The energy of the universe is eternal and will return to pure thought.
 27. The energy of Creatures is eternal and returns to pure thought.
 28. The universe as pure thought is external and will return to pure thought.
Creatures as pure through are eternal and return to pure thought.
 29. All Creatures, living and inanimate, are made from pure thought, Trinity
elements.

***“There’s a universe here”,
the boy said,***

“There’s a mystery here,” he continued
Taking a piece of rock and drawing
On the sidewalk making a mark saying:
“The earth is here and the moon a
Little ways out and here’s the Sun and
Here a little farther out are the
Planets and finally you get to black
Where you then start to go making a curve
And make a circle on the edge of
What?”

“Yes, what?” his friend asks.

“There is something on the
Other side of the black. We’re inside
A rubber ball. I wonder what really
Matters, at all?”

Poles flash through the air

Spinning a hooked
Line, never mine, touching
A light latch on broken
Waves, white green lips.

Kiss a shrimp fed line
and live in the new world
For only a bit of time.

Gasp out the hook, Sting Ray,
Floating in feathery
Cool, green light world,
Take the hook, hear the
Slashing slick click
Of the hook in so little
A mouth.

Flutter circular arms
In frightened flight,
Pulled out, stricken,
Eyes wide of the knife
and the tail is cut
Away: "See the stinger,
He can't hurt no more."

Then, go place the knife
At the top of the
Circular, white
Jelly soft head,
Bussing with bees
Raging fear and push
With a tear the brain
To a stop
---SLAM ---
No flutter, the tale
Is gone, no thought
to make an escape

The words crying
“...He can’t hurt no more,
Take the hook out....”
Little mouth, give.

He can’t hurt no more.
He can’t ... hurt ... no ...
more:
But
Forever is the scene played
Out, knife cut and
Plunge, forever ...
“He can’t hurt no more!”

Mark and Measure every fathom you can find

With Rulers and Slides, and Computers and
Ropes and String and Theodolites, and
Fingers to Fingers the hand's breadths to find
Final solutions to the Universe's unanswered
Questions.

Write down the answers.
Put them away in a crock,
Hide the truth in a faraway
Cave and wait for a better
Mind to come and see what's
Been written,
 Show and tell
 Measure and Fill,
Mark and measure all of the
Universal fathoms.

A word comes to the mind

And the saying of these words are echoes
Within the darkness that is the universal mind
Loosed with fleeting stars feet and Cygnus
slowly gliding under
New standards that are made with
Gold fringes and tassels of
The Seven Sisters' maiden hair.

“Let loose your bonds, oh ye people
Let the rain comes that have been
Long withheld from your thirsty
People let the cattle drink the
Last drops that fall from her thighs,
For in these waters are found the
Fountain of life and its riches
abundant. The people of the earth shall
Fail and perish, but forever will
The love in a Galaxy be made to a
Better knowledge revealed in the
Negation of death and life and
Death in life through the fountain.

Leaf carpets glow red under the worshipping
Feet led in the forest by the giant that
Gives in the land the words that are
Soon forgotten and never heeded before the flood
Comes and the waters rise and the blood runs
At the best time of the month when
The ovum is come down with promising eyes searching
For golden sperms now drunk with the
Anticipation of egg the sky is glowing bright eyes
And knows nothing save what in the hands turns
Fires are born and lit and rage is in the night.
Night lives come forth to do justice to the juice
That the breadfruit tree puts down. The natives
Are in the glen and with black faces smile with ivory
Teeth and cow dung glistening blow flies in their hair
Theirs has been this rite forever and ever practiced under

These pink lit skies, fathers dead, mothers on straw beds
Groveling in their womanhood for
Long lost husbands caught dead in the lion's
Grip, writhing in anticipation.

The star glows brightly in the Easter breast set westward
And a new word is learned: Grandow, Grandow, the
translation
Of which is only in dreams, the grunts of bears and the
Knowledge of the birds that flew away at the
first movement of love's hand.

Shout, oh birds, and sing of Sheep down dead
With rotting wool,
And of babies dead with the carpet
Wrapped around the frail bodies made in
Nights long forgotten and now brought
Wretchedly into remembrance with her face
In bloody concentration on the contrivances
Of humanities stupidity. Only a look about life
Brought death.

In what day were you born and in what
Season were you given the words that
We now see on the page? Is the portion that is
Ours not the portion that is everyone's?
The season must be dark, without
heavenly light, for in her mouth is the maggot of
Lost reason and a contentious tongue.

Her embroilment of life is a guild euthanasia,
An expiring of sleep's last quickening dream.

Verify only that their ignorance be displayed.

This aspect so foul
Gives evidence only to the horror which
The fountains of conception find
Repulsive.

If your touch comes in
The night, then the owl will be
Slit and augury performed:

Judgment is in the
hands
Of the children of
darkness,
For without light is
the
Heart torn from the
breast
And the medulla
oblongata
Place in conjunction
with the
Subliminal.

Perfection has been
reached, and
If the hand of the
aspect of live be
Seen for what it is, it
shall be cut short
For the candles burn
brightly
And the teeth shine as
the
Wind grasps at Weeds
So slowly growing.
This phase is behind
the curtain
Of the senses, and
when questions
Come, the answer
must be in the 'yes' of an Egg
that
Was set to say 'no'.
This pain will pass, but
with it
Reflection, ignoring
nothing,

Ignoring everything,
Sleeping with chin
drawn down, cutting away At
the heart.”

If I sink below

the skin of an
Apple,
Warm blows the
Red fruit in
A last
Blossom,

If I sink below
The skin of an
Apple
And let the
March waiting time
go by
Then will we play the
Flute and the blue
Notes will cry out
The plain truth about
Wandering about in this
Skin Cell waiting for
Re-birth to come and
Take us all away
Before everything
Sinks and the
Sun cools and is hot
No more,
No more,
Hot no more,
And the Sun cools and
Is hot no more.

But, if we pick the plane
And the time is
Put in a basket
For in the anti-
Time all things are
Possible
To them
Who love the

Evangelist,
Under the
Tent tops,
Tent Tops,
Rock with the
Wind, bend in the
Thrill of a teenage
Hand and the congregation
Shouting to the Lord:
"Where are you God?
God, where are you?
Sing down your
Blessing!"
And then there's laughter,
And on they sing as
The little breasts
Sway with the tent poles,
Way back and forth
While the preacher is
Scared shitless at
The violence being
Done in his church
In the Face of God.
Then the shouting is
Gone away and the teens are gone away
And the Sun is gone away and
If I sink below the
skin of an apple
what am I but
the obdurate configuration
of a cell universe embedded
within the forgotten
tomb of every man whose
heart has been stolen
In his youth!

My son is gone ...
And I cry no more,
My song is gone ...
And I fly no more.

The Sun grew dark,
the garden dank, and
with this silent eclipse birds
withdrew to roost
without the withering,
wane songs words singing:

If I sink below the skin of an
Apple,
Quel home suis-je?

Adam and Eve

And original sin?
Oh please.
It was a pretty
Spring day and
The Old Ones,
The Neanderthals,
Heavy browed, stooped,
Hairy, not very
Attractive, lost,
Some day before, one
Of their own,
Perhaps young,
old,
father,
sister,
mother,
brother,
weather watcher,
season sensor,
lover of springtime,
lover and friend,
But lost and they
Carved out a grave,
Tenderly placed the
Body there and
covered it
with spring
flowers.
Neanderthals.
an echo of ageless,
universal love,
Bear skull sanctuary.

Pté

1.

A very long time ago
they came this way,
A very long time ago.

Summers and falls came
and winters blew in.
The would lift their trunks
and they tested the wind
and moved on until
they were gone,
forever.

2.

It doesn't seem
like so long a
time, a million
years or two,
it doesn't seem
like so long a
time when they were here,
playing in a blue sea home.

