[ILLUSTRATION]
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“The idea has often occurred to me that, in certain critical moments in life, some Spirit of the outer world is suddenly incarnated in the form of an ordinary person, and brings or attempts to bring its influence to bear upon us, without that person having any awareness or memory of it.”

“Nevertheless,’ I thought, ‘it is certain that these sciences are fraught with human error. The magic alphabet, the mysterious hieroglyph, have come down to us only in incomplete and distorted form, be it through the workings of time or of those who stand to profit from our ignorance; let us rediscover the lost letter or the vanished sign, let us recompose the dissonant scale, and we will gain strength in the world of the spirits.’”

—Gérard de Nerval

*Aurélia ou le Rêve et la Vie*
ALL-NITE DINER

“Let me associate with the low-brow’d Night”

—James Thomson, “Winter”,

from The Seasons, 1726

1/

Lead us backwards into the dark

lunar dynasty
bombs placed delicately as acupuncture needles

Restore the Ming!
that poisonous subliminal hum

darkness breeds superstition to protect itself
like an opera cape

2/

flame when it’s blown out goes
back into the treasure cave of universal phlogiston
leaving split-second entoptic signature
known to adepts as the Salamander
a moth appears around the dying wick
becomes a mouth: rebus
whispering welcome to the dark
fanatical luddites blow up power plants
to liberate the Queen of Night
hurl deliberate poison in the reservoir of rational discourse
LSD in the punch of sustainable development
Later we’ll deny responsibility
claim it’s mere literature
harmless ironic & protected by the First Amendment

Sorelian mythemes
unique as snowflakes
fall in this little glass bulb
hermetically sealed with a scene of children lost in pine forest
gingerbread house or Queen of Night
whose white roots smell obscene as Japanese radishes
or shovels full of halffrozen dirt invented by Athanasius Kircher

Old Night
a face of moonbeams & allusions
Old Mole
little gentleman in gray velvet
king over the water
eternal pretender
Old Moth Old Mouth
ALL-NITE panegyric diner
blinking on/off blue neon
roomfull of white moths
photographed by pin-hole camera
GONE FISHING for coral in the mere
of yr precious ablutions
smelling moonflowers
where the old frog jumped in

6/
The Logothete spins a world of words
then lives in it.

Once in Byzantium
this was a salaried position.
Henry Darger, Charles Fourier
crusted w/ jewels like lobster molé
   w/ pink champagne
mouths filled with gold dust, moth dust,
fairy gold, dead leaves, graveyard dirt.
And I Marie Laveau Voodoo Queen of this poem
proclaim you my sexual zombi
let me be yr political guru
inculcating iconodules into the cult
of the Secluded Imam

All these coffins floating
slow as clouds can’t be
   explained away
solely as personal deaths or
bad metaphysics.

Our guru’s not dead
but sleeping like a bear in his
palace of ice

7/
Marco Polo’s photisms
exorcize Hell’s bureaucrats with
pyro-social sculpture—
magnets for bright eyes
petty demons staying up late
playing with mystic clouds

8.
Toast
to the Old Mole
little gentleman in gray velvet
Old North
Old Mouth
roomful of white moths
in the mere of yr
precious ablutions
where the Old Frog jumped
into the psychotropic
gloaming

9.
Picture me in conceptual
crone drag stirring a
blurping cauldron. Careful
don’t get it in yr eye
or you’ll see the Dead
Seraphita/Seraphitus
Princess Ozma
child of the Moon
         & Mercury
THE LAST SECRET PLACE ON EARTH
Preface by H.H. Dalai Lama
Guided tours

Secrets of the Town Dump
secret by default
no monetary value, a mere
weed, a big fat zen
zero
a mere sparrow of a fact.

The New Innuendo
a secret shared
with no one is no more secret than
a secret shared with everyone.

Fourth-class postage
the panoply of spycraft
Harpocrates
Harpo-Marxism
the Librarian’s Ssshh!

No more “musical Chairs”
that grim exercise in
social dread
that heraldry of the unseen
that “unattended package”

Un-terrorists
explode non-bombs
& retreat wearing backward shoes
those trick babies
backwards
w/ a broom erasing traces
a misguided tour.
We have no book.
We deny it.
We’re a finger pointing
away from the Moon.
Without some you the orbit begins to wobble
religion helps but not compared to the genuine slap
& tickle of a day with rhododendrons.
Hello? Pronto? I’m speaking from
inside moss agate, the E-Z-2-BILD Kit
ordered from back pages of 1957
Popular Mechanix. What did these great men
have in common? Rosicrucians? Homosexuals? Dead?
occult knowledge of disparate silver/gold ratios
between Europe & India for 3000 years?
map of invisible moon? fantabulous code-ring
that cyphers or siphons all furtive glances
into one big neo-pagan crystal w/ a liquid core
like Lord Byron’s frozen bottle of champagne?
The dull day absolves from responsibilities
those who grasp its mouse-nature
    its nest of leaves
child-like feudalism  dessication
shoe-boxes of unredeemed bills
    & newslessness.
If colorlessness were distilled for seven days
like pearls in vinegar it would seep through into
    another dimension
& change our Fate so we might be
geese or chimney-sweeps or regrettably
    long since deceased.
One shade of gray fades into another shade of gray
obliterating all that’s made to gray thought
    in gray shadow
a dullness known only to monks & antiquarians
& children who peek behind the tapestry of boredom
    at the other side.
I would like to be beside the seaside
w/ you or Proust or Winslow Homer
forgive me—we ancient Chinese poets
tend to see the world as a cabinet
of cultural references. Why, we could
make whole poems out of erudite
antiquarian moth-wing powder footnotes
of frothy meerschaum on antediluvian shores.
For hundreds of years we treat the Atlantic like a sewer
& still it forgives us, still emanates
those complex pheromones of petrified sea-foam
that reach us here even a hundred miles
up the fjord, land-locked by the ghost of a chain
that once blockaded the Hudson from our foes.
eyes become the color of the ice they see
weather has no telos but is
sensitive to ESP & the vibes of bells.
There’s always a you even when the slot
is not currently filled—a you that
has the back-lit pale blue eyes
of a Finnish weather wizard because
you’ve seen the Past and it works
or Judeo-Arab eyes that never
smelled snow except in books.
GHAZAL IN “N”

Knots tied & breathed on somewhere when
in the desert under the proper moon
always leave some fruit behind like spoor
pomegranate blood orange mangosteen

I raised the wind but it blew back in my face
burnt my harvest ten-year wages of sin

summer afternoon: meander: cellar door
I never find you—a kind of anti-Zen

If I could leave myself to you in my will
I’d gladly consider death & resurrection
QUATRAIN

Nature decrees that such Narcissuses
    remain unaware of their power to enslave
You could uproot whole mountains w/ the wand
    you never use except in idle play
Nostradamus’ld crawl to lick the feet
    of wizards with 1/10 of the power of yr gaze
devotees undress & bathe & perfume their idol
    what about a god of flesh not clay.
TESTIFICATION

Witness witness in the technical sense
w/ its interesting connotations of

    martyrdom & longing

venery & veneration

holy flagellation or carcass of venison & violets

    liminal or

    tween-age

witness protection program

    known only to

    adepts of our school

& not so clearly even to them

in vast hollow caverns beneath the Sphinx

    where they force you to do filthy things

things against the Shariah you ask

    hell no things against the very

    laws of Nature

Witness gives testimony

hand on testes

    cupping his orchids

whoso loves but dies chaste

a martyr to love

    will attain paradise

No further hemeneutic exegesis

    of wine eyelash mole

    roast meat or garden will be required

smell but don’t touch

    or not without direct order

as from violin to violin

    in resonant

    empty air.
NON-GHAZAL

I want to tell you of my love
    but can find no hidden place
because all time & space is
    under surveillance

My data body is too big
    fatter than a thousand Afghans or Africans
and you are too small like a germ in the bloodstream
    to chase with any nano-submarine

through the empire of delight into
    the catastrophic basin of
whatever happens. Alas we failed
    to expropriate the Bank in 1870

you see the result
    the upshot the bottom line
sufism was once a reality without a name & now
    is a name without reality.

Somewhere you’re blackmailing me
but I never got the note.
We know we know
night covers day
Winter is our shaykh
but still we never dare.
SONG

I say silver ink
    like a parapneumatic mantra.
    Are you convinced?

I say sphinx
    because everyone like you is
    an Egyptologist

I say snakes & ladders
    a magic square for
    Wednesday’s child

I say linen sheets
    starched w/ moonlight & a dreambook
    under your pillow

I say Godzilla
    & offer you this
    return ticket.
The price to pay for sorcery is that it
doesn’t work—but that’s not the point

we’ve poked our heads up thru the floorboards
& seen the dancehall of the gods—but now what?

Shouldn’t we prefer to be slaves & victims
of black magic than of none at all?
PSEUDO-GHAZAL

“Je ne regret rien”

— Edith Piaf

Decent reticence allows us not to name
you in this safe sufiistic allegory

poem as Dead Letter Office
Lost/Found Bureau of goodbyes

telephone line to heaven on high
long since disconnected for unpaid bills

True lovers desire Separation
mystical wine fermented from sour grapes

a stoic bolus that chokes us with gnostalgia
words as leeches for throbbing brows.
QUATRAIN

In the want ad’s a job offering
   for a cruel demi-god appears

an idol guaranteed to cause
   tears & verses in worshippers

box so-&-so.
   God isn’t dead till

we kill grammar & so far grammar’s
   ahead of the game.
QUATRAIN

The mask consists of everything that’s
    not there around it or behind it

The “rival in love” stands for the
    entire world including in a sense ourselves

Each such sentiment should have its own flower
    stained heavyheaded white peony, neglected pale-pink rose

but never indifference. No, not even a eunuch
    could say that: indifference.
GHAZAL

You can’t do a proper ghazal around a hole
punched-out silhouette, disappearance

like rubaiyyat without the ruby. Something
must persist if only lingering incense of absence

if only the lees, a headache in every sip.
Arabs who’ve folded their tents & gone

leave behind traces, ashes
of doused campfires, certain scents

of burnt-out desertification, hanging odes
to a series of betrayals & abandonments.
TERRORIST GHAZAL

No such species as nightingale exists
  merely a few brokenhearted sparrows

exiled from cold nests & pierced
  with unnatural desire for a kind of scented cabbage.

We don’t have them here in these austere &
  Protestant vales where their niche is filled by mockingbirds.

Of all arts theirs feels most terroristic
  most akin to the chemistry of a slow insidious bomb

music as pure resistance, expression devoid
  of all bourgeois striving for significance,
    for the merely sad.
GLOOMY GHAZAL

Fall in love w/ a goblin who distorts yr days
w/ unconsciousness of dusk & sorrow

let rain into the house of a daytime ghost
we’re drifting off the grid—O Clouds

only pathetic wetlands w/ fallacious mist
& a hole where yr favorite spook will soon appear

photo of half-decayed house & old hag
in *Tri-Racial Isolates of the Jersey Pine Barrens*

shadow falls across mildewed page waiting
into the Hollow for the stars like nails

mail-order catalogs from the Atlantis League,
    up in the hills
where no one pays taxes, spending the day in bed,
    not doing their chores.
MINOR FLOOD

No more thunder: the flood recedes
we’ll have to comb our hair & get dressed

lose all sense of place—stop being stupid
depressed, pretending to be poor

old, cracked, living on village edge
down by railroad tracks in wetlands

after Equinox in some unnatural dusk
of graveyards & Queen Anne’s Lace

no more lost-in-the-19th-century fantasies
traffic flows again—all murk is dispersed

the dangerous angel of rain recedes
over mountains w/ a burden of cloud.
PROPHECY

John Baptist John Beloved Disciple John Revelator John Conqueroo
it’s a great pity not to be in love, not to be a fanatic
unable to move thru the crapulous porridge of no one’s desires
144,000 Anabaptists On Dope representing all 12 Major Passions
Go out & greet the Sabbath: don’t wait for the rest of the world
see it all from the mountain where sweet distant voices
  cause Time to start up again.

Despite our qualifications we are not consulted
cellphones go dead in these hollows & cloves. Bitterness
is one of four or five basic tastes, & melancholy, melancholia
slowness. Taciturnity. Ideally we’d achieve such a rate of
taciturn slowness we’d slump right off the Map and back
into Territory. Gone fishing. But who can afford genuine sadness
the Neighbors from Hell, choked with spleen
  & prophesying boredom.
wine called Domaine de Solitude
guests come for Viewing the Leaves
depart on November rumors
leaving us listless & lassitudinous

prey to superstition in the “stupid” mountains
no newspapers no books published after 1911
chill incessant rain draws like a chador
round our effeminate hearth & sacrifice

inky Symboliste trees etched against
twilight the shade of dead pearls
& neighbors who might not be above
the odd bit of witchcraft

sinking toward Winter: fragments of dreams
return to shame us in our solitary beds.
gothic novel in which nothing much happens
no gratuitous gore or effluvium
of repressed resentment for the cosmic
inanity of the Industrial Revolution

6000 years of counter-plots
secrete & preserve the nacreous shell
round our most clandestine sources of
anti-entropicalismo & idiot glee

till we ourselves become the spectres
haunting the light that shimmers on the lake
GHAZAL

gaza

the pen is in the hand of the witness
inscription of incense, alphabet of sylphs

nocturnal emissions & ectoplasmic codes
spell out Maktoub, it is written, Kismet

the platform of the railway station at Poughkeepsie
is the center of the universe

a face in the crowd disappears
in the moment of a timeless space

if only these angels knew their power
they could have all poets for their slaves

you could perch in my prayer niche any day
heathen idols served with silver paper & spice

but instead they slip away & leave no trace
the code uncracked, the manuscript erased.
Under the rose
hides another rose.
Always approached
never broached.
The sign seemed to say
Institute for Human Unfoldment
like origami in Flatland
w/ eldritch trapezoidal angles.
Product code in the
shadowless glare.
You might well seek to
embrace muffled shadows
midnight suns, horrid mysteries.
Proud of their bodies w/out organs
triumph of the New Eugenics.
Champollion betrayed us & we must somehow regain our unletteredness the power to cloud our own minds at least on formal occasions like so many unknown Rimbauds returning from Abyssinia restored to childhood
“Anywhere but here” could mean right here but without the newspapers. Wake up & sleep. You can’t “stay in touch” without touching. Your handwriting so rare as to be erasable. Dream of me, make a bowl of yr bed to block out electro-magnetism but not clouds or telepathy. This is my house, & houses are innocent.
SWAMP ANGEL

language itself was the first
action at a distance
blue jewel bruises, white bites
abracadabra’d out of plosives & labials
elf-shot thunderstorms.

Call & response
moistured air carries the
weight of words
& we take responsibility
for all the “lost years” & “lost dauphins”
& the brilliant artificiality of
Sanskrit or Latin.

Then writing must be doubly so
if only there weren’t so much of it, reeds
bending in the wetlands of my heart
you win, admit it, this
war of words.
Let’s go to Ocean Grove
no liquor on the beach
& fetishize the normal
rare as a steak in June

old Methodists smile untooth’d
from sagging boarding house porch
so even one bare ankle
seems epiphanic as heck

don’t sneer at summer
fear it with its blatant ice-cream
respect its replications of the past
& its sandy little feet.
In this New Age catalog
everyone is smiling, even in the
Death & Dying Seminar, see?
like some fabulous drug
they’re not sharing.
somewhere in the world must be
a sect of hermaphrodites
custodians of an ancient tomb
heavy with silver. Young ones
are discovered by divination
in the court of willows. So long
as the cult persists
somewhere in the world I don’t
actually have to go there.
It’s enough to know
it exists.
Am I blue
you’d be too
in this glorious liberal age that’s
overcome all taboos.

