Soundtrack No. 1: "The Breeding Ground"

Souls of the future in the domes and nests and cycles
and tents of refuge will
accumulate cells of immunity to surrounding insane-gases

From the worm's eye view there is no order
there is no sequence to the shapes
resolute tho they may be

The living day will ascend on para-sympathetic nerves
the blossoming petals instilled with endurance
Magazines, magicians perform and challenge
The canal spoke, the canal sang: revision and revision

Crucifixes and totems go up on the wave of birth day
Analysis of angel-swarms curled around roaring star
Prophecies are chalked on bare walls
tasted by adherents to symmetry
This Random Song

The tenant of music wards no shadows
no covered areas
no burial chambers
and the puppeteer does sing
as the wheel of revelation
spins through with temperance
layers of the corporeal

That oracle upon the table
asks that the secret records
of yesterday’s howling be shut forever
Contact should be offered by the hand
the gates opened
to deserving wildlife

Why rely on what you feel
is your property?
Why not tap the tongues
that say what they mean
to be popular?

There are passages inaudible
and chords accidental
This journey requires subtle virtue
so have tomorrow’s tongues
plastic and sensitive

The clues they tell their secrets by
flown around central station
by unknown wind
like scraps of devilry
harder to watch than television
easier to follow than your own tail
(still innocuous by the lying-fallow)

This random song’s
distilled and condensed message
offered-up fruit to
beast in submission
its signal cut through

bringing massive limbs
into whipped alignment
beyond the mere town-hall
in which they partake
of a design to restore
them to their true status

whether priorly turned
chaste to the point of sacrifice
or yet still hungering and smoldering
in the unconscious fires and winds
of deflowerment
The virginal streak is tensed
don't want to let go
the animal in wax has answered
Nailing the young and old man
to his word
transfixing the domed
roof of his chrysalis
is the act of rising

The core of the builder's zeal
without flirtation or caprice
courting disaster by the
indeterminate gridwork
blind blind buttress-roots

The magic sentry poised
upon the bank of sources
firing forth lips of many hues
painted lips printing the pages of man and heaven

the I AM scouts enlivening
the proceeds, pushing out their hearts
past motives of sensual ownership
piercing the dumb veils of meaning
Your right to understand
The Dragons of Ardour

I have enough ardour

I have crossed the barrier between each separate personality
and made room for a third;
Driven by the welcome I get.

As a frost in the morning
comes liberty and strife.

Sample: Dayspring undone in the golden hour
Cravings overcame them by dusk

I PLACE MY FOOT UNDER FIELDS

THE WORLD OF FACES
THE WORLD OF FRIENDS AND FOES
THE DRAGONS

MORNING IS EVENING
FRUIT IS WASTE
I AM GOOD
THE WHOLE WORLD CRIES OUT FOR MERCY
I UNDERSTAND
BLOOD IS BLOOD
CHANGE IS HARD
Four drawings from 'Next to Nothing' David Barton.