Then, all of those
days piled on
top of each other,
and the seas were
gone, and the
lovely swimming
things were covered
over and it was soon
a couple of million years
and then three and
then it was, a long
time ago.

There are, out there,
small rivers and streams
and creeks.

The rivers and streams
and creeks flow
through millions of
years-old rocks where
are hidden strange
and wonderful
animals now gone
and never seen again.

To find them, the
hidden animals, is
to find treasure,
is to uncover the past
and have a day that
broke two or three
million years ago explained
to you.

There these quiet little
animals swam, and ate and
felt the water warm
with the green Sunlight
filtering through the
shallow waters.

And there too, waded
four-footed creatures come
to drink at the shore that
would turn to stone and
someday diary that day's
passing.

Those days are all written
here, in these rocks weathering
bones and shells where
all these gone, now fine
wonders coiled in excellent
precision, mystery precision

unlike the plodding time's
passing.

3.

There are, out there, small
rivers and streams and creeks.

The rivers and streams and creeks
flow through millions of years-old
rocks where are hidden strange
and wonderful animals now gone
and never to be seen again.

To find them, these hidden
animals lost, is to find
treasure, is to uncover the past
and have a day that broke two
or three-million years ago
explained to you.

there these quiet little animals
swam and ate and felt water warm
with the green Sunlight filtering
through the shallow waters.

And there too, waded four-footed creatures
come to drink at the shore that
would turn to stone and someday
diary that day's passing.

Those days are all written here,
in these rocks weathering bones
and shells where all these gone
now fine wonders coiled in
excellent precision, mystery
precision, unlike the plodding
times passing.

4.

There is this thigh bone of

Pté, golden and smooth and
shining.

Found it on the plains weathering
out of a draw hidden in the plains
colors and there it was.

Half up to the shaft attaching
part was embedded an arrow
point, driven home with force,
there to stay for a couple
thousand years or so (no maybe
less than a thousand but
time is long and hard to pin
down) until I came and
found the diary when The Old
Ones chased Pté across this
plain and drove him to the
ground (or Pté could have been
a cow) where the record was written
to be read a long time in the
future.

An unwilling player in a natural
time capsule for someone to
find and acknowledge that the
great animal fell at the
swift flight of The Old One's
arrow.

5.

And I am driven to inquire how
may springs did Pté see?

How many winters blowing down
off the Pleistocene plains and
none too soon retreating glaciers?

What calves were born and how did
they fare against the land and the
rush of time that brought more

and more weather -and men and
more men?

The questions rush with the
old wind that stirred the Pté's
ruff. The projectile's mute,
so's the golden bone.

6.

They threaded their
way down from the
Canadians on the
forefront of the
first great norther.

The cows and calves
and old ones flanked
by the guards, they
filed their way
down the plains,
around the mesas,
and across the
alkali flats to
the great rivers flowing
their crisscross patterns
toward the sea.

Flurry's whipped
at their tails. They
kept their shags
close to the ground.
Then the rain mixed
with the snow
pellets and soon
the grasses would
be gone. They
would have to hurry.
Then something moved and a
fire-fly flew and the
herd began running,
they ran in panic,

they ran only because
they were caught up
in the running, and
the mud and dust,
running until
the plain ran out and
was a mesa
now.

Pté dropped over
the edge, dropping
as rain and snow
pellets they fell
together -snow,
rain and Pté. Down
they fell in an
endless cloud-

Pté,
Snow,
Rain.

There at the
mesa foot they
lie,
Rain,
Snow,
Pté
and the old ones
came and stripped
Pté, stacking the
bones. There
The frames lie
in the snow
and rain,
Pté.

They lay-
the bones of
Pté-
until I came and
found them there
at the foot of

The mesa, in
The rain, with
the snow coming
down, I found
them there,
Pté
from that great
run in the beginning
of that great
winter forgotten
so many hundreds
of years ago. And
here they lie-
Pté.

7.

Pté is gone
now save for
a few poor
stock in the
Oklahoma -
gone thundering
only in my
head and being
a wonderful
sight- a flurry
of great vast
fur flying in
sweeping winds
all in my mind.
Listen -they
run a wonderful
race there.
Pté, gone.

8.

“What’s in your
glass box?”

“Pté.”

“Pté?”

“Yes. Pté. The great
thousands pound,
Pté is in my
little glass
box. I have
Pté there in
my little crystal
box, protected
there, finally, Pte’s in
that box, that
faceted box rimmed
gold -gold against
which Pté once
flew.

Pté is in this
glass box.”

9.

Pté is the dark
mystery -a dark
mystery that was
here and then was
killed away.

The mystery was
blown away. The
great, dark mystery,
Pté.

10.

What did Pté
hear on those
nights long ago?

What were those
sounds? What were
those calls? And

how different was
the cry from what
it is now?

11.

Pté heard the
Bird we'll never
see and the
ancient locust
and tree frogs
and water beings
river living and
grasses moving,
 ancient sounds
of time moving.

12.

Slowly Pté moved
across the plain,
and so did time.
Then time was gone and so
was Pté, gone
On a summer's day
not that long ago.
Here's a rock that
was a stepping
stone, Pté stepping
 stone.

13.

Search out the
hills and the
mysteries that
there is hidden
in the cracks of
rocks. There
the mystery is
hidden, there is
the mystery.

14.

Pté knows the winter
is coming,
Water birds are flying
overhead, ahead
of scuddings, and
they call out their
navigation and
Pte knows and
follows those routes.

15.

Just as now,
there was color
and all the
Old Ones sow their
own color
as color ...
but what was that color?

16.

It was a simple
life as complex
as now.

17.

Everything flows
and whirls and
makes rotating
pools.

And there are
rocks and everything
crashes and lashes
against those rocks
and makes a fine
mist that comes up
early in the morning.

Pté.

The White Buffalo

I.

Blue sky,
Clouds,
Wind,
Sun,
Stars,
Starlight,
Moon,
Moonlight,
Planets,
Lightening,
Thunder,
Hail,
Blue-green grasses,
Hills,
Canyons,
Wolf,
Coyote,
Bear,
Dog,
Quail,
Dove,
Red bird,
Mockingbird,
Hawk,
Eagle,
Crow,
Owl,
Mockingbird
Nighthawk,
Turkey,
Egret,
Ducks,
Geese
Fish,
Deer,
Elk,

Corn,
Beans,
Flowers,
Pinion,
Cedar,
Pine,
Maple,
Hackberry,
Sunflowers
Blue horizon,
Mesa,
Fire,
Smoke,
Rainbow,
Northern lights,
Morning,
Evening,
Night,
Spring,
Summer,
Fall,
Winter,
Noon,
Heat,
Cold,
Birth,
Death,
Flint,
Turquoise,
Silver,
Beads,
Water,
Rain,
Walking rain,
Flood,
Snow,
Sleet,
Ice,
Prairie fire,
Lodge,
Rose,
Blue,

Yellow,
Red,
Green,
Brown,
Black,
North,
South,
East,
West,
Bow,
Arrow,
Club,
Kiva,
Spirits,
Buffalo.

II.