Poor in shekels, rich in scruples
or vice versa. Woe
unto Babylon. Am I to betray
my class interests?

We alone are intelligent
which must explain why
nothing we do changes anything
as if we were ghosts.

Luxe of actual darkness
silence from which alone
can any bird speak.
What a rebuke.
(For Nick, & also for Jake)

Imperial Teahouse, San Francisco, Chinatown
Manchu décor old porcelain in glass cases
slightly dusty in slanting Pacific light
tea ladies like secular nuns or nurses
stick thermometer in yr teapot
don’t pour till water is 90˚
steep only three minutes till
radiant green as thin soup of moss
snow & rocks, taken with some formality
talk of aesthetics—caged singing birds
on Saturday afternoons, old blue
Chinese gents in suits—pot
calligraphed w/ mottos of
Confucian virtue such as be kind
  to mother-in-law, finish yr rice, etc.
AMBER

1. Bernstein

half jigger Vavilov’s Tincture of Hemp
one jigger absinthe, sugar, ice-water, shake
static electricity buzzing, hair stands on end
suddenly Nazis invade the Room
Count zu Solms-Laubach the SS art historian
packs the walls in crates, ships them to Prussia
stashed in “lost subterranean ice room or
mineshaft in the Ohdruf” and never recovered
died with lips sealed. So there we were
floating disembodied over Baltic beach
Clothed With The Sun, that sort of thing,
heads swelled up disappeared & left us
translucent resinous Tears of the Heliades
in a time-warp syrup of vanished Room
2. Bug Porn

color of a cup of tea
once served to Kublai Khan
slow, packed w/ Time
a pair of beetles caught
in flagrante delicto
down to the DNA
eternal love
in the palm of yr hand
the hand of Kublai Khan still
holding that tea
with his long sharp fingernails
sheathed in gold.
[ILLUSTRATION] Der Wandervogel
3. Tulipomania

calligrams licked on marbled paper
ink compounded of amber & musk
& meerschaum, petrified urine
& sperm of mermen, culture as
shared hallucination, resins, waxes,
aromatic gums & exudates, coagulation
of sadness detached from any brain
lacquers, electuaries, honeys, loukoums & tars
tears shed in the
Age of Dinosaurs.

4. Vagabondage

Lucky so much of the Past survives.
Slow Glass. Conservatism of amber
delays, retards, O Wandervogel O
Eidelweiss Pirates O nude sunworshippers
of the German Left—think
what Science could’ve achieved by now
if not for the emergence of the State.
Spirits are attracted to such odors
flies or lizards stuck in our thoughts.

5. L’envoi

Tiger melts into pile of pancakes
butter & syrup, rich puddle
glinting in the sun
the mind if nothing else
free to think
another day.
(for Dale Pendell, Zon Wakest, Wm Strangmeyer)
DINNER

Politicians, like ideas floating around the room
deturn attention from the slanting light
Mind Parasites that bore thru eyes & ears
on beams or waves distracting from the taste
of our words w/ each other so we converse
increasingly of diseases. Wine fails to warm.
That wellremembered moment when the table
dishes spoons glasses seem about to escape
the rule or rather habit of gravity & float
an inch above the empurpled tablecloth
in vortices of delight & apports of wit
never occurs.

Instead the room darkens
w/ lingering remnants, negative akashic wisps
interrupted rays from the compacted core
of Planet Babylon. Dinner is haunted
by images that erase all delicate odors
& esoteric flavors. For a few leaden moments
we become those images, chained by bitterness
to chairs that will never levitate
to words with the aftertaste of dust.
Virginia creepers begin to

glow w/ their own self-light

shoals of tiny phosphorescent shrimp

in the Indian Ocean, the whole point

of paganism being that worship of one

invariably involves you in another &

another: Flypaper of the Gods

tar-babies, in-laws, persons Who

Came to Dinner & Stayed, flies

buzzing in greasy smoke.

Hermes the Third, guest, parasite, thief

bird-headed baboon, green man

bastard of the Moon. Then

they begin exchanging masks

crossdressing & adultery. Sin divinizes.

By definition they do what Thou Shalt Not

leering in at every window: incest, sodomy

impure food, poisons, kidnappings

raptures, continual drunkenness

for instance a pond & willow scene

thru a Moon Window, face by Arcimboldo

rebus, peering faun—and that’s

the magic of dirty windows (as

Freddy the Pig used to say) windows

etched with frost like acid glass

in a 19th century Dublin pub

Landscape as Face: The Care &
Cultivation of Cobwebs. Every day is
Halloween. Too much Boehme, Wm Law,
Swedenborg’s Dreams, the *Choice of Emblems*
James Clarence Mangan, Melmoth, The Monk
Novalis & Hoffmann—one god
melts into another then another
more rain smears the windows
erases the house.
The annoying thing about the blue flower: it’s not far away rare & impossible but right smack in front of us every day if only it weren’t for the hereditary curse that keeps us from seeing it—or even if we see it we fear to pick it—perhaps because it’s private property—or public property or against the law in a thousand subtle ways. Scopophilia: look but don’t touch. Better not to have seen at all. Novalis must’ve meant it as a joke: blue flowers everywhere, blue one of nature’s favorite colors, lavished on the whole sky the whole ocean millions of Nordic eyes Nabokov’s Butterflies, turquoise lapis lazuli sapphire & flowers, flowers in every ditch.
Open Letter

(for Jack Collom)

What’s so wrong with hate? Give hate a chance
What’s love without it? stillness without dance
Love’ll look after itself without your help
but only hate can wake you from your trance
like Robert Mitchum “In the Heat of the Night”
LOVE and HATE tatoo’d right on his fists
“I’m sad today” “Don’t take your gun to school”
or feel this weather pulsing in your wrists
Kick start the dialectic and embrace negation
don’t use the word “relationships”, speak of relations
all my relations, all of them will die
with or without your breathless consolations.
Hate for vapid disincorporations
love for whatever causes them vexations.
Runaways plan on islands where they’ll stay & break the rules. Fox & Crow know the road you won’t turn into donkeys, that’s school propaganda. You need a sugar rush.

Artificial floating island five square miles never found twice in the same latitude or longitude—floating Phalanstery where Harmony is attained thru Mutual Passions & not the black turnips & stale macaroni of the therapeutic State. Every house a tree house or flimsy palace—combination gypsy camp & Wildwood New Jersey fairy lights & far-away music always disappearing over various cerulean horizons.
That disembodied passion for micropatrology
has got me in its clutch. On days
too cold to play outside, your
basement became our kingdom. Map-
making—imaginal appropriation of
actual space—say, a guano-lacquered
rock in the eye-blue Caribbean—or
Spanish Land Grant—or the Moorish
Empire of Louisiana—these were the
bowers of our chaste love. We gave
each other angelic titles. First
political theory best political theory—
the fusty autonomy of the cellar & the
ludic delirium of its dual monarchy.
THE SIEUR LOTBINIÈRE

1.
One does not lose a principality like a pocket watch. Every season recalls landscape in the heart like a Romanov Easter Egg w/ dogwood or snow. Meant to be Chevalier or Marquis of a million birds & fish & trade with the Indians he arrives in Manhattan in 1798 or 9 at the height of the Illuminati Panic. A million birds taking off at once sounds like a soul’s departure. Every one of us is a spy for that quintessential Brocéliande deeded to us in feudal perpetuity as personal fief—a lord deprived of our rights & exiled for life.
2.
Conquest will requite us.
With buckskin & flintlock we canoe
thru empty wilderness—open as a
sacred heart surrounded by flame—
open as Count von Zinzendorf’s Side Wound—
the forest of the märchen—the Marches—
the marshes with their heraldic cattails
& bright sloops skimming between
two layers of azure. Nothing brings landscape
into such sharp focus as the conquest eye
the liberator eye—dowsing the map w/ pendulum
for buried treasure—somewhere near the
waterfall called Peal of Bells.
Cling to Winter, don’t let Winter go
from gelid woods where time is running slow
discolored porcelain shards of rotten ice
the archaeological remnants of the snow

I dream I’m one of a gang of selfish giants
hoarding up all narratives like nuts & port
what Prince of Spring could resent this frozen garden
boarded up like some bankrupt Nordic resort?

Perhaps we should spend our Summers in Patagonia
Antarctic whalers lost in the Seventh Clime
in insulated igloos musty with sleep
away from the migraine pulse of vacated time

exiled till Autumn, wanderers & rovers—
and not come back till Club Med freezes over.
We formed Neighborhood Watch Groups
to fight creeping waves of reality
sweeping over our region—our wetlands
our historical sites our viewshed all
succumbing to gradual seepage of the
eerie hyper-real. We couldn’t take
too much of it, pal, and signs soon
adorned lawns: Say No to the Actual—
What’s So Great About Reality?—Save
Our Illusions. We knew the mountains were
merely decorative but we missed them
like childhood memories. Eventually we
took to Armed Nostalgia—because
the real is so susceptible to dynamite.
25% of black swans are homosexual
“the unnatural is also the natural”
dark matter is involved or
implicated in the very air we breathe

we could be living in melancholy ruins
of a decayed culture, slouching around
Ottoman rubbish or the potshards of
1907 under the suffocating weight

of all that dark energy—which
has the sinister perverse beauty
of black swans creaking overhead

over some sword-&-sorcery landscape
heavy with remorse over some
black lake or ebony grove.
The alphabet are fish
& assuage no one’s dirty regrets
over sins of omission—a narrow voice
that jibbers & squeaks in souterrains
tunnels & vaults—uncanny maybe
but hardly apocalyptic. Fish
in veritable hecatombs fillet’d
& laid down in deepest cellars
of the Ziggurat at Eridu first of many
& oldest of the Eld—the fish
of civilization itself. Bury enough
stinking fish & finally after millennia
you get the alphabet—dry fruit
of a dead sea—corpses of thought.
Football is the text the spectators are the author or auteur not the coach (ask Col. Qaddafi) & the goalie is the critic. The publisher is the vagrant breeze & pure democracy. Letters are largely animals each one a burning bush & the single possible reader is a snake-handling Pentecostalist from Alabama named Mrs. Bennet. Everyone else is in the game & thus lacks the objective perspective to coin an oxymoron. If the Crucifixion is a down-hill bicycle race then literature must be the Circumcision.
The light had the slightly pickled
smell of an old etching—sere
& yellow. You succumbed to revolutionary
pessimism here in the evening-lands seen
thru dull shellac spectacles, ground lenses,
dead cicada wings. Too late
too late the sun like a specimen
in a jar of formaldehyde
ebbbed away leaving behind the
sand of dusk—pulpy wrack on the
strand of night—sulphuric non-buddhistic &
vernissaged as 100-year-old egg—now everyone’s
alone & unilluminated like fairy gold
that turns to dead leaves in yr pocket.
Let me be the Maurice Utrillo
of this low-rent lakeside resort
in primary colors of fried food
suntan lotion duckweed & oggle
the sheer cooked sexuality of its
sagging Adirondack cabins &
petit bourgeois boats—licensed
voyeur & Balthus of the banal
beneath the frankly sinister
encroaching hills & inherent
sadness of the vacation w/ its ephemeral
architecture of adolescence recollected
with a certain tense trembling
of the hand that holds the brush.
Don’t slack off the Stakhanovite pace of sonnet production now in this vital transitional era between something & something else probably equally squalid—nor flaunt the Flaubertian bathos of today’s irresistible win/win situation—comrade. One envied Enver Hoxha his sheer Byronic innaccesibility & instransigent spleen just as one admired King Zog for his utter fatuity: marxism, monarchism, who cares so long as it’s tragic. Main thing is to churn it out & let the market determine price.
FIBONACCI’S AIRSTREAM

Fibonacci’s curve describes the snail
stop me if you’ve heard this before
or any involute whose spiral
delineates the exo-esoteric axis
& resultant topology of a hermit crab
hypersensitive introverted our St Anthony
Abbot’s convoluted sluggish monk’s hood
from beneath which three lurid eyes
like embers palpate the sensorium, our
chitinous nebular Baudelairean slimeball
Van Gogh’s ear or motile nipple of a
baroque frog madonna via
slo-mo dervish rotation: romantic
ruin with an extreme dimension turned
in on itself & tucked (as real
estate developers like to say)
away from modernity’s stresses.
ILLEGALISM: THE POETRY
OF TOMORROW

We’d run it off in small batches like moonshine
seven times distilled in glass alembic flask
its coil running thru cold mountain rivulet
gathered like dew on felt blankets dragged
at dawn across ragged meadows: potent poteen
its illegality a sign of grace.
There are bars in Harlem & shebeens
in Donegal where customers happily pay more
for ‘shine than anything w/ the government chop
a) because it’s probably cleaner and
b) because a little crime is itself psychotropic.
THE FOURSQUARE PLAN (for Jake)

Air-lift a map’s conceptual face or
life-mask from the contours of one place
to another where it crumples & rips but
slowly subsides like a circus tent on the heads
of sleeping animals—Odyssey in Sicily
Baltic Rig Veda, Atlantis in Egypt & Egypt
in Peru—rape or chymical marriage
depending on the cartographer’s style &
ability to “make it new”. Now we get
Ithaca Sodom the Palatine March & Canaan
the newfoundland or bewildernesse etc.
& sure enough cracked platonists &
anaesthetic revelationists are soon crawling
from the woodwork. It works, this scam.
EVERYTHING FROM SHELLS
   (Erasmus Darwin)
   •
PHARAONIC LIGHT
   •
HYLOZOOISMO
   •
ARCADIAN EGOISM
   •
HORIZONTALISM
   •
MEANDER
   •
VRIL
   •
DEADLY ORGONE
   •
DIRT
   •
33
   •
THIS IS NOT A LANDSCAPE
   •
LUNAR TELGRAPH
   •
PALE HANDS
GNOSTALGIA

If only we hadn’t been kept apart
by malignant conspiracy, a verdigris
of vanished slanted light
of gnoseological nostalgomania
not for the past but the passed
seen from the melancholy perspective
of inorganic unintelligible speed.
Anything faster than a fast horse
is faster than light—especially
this October glimmer so translucent
but so heavy.
The bush spirits are UNNhappy tonite
I’m obliged to tell you—not
big ones whose names you’d recognize
given even the simulacrum of an education
not them, they’re hors de combat or dead
I mean the little ones godlings of weeds
ditches neglected parks backyard barbecues
graveyards after dark cracks in the asphalt
of parking-lots undermined by moles or mold
immigrant spirits of gardens between tenements
no longer mollified by blots of rum or blood
almost-eroded Indio Effigies on the lawns
of insane asylums. The post-Paracelsan nitemares
of the drooling schizo’s bear witness.
BED AS A TYPE OF HEAVEN

Oblomovism
Somnocracy
Little Nemo
Claustrophilia
the old odorous dog
closes the curtains of the
tent of sleep
In the midst of hushed formal garden
almost maze-like on summer evening
you hear dissonant voices from behind thick hedges
can’t make them out—shapes & colors
fading in the twilit park—sinister voices
possibly tho not certainly calling yr name
etc.—this describes the political situation.

Or you yourself may actually be
the distant voice almost suffocated
by distance. Like eating blue mushrooms
(phosphorescent according to Pliny)
but not enough blue mushrooms—so
you just barely don’t quite get off:
elves never appear. Spirits merely mumble.
Eyes emit rays & do not (as you believe) simply passively receive them. The glance an astral projectile like the probing fingers of the Holy Ghost offends you. To see something is to refresh it, but what you, what all of us look at goes stale. Your eyes suck up rays & give back nothing. Your eyes are intransitive.
In the morning there was mourning
in eveninglands there’s even more &
fly[ing between them the silver dove
disturbs the inner ear & nauseates
the inner eye. All that space erased
like matter transmission, tedious & paranoid:
will yr molecules be re-assembled at the terminal?
And what about yr subconsciousness?
A gyroscope falters in yr dizzied heart.
In the window a map unscrolls its abstractions.
Put me down you shout as if to some giant.
At this speed even blue borders blur.
A voice from the Adytum intones There Must Be A Place
where spinning heads can root & increase in grace.
Let me be the dupe of yr cause however
futilitarian & I’ll pick sugarcane
for the Young Pretender. Angels give
themselves away by their love of
grandiose titles. I’ll stand in the slush
in galoshes handing out flyers & seal
each envelope with a kiss: SWAK.
Internal exile means no sense of place
the place is always somewhere else
with gentle rain & exploding mailboxes.
A day without humans
is a day gained
—here in the future
where you’re lurking
as a hurricane named
for a saint. Fate
is statistically
inevitable as groceries
especially the dreamiest
& most addictive—
as if a green ray singled
you out from the vulgar crowd.
Already nostalgic for the Present
for what’s behind the hedge
for all the other lives you
might otherwise have led

nostalgia for a parallel self
locked in the attic & grounded
by a system that values numbers
over all breezes & bruises

a human meteor who would’ve
streaked across yr sky
forcing you to disgorge pearls
like a lovesick oyster.
Bats have achieved the mammalian dream
fast but inaccurate—ladies fear for coiffures
in China symbolize happiness—why not?
souls long to soar. Snakes copulate by the
dozen in the grass—don’t disturb them or
you’ll turn into a girl. Two snakes on a stick
equals language, the secret hinge of the year.
Children impersonate the uneasy dead and
forgive us in exchange for sugar & silver.
Odi et amo but not in a schizo way
I hate what I hate & love what I love
like Popeye. Fuck PoMo ambiguity, you
potential reader I already adore
let me embed myself in yr platoon
like a viral meme—supreme enlightenment
or solitary self-abuse—or both—like Ginsberg
jacking off to Blake—or the spiritual wives
of certain heretical hypocrites—you liberal police
you Evil Eye you cybercemetary Burke & Hare
already you congest the page with bile. O
Persian breeze waft this missive to distant loves
w/ subliminal withering curses for puritans.
Past erupts into Present like hot lava
blurting from underground volcano vents
Yellowstone geyser from pharaonic caverns
where it wintered over, hibernated bearishly
in a dim dream of itself, bloodless & wan.
10,000 top opera hats spurt into the sky
silky ravens with diamonds in their beaks
BLAM the whole Library of Alexandria
rains papyrus like confetti at an astronaut’s parade.
A crack opens in the sidewalk & pedestrians
hurtle through down into 1934, 1911, 1881
crawl out bruised dazed weeping w/ emotion.
Next day all the cracks are sealed
mass amnesia—the anomaly erased
reports suppressed & only a few remember
but say nothing. But even so
one has to admit that lingering post-
eruption dust makes for spectacular
sunsets over New Jersey, Land of the Dead.
SWEETS

Loukum loukoum
    You have committed no crime
Gaz
    you are the genuine manna
Halwah
    whether sesame or carrot
    you are innocent, the merchandise
    of saints
Jellabi barfi gulab-jamun Mysore Pak
    who could condemn you
pink cotton candy
    you’re the delight of the circus
    which itself is one of humanity’s
    sincere attempts
Chocolate it’s not yr fault
    you’ve fallen into the wrong hands
    no longer mixed w/ magic mushrooms
    for Aztec maniacs
Almonds & pistachios & raisins
    biblical in their sinlessness
Honeycomb
    living proof of alchemy
Meringues made by Spanish nuns
I defend you from the
    slander of the health-police
& the mean-spiritedness
    of philosophers.
Let it all
come down in baroque jizm opalescent
iridescent fungal Black Catholic stalagmites
of hermaphroditic gloom.
Vandals in Tunisia
blond & limp, jasmine & tarnished silver.

Or
that sagging house in the Pine Barrens
veins of gray wood bleached out whorls
etched by thick slow bars of sundust:
two widows, swayback porch, black bonnets
shadowing their sullen faces, their heavy Hessian
backwoods marshy decadence & squalor

—no matter which.
the true Western Way
as real-estate agents like to say
location location location
some nasty dogs some shotguns a ghost
frost in deep hollows where tourists
feel unwelcome & bored. Dew
unstained by polymers
leaf mold
eau de skunk
silver nitrate of six o’clock
helix’d in dead creepers
lost memories of something
that never happened
not the worldly world
ghosts in our own machine
never the landscape we dreamed
which is absolutely concrete
mail-order catalogs
steal us away
rapt & insulated
lost continents
Tesla coils
heirloom pears
Burpee might ship you
the Blue Flower
a mental Arcadia
heart of a heartless world
bath oil, herbal tea
amulets (alleged)
a temporary secession
a crime against property
Space has been mapped but time
may still contain anomalies
explosions of nebulosity & idleness
tender land-mines
dumped in reservoirs
like LSD
(note: get this translated into Spanish)

a remnant of Atlantis
transport by droshky
a monotony money can’t buy
each change in weather
another page in our divan
to return in the astral
hovering like an idea
in no one’s head
The pleasure of wandering is equalled only by
the luxury of having nowhere to go.
Enemies of clocks are not innocent of time
habitual tenderness rends the only split in the fabric
waiting becomes a species of immortality
like Plastic Man.

Knots in a rope of sand.

Maybe you’re simply absence itself
illusory but illegal
rather like God under Communism
so that each of yr untimely appearances
means founding the faith again from scratch.
1.

darned blithe, this sunshine

2.

find an old “spirit duplicator”
& resuscitate it; in the dream
we called it rhodography

3.

Isn’t there something authoritarian
about “good weather”?

4.

and something esoteric about “bad” weather?
No one seeds clouds w/ bi-planes anymore.
Watch the bees refuse to shop.

5.

Roseate portals.
BUMPERSTICKERS [NOTE: put in boxes]

Negate the Negation Now

Pagan Anabaptists

Boycott Petroleum

Resist Enclosure

The Past Is Your Whore

Celtic Twilight Zone
FBI FILE [NOTE: use bold BOXES around each]

ANARCHO-MONARCHIST PARTY USA
GREEN FEDAYEEN
ESCAPIST CLUB
INTERNATIONAL HORIZONTALIST ASSN OF KATHMANDU
LEAGUE FOR ENDARKENMENT
SECULAR LUDDITE ANABAPTIST CHURCH
ZARATHUSTRA’S REVENGE
AUTONOMOUS PALATINATE OF ESOPUS ISLAND
FATIMID ORDER OF CAIRO (NY)
STARRY WISDOM SECT
If fetishists love shoes without feet
or feet without face count me out
a freak for cohesiveness

Science moved the idols’ mouths & eyelids
with steam & hydraulics & so far
nothing much has changed

I choose my illusions, I mug them up
breathe life into them like mumia—
who am I?

Only during a blackout can we see
that all real light is the same light
palpable as wax

Only if you wear the shoe
could it be kissed, a living thing.
Fire-Baptized Church of Holiness with Signs Attending
what has made us so weak? so monochromatic?
Our bodies never move unless we pay.

Take up serpents in Alabama: imagine the *rausch*
of glossolalia—flames on foreheads—
better snake venom than data poisoning.
THE GNOSE KNOWS

To be the Mayor of Grasse
center of French perfume industry
birthplace of Fragonard

to be Mayor of Plovdiv
endless rosegardens of Bulgaria

to be Mayor of Shiraz

to be Mayor of the peat-bogs
in the Wicklow Mountains
& their fireplaces

to be Mayor of the nape of your neck
loyal citizen of your pillowcase
& sheets

Nose is Mayor of my head
& cherishes no further
political ambition.
LETTER TO THE EDITOR
CATSKILL JOURNAL

Those who welcomed the wolves
are our enemies—but perhaps exist
only on this page. Whew!
Nature is still our pal.

Sincerely,

etc.
Daoism and Ecology
A Review

(for J.P. Seaton)

The Interlocutor known as Mr Bones
of the late Ching Dynasty encrusted
w/ sinuous reactionary yearnings
for the restoration of Ming or even Tang
if only reincarnation weren’t simply
too good to be true
tells weird tales from the studios
of recluse scholars—exudations
excruciating emanations—
you find a path up into certain
piney hills where (if you remembered to
bring the mirror) certain pneumatic presences
will reveal primordial characters etched
so faintly on cliff face you need
three years even to see much less
read them. Pine gum that
looks like the Virgin pray for us now
& in the hour of our most elegant boredom.
A simple life close to Nature will set you back
at least a half-million. Maybe a
cleaning lady once a month.
Today the raven brings
a whole loaf.
Somewhere there’s still one maker of
whale-oil lamps using only whales who died
natural deaths scented w/ their own ambergris
& it’s not even very expensive because this guy
doesn’t know he’s the last because he
“never reads newspapers or the philistine press”
to quote E.T.A. Hoffmann.
Last week it was bergamot
everything has its week
lavender stars cool enough to touch
in any roadside ditch—and next week
a lesson in breaking & entering from the
65th Celestial Master, himself

   a seasoned cracksman
   & 7th storey man.
THE FOLLY

Carthusian gloom suffuses
the beetlebacked morning
spleen is like mulch—a
million dollar solitude.

Never read newspapers & you could
probably walk on water.

*

No room remains for the stale breath of day
we feel ourselves slipping toward the slipping away
of electricity, indoor plumbing:

puritan as dandy.

Laurel hedges—topiary blurred with
new branches—swan? sphinx? In the sudden dusk

a leering face?

*

Saints with no help from perpetual motion
no shrine but your folly
in the long vistas of yr ruined garden
a wormhole is opening.
TOMBEAU FOR MALLARMÉ

In occultist circles certain books & manuscripts are sentient. They not only intoxicate their destined readers but also poison the destined anti-reader.

*

Manifesto of poetry as poison: this taste for flowers like lurking around the playground.

*

Poppies, mandragore, an embarrassing Appeal to Youth or flowers for the Dead.
THE LATE NEOLITHIC COOKBOOK

Cuisine of secret societies devoted to chthonic fermentation: yeast: transmutation: grass into milk milk into butter, flowers into honey—triple stomach to which we add this china tea. Inside the house it’s still 1795: a light diet, i.e., a diet rich in light.

A perfect day for being Irish. Calving & churning & kneading gnostic morsels, archaic dumplings in the unprocessed stew of the continuum. Prince Kropotkin appears at the kitchen window: is that his beard seen from behind the glass or the reflection of clouds upon its surface? Imagine him naked & setting fire to his own house in the shape of a giant fraise-de-bois: one bite contains the whole of Summer.
AESTHETICS OF NOISE

Lady on the radio chat-show says
well I hope the Depression comes back
like you say, Larry, because my memories
of those days
people were nicer to each other, had more time
appreciated life more
you know?
Stop making sense. I like vigilantes.
Don’t fence me in. Lemonade on the porch
so humid the fireflies seem to cast
vast christian halos round themselves
the whole species immortalized for its
single act of genius.

Shall I tune my lyre
to gentle resignation or
should I just resign? The secret of
solar bliss can only be trivialized by
rhetoric like this—gathered in a
cloud-satchel for years it
never overflows the banks of memory.
Kill the vampires who sucked out the ozone O Hate
& prove that Beauty is a Type of Fate.
Soon we’ll ring for our swan boat
our October our skull of white sugar
our begging bowl. Soon we’ll be
whistling past the dark tarn but
in a minor key. Bless the Sabbath
& keep it dull. An almost unbearable
sense of spermatic loss will infuse
the evening light like a long
freight train of ochre boxcars far
away beyond our frosty midwestern bedsheets
in a wisp of smouldering sumac—
a composition for piano meant to be
heard seeping thru a distant window
half muffled by encroaching dusk.
GREG FOSTER RECOMMENDS

SHAMROCK TEA

BY CIARAN CARSON

Scota daughter of Pharaoh & mother of the Gaels is actually a pyramid he opined while swacked on Woodbines & Bewley’s Oriental Tea perfuming the kitchen with a whiff of drenched cows & several square miles of too much occult significance. From the islamoterrorist p.o.v. they were better off sad damp leprechauns on LSD who never voted or paid taxes. Winter’s our excuse for not showing up at all at all begorrah cushlamachree. Shamrock he claims if smoked or drunk has innaresting affects—early to bed & late to rise with black puddings dangling from our noses like orders of chivalry.
The best thing about Fatimid Egypt is that the Hidden Imam is not in fact exactly absent but merely concealed which means of course re-veiled/revealed in holy peepshow veridical dreams or by proxy via angel voodoo using some human w/out his or her conscious awareness to set up a situation manifesting teleological ramifications for you or me on a pro-tem basis—or collectively—or as tree or animal—work of art—cloud formation—anywhere the passing moment meets fullness of time & pauses.
Once in Cuba or New Orleans
children got slices of ice as treats
expensively schooner’d from Maine
or Adirondack lakes. In fact by 1840
even Calcutta. They imagined us
living in a crystalline heaven
of eskimos & bears the color of milkpuddings
or who knows what they imagined so
feverishly & languorously those
brown-eyed glabrous pale rich children
in their ice-cream First Communion suits
& glacé lace dresses pressing their noses
against window panes & mooning
over the melting glaciers in their hands.
RAPTURE

Trees & shrubs begin to uproot themselves
float slowly into the air then gaining speed
vanish over the horizon. Blade by blade
grass follows in upwards rain
& all the most distinctive rocks & stones
arise like big swamp bubbles—gone.
Nothing remains but housing developments
named after the missing features
Shrub Acres, Rockview Park, etc.
& altho we cling desperately
to the last escaping maples
& helium-light crags as they
lift off we have to let loose lest they
take us with them into nothing.
mistook the leaves for doves
fluttering down in an alien benediction
like the perfect headache remedy
like a remediation. Overhead
a sensation of vast oppressiveness
spoils the day for those of us with
psychic sinuses as if expecting
a slow shower of guys in bowler hats
w/ tightly rolled umbrellas & identical
briefcases to ooze down out of the
swollen impasto of bureaucratic clouds
like fecal René Magrittes.
But no. The day smiles vapidly
& those kind of pigeons are extinct.
Try Hallmark Surrealism. Think
crop circles w/ semantic content. Utilize
low outmoded technologies like crystal radio
or Western Union. Cornelius Agrippa hints
at a Lunar Telepathogram—burn yr letter
under moonrays & direct it oneiromantically
to sleeping reader—or slip
the ashes into victim’s teacup.
Chant aloud at night in a deserted house.
Leave elegies in ruined cemeteries.
Carve runestones & bury them in midwestern
backyards.
Leave message in bottle addressed by name to
the very person who will discover it
which would require the slickness of a Houdini
or a word that appears in frost on someone’s
window-pane.
Oneirocracy, or rule by noctambules:
under a vast capitoline marble dome
the legislature lies in rows of soft
white cots with mosquito nets translucent
in blue moonlight silent but for
the occasional snore. Every ‘mancy
has its party & nothing is undertaken
on bad horoscope days. Only lucid dreamers
qualify for the judicial branch & the
president never wakes up. Tibetan sleep yogis
& Taoist dream alchemists vie with
vendors of the poppy for *popularitas*.
Politicians naked under their nightgowns
project subliminals to the somnolent masses.
The cult of sex with elemental Sprits
lurks beneath the surface of Western Lit
(see note). Sylphs and Undines may possess you
thru photos in old naturist magazines
gazed at too long alone. Sex without
mystery is like love on novocain, mere
galvanic twitching. Love for Spiritual Spouses
is the answer because real people are
inhabited by Salamanders or Swamp Angels
as we call them during intercourse
meaning Union w/ all creation at the expense
of using luv as a drug & recklessly increasing
the dose. (See Le Comte de Gabalis, Rape of the Lock
Le Diable Amoureaux, Aurelia, Seraphita, Botanic Garden.)
ENDARKENMENT