She is everything,
Everything is in Her,
Mother earth,
Mother of life,
Maker of life,
Repository of life,
Fountain of life,
Song of our
Souls, everything
we are She
is,
She is She,
We are She,
And we can never
leave Her,
we are bound to
Her,
forever bound to Her,
protected by Her,
engulfed by Her,
surrounded by Her,
sheltered by Her.
She is aspect of
many loves,

Turn away from Her,
Treat Her badly and
Her protection cannot
Reach and cover that
Which has gone away,
Has turned away,
Grieve Her and Her
Winds blow the
Prodigal away.
Not with malice
But with grief,
Searching but not
Able to find that
Which has withdrawn
 And so she is,
 Mother of
 all,
 Mother Earth,
 Alive in
 the fires of
 The Sun.
Giving birth
Continuously,
Forever fertile,
Young, ancient,
 timeless in
Aspect,
Her own Trinity
 a reflection of
The Trinity,
Harbinger of
Eternal
Life, universal
Life outside
 of Herself,
A promise
Yet to be realized
 and for now just
 prophecy.
Gahia.
 Mother Earth,

Wife of The
Sun,
Lover of The Sun,
Companion
Of The Moon,
Reflection of
Herself,
Sun,
Moon,
Earth,
Trinity,
Father,
Daughter,
Son,
Twin,
Mother, creative aspect,
Holy Spirit,
Everything,
The Mother of us all,
Everything she is,
and Her spirit
sings to us,
gives us grace
and hope and peace,
Earthspirit,
Moonspirit,
Sunspirit,
Animalspirits,
Windspirits,
Spirit of the
Storm,
Lightening,
Thunder,
Bearsprit,
Eaglespirit,
That which
Dazzles.
That which wills:
fear,
joy,
anger,
contentment,

creativity,
love,
hate,
despair,
hope.
She hold us,
shows us
All these
Mysteries,
Makes the
 mystery a
Lesson to be learned
And solves the
Mysteries one at
A time in Her
Own good time,
Gently, with
A mother's hand,
A mother's will:
 love,
 concern,
 protection,
 defense,
 teacher,
 friend,
 provider.

III.

“Let us sing this hymn
of praise to our
Mother in whose arms
we are held in life,
in whose breast
we are nestled in death,
warming us for Her
 promised re-birth
 for to lose her children
 is unthinkable,
 She does not lose Her
 Children,
 She never loses Her

children.
She hold them in
Life,
She enfolds them in
death and gives
Her life to them.

To be born of the Earth
is to be baptized in
Eternal Spirit, sent
on a journey, searching
for The Way, and
being taught by Her
Gentle Spirit that Her
love for Her children
is larger than the
Universe.

To die is to be buried
in the warmth of
Her love.

And so a sign
is given, a promise made.
The Earth Mother, Gaia,
Mother of us all, Isis,
Aspect of the
Universal Mother,
Is Love.

That we love Thee is
sure, that all love
Thee is not, for
some do turn away,
some ignore the call,
some are blinded
in the Light
of the True Universe,
cloak themselves in
darkness.”

Morning Star,

Inanna,
Queen of Heaven,
Mother of Osirus,
Nut,
Hora,
Virgin Queen,
Moon Goddess,
Isis,
Creative Aspect of The Universe,
Aphrodite,
Ishtar,
Benus,
Diana,
Virgin Queen,
Mother of God,
Goddess of The Bodhi Tree,
Goddess Lotus,
Shri Lak Shmi,
The Goddess of The Life For,
The Serpent Raised Up,
Eve,
Gaia,
Papa,
Holy spirit,
White Buffalo.

IV.

Shaman,
Axis Mundi
Sacred Sanctuary,
Keeper of
The
Cosmic Egg.

Shells within
Shells within
Shells

Shaman,
The World Navel,
Bridge of

The Spirit World
To the World.

IV.

Shaman:
Buddah,
Bodhisattvas,
Lord of Bliss...

Trinity:
Father,
Son,
Holy Spirit.

“The inhabiting
mystery of
all phenomenality
whatsoever.”

1. Amitabha,
2. Amitabha,
3. Amitabha,
4. Amitabha,
5. Amitabha,
6. Amitabha,
7. Amitabha,
8. Amitabha,
9. Amitabha,
10. Amitabha,

Trinity:
Lord of Bliss,
Sakhavati
Forever enduring,
Amitayus
immeasurably radiant
Amitabha,
salvation,
White Buffalo.

VI.

And so,
The People see the
Passing of God in
The track of the Bear,
The voice of God in
The cry of the raptor,
The Love of God throughout
the landscape,
The Mystery of God in
the stars and planets,
and
The prophetic word of
God in
The White Buffalo.

The White Buffalo,
Glowing blue-white
in the moonlight,
The White Buffalo,
coming only as
harbinger of
great change,
messenger of
truth, universal
inspiration.

Pté.
Giver of life,
Mountain beast,
River of Life,
Plains Space Being.

Think about it.

How quickly you
read this,
How long it
took to
think it
up.

The Beast and The Serpent

The Beast is The Serpent
and The Serpent
is The Beast,

Lifted up,
Healing agent,
Watch guard against
the night,

Harbinger of the
Sun,
Aspect of the
Vitality of
The Earth,

Mover throughout
Space,

Sub Rosa,
Id,

Basic instinct,
Primordial,
First Cause,

Driving Force,
Laser beam in
the brain,

Light, awareness
of the life drive,
of the life divine,
Élan vital,

Bear in the Cave,
Sex in the Night.

Peggy lives in a cave

down by the creek
with her brothers
and sisters where
she calculates
the dimensions of
The Universe,
the area of a
quark, and
the sparkle of
the sea of stars
that circles the
Pole.

I visit her there and
we talk of philosophy,
and recite Latin
poetry as a cold
rain passes by and
birds huddle on the rocks,
chirping quietly,
trying not to be a
bother, warming themselves
by Peggy's firelight.
We fix tea and pour
it from a blue and white
Delft pot into white,
tiny cups
and eat cookies as
thunder talks to
clouds outside.

Her Latin is lovely
and my French sublime.
We laugh and tease
as we ignore the
time cuckooing away.
Bright and singing on the hour,
and chiming at the half.
Here it's warm, lovely
and safe; words flow freely and

babies sleep lulled by the branch's dripping
outside.

She shows me a symphony she's written and hums
the refrains and I
hear the rain and
remember the warm,
spring days, and
we'll soon be in them
as we're now in
Peggy's cave.

We sing together now
and remember Pairs, the
way it was with fog
in the streets and
fences dark and
wet with mist,
Paris, Lascaux, where
we had drinks and talked of wonderful
mammoth that roamed freely, babies
by their sides, long
fur coats against the
cold winter's winds.
Paris, where we bought a beautiful Chanel and
Coco hugged The Rose
and everything was truly lovely and light
and we talk of history and hills on which
trees grow and fossils
are found that work
out after rains,
and jewels scatter about in roots and
hide under emerald
grass blades and
wait for us to
find them, and we
do.
"Papa, I love the jewels," says The Rose,
and she tosses the
citrine and aquamarine
high into the air as
babies will do,

and the room catches the morning
lemon yellow and mid-day
blue, and we smile
at the poetry of the
moment.

Catching the stones with an imperceptible
“click,” the Rose says:
“Tell us again about the telescope Papa!”

“Certainly I will,” said I. But first,
fetch me a glass of cabernet.

And The Rose flies
and returns slowly, holding
the wine high, catching
the firelight, glowing and
sparkling rubies around
Peggy’s room.

And the babies laugh
and coo, the birds
chirp and shift in
their perches, and
I take the flute from The Rose and
sip slowly, letting
the fruit explode.

“I love, first, The Rose, Baby Jake and Baby Cody.”
The birds chirp in
loving agreement.

“Then,” I say, taking her hand, “The Universe.
It was late summer when I began the work.”

“Wait,” exclaims Peggy,
“let me get my pillow.”
And away she flies,
sailing to her place
with the sea-green
pillow, and settles
with a knowing smile.

How many times had
she heard this song, and
how many times had
she loved this story,
and how had she loved
Papa, all these years
gone by: the songs, the poetry, the paintings
that hang now on the
cave walls, and deeply
in the night, she feels
the spirit of Papa in
this place and it gives
Peggy life and comfort.

“Papa,” she whispers,
and Papa begins to sing with a smile:

“The soul of the scope is the mirror,” Papa
begins. “For in the mirror are
stars, light of eons.”

And Papa takes the Rose and
The Marshal’s hand,
as Cody comes close,
as he has done for years, and Peggy
reaches out and
Papa takes Peggy’s
hand too and sings:

“It came to me
grey and drab, rough
and unpolished, to
say the least.