“Electric light began the reign of the antichrist.”
—Robert Kelly

Saint Terre, or

The White Stone

You want to call them Dark Ages, fine like Africa like magic like thigh meat
OK. The barbarians as it turns out actually were a kind of solution. And so pretty too like dreams of ice. Gide got lambasted for admitting he couldn’t feel involved in the politics of any country whose inhabitants he found sexually uninteresting. Gazing from Space at the nightside you’d never know we were here. If darkness breeds superstition & renders the forest uncanny perhaps this wld protect the forest from sustainable development. Sweet as molasses & powdered sugar night would be our difference engine.
Whether veg or non-veg one must worship cows—especially we Indo-Europeans & Africans, e.g., the Masai the Irish the Rig Veda the Cowboy movie which as my guru once told me is very Zoroastrian. Lacto-tolerant to a farethewell & in some cases beefaholic we are the cattle people. Bovine placidity. The rage of bluebottles in the motley light of shaded meadows—the buttery dutchness of the light—you could drink it like blood from neckveins of living cows like the Kikuyu drink solar yogic power from the cows in the meadow like so many suns.
TOMBEAU FOR
GÉRARD DE NERVAL

The lure of the hieroglyph lies
in the almost nauseatingly thrilling notion
that language might after all actually
communicate rather than betray us
or more precisely that the rare lightning
of telepathy via whole-body transmission
might be quintessentialized like a pill
in a rebus-heavy steganography that
de-codes itself even long after the
author is gone: text
as initiation—not ghost in machine
but afflatus in the calligramme—
perfume or mumia that will
linger even in reprints of bad translations.
Mouse is an actual mouse but seasonal
— one gelid night he’ll be back
from the summery subconscious, a
suddenly remembered dream: Ignatz
our totem animal in a crystal coffin
with a crystal key. Implicated. Tubes of ichor
connect him to the great outdoors
to the color blue. Imprecise. Inefficient.
The key is a cloud a rough set
something like a detachable soul
that tends to attribute awareness
even to rock.
“…the Jordan river is
badly polluted…”

—S. Gibson, The Cave

of the Baptist (2004)

Turn & look back: Sodom by night
New Jersey Turnpike in 1953
lit by giant lurid cracking towers
had an eerie beauty all its own,

    eh Mrs Lot?

Holy spots await their onomasticon
droning around like Daleks in Dr Who
Smite the Amelikites Smite the Amelikites
the land picked up its head & walked
your Bibleland Themepark—
Sodom for the Sodomites.
THE CALENDAR IS THE
FIRST IDEOLOGY

(for James Mathers)

The Smouldering Man Festival
we’ll call it, damp & sheepish
elusive, hypnogogic, drowned in words
like “furtive” “slurred” “Baby Powers”

and when the bulldozers roll up
the scroll of tribulation as foretold
this vagueness will pay off
we’ll have Irish grandmothers

we’ll go but we’ll come back
“transhumance” is the technical term
not “transhuman”. And yours is the last
Airstream before the infinite Pacific.
HALF-MARTYRED IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT: HALF- CRAZED FOR ANY
RENDING OF ANY VEIL: THE STAGE WHERE WILDFLOWERS OR GLEAMS
OF LIGHT ON OLD PEWTER APPEAR SATURATED WITH “YOUR” ABSENCE.

HOW DISPIRITING: ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE MISSIONARY TRACTS
WRITTEN FOR THE VANISHING TRIBE OF THE MONTH CLUB: LAST
SHAKERS IN SABBATHDAY LAKE, LAST SABBATARIAN ANABAPTISTS OF
EPHRATA, LAST FEW READERS OF SWEDENBORG IN THE FRIGGIN’ ORIGINAL.

ECCELSIASTEQUEENS & VESTMENT FETISHISTS. CONTRITION UNLOOSENS
THE TONGUE. ANGEL OF AUTOMATOCRATIC WRITING, ANGEL OF INKBLOTS.
AMEN. TINY BLUE FEATHER CAUGHT IN FRESH SPIDERWEB BY FRONT
DOOR: LAST KNOWN ADDRESS.

MORE OF THE SAME IS YER ONLY MAN. MORE & MORE INFINITESIMAL
TRACES, DROPLETS ON THE NEEDLE’S HAIRY MOLECULAR ULTIMATO.
POSITIVELY BYZANTINE, THE BISHOP MUTTERED ARCHLY.

PSEUDOCELESTIAL HIERARCHIES—SORT OF A ROGUE SCOUT TRouPE.
REBEL TREBLES. NOT UNLIKE A PIPE OR TWO OF OPiUM—INCLUDING
THE LITTLE TOUCH OF NAUSEA.

THERE’S NO REPEITION IN TEOPHYANY: YA HADDA BE THERE.
HERE COME THE OTTOMANS AGAIN, YAWN. SICK MAN OF EUROPE?
MAIS, C’EST MOI.

THE NOONDAY DEMON: ONE IS POLITE, MASKING ONE’S FEAR &
AROUSAL. COME ON VERLAINE, GET OFF YR DUFF & SLEEP IN A
haystack with yr rheumatism. Give the dog a bone, Arthur, the Bear, a bottle of poire, *el Cobra*. Entheogenic schwarmerei—a trembling tremendum: this is what we learned in Fez and Damcar.
Always at my heels I hear
James Clarence Mangan in his batwing cloak
& pointy wizard hat the taptap of his blackthorn
Georgian streets each house a decayed tooth
in a slow grimace. Culture itself
begins as a form of mourning
dust grease bones palpable ghosts
wet tweed horse sweat peatsmoke porter.
The Past is a reproach luxurious as laudanum
or ether in blueglass bottles cheaper than gin.
Modern offices & flats
haunted by buildings long erased & replaced by
spooks of boiled cabbage vanished into
long hallways of disappointed ideals
distant clipclop of aetherial pompes funèbres
wet laundry leaky drains & sooty azure
of an ectoplasmic dusk
superimposed like a cheesy
double-exposure “spirit photograph”
w/gauze oozing from the medium’s ear &
taking shape as a frightened face
with the dreadful effrontery of a leper
gesticulating outside the window of a
Starbuck’s or McDonald’s.
A serious Call. Standing on ladder in library
in a beam of motes hunched absorbed
over leathered annals bookstalls
in gothic galleries along greenly
odoriferous quays—tattered edition of
_Aurora_ (1691) always just out of reach
the dark tide overwhelms us
the darkhaven.
Weelkes published ‘Thule’ in 1600, when he was probably 24. No one knows who wrote the text. Suggestions have ranged from Weelkes himself to Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinacrian Etna’s flames ascend not higher.
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cochineal and china dishes
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes.
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Thule the period of cosmography
Weelkes’s madrigal of devilish polyphony
reminds us that we Anglicans ought to be compound at once of piety & perversity
to set the Mass to dense erotic moans
Italianate elegantiae w/ saracenic bones
& make our beds as if G-d were enthroned
in silk pajamas stained w/ pheromones
a Donne-ish donnish warbling double-speak
combining ice w/ fire, volcano’s peak
with glacier’s bluey heart attack—a freak of Browning (Tod, not Bob)—a leak of seminal melt from Kundalini’s moat
that rises like a sung tide to the throat.
Moribund New Brunswick NJ with its infinite palette
of grays & blacks its attics of
forgettable memorabilia culled from the
tender cult of sentimental death &
suppressed desire—someone else’s childhood.
Forward into the Past we stumbled.
Dead canal reveals poison has its own
high summer—frog-scum & fecal tang.
Teen Possessed By Devil. Shades are drawn.
The original furniture is gone.
The other is nothing like me.
I could be the whacked-out Dante for all the erotomaniacs pining away for a cacagenic paradiso

The government owes you a living
Stolen watermelon tastes sweeter

Mobile homes for degenerate Cro-magnons
Our Atlantean genes are wearing thin

Superior morality of the White Trash Sonnets
at the end of a dirt road—the Airstream

with its outdoor privy festooned in honeysuckle—practising all the crimes

imputed to us by Eugenicists: permanent unemployment, mail-order tracts on Odinism

Sweet tea, dead trucks on cinder blocks pondscum flecks, the white jade of incest.
POGO

Eutopia:
the only source of electricity
is eels
Herons at sunset return beneath
hangings of spanish moss
Swamps
represent the Will To Power As
Disappearance.
Forgetfulness of death
is a kind of sideways immortality.
Illuminati?
You should be so
fuckin lucky,
    America.
In the right place but the wrong dimension
somewhere out on Moebius Strip where the
big box stores vanish into non-Euclidean geometries
of some alien script of hypertextual gridlock
we who were born in these mountains pretend
to be refugees from another planet.
You too can be Washington Irving
once you’re inside the actual balloon
your head can just keep on ascending
like Sir Humphrey Davy huffing his
alchemical gas. Egyptomaniacal sphinxes
terrify the groundlings. Houdini
was a Freemason (St Cecilia Lodge No. 568)
which may or may not explain the
town that time forgot for a whole summer
on the sweet veranda in the dark.
Poetry in motion:
    a musical saw.

A yoga of roots & Hoodoo
marooned in Black Creek Swamp
reachable only
    by pirogue
thru Winter’s
    bleak bayou.
HAIKU

A froth of asters
sprays across the lawn—a whole
genus in itself.
The Sun without its spots would be like
yr face without its mole
black the color of our flag & black
the color of our food

100 year old eggs caviar truffles
arroz con pulpo in su tinto

liquorice sherbet—the
nihilists’ banquet

monsoon clouds
dark meat of the fish

Endarkenment sages worship
Coltrane’s “Love Supreme”

Night the glittery veil of Isis
pierced with empty stars.
Blonde limp hermaphroditic sonnets
bulge up thru the soil from bulbs
like phallocratic tulips. What did Freud
have to say about the eros of rain
or “soft weather” on smooth mountains
deliberately obscured by mist? Better
not to know, as some stooge always remarks
in Act III as lightning crackles on the
deliberate obscuration of fogs & the bridge washes out.
DNA is merely the latest metaphor
for our pheromones & discontents.
The first australopithecine to use language was already aestheticizing politics. So what?
The next messiah will be a tree hugger with a gun—save the whales or I’ll kill you.
Books got us into this mess & books
will have to extract us. Write on bark.
To the woods! No, not the woods! Or not
at any rate w/out yr Junior Woodchucks Guide.
Armigerous weed of the weak is lifted aloft
by magnetic suns & splays its escutcheons
profligately round meadow’s tournament in
a chivalry of the negligible & evanescent.
Eat or be eaten: the Domesday Booke
of voles & fieldmice: Rig Veda for owls.
These plants grant access to a miniverse
expressable only in canting arms
& punning crests, a mindless beauty
indistinguishable from terror distilled
in Summer’s alembic to serve as
wine & grass for our chat
on the lawn beneath the Moon.
Come Out cried the Come-Outers
from yr moribund churches & await
the new dispensation of Moon hoisting
Herself above the Old Hotel & wearily
peering down thru black Belgian lace
of August-tired trees into soups of
hidden vlys and hollows where prayer lifts
shards of chalky mist to that autonomous
Celtic Head. Those who walkabout naked
in the outdoors know no natural law.
Dreams have rules, e.g., earth’s excrements
smell sweet as plums. Come winter under musky pelts
you’d still be naked, maybe more so.
Evangels are the words of angels
each raindrop has its own
ergo raindrops are words
        an aquamantic obscurity
a slurred logos written in delible ink
in a monsoon slush clinging together
        in mists
analphabetic aphasic scripts &
        Mandelbrotian scrawls
unravelling like ferns burdock & spurge—
memoranda from Hesiod’s Chaos
to its progeny Old Night.
The messiah already always arriving
never quite takes the shape of all
our sins of omission. Some phrenological bump
on our cranium could be the second
coming of Jesus but the rest of the brain
is slave to Satan in the form of a
crashing bore. Reader of the Sunday Times.
Owns stock in environmental portfolios.
Our first Green trillionaire—the Anti-Christ.
His executive Lear jet runs on salad oil.
Vast wind farms out of H.G. Wells.
Corporate headquarters in PoMo slab
shiny black w/ solar panels as a
carapace, looms over the suburban viewscape.
Everyone from Krazy Kat to my Uncle Melvin has thought of raising watermelons on moonshine but sadly it doesn’t work. Where are the sadhus sitting out the season of steam in shady cemetaries stoned to the gills? Fruit becomes mandatory. Instead of mangoes we used to have peaches as good as oral sex. And you know what happened to them.
In the umbrage of Jaantar Mantaar
astronomy garden in Delhi—O those
modernist Moghuls—Max Ernst would’ve
creamed his jeans, softened by centuries
of ficus religiosus collapsed on
cool marble in a somic daze.
Orrery ephemeris & astrolabe
big as the shadows of stars.
Could Science ever have hypothesized that we arose originally from thalassic estuarial ooze before the invention of the seaside resort & its pre-genital summer? Beach plum sawgrass ozone orgone iodine salt rot & wrack evoke the strange near-nakedness of Protestants slathered in coconut oil forever.
CONCEPTUAL INSTALLATION

Dear Sâr Péladan, here’s my proposal for
historical reenactment of yr Rosicrucian Mass
w/ music by Erik Satie. First we need
a virtuoso to record score on mechanical player piano
(circa 1907) to simulate ghost of Satie (invisible).
In candlelit chamber decorated as per rubrics
celebrants will be lifesize mechanical automatons
(not electrical) presided over by clockwork Sâr Péladan
in full vestments & Assyrian beard. Spoken parts
pre-recorded & played on wax cylinders
(Edison originals w/ large horns shaped
like black trumpet flowers)—all the machinery
openly displayed—with Bunraku-style
attendants in black to wind everything up.
HAIKU

“The most euphonious phrase in the
English language is ‘barn door’.”

—Mark Twain

He opens the barn door
sees a river meander
 effervescent soda water.
GHAZAL FOR A LUNAR ECLIPSE

Tarnished w/ the cuprous leprosy of eclipse
the Moon of Alabama is the Moon of Afghanistan

but never the Moon of our uninsured senescence
always somewhere else exiled & displaced

we never stand under our own Moon
our militarized hallucinogenic real estate

but someone else’s satellite, its tides
no longer stir our amniotic broth.

O Moon of alienation we now must say goodbye
we’ve lost our lunar shadow—the Dog in the Moon

still howling for the Moon, still beating
pots & pans to dispell the dark’s invasion

O Moon of astronauts & dead bankers
our former homeland, our Zion.
Anticipation of violets & lilacs
the key to the mysteries is narrativity
the heart of the story a human being
made out of flowers—snowdrops—skunk
or music—anything but these words
each of them two-faced as a coin.
A culture based on inhalation of attars.
This small tin box for grass is so old
by now there must’ve bloomed an
entire civilization of sub-molecular sentient
marijuanites inside it w/ vast cities
Babylonian pueblos cave dwellings of Göreme (Turkey)
by Gaudi or Max Ernst hundreds of storeys tall
windows of various shapes not in rows
but cryptic patterns—miles high
semi-conical towers resembling cyclopean hills
of green sparkling crystalline pure THC
& the grass-mites as I think of them
(who knows what they call themselves?)
green humanoid sylphs of indeterminate gender
w/ skin like the milky underbellies of frogs.
COMMENT ON SOME STUPID ARTICLE IN THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

Everybody’s from somewhere else, a used-to-be or would-be, they all left Bumfuck Idaho ages ago & after Mom died never went back, failed relation(ship) here, new job there & off they go leaving nothing behind but a blank. Now they’re in New York San Francisco or L.A. writing bittersweet satirico-nostalgic novels about the last real place in America & their sadness at leaving.
RIDDLE

Blame Mallarmé for the hole in the poem
snipped w/ his delicate scissors in the shape
of a fan or a heart: the missing subject.
Like Charades: your body itself a rebus
a living hieroglyph. (Note: why have no grade-A poets
ever composed in this last genre?)
Reconstruct the whole fucking mastodon
from one mandible. A blank intaglio
white-on-white. Someone’s just left the room
in a waft of psychic perfume. The wake
of the boat without the boat.
The brown rectangular stain where the
    painting used to hang
the aunt who lives in the attic who’s
    never mentioned
the secret everyone knows but is never discussed.
COLD FREAK

Pink & gray of declining late Winter day
reflected on flooded watermeadows & set
w/ antique wreathes of blue snow captures the pallete
of François Boucher
(d. 1770) with pornographic exactitude:
the rose is half-frozen & the pigeonbreast clouds
have gooseflesh. Hermaphrodite ice giants
recline w/ marble buttocks displayed on the horizon
as if Earth were hollow & we were
already inside it as Cyrus Tweed believed
the stars crystals of ice embedded
in the cosmic geode like amethysts:
landscape of Gog & Magog or the fake Petrified Boy once
seen in a dim museum in Middlebury Vermont
but big, big and nebulous as rubbed velvet.
Amathystine grass like characters drawn by
Arcimboldo animated by the Fleischer Brothers:
talking vegetables: ramps & fiddleheads
unscrolling into hieroglyphs like speech balloons.
AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION

To travel on or under water you’ll have a
leather submarine like Joe Smith designed for Jesus
rival the angels in a neolithic hot air balloon
of silk & impossible phlogiston
breezy two-wheel one-horse tonga w/ a
little roof that folds back like a chinese fan
sedan chair w/ ormolu cab & I’ll
be majordomo & carry the torch
rivalling mandarin ducks so revered
by druids for their four planes of existence
all without once stirring from yr bed
yr flying carpet or yr porcelain tub
because your wish is not just my command dear reader
your command is my dearest wish.
You know from yr own life how
That Which Cannot Be Spoken lies
at the dusky pulsing center of everything
like the gland in shellfish that
excretes the shell. Put yr hand in the bag
& feel it—a Halloween trick—invisible pearl
of wordless textless blind concupiscence.
Groped by an incubus. The big bulge
in yr cerebrum assumes the sadly
dominican duty of burning these messages
before reading or even decoding them lest
innocent children be traumatized by the
very absence of trauma. Mute swans,
only death unlocks their throats.
Inside every poet a shoe salesman
struggles to get out—each poem
a shoe. This book is our little boutique
where we kowtow before you like
Malagasy slaves begging you
to step on our necks. Each page
gives off a waft of cordovan & suede
mingled with stale socks & the
salesmen’s brillantine. Crinkly paper
lines the fetishy boxes like lotus petals.
Back in the 1950s we had an
X-ray machine to reveal yr gracile
green metatarsals & phalanges
your perfect transversal arch.
ARITHMOSOPHY

Certain numbers can make hearts race
blood pound eyes blue near swoon
not as nouns but adjectives modifying
things the chaste Hypatia never
smelt amongst the platonic salads
& pythagorean beans—numbers to make the
tailor tremble till fragile chalk snaps
between nerveless fingers—numbers to
be-sweat the shoe salesman abject
on his gabardine knees—stats
that force statisticians to cross their legs
& groan like elephants in musth—
numbers drifting away from their signifiers &
hovering above our beds like holograms.
TOMBSTONES OF THE
BOG-O-MILS

Bog Art.

Cut crop circle ditches in bogs &
allow them to erode

special tools for cutting peat with
layers of lard

cloths of peat to build castles &
set them on fire

build crannog in bog & live in it

Bog Butter

counterfeit hoards of gold torcs
counterfeit bog mummies made of wax

Festival of the Bogs

Nothing but bog for miles around. Rain.

BOG is Slavic for God.
Before Adam delved & Eve span
everybody was in fact a gentleman
hunting & hawking & frequent naps
in the daytime in our cool Zion.
The Vesper candles are cold
bee’s lard, the pews are mildewed
the choir’s gone home to bed
the Bishop’s dead

The problem w/ the Rapture is
it’s come & gone. Some called it
monkey glands, some called it
love, cold love.
GREEN SNAIL SPRING

The house trembles like a guilty dog at
every passing car.
The house would like to retreat
into the blue & white garden of my
$5 teapot & become a blue pagoda.
HYPNEROTOMACHIA

Strife of Love in a Dream—and
even there you play hard to get,
evasive. For decades I wandered
thru golden timeworn renaissance perspectives
of a walled city where somewhere I’ve
lost yr address. Back then
still ignorant of Italy that light was pure
foretelling that color that Tuscan
garden wall in a certain slant of sun
that Mandelstam defined as “Civilization”—
but with de Chirico-esque aspects
such as child’s shadow running
after shadow of a hoop in
long late afternoon silhouette.
The garden possesses an address—you could
send mail there if you knew it—a
seductive message scented w/ camphor & aloes
if only someone were there to receive it.
Rain rustles in giant nurse’s skirts
to save us from wakefulness & the sulky
Cassandra Syndrome. She slams & bangs
down empty pearlescent hallways but
the rumbles are soothing as screen-doors
flapbanging on long-gone August evenings—
the cosmico-maternal monsoon, the
benevolent Kali of the Catskills and her
bowling league, the Seven Dwarves. Never mind the
Nostradamnation of the numismatosphere
Rain will take you back & forgive you
fold you in her harmless arms &
kiss yr ears like a snake with
at least one hour of dreamless sleep.
EDUCATION

So much fun they
had to make it compulsory.
Samurai with a watermelon
words seem to be overkill words would be
too sharp bitter bitten brittle
overdetermined—like dissecting moths
w/out remembering morphology & mutability
the holes where the music used to be.
Give me an alias an alibi & a crowbar
& I’ll move the microcosm—call it telepathy
list it under ZZZZZ to make sure
it appears last in the phonebook
to catch the eyes of the most desperate sleepers
or merely empathy or even good vibes
but powerfully magnetized & radiating
outward concentrically from my pineal gland.
Joe Miller (1684-1738) *The Joke Book*
compiled post-mort by someone named Motley
minor Drury Lane actor & wit he was
reincarnation of Priapus the garden-guardian
funny ha-ha and funny-peculiar, carved from
the greensward. Our plaster gnome his
eunuchoid grand-nephew leers as we
filter out of Sunday School. Lurking flasher
vulgar joker talking penis he wards off
the Evil Eye, America being par excellence
the land of envious blight. Flowers should
be forced to wear pants because
they’re sex organs. Nature guffaws
as it sodomizes yr Protestant conceits.
LOCUSTS

or cricket Minimalists stretch their glass sheet
the Pandit would’ve loved that one-note raga
that severe pre-mammalian anaesthetic
disspacement in Time: Einstein w/ a
frontal lobotomy: one brilliant “equals”
“equals” “equals” all summer long glissando
sonic glissade, a single consonant from outer space.
Nobody’s riled. Nobody’s young.
Embalmed in an opium of false teeth
& castanets you travel for light-aeons only
to get back before you left. One thought
takes seventeen years. Same thought
is best thought—the acoustics of
evolutionary success, the soundbox of sex.
Stolen money is somehow freed of its bad elevator music. Their loss is our banana—our chandelier our pearl in the shape of a giant piano.
We’re looking for glamourie of
glassy impassibility an imaginaire
of sexual snails in a blur of wet moss
& ooze. Sounds like old beach resort, fading
Edwardian hotels, fish & chips.

A Sad Utopia.
All readings of Nietzsche are misreadings.
No Swimming Allowed. Ha ha we did it anyway.
I am dynamite: the worker’s friend. Pond scum:
a third sex neither solid nor liquid.
Zing crash boom—frog in a tweed jacket
pipe & spectacles—an animal w/ culture but
no technology to speak of—like the weather
a machine with fewer than three moving parts.

A Bureau of Euphemisms standing for various
erasures or as you might say a
box of rain or sack of clouds like
a roach motel for dangerous thoughts.

Sit right down beneath the willows
& warm yr empty head at their
failure to signify. Weather has no moods.
Willows weep when we debunk the Myth of Progress.

Having been frog & crane, fog & rain we know
their feelings from the inside like sentient cabbages.
Those jerks at Duke will never quantify what by definition is unrepeatable. Many angels are called but few respond. Results can be real but disastrous. Sorcery guarantees no old age pensions. Expression always looks like war to the meek. All subsequent texts constitute commentaries on the commentaries on that one apocryphon of outright lies. And yet it works. Demons actually appear.
Old Mr Boston’s
Book of the Dead

Friar Bacon learned from Arab alchemists
a giant flower to cool the languid eyes
of gazelles. Who knows what’s
in chartreuse. Pope Leo XIII
loved his Pousse Café topped with cream
each layer w/ its own planetary color.
“There are some things Man was not meant to know”
as the Doctor always says in the third reel
so chauvinistically but accurately. We
could’ve been antiquarians, learned Tocharian
or Sumerian or Indo-European with all its
little stars. The Liberation Front for
Dirty Old Men expresses a poignant
nostalgia for long-lost ideologies
of impossible tenderness. Snow or no snow
sooner or later we’ll have to hike out
to the all-nite Mobil station for butter & eggs
& cigarette papers. Born to sorrow as sparks
fly upward we’ll avert our eyes from the headlines.
The beach will solace us with luxurious melancholia, the sadness of the edge. Eros in retrospect: a receding vista of Famous Beauties gone in a summer, lost to the frivolous ocean & its tarnished arcades of outdated glee. How far South must we go to catch up with the celluloid ebbtide & its sensorama? how far North? What Baltic strand still needs to be painted with remembered aromas? beached medusas? taut blobs of alien opal jam neither solid nor liquid but in-between?
One of the Eugenicists (Davenport?) posited love of the sea as a heritable degeneracy nowadays we’d say a Marine Gene—Neptunian Predestination. Feel it tugging yr blood to the beach, a would-be Thalassocrat swacked on spume & wrack. All ports are one port their faces turned toward lost Atlantis away from the dead interior. All ports are hermaphroditic and unpatriotic fabulous as Spain, louche & sleazy—all sea-side resorts are Museum Orgies where Christianity grows thin with saturated colors unknown to Science reptilian & buoyant as helium.
What pale-blooded American adolescent aesthete in secret suburbia hasn’t longed for a summer vacation in Lovecraft’s Innsmouth seaside resort for degenerate changelings where fishstink tarstink estuarial tides creep up the strand leaving dead jellies & kelpy taints to stain the Puritan sand? We’d disappear upstairs in rooms where bare walls reflected alien sea-light. Specifically Riverhead, Long Island pine-barren catastrophic basin of forgotten time closed diners, depressed wharves hyperreal as if it had never even considered not being sad.
Rain functions as heraldic device
protecting the armigerous from
who knows what harm & simultaneously
expressing one’s essence in cod
Anglo-Norman French, as it might be
guttes or larmes. Rainy armor.
A tower built of rain & its
electro-nitrous odor is
struck by lightning but stores it
in a leyden jar. Handed down
from uncle to nephew like the
Chaldean Orthodox Patriarchate—
an opalescent robe that wards off
the dry & churlish sun.
Animals are paranoid because they have no police
to protect them. Humans are paranoid because they do.
Never look up or you’ll see buzzards looking down
beadily waiting for something or someone to become roadkill.
We envy you your Arthurian mulch
a protocol for lunar telegraph
or scientific garbology. I’d rather be
an old Mexican w/ a six-shooter, a human cactus
given the choice between midden heap or Tower of Silence.
Civilization rots from the head like a fish
& the mold spreads out in waves from Babylon
or more precisely Eridu the first city
where hecatombs of fish were sacrificed at Dagon’s
ziggurat. Gravity was heavier then
as if Eridu lay at the bottom of a
catastrophic basin of superwarped relativity
like quicksand draining from a giant bathtub
in slow soporific spirals of antiquarian horror.
In order to function at all we must envision
an abstract platonic unsolid vapor
in the shape of a South American Colonial Baroque angel
tricorn hat w/ ostrich plume—18th century
silk & lace—sporting a blunderbuss embezzled w/ gems
ambiguous smile of a fox spirit
hands of a marzipan Madonna
possibly Uriel. Now we’re cooking w/ gas
seething by gaslight. A kind of hermetic chaos
like Buster Keaton’s automated bed
that dumps him upright into his shoes.
Goaded by angel prod & dosed
with angel tea we manage to face
yet another day of the absence of angels.
The pall of Monday at the edge of the known world
late at night the clouds close down
even the stars whisper, then fall dumb
so quiet you can hear the frost grow.
Just another wrinkle in the
same old Babylonian scam
6000 years of schooling. We want
our private hacienda the size of
Rhode Island
in some nazi-haunted jungle. We want
to kill someone to protect the Monarch
butterfly
But all we get
is more cuneiform. All our writing
wants to be heavier
incised in fired clay
carved in marble
best would be 12-foot-high letters
blasted into the New Jersey Palisades
opposite Manhattan
like Darius at Ctesiphon. Or
translate everything into Chinese
then destroy the original.
Ah for the thickness of pictograms
& hieroglyphics.
NEPENTHE—what a marketing concept
elixir that grants surcease of sorrow
origin of recreational chymistry the search
for some ganymedian nectar
not forgetfulness
exactly
but jovian altitude
gentle precipitation
from the opiate clouds around Olympus
exudation from the Eleusinian fungus
of temporary immortality
DON’T REPENT
DRINK
NEPENTHE !!!
& forget the I.O.U. Blues for tonite
in the dreamy green & black marble high
silent halls of Hypnos
CHOOSE THE
GATE OF IVORY,
fool,
the secret recipe available on every
supermarket
magazine
rack
poppy mandrake melatonin
pheromones of sleeping beauty
popular oblivion
revel of anonymous masks.
The calendar is the oldest ideology, older than the
stupidest tunes floating thru skulls like