I took the mirror and gently set it
aside, that 25”
marvel, and began the adventure.

My Papa taught me how
to take the wood and
fashion it into the

loving entity it is.

Gentle Papa who loved me.
Gentle Papa who
worked the cattle going
to slaughter. How lovely
it was for them to
have Papa as they went
to die, that moment
when everything they
had been came together.

Gentle Papa, going to
the Stock Yards every day,
Gentle Papa who broke
his pelvis herding the
beeves through the
chutes, but Papa would
not have had it any other
way because he loved
them. He loved the
sheep and the Herefords,
and the Brangus,
and they were a sea
from 28th street to
Exchange when Fort Worth
was itself and
not a parody later,
long after Royce and Lila
were dead from
living too much.
Beautiful Lila, lost Lila, lovely Lila
whom everybody loved but nobody
truly loved except Papa and me.”

“Stop Papa,” Peggy exclaims again.
“We must have Eagle Brand
Lemon Pie, then you can go on!”

“Oh, Lemon Pie!” sighs The Rose.
“Papa, The Marshal, The Ranger and
I love Lemon Pie!”

And we take our Lemon Pie that Mama Bea
taught Peggy to make,
Wonderful Mama Bea,
who so loved
The Rose, The Marshal, The Ranger and me.

And we savored the
pie and anticipated
the night sky and the
glittering eyes that
glowed gold, green, red,
yellow, blue and white,
and made Papa so happy
throughout those nights
when the coyotes sang
to the loneliness and
mystery.

“It came to me gray and
worn, but proud and still
strong after all those
campaigns,” Papa sings. “And
I took the ground box and stripped
it to the wood, and did the
same with the mirror
box, seven evenings and
two weekends, the old,
ugly paint resisted but
finally gave way and
scattered itself in a
brief fog as the
golden wood gasped
and drew its new breath coming
into the air the way The Rose did,
tasting the air and
loving it.

Every evening the wood
glowed brighter and richer,
gold, dark brown, wonderful
grains that moved

in musical time under
the eye.

And I ruffled and
sanded and applied
the marine spar varnish,
sanding in between
and soon, the two
weeks past, the boxes
were the color of old
stars, burnished copper,
red, and citrine yellow,
now Peggy's jewels and
The Rose's ring.

Before it was blind,
covered with the ugly
gray paint; now, it
sees.

It had no portability,
and I gave it wheels
so that it could go
wherever, easily and
with panache.

And for the mirror's
couch, I added plush
discs on which the
mirror could reside,
and loaded the alignment
bolts with springs for
precise, laser alignment.

And for the secondary
I secured the mirror with
a black string
and settled the adjustment
screws so that the
laser light could be
zeroed quickly and easily.

And then, I put it all
back together, adding
little touches here and
there, like the leveling
bubbles and the lynch
pins so that it could
not be molested by the
wind when, exhausted,
The Rose and I rested in
The tent before Baby Jake and
Cody came,
with the fan blowing gently, and
with a surprise, a little
rain came at five and pattered us awake but
all was secure beneath
the mylar sheath in which the
beautiful telescope nestled.

But, the things we saw,” Papa says,
“The things we saw!

Suspended we were
between heaven and
earth. At the eyepiece,
in the darkness, and
there the star clusters,
the old star clusters
were, singing to us,
unbelievable beauty,
icons, traces, letters
dancing in our eyes,
telling us stories, bringing
back memories long lost,
universes we knew, and
now, long lost come
back into our arms,
there twixt heaven and
earth, suspended in
space, peering through
the Nagler 20mm, into
the loving faces of The Universe,
revealing truths long forgotten,

making sense of it all.

What joy it is to come
home; those flashes of
recognition when you
truly know everything,
but then in an equal
sparkle-flash, the
understanding goes away
and all left is breathlessness.

All the lovely ‘M’s’ we
saw, all those nights
when we were suspended,
time stilled and was no
more and we flew in
that sea of infinity,
seeing, sensing, beyond
knowing, living forever
bathed in red light,
the charts rustling in
the gentle breezes, the
fan humming, and
The Universe revealing itself
in tiny sections, the comet
hurrying from
Cassiopeia toward Andromeda,
engraving itself forever
in our remembrances,
calling us, as the rain
ushers in snow late
in December, to come back
and visit and play some
more, and sing a song
of infinity.”

“Papa, I love her so.”

“Yes. We do love her so.”

Monochrome: Found Poem

“God is Love
And Jesus is
Coming. Get
Saved now or
Face God’s
Wrath.”

Turtle road kill,
Now, it’s a
Matter of control,
Hasn’t anything
To do with
Finding God
Or even
Searching
For the reason
For living,

Just control,
Do this
Or
This happens,
Doesn’t matter
Whether you change
Or not, doesn’t
Matter if
You’re better
Or not.

Just do as you’re
Told and
Expect to be covered
Automatically
By the virtue of the
Fact that you’ve
Done what
The sign told
you to
Do:
Get Saved
Or
Fry.

And What If My Darling

After being good
And getting saved
And blowing up the Buddha
And doing sword drills
And honing the recitation of scripture
And doing all the right things
And giving up all the stuff
And passing on those luscious
Thighs and breasts and touching
And kissing and swimming in love
We slowly slip away and
The stars and moon dim
And the sight of you goes away
And there is nothing
And finally the Sun goes giant
And sweeps these words away
And there is nobody there to see?

At the Vet's

That girl loved
 a pig,
A medium sized
Grinning pig
 with a blue
 towel wrapped
Around her
Getting 10 milligram
Tranquilizers so's
She, the pig, can take
 a trip
To Baltimore
On a 747.

And then there
 was this
Three-legged
 dog, Val,
Blond dog, smiling
 dog, got hit
 by a car in
 Duncanville,
 Lost the leg,
Doesn't matter
 Much, gets
Around real
 Good.

Val's a happy, three-
Legged dog, staying
 Out of
 Traffic,
 Says it
Wouldn't have happened
 In Dallas,
 But,
Duncanville's hell
 On dogs,

Pigs too probably,
And cats in boxes
With holes.

The pig gets nervous
Riding in cars
And in
Planes: she just
Can't handle it.

The pig-loving girl
Says she, the pig,
trembles and
She, the girl, is
Real concerned
And cares a
Lot about her
Shivering pig
And seems to
Be kind of
Defensive about
Her loving pig.
Says some dog
Chased her, the
Pig,
Around the apartment
Complex
And
Caused quite a commotion
But most of all
She, the pig,
Trembled, and
She,
The girl,
Had lots about
Which to be
Concerned.
Girl cared-for
Pigs are,
It would
Seem, to
Be quite a bit

Of trouble.
Little does the girl know,
That that dog
Small sized pig's going to grow
Into a full-sized Volkswagen
A
Truly prodigious
Pig of
Astounding bulk.
Then what?

Oh, The Rose!

I.

Oh, The Rose!
I saw you first in
Your new universe,
Swimming and flying
Free, adrift in
Your peaceful infinity.

When first I heard you were
Coming,
It was hard to understand,
Hard to fathom
Hard to comprehend
Your universe,
The love you were engendering,
The concern you would
Create,
The plans that would
Be made,
The defenses built
Against the storms
Of night,
The fears of day,
The predators to
Be kept at
bay.

And from the beginning,
There in your new Universe, you
Radiated into my
Mind,
Bringing dreams and
Thoughts of love and
Wonder at the miracle
Of you,
There is your new
Universe, swimming
And flying

Free, adrift in
Your peaceful infinity.

II.

And during the days
Of that your sweet
Infinity,
The days came and
Went,
There were windy days,
And
Sunny days and
Days of great
Despair when
Loves were lost and
children
Forgotten and
Lost, and
Moonlit nights
From childhood with
tree frogs singing,
and
Storms came and rains
Blew against the window,
and then flowers
Bloomed in the garden
and wrens raised
A family as did
Chickadees in a
Copper roofed house
by the bedroom
window,
Asleep on the moss and down
cared for carefully
by flying parents
frantic for food and
maintaining their
copper covered
universe,

peacefully,
carefully,
and

In all the fever and
Fears, the working
And caring, I sent
You a message,
 Nocturnes,
 played in this
 Universe,
 Chopin,
Sent to your universe,
A rise and fall of melodic, soft,
Gentle care
There to your new
Universe, and you
Swimming
 and flying,
Free, adrift in
 The music,
Free, adrift in
Your peaceful infinity.

III.

Never could a lover
Long lost,
Never could a lover
Last thought,
Burn so brightly
In the imagination,
 In the soul's mind as
Your image
there in your new
Universe, swimming
And flying
Free, adrift in
Your peaceful infinity
 Thoughts about
 Which we can only dream, about
 Which we'll never
 Know as older

You grow and that brief
Infinite time-image
Recedes to only reflect
Throughout your life
As glitters and
Sparks and you give quick gasps
Of weird recognition
As those things forgotten
Are bubbled to consciousness
 In flashes of infinite
 Recognition of
You, there, in your
 New universe,
Swimming and flying free,
Adrift in your peaceful infinity.

IV.

Oh, The Rose!
You burst upon this
 Universe, flying
From you peaceful
 Infinity and
 Into loving hands
 That held and felt
 And were charmed
 At your wisdom,
 The places you had
 Been, the
 Adventures, yours alone,
 And you tasted the air
And that was a marvel,
And you watched us in
Quiet contemplation,
And that was a marvel,
And you endured the
Inoculation of
This universe with a sharp cry and
We understood and
Resented the intrusion
Right along with you,
And you saw us watching, ready to give our lives

Without a thought
To make up for
The loss of you and
Your universe,
Swimming and flying
Free, adrift in
Your peaceful infinity.

V.

And then, my Rose,
we held you and
couldn't believe our
 luck,
There in our arms you
took your milk and
watched the wonderful
zebra on the wall,
and the gerenuk
smiled and couldn't
wait until you, in my arms,
would touch his nose and
smile and trace the
zebra's black and white
patterns with your finger
 in the air.

And when the adventure
was done, I held
you close, and on
my chest you drifted,
swimming and flying
free, adrift in
your peaceful infinity.
Together we drifted,
together we flew,
birds flying by the
window singing
the wonder of you,
my mind at peace,
your hand holding
my finger, your head
pressed gently into

my beard,
and it's clear,
for every poor decision
made in your behalf,
 you suffer;
for every selfish act,
 you suffer;
for every neglect, big or small,
 you suffer;
when anything is taken for
granted,
 you suffer.
When you are not defended,
 you suffer;
When no one has the courage
to come to your defense,
 you suffer;
When we fail to anticipate,
 you suffer;
and it is our
life's purpose,
our calling,
our obligation,
the reason for our
being, to
decide,
be selfless,
provide,
appreciate,
defend,
be courageous,
anticipate
 the harms,
 the sicknesses,
 the hurts,
 the fears and horrors;
Simply because you hold
out your arms
 to me,
you smile at
 me,
you sing with me,

you love me,
unconditionally
in your
peaceful infinity.

IV.

Oh my Rose,
the thing you teach
me, the songs
that reach me as
we laugh, now me,
now you, now me,
now you; and you
see me as mystery
and there, in a glance,
in an instant of
recognition, a
marvelous revelation,
a Universe of delight,
a bridge over the
unknown to the
new known,
a wellspring,
a talisman,
a touch of the elephant ring,
reaching for that silver
comfort, recreating
every hour in curious
contemplation, your
lovely spirit swimming
and flying free, adrift
in peaceful infinity.

From a cardboard box

Hung from a strong string
Around his neck,
He picks and sells
purple,
red,
blue,
yellow, and
multi-colored paper
flowers from his
Northwest Highway
island.

There he paces,
Neiman Marcus
his backdrop,
catching
purple,
red,
blue,
yellow, and
multi-colored
cars.

In his paper flower
orbit
at the
turn of every
red light,
70 years in the
preparation.

And I knew him
When he created his
Craft, made
This raft in
Which to survive,

his island dance
ritual almost
unnoticed as July
clouds duel
with the Sun.

He and the Sun
are one, universe centers around
which universal
elements orbit and
he and the Sun are
observers.

And she made the flowers
And he displayed the flowers,
And in the Sun
daily sold the flowers.

And then the Sun
engulfed him, the paper
flowers now wreaths,
Flying colored snowflakes,
A rainbow of light,
70 years in the making.

“I hope you find

your keys.” She
said on the Broadstreet
corner as the
ten-degree wind
whipped her coat.

“I’ll pray to St. Anthony.”
she said smiling as
she blew gently away.

St. Anthony:
Finder of Keys,
keeper of lost
Keys,
treasurer of
Keys,
manager of
Keys
Keys,

Big city
Keys.

She flies between two worlds

Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past
My left shoulder she glides,
The breathtaking red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks
Double black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,
Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right
And good.

After a boring year of sitting here
Hidden behind the lattice,
Drinking the silver smoothness,
Frozen fog flowing ever so
Slightly off the lovely liquid surface,
Gold, soft light playing with my
Anticipation, expecting the best,
Pushing down the worst,
She flies between two worlds
Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past

My left shoulder she glides,
The stunning red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks
Double black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,
Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right
And good.

She circles moving around, moving
Ever so slightly the air around my
Hair, my stomach heavy with expectation
And dread, empty of soothing herbs,
Putting my trust in a moment that
Has failed me repeatedly, nevertheless
It is worth the risk, always worth the
Risk, finding her moved out my
Dream work and into my orbit,
This vision, creature of love and light,
Soft, gentle, melodious voice, speaking
Softly behind the lattice, the darkness
To the right illuminating ever so
Slightly the papier-mâché organ grinder
By the far wall dimly lit, macabre
There almost hidden away behind
Chairs on tables, the light and life
To the left warming the table,
A baby cries and I look at her,
Still telling her day story, staring
Blankly at the menu, wanting to drink,
Wanting to eat, but it won't come just yet,
It has to be played out, it has to be held
Back, held back just a moment more

Before letting slightly go, softly go.
And then the choice for the wine,
Commitment, small, delicate, joyous,
Escaping from the ridged claw
Momentarily but with such grace
That hope sparkles in the candle
Light and we leave the day to talk
Of stars and devices contrived to
Tease out their colors Sung to by
Coyotes.

She flies between two worlds
Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past
My left shoulder she glides,
The seductive red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks
Double black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,
Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right
And good.

And then we talk again of god and
God and She listens and loves and
she frowns and a fundamental
musty mist moves
Over her brow and her eyes begin
An evening's dismissal. And then,
Banging against the shore, the lovely

Sail is cut up short as the canvas
Flaps waiting for things to be
Put to right and then out of the
Darkness her drink comes and
There is truce and a brief peace
Falls on her, taking her quietly,
Smoothing her glowing forehead,
The black, short hair, misting
In the darkness, catching gold
Candlelight and I am dizzy
Watching her.

And then she realizes it is all
Right to eat and she flits over
The menu, here and there, giddy
At the choices, unsure, the
Fundamental prude still not fully
Retracted into the granite clad
Shell and she orders, finally,
Silly and giddy before the snake
Finally bows and withdraws
In deference to decisions and
With a gasping intake, she takes
My hand, hers a dream fire,
She reads for hurt, she calms,
She soothes, she numbs my senses
And the verblessness, ever so
Subtle, squirts out the first
Harbinger of despair but she,
Right then, takes flight again,
Her hand holding mine tightly,
Rightly, marvelously.