Muzak in an elevator

older than the War Against Mice we’ve been losing
since 100,000 BC. Old as Death itself.
Atlantis was actually New Jersey
West Cape May—a few ruins still
pocked the beach & just offshore an enormous
experimental concrete-hulled ship half-sunk
suspended forever in a child’s coloring-book
of crayon waves—all this was our
sunken City of Lys where bells were heard
from beneath the tides. Diamonds literally
littered the sand. Atlantis—
amusement pier garish giant pinball machine
jukebox stinking of dank brine saltwater taffy
going down for the third time—
eels magnetically forced to return again
forever to the Sargasso of thalassic New Jersey.
Nietzsche would’ve disapproved of April Fools’ Day
no Max und Moritz Parsifal persiflage for the
true blue Zarathustran—no Hans und Fritz Katzenjammer
crypto-masochist will-to-power shenanigans mit der Kaptan
no posing for photos with whatsisname
in double harness pulling a donkey cart
for Lou Salome & her dainty horsewhip…well,
okay, he contradicted himself, no slave
to the hobgoblin of (you guessed it)
a foolish consistency. Just please no
swanning around on behalf of the Salvation Army
as an excuse for imbecility. If one
is going to be guffawed at, make
the Rabelaisian haw-haws really orgasmic.
A species that invents the picnic can’t be
all bad. Wicker basket, metal cups that
fold up like accordions, huge thermoses
lined inside w/ magic mirrors & mummied in tartan
chickenparts rolled in cornmeal & cracked pepper
deep-fried in lard, jug wine, cornbread
a nap in the shade & Fitz Omar himself
could ask nothing more, perhaps a Thou
to get a crush on & go for a walk
together into the woods looking for
Herkimer diamonds or garnets, a swimming hole
to fall naked in under heavy trees
plus a 30-pound watermelon: paradise enow.
In an obviously garbled variant Thursday’s Child
is given to thieving—a budding Jean Genet—
unwholesome—a runaway Rimbaud
filching pears from dozing grocers or milk
from dawn stoops. Actually he must be Wednesday’s Child
mercuric & burglarious—Thursday should be
merry glad & jovial. In the bestknown version
Wednesday is full of woe perhaps because
his hand was caught in someone’s pocket
he was thrashed by Apollo for stealing holy cows
or sent to the school psychologist
made to take ritalin to blunt
his furtive but astronomical I.Q.
& pre-punish him for his pre-delinquency.
I’d like to eulogize the unnoticed
but then it would be the noticed
& lose its glamor—a mild version
of the quantum paradox—but one can’t cheat.
Quick glance out of corner of eye
then silence—Omerta of oldtime mafiosi
a secret that everybody keeps—reticence—discretion
circumlocution—euphemism—hermetic jargon
limited edition—slender vol—obscure leaks
all to preserve at nearly any cost
the next-to-last fountainhead of beauty
the unrecorded unphotographed
ordinarily almost unnoticed.
Some Heritage Tour will package it as entertainment
“A taste of the authentically sad”—“The Sad Experience”
& it’ll be your fault for casting that first gaze, for
noticing the aesthetics of poverty or poverty of aesthetics.
THE VEIL OF ISIS. In the saturated sky
some crows are quarreling. The field
is surrounded on all sides by scraggly woods

If you opened the curtain all you’d discover
would be more umber dull green gray
& maybe the same crows you’d already seen.
A ludicrous speeded-up motion
like Hong Kong Kung Fu movie kicks
has afflicted the *res publica* with
political Alzheimer’s like a gigantic spliff
made of 100 zigzag papers for easier
long-term memory loss or “Black Hole Aphasia”
as we dogmatists say—words like UFOs
slipping over the event horizon on hostage carrier waves
that even the FCC can’t deregulate. We have ways
of making you talk, Earthling, anal probes
tissue samples, tunnels under area 51
but who cares? “I’ve fallen and I can’t get up.”
Big deal—you could say the same for Byzantium or Cathay:
the robot answers but no one ever returns yr call.
It is good to be the Pope
and I am.
MUD SEASON

The worst you can say about mud
is it looks like shit—but
since earthworms don’t eat at McDonald’s
it doesn’t smell bad at all—if
you like “dark” tones, patchouli
vetiver myrrh unsweetened chocolate.
Gaia defecates ferments distills
fecundates
death & decay into
violets & bluebells.
The hole in the middle of the poem
might’ve been terrorism heresy desire
race money sociopathic rage
irrepressible memory
someone else’s intellectual property
language itself. Possibly, even probably, it’s a
dichtergeist (if that’s proper Deutsch) a
spectral ectoplasmic hieroglyphic revenant
from the realm where words are animals
& walk like an Egyptian: mysterious
cold spots, spooks that disappear
when you think you’ve hit them w/ yr car
at night speeding down tree-lined avenue
a deer a woman in a black dress
a discarded ideology a bird against yr windshield.
This incense will activate yr atavistic glands
with each sniff you’ll hate the modern world
more & more
airplanes will sound like flying saucers-full of Grays
dreaming of harvesting yr organs. Omnipresent
hum of electricity will thrum like the OM
of metallic insectoid aliens from
    Planet Franklinstein
excavating yr baseboards & bathroom fixtures
with tiny dental drills. Automobiles
will increasingly come to resemble armored tanks
driven by Republican real estate developers
on steroids & antidepressants crushing
hundreds of cute weeping bunnies beneath
    their treads.
This incense will make you unfit for
The Missing Personae Department of the Myth Police has become an Augean stable of unbelievable muck & corruption. The highest circles (reputedly Freemasons)

have long plotted to replace Mary Magdalen with a reptiloid replica from Central Casting (as in “cast”-off successive ophidian skins as in worm-“cast”ings). The Angels of Ideas have been rendered redundant & retrained as data-entry level wageslaves.

Nothing is sufficiently haunted anymore to rouse the marks except the Mechanism that makes them scream with delicious terror.

Parnassus is the new Chernobyl where nothing survives but two-headed wolves.
What we want is a concrete example of the invisible
a religion with stuff that really works
so cleverly no one ever mentions your name
you have no address cannot be located by GPS
you are, as they say, legend—but not
like some superannuated rock star—more like
John Dillinger or Rasputin. You were
an unwitting agent & to this day remain
unaware of yr role in those events—
the perfect witness. You were
temporarily accessed, let’s put it that way
by non-State agents or discarnate entities
but now they’ve vacated the premises
just as you yourself have abandoned the poem.
Thus Nerval’s insistence that we steal back
the secret of hieroglyphs from those evil Freemasons
the ones who hanged him in the alley with the raven
in 1855 for daring to found a rival lodge

THE ORIENT PEARL

as is wellknown even now in certain circles in Paree.
Verb sap. Finger to nose. Say no more.

Poetry as quintessential hermetic projection
aims to put a little strange english on the
cue-ball of language and sink the 8.
Bards weep & you could collect their tears.
Once there was a religion for you & me
but now it’s EVIL, c’est la vie
voila, now you’re a forgotten heretic
w/ out a Home Webpage to prove yr Bishopric
Where once you got merit badges & time off Purgatoire
you’re now a cyber-sinner. Autres temps autres moeurs.
Another lost cultus for the dustbin of History.
To be a real dandy like Beau Brummel
takes the same kind of self-abnegation as
a real saint—nonstop submission of ego
to G-d or the perfect suit—even in sleep.
The doctrine of vicarious atonement alone
can justify such sacrifice: they suffer
for our venial sins of bad taste—
they eat the sin—of inattention to
whiteness of linen—or the clumsily tied cravat
—our forgetfulness of the Beloved’s
non-stop omnidirectional rays of impassibility
& flawless style—the perfectly folded
breastpocket handkerchief a prayer
a rosary for the Man of Sorrows.
GASTROSOPHY—the demand for a homeland where
the national anthem is “Hail the the Chef” ! ! !
NOVALIS

1.
Cosmogony starts with Old Night.
Read it in yr own Bible.

2.
dream of an ancient Mesopotamian sect
that traced an entirely different set
of constellations—the “Wolf Star”
(Sirius?)

3.
Sissies love the Moon.
And I am of the Sabians
the Moon worshippers of Harran
hymns to the night
the face of Novalis

4.
Say no more.
Whites Off Earth

5.
a culture of Envy so intense
it emits rays that can sicken infants &
kill fruit trees

6.
Money is dromological, a form of speed
nazi amphetamine
7. Musoleums of simulacra
what Novalis calls the
poeticization of science

8. but some facts are shy.
Fortean. Fortuitous.

9. Restore Lost Nature

10. Sphinxism.
Guerilla topiary.

11. contra-dance to the
thanaterotic dirges of our failed messiah
Chladni diagrams reveal the letters
inherent in Nature, astral sonograms

Up till dawn in the Palace of Night.
7 bottles of Planetary Elixirs one for each box.
Crumpled packets of Turkish & Egyptian cigarettes.
Toy automobiles transfixed with iron nails.
Blue birds’ eggs, blown empty. Dead white moths.
Sepia toned pornographic postcards from Tunisia.
Dried lizards from Chinese pharmacy.
Engravings of mandalas from Agrippa.
Gris-gris from the grave of Marie Laveau
labelled & packed in red cloth sachets.
Cheap pulp copies of Mexican Dreambooks.
Assorted Chinese firecrackers w/ gaudy labels.
Miniature white swans carved in marzipan.
Leave boxes in 7 vacant lots such that plotted on a map
they form the rough shape of a human body.
SURROCOCO: sinuosities convexing or concaving in cinnabar divinations of melted lead.


Theft of the Star of India from the Mineral Hall of the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan.


Vathek. Athanasius Kircher. Late Manchu furniture.


Concrete gardens of Wisconsin & Iowa. Polyphonic melismatics.

Dried mistletoe & crystal vials of semen.

Entoptic DMT elves, fungal mazes, Egyptomania.
BLUES WITHOUT RHYMES

The stars are not propitious
the internet stole my baby
surrounded by Pod People
prisoner of the myth of mythlessness

some towel-head some Levantine geek
invented the whole sick notion of Romantic Love
to attack the IInd Law of Thermodynamics
the Internet the St James Infirmary of
our cold devotion.

If I punch out the screen will you
pop like a genie from behind it
like Avicenna w/ a sledgehammer
Cab Calloway & Betty Boop

with a whole city in Egypt devoted
to yr cult? Is there still a
New Orleans or has it been replaced
by parking lots & shopping malls?

Give me back my baby
from the orphic dystopia of
canned laughter. O Marie Laveau
bestow power over the 5th rate

ersatz that passes for the
loves of vegetables or even the triangles
in Solomon’s Seal, like Freemasons
tongue-kissing in the dark
O Fleischer Brothers I make a
Whitmanesque pact with you
& Krazy Kat & Little Nemo: restore
my baby from the fungal dark of the Internet

presential as honeysuckle or the
arrows of eye-beams—the touch
of yr long fingers w/ their cheap rings
like the chivalry of animals.
LINKED AUTISM SONNETS

(For Th. Metzger & Jake Rabinowitz)

1.
Suddenly it turns out we’re all autistic
“a state of mind characterized by daydreaming
hallucination & disregard of external reality”
Suddenly across the desk the therapist
(alert vibrant keen rational) stares
at the big-eyed sad child end of the spectrum.
You. Us. The mind in the cave. Lascaux. The
flickering light.
Does he await some Darwinian Singularity
to emerge as eerie blond cold children
from outer space w/ strange powers
or are they detritus left behind
by Money’s evolutionary quantum leap to
the cool clear triumph of the light?
Either way it’s a win/win situation.

2.
The Slow Snow Movement. Snow is autistic
the way it closes you in & induces reveries
out of touch with external reality
to the point where the very phrase
external reality begins to shimmer and
stink like dead mackerel in the moonlight.
Sleepy snow lacks affect & its trick of never
repeating itself exactly once in infinity makes it an
idiot savant, morose wizard of autistic artistic wastes.
Nietzsche on thorazine. Lost inside that cloud
of unknowing or refusal to know like eskimos in igloos—houses of snow that seem to glow in a universe of snow you discover the obsessive repetition of heraldic beasts heals the wounds of time with scabs of imagery.

3.
Next thing you know it’s Arctic Hysteria & the breakdown of all barriers between Show & Tell. The self is like the Port Authority Bus Terminal—eventually you get through it. Only the crystal tears of gifts or glyphs mark the way out of this labyrinth of mistletoe & sacrificial exchange. What cave paintings mean is unimportant. What’s important is that they mean. Charm School Chain Gang. Bow to the god of snow for permission to enter this temporary autistic zone. Market democracy waters down the thunder & sells it back for obscene profits. “Autistic Awareness” indeed. What appears from a distance a kind of fairy changeling seen close up is the mirror of the self in the eldritch glow of missing emotion.
ADVERTIZING BROCHURE FOR MAIL-ORDER
HOODOO SCHOOL OF HIEROGLYPHICS &
PROTECTION FROM THE EVIL EYE

“The School is the Finger,
the Post Office is the Moon.”

Hermes is himself the critique of communication theory
hieroglyphic parsing of the textolatry he
patronizes. Eleggua, santo of thresholds who
must be given rum & cigars or else he
scrambles the eggs of noise. Purple assed baboon.
Change money meester? One thin dime
the erectile element in yr thermometer
yr Rough Guide to the World of the Dead
half hermaphrodite half heron, your
Hudsonian Hermes, he’s the “herm” in
“hermeneutic”
trouser snake as writing implement
prickpocket vagabond offshore banker
crapshooter & electromagnetic impulse
like those children w/ green hair found in a
Welsh cave, escapees from the Hollow Earth.
Some disenchanted evening
in a rapture of boredom
the lilacs of resignation will
not be moved. Spectral Linnaeus
will pass unrecognized amongst the throng
of sit-com stars his paper lantern
pulsing with glowworms searching for someone
dishonest enough not to be dull.
Formal Linnaeus however is appalled
& pallid enough to be mistaken for
Erasmus Darwin his doppelganger. The scent
of lilac weighs so heavy on this
crepuscular atmosphere that the two of them could
switch genders or even species.
TOPOPHILIA

Home is where,
    when you have to go back
it’s been torn down & replaced by
        a Park’n’Shop

Nowadays you can’t step in the
    same river even once.

I want to be the Monster in
*Hereditary Idleness*

    or,
*Six-toed Incestuous
Backwoodsmen of
New Jersey*

A Baba Yaga hut in a
    frozen marsh of reaction

Legs Diamond
    his body never found
        his buried treasure
            marked by *ignis fatuus*.

And so
the bourgeoisie is truly fucked.
*Ex Africa semper novo.*
The jewel that never leaves the mine is never polished

like billiard balls in a cloud chamber
leaving always leaving never
returning

SPLEEN?
    I know what you mean

because at least a grave has gravitas
something to keep ‘em down on the farm
    now they’ve bought the farm
    Newton on steroids
    (loaded dice)

with his fly-faceted eyes &
    silent reproaches.
CHICKEN LIB

Who’d’ve thought: theophany caught in throes of auto-commodity fetish mesmerism that’d strike a chicken as ridiculous as “as” (an army that burns its bridges before it crosses them, a true avantgarde devoted to metaconflagration rather than mere smug trans-fat self-congratulation) locked down in its den of recreation the way you’d mourn a lost chicken (poulet perdue) with bouts of late-nite pay-per-vue a panoraptic rapturous gaze as of wolf at chicken, if the dazed wolf were vegan, queer as folks, author of many well-loved chicken jokes.
TABLET
FOR TIAMAT

goddess of neolithic Kropotkinite midden heaps
who hates the clangor & bustle of metallurgic Marduk
with his Plan-ism for Planetary Progress
defend us now in this Babylon of light pollution
take back the night for blackness & the
slumber of demons, the superstitious saturnalia of
Endarkenment. If we can’t have yr Chaos at least
spread out yr pall of inefficiency & sloth.
Accept our somnolence as homage, we yr fellahin
yr cyberserfs yearning to be shiftless as Neanderthals.
The polyamory of Beardsley’s Under the Hill is yr
purest orthodoxy. Your lurid flickering Boschianism
(already censored in the cuneiform version) melts
the banks
(the first temples) like lava in a wetdream. Stymie
the emergence of Weberian Capitalism. We support
the Politics of the Worst, we who read ROMA backwards
deaf to Pavlov’s Bell we hope to pay no bills
& salivate only when there’s something to smell.
1. 