She flies between two worlds
Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past
My left shoulder she glides,
The dream red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks
Double black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,

Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right
And good.

On the delivery of the food
Our spirits soar and we drift into
Trips and travel and Taos and
Rome and how one cannot
Take a trip and not have sex.
And I seize the moment, correcting
In lyric verse that it would be
Love making, not sex, drawing
The distinction clearly, passionately,
Truthfully, for the trip is as
Dreamlike as is the lovemaking and
Just now most wonderful for she
And I resonate in that delicious
Moment and she wants the trip
And withdraws saying she'll go
Alone if need be to get away
And then we try to get back to
The moment and the mountain
Begins to push its way up and
Up but for a moment, I see
Her face and she is there, most
Beautiful beyond beautiful,
Soft, wonderful, available,
Wanting, agreeing, willing,
Wonderful beyond belief,
Eyes wide, dilated, full of
Marvel, her mouth almost painful
At losing any of this, expecting
And anticipating the best of love,
The glory of the moment, her
Face in the soft gold candlelight,

Black hair dismissed in the
Dark, the red blouse shimmering,
It's the moment, the dream moment,
The portal, the infinity of infinity,
Beyond life, beyond the universe,
I have no idea what I am, I'm lost
In this marvelous vision I know
I'll remember forever, sick knowing
The thundering, overpowering loss.
But she is there, not moving, loving
Me as only she can, finally, a brief
Moment coming out of my dreams
To sit with me here.

She flies between two worlds
Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past
My left shoulder she glides,
The breast soft red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks
Black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,
Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right
And good.

And we share the raspberry ice,
Her refusing an earlier ritual
Feeding. Then I try the bar
With a request for Chartreuse

And she flits finally for an
Obtuse Italian aperitif and then
She's soft again before asking
The waiter his name and turning
Then back to me stirring the cool
Air as despair begins to settle in.
How I love the Chartreuse she hates.
"Anise, Anise," she sings out following
The cue, and I relate the Baptist's
Love of Chartreuse but she's now
Adamant, unyielding, and then,
With her chin in her hand she's
Back, sighing she doesn't want
It to end, she doesn't want to
Go, and she's drifting, lovely,
Lost, promising, slipping in and
Out, beginning to succumb to
The switched on mid-week virus
One night away, looming nowhere,
But here, and there, and I remember
Taos and tripping with her in our
Lovely dream, making love, no
Sex, making love in the dim
Darkness with the Corn Dance
Rain falling in sheets outside,
The drums singing still in our
Ears and there we tangle in the
Indian wind spirits and I hold
Her and she me, and I kiss
Her as I promised that before
Desperate day signaling my
Loving panic in teen time optimism,
We hold one another and we do
All the things on the forbidden
Love list and then lie stillborn.

She flies between two worlds
Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past
My left shoulder she glides,
The harbinger red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks

Double black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,
Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right
And good.

Slowly but getting faster now
We begin to go and up out
Of the chairs and through
The near empty room, one
Other Couple left and she
Remarks on the décor and I
Told her only of the Rose's
Cherub and how she loves it
And how she and I love the
Place but I didn't tell her,
Wisely, all of the story, the
Story of deceit panic and tears
Knowing full well the hardness
Would settle in finally, finally, and
Then, at the car, under the dim lights
We're in one another's arms,
The redness making me soar,
She holds me as tightly as I
Do her and I feel only the
Silkiness and I'm lost, joyous,
Absolutely transported singing
Softly how truly I do love her,
Not even beginning to relate
The transport; I'm suspended and
Then we slowly pull away as I kiss
Her cheek, my left hand butterfly touching
Ever so her small soft breast and
She is duenna driven away and there

Reproaching the lute, admonishing,
Instructing, putting all in its place
And then with a twist she is in
The car without a word and
Away in my headlights.

She flies between two worlds
Sailing into my orbit on occasion
After she's illuminated my dream
And then in a thousand years
She glides softly in, coming
Out from behind me, past
My left shoulder she glides,
The lost red silk blouse billowing
In small ruffles, moving slightly
The flame, her black slacks
Double black in the dusk of the
Table, her hips take the
Chair and she bursts open,
Head in her left hand, refusing
A drink just yet, breathless,
Warm, excited, bursting bright
With promise she pours out her
Song of labyrinth maze and I recall
Her refusing and then after
A storm of vacillating brightly
Accepting and now she's
Singing her excitement and the
Agreeableness of the moment,
Still refusing a drink, she tells
Her day story and she's happy
And excited and it's all right and good.

The Beloved

Always you've moved
In and out of the mind's
Shadows and reality,
Tricking us into believing
The you were one,
Another, then another,
Fleeting, flitting
On black bat's wings
Just out of reach, leaving us
Holding hollowness,
Thinking certainly it was you.

You come to us in
Dreams, the perfection
Of you, the recognition
That it is you, full
And comprehensible,
Unmistakable,
We see you in the eyepiece,
Dreaming out senses
With loving mantras
Self singing
Recognition of you
And then you drift
Silently away and we
Feel your smile and
We have nowhere to go
To shower our
Love.

Who are you for whom
We long so long?

Why do we think and
Search for you in all
These possibilities? Possibilities that
Hurt, destroy, change everything and leave us drifting,
Bearings searching;
And so who are you that we revere, revel,
And regard?

And so where are you that we can

touch, taste, and tease?

An illusion springing out of faith and hope and
Desire.

The Missionary

Armed with verses,
She covers her knees
With a lace hanky
And will touch an
Arm at her will,
Smiling with languid
Looks and, finishing
A long lunch, dole
Out a brief kiss
Following hand-holding
Back to the office.

She's electric with her
Passion for a loving phrase,
Euphoric at the
Prospect of the din of
Community praise,
A chorus of white-faced
Women and newly
Pious men
Reeled recently in
From the wasteland
Of maleness, basking
Now in the beams of
Matriarchy, woman
Praise, moon pale
Praise, chanting poorly
In the dark, praying
In the dark, to the
Dark,
Eyes closed tightly
Against the light,
Praying, praising to
The dark,
And it is good!

As love is a narcotic,
So is praise.
Praise elevates
And gives meaning
To the uselessness
Of the verses,
Character sustaining

Building prayer
Positioning.

Lead on in the dark
Din, shouting out
In the night,
Night sweat shouts
Pulling up short
Gasping breath,
And up bubbles
Purpose in the
Purposelessness,
Setting a standard
For righteousness,
Creating righteousness
Out of the
Incomprehensible verses,
Defining love in
Righteous verses
That inoculates
Against addiction,
Love is an addition that
By the verse must be
“nipped in the bud”
Before it takes hold
And imposes
Secret requirements
Outside of the box that
Runs counter to
Righteousness,
The moral good,
The holy good,
The good airing
Out of the praise
Babble.

She's two in one,
Duality, not trinity.

She lifts her hanky for a moment then
Retreats,
Calls longingly and
Then subtly interjects
Righteous questioning,
One, two, pulling
Quickly away,

One minute a potential
Lover,
The next,
Torquemada,
Banners flying,
On the soldier soul
Marching blindly, marching
To hear the sound of
Vintage trampling,
Blood-red trampling
Out love,
Onward,
Onward,
Blood-red trampling.

She is a human
 Phylactery,
Ejaculating one verse
 at time, timed
 to coincide with
 punctuated
 start and stop
 righteous indignation.

“God is here!” is a
 particular irritant,
To counter apparent verbal
 affronts,
 along with
 “Are you saved?”
 And
 “Isn’t that hypocritical?”
 a verb here,
 A noun there,
 worried that
 she’ll not be touched,
 Worried that she will.

Nothingness

Nothingness is from
 Where all things come
 And to which
All things go.

Archimedes

Organized religion is a
Worthless endeavor for
One in pursuit of God.

The metaphor is
The writing over of
Archimedes proofs with
“Prayers.”

The Universe

The universe
Is finite:
Everything in it
Has a beginning and
An end.

The universe is mechanistic,
It has dependencies
That constitute
Being and reality.

The universe to be
Requires elements and
Non-elements.

Where there is neither order
Nor chaos, is God.

Where there is no universe,
There is God.

Where there is a universe,
There is no God.

Symmetry.

The Elephant

The old elephant died today:
The Sunrises it saw,
The Sunsets,
Northers,
Springs, summers, autumns,
Storms that moved
Its limbs and
Leaves that made the
Satin wind tear,
Seventy years watching
Comets,
Rainbows,
Clouds and
Blue skies,
Sheltering countless birds,
A hiding place for
Generations of children.

Witness to
 Joy,
 Sorrow,
 Anger,
 Pain,
 and myriad
 Conversations at
 Home in its
 shade.

Tusker died today,
Seeping last life from its
Freshly cut main trunk,
Its giant, massive parts, rolled
Curbside with
Effort as great as it
Was to cut them;
Its stump ground to
A four-foot mulch mound,
With spirit steaming
Away in the first
December cold,
Mars glowing.

Jerusalem

Move it.

Get rid of it.

What's the point?

2000 years of Jerusalem
is quite enough.

2000 years of pushing and
pulling.

2000 years of claiming to
be number 1.

2000 years of killing over
who's got the current
god house upper hand.

2000 years of arrogance.

2000 years of ignorance.

2000 years of superstition.

2000 years of bitching.

2000 years of despots.

2000 years of priests.

2000 years of prophets.

2000 years of saviors.

On and on and on and on
and no end in sight.

Move it.

Get rid of it.

What's the point?

“Ain't nobody comin' back
'cause nobody's there
that matters no ways.”

Is there no poetry

In asphalt parking lots,
Dallas, Houston,
Cleveland, Orlando?

Is there no poetry in computers, General Dynamics,
Chance Vought, AT&T,
Nuclear power plants,
Freeways, housing developments?

Is there no poetry in getting up in the a.m.
And going to work with
Thousands of sons-of-bitches?

Is there no poetry in
Plastic, acrylic, mouton,
Coin changers, cable TV,
Commercials, dock strikes,
Airline crashes, news
Reports, small county wars,
Rapes, beatings, robberies?

Is there no poetry in
Friendships, relationships,
Mistresses, concubines,
Lovers, whores, pimps,
Queers?

Is there no poetry
In hospitals,
Mental wards,
Striped parking lots
Washers and dryers,
Zoos,
Outdoor concerts,
Indoor concerts,
New cars,
Old cars,
Big cars,
Little cars,
Tobacco,
Beer,
Gin, ale, vodka,
Bitters,

Fried Chicken,
Microwave ovens,
Telephones,
Refrigerators,
Stoves,
Central air and heat?

Cut 'em down.

Cut 'em down.

Get a temporary job
Wiping out those old stands,

Cut 'em down.

Don't need poetry.

Don't require poetry.

I saw a woman

Riding in the wind,
Sweater receding
Beautifully,
Hair and face to the
Wind, heavy bike
Quiet but super
Powerful between her
Legs and she moved
The bike with svelte
Grace, letting the
Machine sweep
And flow in the
Wind.

Swaying and leaning
She moved and
Beauty was her and
The bike and soon,
Too soon, I could
See her no more.

But forever she rides
In my mind, as I
Wind my way
Through the Zephyrs
That beat a sweet
Song against the
Steady pulse of
The Triumph's motor.

She rides, and rides
With me. Outlaws
We are in the Texas
Wind and the Sun
Knows and the
Sun truly knows.

Amomaxia

Not in a rice burner,
Honda,
Civic,
Smart,
Or
Volkswagen;
But certainly in a
'49 lowered Ford with
¾ cam, twin four barrels,
Glass packs;
Certainly in a
55 Chevy,
Red/orange;
Not likely
In a Caddy or Rolls,
Not necessary
In a Caddy, Jag Sedan or Rolls
'cause if you've got
Either,
They are rendered
Moot;
Maybe an F-100 pickup,
Depending on the
Genre and lover,
But
Not in a rice burner,
Honda,
Civic,
Smart,
Or
Volkswagen.

There was this man

Who gave and gave
And then
Took and took
And then
Didn't care, didn't care.

There was this woman
Who took and took
And then
Gave and gave
And then
Didn't matter, didn't matter.

There was this man and woman,
Who shared and shared,
And then
Shared and didn't and then
Watched the feelings
Soon fade away.

Ever have six days

Without Sunshine?
Ever have six days
Of Sunshine?

Having is better
Than not.

“We’ve got to slow down!” he said.

So they did and
It caught up with
Them and
They died.

Slowly, slowly, the
Procession winds its
Way to the plots
Paid for with quick
Money.

“It all happened
So suddenly!” the
Preacher said from
His prepared statement,
Explaining life to the
Gathered group, milling
Slowly under the
Green canopy, and he
Stared at the gray
Double casket, fainted,
And fell head-long into
The hold, disengaged
The casket support
And was slowly
Crushed to death in
This grave situation
Before the slowly milling crowd could
Get back up to
Speed.

The now back-up-to-speed
Crowd slowly
Pulled the flattened
Preacher out of
The double casket
Hole (double caskets are kind of like going steady
eternally,
and you do dress to color coordinate)
And began to chant
The love song of the
Double casket:

“We’ve got to slow down!”

They did and they all
Dropped dead except one
Who jumped on
His motor cycle and
Sped away.

Maenad and Silen

Living on my roof,
Beautiful orgiastic thing,
Marvelous forest man thing
White and black
Light and dark,
Feminine and masculine,
Hope and fear,
Weakness and strength,
Reality and fantasy,
Dionysiac symmetry,
Weathering the storms,
Basking in the Sun,
Maenad, loved and
 cherished,
Silen, hated and feared.

Maenad and Silen,
Come flying out of
The dark, past forest,
Hopes and fears manifest
In fleeting images.

Maenad and Silen,
I love you both.
Gentle creativity,
Fecund productivity,
Sun up in the morning –fears
Gently stilled-
Graces and breezes,
Colors all aglow,
Maenad.

I love you both,
Rude bluster and
Strength in crisis,
Taking and not looking back.

Knowing anything can be done and doing it.
Anything.
Sex and love and drive.
Abandon and excess –
Being completely and
Truly free,

Silen.

Maenad and Silen –
Living on my roof
All these years and
Today I found you,
I recognized you,
Acknowledged the
Symmetry whose beauty
And excitement I
Had but wondered –
Maenad and Silen.

Maenad and Silen –
Both sides,
Left and right,
Fused in eternal
Embraces, locked
In infinite grace
And passion –
Loving and hating-
Loving and hurting-
Stopping and running-
Resisting and yielding-
My Maenad and Silen,
Ancient Angels.

He takes her, deep into the night,

To the open grass, park field,
Softly rolling landscape,
Dark, firefly-punctuated.

He takes her, deep into
The night and there
They lie, she on his
Fine coat, he on the
Still warm grasses,
And the wind softly moves their hair
And the tree canopy rubs
Leaves as the looming
Trunks slowly sway.

He takes her, deep into
The night, and there
Holds her head against
His and stares into
The black and sparks
And starshine,
Planets moving,
And too late discovers
She's the wrong one.

She's stone sober.

She's dipped, dripping.

She's always in control ...
and controlling.

She's always controlling ...
but out of control.

She pierces minds with her
demands,
She demands with all the
lights out.

Both are immeasurably,
hateable.

“I’m overdressed” she worries,

tugging

at her bodice,
breasts pushed up
into exquisite
shapes, covered in
cool blue, iron-
gray fabric.

“I’m overdressed,” she
worries, turning,
throwing the fabrics
into a soft swirl
that smoothes her
waist and catches
the undulations.