_Bingo_

The tablets
lost in the bombing of my kitchen
cracked, illegible
limbs & bulls exploding & gods
drifting overhead like turkey-vultures.
The barmaid Siduri (the goddess of barmaids)
says take it easy, life is short,
have another beer—proof
that the Sumerians came from Outer Space.

2. 

_Ptomaine in Mesopotamia_

Baghdad you
had the youthful but ivoried panache
of oval cigarettes
soporific as
naps on divans in winter solariums
listening to
Oum Khalsoum on
Radio Cairo
yet another
naturally inadequate transc-
scription of unwritten
& wordless sighs.
There is no repetition
in the realm of smoke.
Satan invented the exact copy.
The Future is fixed
the Past is always changing
so throw away yr rosary
stain yr prayer carpet w/ wine
or so says
a usually reliable source
known to enjoy the confidence
of the Sultan
of the Unseen.
I’ve wanted to tell you
of my love
since 1964
but every time I take up
my pen you die
in another war.

3.
*The Death of Abu Nuwas*

I wasted
my life because I never learned Sumerian.
Why bother to hold together rather than
dissipating statistically? Why this
halfway house between form & chaos?
Deltas look like
smoke. Stones move. Metals
feel fatigue. The
two Angels of Industry
guard the gates like cracking towers
symbolized by the twin columns
Jachin & Boaz.

Now we are smokier
cloudier like objects that might be
particles or waves or perhaps
morphogenic fields with personalities
but unhinged from Time,
a bureaucracy with ramifications
going back 6000 years, the same
offices now buried deep beneath
tells long given over to dust
& cluster bombs
    but we
are safely buried. We sit
at our desks in dandruffy fezes
& behind us stretch endless
sub-sub-basements stuffed
    w/ government bumpf
dating back to cuneiform
    blood & clay.
Sixty centuries
gives a mere 1800 generations
we know who you are
& what yr family owes how many
babies to Moloch. The archives
    (cough cough)
go back to  Gilgamesh
    Ur of the Chaldees
& we are wraiths
you can see thru sometimes
our features shift
like smoke.
Can money buy poverty?
Together we could fail to appear.
Monday is a saint’s day
Tuesday is such another
Wednesday go to church & pray
Thursday is half-holiday
Friday too late to begin to spin
& Saturday a half-holiday again.

—Old English Rhyme
Archers know nothing but bullseyes
but for us ignorance is power
a tunnel of near-death light effects
breathless as an Orient Express
gazing thru layers of distant alps
to the hole of Istanbul & the secrets
of alchemy. Like Alice the eye
tumbles down a dark microscope into
rigors of extradimensional geometry
a seductive maelstrom in a bathtub
sucking rubber duckies down to the
Antipodes—Van Leeuwenhoek
contemplating his own spermatozoon
in the mirror of poesy. The Memory Hole.
Like a Punch & Judy show based on the
Crucifixion, prose has had its say.
The pill of memory a perfect garden
(including its decay) has entered the
bloodstream. Long perspectives of dappled light.
The sundial with its moths—emotion
w/out content except the
shadows of water & a sudden
opening of crocuses.
Byzantine Iconoclasm insists that the violet be sole permissible symbol of the violet—but also that language itself is also a language of flowers. Linguistic drift is sacred drift; law is merely the whim of the enemy.
Crepuscular, umber—
if jewels could rot we could
wear them like trampled leaves.
Day’s iris is hazel, a bezel
for Pharaoh’s eye. Mauve
was the first synthetic color yet
now we see it in Nature
in the absent Other.
If gods could rot.
Let’s return to Hollow Earth via
the giant decenseur at Mt Erebus
all brass & teak, pneumatique
like a Bell Epoque ballroom
sinking beneath Antarctic schlag
slowly slowly (not to get the bends)
suddenly the Art Nouveau windows
disclose the panorama of rapturous deep
a cavern so high & vast it vanishes
in the distance. Blue waterfalls
fall for miles and break up on
crams in spumes of mist, clouds lit
by vast artificial globes set into
cave walls by unmentionable science.
A politique of the marvelous demands conceptual Brocéliandes of Neolithic *weltwald*, a Black Forest stretching from the Altai Mts to Altoona PA thru which democratic shamans & selfchosen chivalric elites can collide with “the bright lightninglike flash known as triboluminescence” of struck quartz pebbles or Arthurian knights. Forget Marinetti’s plan to bomb the museums we propose the Waters of Lethe—balm of short-term memory loss bottled in crystal flasks that sparkle spontaneously in the dusk. Eau de Lotus.
A neo-Goethean color theory prevails
Afternoon is its own res publica
suffused in a glow that decades hence
will return as a secret identity.

“All destinies are proportionate
to Attractions”
—Charles Fourier
TOMBEAU FOR MANY  
(in memory of  
Steve Scully)

Mourning wards off haunting as witness the Victorians & their ebony ju-ju. We use the opposite tactic. No flowers please. Corpse avoidance—exorcism by hygiene, no grave goods. But nothing seems to work.

Recordings once had hex power despite being essentially dead—like gris-gris, graveyard dirt. Monk’s “Tea For Two.” Harry Parch’s “Hobo letter”. Lovecraft’s story about the room with the extra angle: Boolean architecture: The Suburban Book of the Dead. The lure of heroin.

The Dead become Chinese gods gathering around like butterflies over the offering of blood. They make appearances in the dreams of many. They grow bigger & realer. Rumors of the new cult reach Court, the ghosts are given titles. They dictate their autobiographies. And so on.

The telephone is haunted as the Arabs attest. No candy skulls, no firecrackers, no drunken fusillades, no picnics in the graveyard.
Sometimes when you’ve thought many
heavy thoughts & paid for them you get
an extra thought free gratis for nothing
a rose petal floating on a full bowl
of milk, a crackerjack toy
a little plastic thought
manufactured in Taiwan, a
a Bazooka Joe comic thought
a bad pun—and yet
it could be the very hinge
between creaking dimensions—the words
Sir Humphrey Davy heard when first
he inhaled his new invention
nitrous oxide: the Anesthetic Revelation.
IRRESPONSIBLE TOMBEAU
FOR BRAD WILL
(murdered by P.R.I. paramilitary
Oaxaca, Oct. 27, ’06)

A Christian Revenge Squad
that goes about publicly & maliciously
forgiving its enemies might at least
rise to heavy irony. Green Revenge:
take out one SUV for every acre of trees.
The *bien pensant* affect to despise revanchism.
Pacifists never win. Proletarian Revenge, yes,
but where are the proles when you need ‘em?
Every successful bank robbery is at least a
consolation. What would be gained
by burning down the Mexican Embassy?
Well—plenty actually—and anyway
who cares? Lift a few hearts temporarily
is that nothing? Oh well—nice thought.
Launching of the AVATAR
avatar of atavism exemplar of
devolution recusant reversionist
turns back to the Old Religion
with a revanchist twist—the King Ludd
of backsliding former ex-progressivists
who’ve seen the Future & said
non servio. Real realization demands
shadowy ambiguities. There is such a thing as
too much light. True but not useful.
Language itself a semantic trap.
Never mind. Words are as real
as they need to be to seduce us
back into the closet of black reaction.
We insist on a certain kind of
very refined stupidity.
Bowled over. Thrown for a loop.
Rendered speechful by a single beam.
God or the Devil is in the details
I forget which. Let me be born again as a
History Lady. Alone in my flowered dress I’ll
hold a microscope to the lost quotidian.
A day lost in lethargy & mooning
over the Fifties—there’s no there there
we smirk—you can drive forever & never
arrive. That’s why we get this nagging feeling
that if we stop moving we’ll sink back
into some temporal shallows where alienation
is still bliss. An overcast October day
drugged w/ too much sleep as refuge
from the very suffocation it induces—
a homeopathic overdose. In the city
I know you’re weary but in the country
we’re quaint. No unsupervised play.
No burning leaves. Just because innocence
is ignorance is no reason to despise it.
MATURE ARTISTS STEAL

The Sibyl in her bottle is finally reduced to just voice but at least still has her gray lusts to cherish, her dessicated sensations her specimens pressed in botanical notebooks—her sentient dust. The scent intensifies as nectarous damp evaporates & diffuses through pages of Linnaean taxonomies—the very shapes impress their ghosts as pollen stains on yellow folios—the ka or aromatic soul dry as mummified papyrus or rose burnt to ash & restored by palingenesis voice of the Sibyl’s still unrequited desires.
Weather condition as psychic skin
ccoat or cloak, flesh that by comparison
would be bone & unfeeling. We sense
through weathers that become us (in a
flattering sense) or become us (in an
ontological sense) but without specific content—
like drugs. But since weather is someone or
something else does that make us
parasitic or symbiotic? Earth’s skin
our skin—a pathetic fallacy neither
trivial nor untrue—would be too much
to hope for & yet groovy as if
mist over the mountain were approaching
like the portrait of an unknown self.
Winter a giant wigwam or commune-sized
quonset hut woven of reeds & mud
snowbound hortus conclusus of stone soup &
mythopoesis, each atomized consumer alone
each oedipal unit squared off by
inanimate walls from the howling etc.
praying against sex demons & antivivisectionist
terrorists, yearning for vestiges of
an almost forgotten civilization, brooding
on tax avoidance, real estate deals
bourgeois super-egos & seed catalogues.
GROWING UP IN THE 1950s

Happy Cold Warrior or
Hysterico-Spiteful Commie dupe—
doomed existential-modernist or repressed
Baptist idiot—some fucking choice.
From the SEVEN CAULDRONS COMMENTARY
on the WANG CHU TRACTATE of LIEH TZU

Smoke from the pipe
   steam from the kettle
   mist on the mountain

last but a moment
   before the burden of
   futurity resumes.
The Shield of Achilles fails to deflect
the charnel schtink & autopsy odeur of Kultural Dekay
prepackaged as fun. Outside the circle of “Bad Weather” there is no protection from the endless
but insipid catalog of ways to get back at enemies
by ignoring them:
a martial art
pliant as sunsets & sentimental
Taj Mahals, soft as brains but
adamant as honest tears
solid as quantum breeze our
chainmail woven of fallen leaves
vast voids of radio silence
gauzy as mist on distant mountains.
Truly a can of worms eh
comrades? Pump yourself up
to a 19th-century neurasthenic glee
at other people’s gardens
or the love of ruins, vast sycamores
cracking the rubble of abandoned Walmarts
the breathless obituaries of
bats & bees, the relentless *pompes funèbres*
of lost languages retired to some
gated Isle of Inisfree Home for
Assisted Living. Because only shared illusions
ever come true, like the Man in the Wig
who’s his own best customer or the
lingering tone of music dying on the breeze.
ESCAPISM

Swear fealty to the dark leprechaunism of revenge
become a lump of sensual actuality in the thin gruel of
spectacular electromagnetism.
Set your basement afloat.

Behind the iron curtain of sheer boredom
with Civilization as we know it, psychic
discoveries proliferate & angelic sensations
are a dime a dozen
like a dirigible sleepy with nitrous oxide
finally so attenuated it trances us with
streaming sensations of thinking we
remember what it was.

The Escapist Militia practises reenactments
costumed complete with powdered wigs
of great moments in the history of haute cuisine
a fantasia of negation.

Obsessions are veritable Galapagoses of elegant ennui
Renounce the emptiness of vacations for the pleroma of
permanent unemployment, the vaguely impenetrable
    isles of the blest.
Even short thunder showers swell the head like a grape
& make it blush. The storm is a coast & briefly
we’re degenerate wreckers eager to pilfer
whatever flotsam washes up on our distant shore.
Those who inhale these alien spores drift back in time & temporarily indwell the bodies of long gone smokers who in turn have wafted off to even earlier dates & remoter climes ad (perhaps) infinitum. In 1911 these devotees of extra-terrestrial mycoremediation are disguised as opium addicts in Fu Manchu’s Limehouse den beneath the Thames. Off I go for one gilded soporific transmigratory augenblik & while I’m vacant who knows what nostalgist from the 23rd century passes thru my empty brain.

Too bored to sustain the vibratory level of incessant Progress we slump toward the portholes like so many rats, clamber down the ropes & scuttle off on a suave-qui-peut basis in search of some consolatory mania.

Tropicalismo
Orientalismo
Nostalgismo
Horizontalismo

} each with its favorite bistro

turns in on itself & dissolves into a tableau vivante of sentimental anniversaries & badly printed newsletters a college so invisible so diaphanous so secret some of its members don’t even know they’re in it.
A shimmering glow of Düreresque melancholia suffuses the twilite of Kapital.
So sue me. And go to yr grave with regrets for the winged words you wasted.

Is. Is. Is. The tyranny of the intransitive.

Aubrey Beardsley in suburban New Jersey in 1957 think he’s trapped in the fat boy like Felix the Cat in a bottle
of india ink—superhero stuck
in his secret identity scared to jump.
But he jumps. Thank god for LSD.
The whole gang has been reincarnated.
Few days are so pleasurable as those
on which one quits a job. Crime pays.
Slowly slowly one makes up for having
died so young last time.

Is it possible to remember a smell
or is the smell itself the memory?
If only our manifesto
could attain the rhetorical felicity of
the Acme Catalogue of Heirloom Roses.
As in the French Assembly
if you’re reactionary enough you suddenly
find yourself on the Left, so also
with roses. Talk about yr
poesie trouvée. If only!
An incense that explodes & knocks over the
tapers & shreds the ikebana.

If smells have color this one’s tinged with back-to-school acedia like a vast field of
superannuated sunflowers down to a riverbank where no one is swimming. I’d call it nostalgic
but any smell is nostalgic, wallpaper in a room where you once recovered from some disease.

Unfortunately utopia was all too affordable
a politics that begins at my door & ends only
in floods of tears
our only innovation being to admit defeat &
plan the retreat into some no-go Chernobyl
where we can become the monsters we are.
“Life is elsewhere” but accessible.
Temporary ruins.

We await the withdrawal of Heaven’s
Mandate from the fabric of
reality itself, potential possession by
ancient voices prophesying the
usual punch-up. Houdini,
sever the effluvium of yr ectoplasm.
Please evade “maturity”, the last
two minutes before death.

Time itself is lunar. It swells. It diminishes. Space is solar. Electricity doesn’t conquer
darkness—it erases stars. Night equals right. Crushed velvet. Pre-industrial musk. Only slaves
could conceive of heaven as unrelieved daylight. Escapism’s paradise lies in the shadows of the
Moon.

Sailing to an island
ions ozone iodine delight
dappled light bewilders but
sharpens appetite. Raoul Dufy, meet
Winslow Homer. Pascal would’ve bet on
Neptune—a brine-drunk existentialist
seduced by German nudism.
All islands are Celtic. One is saintly
one drinks a lot
because so little is actually at stake
in these pro-tem clandestine eutopias.

The Junkyard of History turns out
to be an OK vacation destination
a sort of Guadalajara, low rents, sunshine.
Surely Hermes is patron of garbage
as secret form of writing.
The Dump is our power spot
its mephitic memorial gasses the
source of our philosophic fire.