“I’m overdressed,” she
says with furtive
looks around the
room, not at her
companion of the moment,
pulling in short
jerks at the glow, short
hair never moving,
eyelashes fluttering.

“I’m overdressed,” she
says, while worrying
about being, or getting, or the
possibility of
becoming
more than she is.

“I’m overdressed,” she
says, softly thrusting out
her foot wrapped
in subtle colored
straps of gray, red,
blue and yellow.
Her near ankle-length
Dress flutters around
Her lovely ankles.

“I’m overdressed,” she
whispers to
no one, just to
the air, the
overwhelmed room,
a cherished breath from
her overpowering
beauty.

Lila,

Violet sounding flower,
Colors, smells of summer
Nights and
Winds that thread through
The sycamores.

Lila,
Whose green eyes stare
Through the years and
Burn in the darkness.

Lila,
Who loved Royce
And men no one will
Ever know –

Lila,
Who put it on
The road for \$5000
And ran and ran and
Always came back and
Sat with Royce
 In the stockyards
Drugstore while the
Boys shot moon.

Lila
Whose smile cut through
The smoke and made
The boys look,
Went away after
They were taken to
The Trinity River,
 Larry getting a .38 in the head
 And
 Royce getting the same plus
 one in the gut.

But Larry lived and
 Drug his foot forever
And couldn't talk too
Fast anymore and

Quit selling women
And running booze
And fencing cheap
Jewelry and
Royce bought it
And they all came
To put him away
That summer day
At Shannons –
 Pasty faced,
Underweight,
Beautiful,
Hard,
Cold.

Lila,
Who came and put
Them away and then sold
Her daughter off at
Three and went
Away so she wouldn't be sold
Anymore.

Lila,
Always in the mind-
Name of colors, violet
And evening cool,
Summer breezes that
Thread through the trees,

Lila.

Truncated conversations,

Thoughts not complete,
Passions never satiated.

“Physical anthropology,
studying the almost
human ape I am,
PhD I’d like to get
and I don’t know if I
will, and you?”

“Artist, writer, seeker of
efficient causation,
looker into the depths....”

And then loud noises and
Dogs scare up the little
Quail flocks,
Fluttering wings,
Truncated conversations,
Thoughts not complete,
Passions never satiated.

And I love him Jack,

Sitting there with
Grade school pictures and
Reading off the names,
Faces now through time sweet
reflections only
in the night
And the past swirls
About in gray pink mist, lovers lost,
briefly resurrected
and hoped for
when we get up
late on Sunday
morning but
fading away in
the Saturday
night confrontation.

Classmates covering heads
with complex periwigs,
One recognized in
Dental work only,
Ravaged by the years,
Reconstructed by
The doctor who constructs
Faces from memory
without a blueprint,
Creates without
passion,
Softens the tragedy of
time,
Mops up with surgical
gauze the tears of
time;

And I love him Jack,
Sitting there with
Grade school pictures and
Reading off the names,
reflections only
in the night,

And the past swirls
About in gray-pink
Mist:

And there are faces there,
In that mist,
we'll never see again,
never hold,
never, ever, again,

And Jack holds everything
precious and we
Look at the silver
Foil of frozen time,
us slipping away,
looking back at
the swirling lights,
drifting in time,
drifting,
And I love Jack, sitting
there with us,
threading a way
back for three hours,
drifting stops but
for a moment ...
and then the spinning
commences again,
slowly starts up again,
and we are propelled,
compelled again,
toward the line,
horizontal.
And,
I have loved them all,
Always, sitting there,
in my mind.

I loved you Eleanore,

But not well enough,
Not long enough,
Not good enough.

Too brief, it was,
Too hurried, it was,

And then you were gone,
Too soon.

How lovely you were,
How sweet,
How willing,

And now you are gone,
Lost, living last in a gentle, lonely vision
And I love you Eleanore.

Green Tree Elves

In the valley of the shadow of
Good and evil dwells the elves
Of green trees
Who live in the plains
And migrate to the mountains
With flying geese
In front of the first norther.

Who knows the name of the
Wind that blows in the
Night, rattling the leaves
And creaking the eaves?

Who knows the name of the
Wind that whispers her name
And then flies away, wild-eyed
And crazy?

Who knows?

Balto: 1925

Balto and Togo made the run
when nobody could see, when
the snow flew and the cold
was colder than anybody knew.

Balto and Togo made the run
and some died but they made
the run when death was in
the air and theirs was the
only hope.

Balto and Togo made the run,
they loved to fly and ran
against the sky and didn't care
if they died, they loved so to fly.

One Seven Seven Six

Get ready, the 4th of July is coming!
It's when we fly the flag in the big blue sky,
And recall how King George Three tried to collect a tax,
To support his big castle and the red-coated guys in back,
Who sailed over, marched in a line and took a drubbing
When the Continental Army let all hell loose one morning.
So we Texicans remember today, armed to the teeth,
The Brits are now gunless, bowing to laws you can't believe,
While we enjoy liberty in spite of Kerry and Clintonese and
taupeness.

Remember children, the U.S. always saves their bacon,
Storming Normandy and waxing yet another oppressive nation.

So fly your flag high in the sky and never forget the Limey
General population's current defenseless mode:
"On Glock, On Taurus, On Smith and Wesson",
It's all about liberty's long history lesson,
Of making freedom bright and strong, with a simple
"Lock and load".

Lights in the sky

They dance
They streak
They weave
 In the clouds.
They are
 And
Circle
 And
Speed in the night.

Blues and
Reds,
Greens and
Violets
Roses
Bluebonnets
Orchids of
 Man families
Lilies and
Hyacinths,
Passion flowers
 and
Sparkling
 Pansies
Gavotte and
 Sail
Misty movements
 Mysterious
 And secret,
Foxfire,
Fireflies,
Glow worms in
Midnight
Summers grassy
Dew.

Distant lantern light,
Candle flickering
 Yellow and gold,
 Shadows ochre
 Brown and

Silver wind
 Whispering
Through the orange
 Glow.

A quick platinum
Moon flees the
Cloud for but
A moment,
Sprinkling blue
Grey silver rays
And the sky lights
Skim the mists,,
Drift in puffs,
Blinking quickly
 Yellow, blue
And gold
Going as quickly as they came,
Fast and quietly as little light,

Teasing the twilight eyes.

What would they be?
What could they be?
Who might they be?

Aurora,
Omega Centauri ,
Artcurus,
Messier 33,
Polaris,
 And
NGC's,
Rubies,
Emeralds,
Sapphires,
Topaz and
 Diamonds;
 Snow,
 Sky,
 Straw
Light of light
Colors in flight,
Seen and unseen,
Wisps and whispers.

Careless for a moment
They appear and
Seen, quickly
Vanish
Pushed away
In the seeing.

They change in
The seeing
And delight
In the chase
Leaving photons
In darkness and
Space,
Curving and
Bending,
Distorting
And
Morphing,
Fairies in flight,
Enigmas
Dressed in
Night lights.

Let us see, if truly
Angels be ye,
And we will
Love you and
Cherish you and
Cry to fly the
Wind, clouds and
Mists
Quiet
Moonlight,
Midnight
Trysts,
Dreams come true.

Have we known ye?
Do we know ye?

We think ye
Angel,
Fairy
Or maybe

Sprint,
Hoping
Visitor friend,
New, exciting
And bright.
But if you bring
Sorrow and
Pain,
Fear and
Woe,
Then go.
For more than
Enough of these
Have we.

As are golden-yellow nishikigoi

In a clear pond,
We are in the
Universe.

Panis Angelicus

There is the sun,
And we are here,
Come up most recently, best at
BCE 10-5,000 to consciousness
To what purpose and
What intent striving
To get out through hope, an illusion,
The reality of which
Is we are here, a
Part of all this, no
Other, just here,
In the sunlight,
While it lasts.

Sacris solemniiis.

.End Table C.