Up until now Art has revealed secrets
but henceforth its goal will be
to keep them.
The demi-maudit or half-damned poet hedges his bohemian debts & consoles self with a few consols at four percent doling out the laudanum in sensible teaspoons like crusty port. His inner Jeckyl embraces his inner Hyde thanx to new age therapeautics allowing him to project animus outward & avoid the Chattertonian telos or Artaud’s electroshock. His convulsions remain mental, he controls his full-moon urges & sublimates them into semi-masterpieces.
Without wine no religion. Without intoxication
no devotion nor sense of reverence to a
complicit cosmos, the kind that designs
cats for catnip & moons for dogs.
Same old growth since the Jurassic
whispering pines & bright beeches
this is the forest primeval
with cars & interpretive signage.
Herring & bagels & vino
a joint a paddle in the shallows
a picnic to contemplate Nature’s
same old scenario: rushing
& jewelling with champagnoid bubbles
the usual cathedrallike streamlet
repeated a billion & one times.
Booming clichés can be utilized in Chinese ways depending on position vis-à-vis 3-D or 4 or more-D perspectives of aha’s like high scores in pinball—games called Enduring Sorrow or the Cut Silk Sleeve: one phrase from the Annals of Former Han can act like that drop of water that wakes yr glass of whiskey: a million zillion light up like numbers on Hell Bank Notes one silver unmoving drop in a vortex one tear of sentiment clicks into place & remains there forever, a sort of stone stele in the empty waters of the Gobi.
Every day spent in the nude
map-dowsing the state of N. Dakota
where the population is actually
decreasing even as we speak
literally growing less dense—minus
ZPG along the wide Missouri
I see ghosttowns & abandoned farms
in Mandan Yucca Ft. Clark Beulah Zap
   Dodge Knife River
Halliday & Killdeer. Or else naked I turn to Maine
Aroostook Mungungam Caucomgomac
Chemquassabanticock & Chesuncook
looking for any loneliness backwardness lostness
icy authentico-naked sadneses
the atlas might radiate.
[Illustration?] from Old Calendrist
Form dictates content the tearfulness
of calligraphy induces mournfulness

the alphabet itself a lacrimarium
that reeks of natron balsam & black crepe

October comes with its tales of the crypt
official seasonal opening of dim closing-in
text as revenant of orality’s body
all writing is ghost-writing & thaumaturgy

We cherish the autumnal penumbra
that hovers round fading umber ink

leaf means page in every language
Eden’s abecedarium fallen from Eve’s apple

each sheet with its glyph & enigma
soon to be erased by irony or smoke.
For example in October
one might have compared
burning leaves hazing the
limpid & illegal air
tinged w/ hints of rotting
windfall cider apples
& pears with Our Vegetal Stone
our Soma for Proles.
INISFREE
(Dutchess Co., NY)

Pines camouflage the
carcinoma lot &
dharmaloka bamboos
garland the
portopotties

Thermoses of
green tea on the
greensward:
transcendental
medication.

(for Marcus, Christie
& Sparrow, Aug. '06)
Think global

act yokel

a hayseed hedgerow scholar

w/ Ovid in pocket

site specific as

the corpse beneath the hearth

gnomon to yr own shadow

Bakuninist

to all would-be conquistadors

of the Moon, the

sublunary

waters & airs.
WATERFALL IN
MOOSALAMOO, VERMONT

No amount of scientific know-how or
nil admirari can damp the squib of
our satori, no eco-tourism can
vitiate the baraka. From our
hidden guerilla basecamp
in the feminine hills we launch
our assault on heaven. Why
is the sky blue? Not
how, but why?
Hopped-up sounds like just the ticket. Even little peak experiences don’t come cheap. Spend cash like water—in fact buy water. Surrealist soup.

By any means necessary, as Malcolm X and Baudelaire put it: remedy for attention-deficit-disorder or the endless sexual rain of Dublin.
If YOU smelled like September 24th
bees would halo the nape of yr neck
each day impalpable as hairs on head
or loves of the vegetables.

         Common as dirt.

Common as humus with its 10,000
lifeforms per square inch.

         Just add water.

Think of the poor perfumes writhing
in an agony no one else can feel.
NEW WAYS TO PUBLISH
YR POEMS

(for Home Planet News)

On the backs of prayer-cards to made-up saints. Disguise as religious tracts & leave them in church vestibules. Or as tourist brochures & leave them in museums. Or as Missing Cat/Dog flyers on telephone poles. Or as hiphop graffiti or obscene scrawls on walls in unlikely public spaces. Sonnets on peel-off stickers. Hire bums thru temp agencies to carry enigmatic sandwich-boards. Is it still possible to send telegrams? Wire 1000 haiku to random addresses. Get junk-mail permit for pulp mass-mailings in targeted neighborhoods. Personalized poems delivered by messenger pigeons. Buy ad space in yr local news-rag & run yr own Poetry Corner. Pyrotechnic poems w/ words outlined in gunpowder on huge wickerwork frames. From hot-air balloon painted w/ hermetic symbols drop leaflets like Shelley in Ireland, toss them into clouds printed on thin rice paper. Using water-soluble ink, paint poems on banners & flags to be washed away by rain or drowned by tides. Engrave odes on thin sheets of metal or stones & bury them in public parks. Remember etch-a-sketch? Sky-writing is not as expensive as you might think—pungent phrases for summer beaches disguised as sun-tan ad’s. Lightbulb displays on Goodyear blimps.
SONNET-&-A-HALF
or, 21-gun Ode to October

Despite or because of October’s misnumbering
its euphony beguiles its patriots who oppose
calendar reform time zones & daylight savings.
October is our body. It refuses the cruel
pseudo-exactitude of all Bonapartist
bureaucratization. October is the 3-horsetail
Pasha of a remote Albanian dreamscape
of bandits in towers strumming lutes &
practicing lycanthropy. Also of course it’s
black & red. The impulse to wander in October
is hard-wired by aeons of transhumancy—
we follow animals as their magical parasites.
April like Eros is wasted by famine but
October’s moon is a truffled capon
basted in applejack for fat monks
to sleep off under haystacks. And yet
October’s azure ozone also never fails
to weaken bland bourgeois complacency
& Protestant decency with uncommodifiable
painful sincerity—scent of calvados & pears
colors drained of bitter irony.
The nape of the neck of the just—
trimmed hair of the snow

its negative ionization its splash of
eau de cologne from the O-Zone

its frozen matriarchy w/ its hibernation
hypnosis & soft buried gnosis

its Japanese dialectic monotonyn—Prince Genji’s
blue nose—Basho’s numb toes

proposes an architecture w/out architects’
obtrusive egos & molds us

a universal igloo enclosing its own
exteriority—a Moebius House

or dance-hall for never-sober
animal spirits & would-be eskimos.
THE WAY TO WEIGH DOWN

Down with down. Go down Moses. Get down. The one-dimensional State don’t appreciate no downy things. Down ye croppies. County Down we picture as a non-viable ambiguity between two conditions neither solid nor gas cloudy nebulous fuzzy, like the modern Persian word for No which is the archaic Persian word for Yes or goosedown on adolescents neti neti as they say in Advaita no damn way to run a business plowing all-too-ephemeral downy interdimensional snow.
ORNAMENTAL HERMIT

An anchor is bent back—an anchorite is laid back—out of the chorus—out in the outback—stuck in the sand the Coptic desert that’s mapped all over Ireland’s face & then re-mapped like the Odyssey on Upstate New York, each island a planet with its own little prince—each Ithaca & Carthage with its own grist mill & opera house its athenaeum or Chautauqua its phalanstery or Grange. This hermitage devoted to the austerities of Pachomius & Johnny/Apple/Baptist in the Boschscape waiting on a sign, a miraculous blossom or syncretic delirium of Serapis & Trismegistus—disguised as roadside oratorium in the Irish Catskills or Schoharie Hills—an ornamental hermit for the tourist trade, a three-star destination for guaranteed edification—the wispy white semi-bald shoulder-length hair—thin beard—skullcap—cranky opinions—self-published tracts souvenir keychains & organic honey. Professional anchorite. Holy Well (throw silver coins). Petting Zoo of Prophetic Beasts. Raw Food Snackbar—locust smoothies—showbread & sprouts—watercress & manna. Signs: Hermit is IN / Hermit is OUT. Behind the barn & concrete garden with broken bottles & plastic embedded plaster saints & visionary castles each with its own moral typed label under bugstained glass—beyond the fence a scraggly woodlot littered with old refrigerators & half-burnt tires. Puttering in his little garden of legal psychotropics beside primitive wattled hut in shapeless Breughelian hat & hairy djellaba while maybe five cars an hour cruise by & not one stops. Winters are edgy. One envies one’s 18th century forebears their lordly patrons. A skein of crows imposes itself behind & above the whole scene in fading midwinter azure limitlessness—a punctuation of crows. Frozen solid the creek creaks on nights w/out electricity. Egypt of the Catskills. Cairo in Greene County—With his cat Gregory. Embarrassing the petitbourgeois families from New Jersey by asking them to get down on their knees with him & pray to Nature’s God.
Enlightened sages get nuked just
like everyone else but at least they
have their old-pond frog-jump water-sound
while it lasts. The five or six Moseses
never get to enter the Promised Land because
it’s a process, it’s processual, it’s
a New Age nightmare, it’s processional,
parade rather than circus, already
a kind of exile, already gone, gone
too far out, too much. And so
they practice saying goodbye to
suchness, frogginess, H₂O, the
moon in the pond & what have you
even while Canaan looms into view.
Remember St Paul’s Epistle to the Galatians who of course were Gaels Gauls Celts ended up in Asia Minor 3rd century BC capital at Ancyra. Reincarnation flash: I was a Galatian a kind of Irish Turk in a green turban lost between Dublin & Istanbul one of the backsliders whom the Apostle excoriated—an un-circumsized pseudo-Jew with red sidelocks—a proto-Bloom in toga & sandals slouching toward Jerusalem to be bored & shiftless in a shaft of Classical sun.
Born & bred for bohemia now
athwart our palominos we lope
toward the sunset clause—gigantic,
the dark paws of America
too late for the Republic of Montmartre
& its grand guignol we hope
against hope not to be buried
on the lone prayer-ee of exurbia

From Nowhere USA to Bumfuck
Idaho we lollop past the ruins
of Greenwich Village & the Moon
groping toward that sad cafe
where no one will ever ask
us again the name of that tune.
JOBS FOR HORSES

I await the first ox or horse
not breathlessly but impatiently

the first horse not ridden for hobby
first ox used because cheaper than tractor

pray I live to overhear the first
teenagers talking about fast horses

to see India in America—one-horse gigs
for rakish gents & bullocks for squares

Afghanistan in Upstate NY—shabby
Russian droshkys—Bactrian camels

plodding the verges of crumbling thru-ways
caravanserais under the clover-leaves

flatbreads & sheep entrails sold
from the shells of ruined McDonalds.
SECRECY CREATES VALUE

Rough secrecy means escape from media

Refusal of the Image—the photograph not taken—film left undeveloped—absence-of-image as artform

The poem unwritten—talked away in some pub or café

or if written never published but only read aloud or passed from hand to hand in flawed versions scribbled on backs of envelopes

art that cannot be distinguished from natural magic or the accidental beauty of weather & decay. Buried art. Burnt art. Unrecorded situations

secret art conspiracies. That which does not appear in media scarcely exists—a vast potential Outside

Radio Silence. Poetry as whole-body communication. No need for an underground—just under the radar.
Our nest of spies has sunk so far underground we’ve forgotten who we were meant to betray. At least we have ice as consolation for the purity of our intentions—

whatever they were.

Ice as sign of our bad intentions—bad put pure. A river sublimed is a river that has expressed itself in ice & hidden its currents even from itself. Espionage yes but for whom & to what end?

We know we’re frozen beneath a crust of enemies but we’ve lost track of our friends.
TOMBEAU
for Robert Anton Wilson

Poem & pomology—false etymology
or proto-Indo-European ha-ha?
The small-k kabbalist relishes
a poemogranate from the gardens of
Granada. N.E. Vavilov (later
denounced by Lysenko, died in Gulag)
discovers Eden somewhere in Khazakhstan
not far from the genetic epicenter of hemp.
Noon blue apples. The Discordian Pope
throws out the first ball of the season
over the fence into the Hesperides
or Tir na Nog the island of
Irish Facts. Turn down gents
your jiggers of Jameson’s.

(an earlier version appeared
in Fifth Estate)
One good excuse for a Doomsday cult
to explain the failure of the world to end
on the predicted date is to say of course
it did end, on the subtle plane, but you’re
too coarse to have noticed it. Millions now living
will never die. The exact sensation
Chicken Little experienced, that sepulchral
Poe-like feeling that space has been
abolished. Running around like a chicken
w/ its head cut off (what was the name
of that Catholic saint?)—a failure to
communicate—cosmic claustrophobia—the Word
was spoken but you failed to listen—
Rapture swept you away & no one missed you.
Begin where Mary Shelley left off. Frankenstein’s Monster returns from the North Pole, having fallen in with the Alexander Mackenzie Arctic Expedition of 1798. He sails back to London with them, passing himself off as an Eskimo.

Lost and alone and wandering by the Thames one night he meets William Blake, who befriends him, and lectures him on Satanic Mills and Newton’s Night. Blake inducts him into the Druid Order (of which he is the Grand Master) and gives him a copy of Paine’s *Rights of Man*. Through Blake’s Painite connections the Monster meets Col. Despard, the radical conspirator, and becomes embroiled in Despard’s 1802 attempted uprising.

When Despard is betrayed and hanged, the Monster flees into the North, to Nottinghamshire. There he has a vision of Robin Hood, and forms a secret underground organization, the BLACK LAMP. Working in a mill under the name Ned Ludd, the Monster smashes his first mechanical loom with an Enoch’s Sledgehammer.

In 1812 the Monster learns that a relative of Baron von Frankenstein, Sir William Horsfall of Huddersfield, is not only the obscenely rich proprietor of a nearby satanic mill, but has also invented a calculating machine, based on the concept of the mechanical loom (and very like the one later designed by Ada Lovelace, the mathematician daughter of Lord Byron)—a precursor of the computer.

Under his nom de guerre, General Ned Ludd of Sherwood Forest, the Monster organizes the angry weavers and leads a raid on Horsfall’s Mill. That brilliant scientist however has built iron-plate armor around the *inside* of the Mill—and the raid fails. Several Luddites are slain. Shortly afterwards however the Monster assassinates Horsfall and smashes the “difference engine”.
Pursued by the authorities, the Monster returns to London as riots and loom-smashing mobs overrun the North.

Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lord Byron have started a Fund for Luddite Children—and now they meet and befriend “Ludd” himself. One evening they take him to meet the anarchist philosopher William Godwin and his daughter Mary Wollstonecraft. (She and Shelley are in love and are secretly planning to elope.) All night the humans listen in fascination as the Monster tells them his true life history.

Next morning the Monster takes ship and sails off into the West, back to the Canadian North, to join the Indians and carry on the struggle against Civilization. Mary, Percy, and Byron depart for Switzerland.

Note:

The idea of the condensed novel as a sort of narrative prose poem comes from Brian Aldiss. An earlier version of *Delicate Monster* appeared as part of “The Alchemy of Luddism” in *Fifth Estate* (Fall ’08) and is again dedicated to Diane di Prima.
In a story I invent someone
who proclaims Electricity is Sin—
Turn the clock back to the Neolithic
kill the lawyers, let the Spirits in.

The reader smiles—no one calls the cops
this is just literature—anything goes—
these shadows act out our illusions
but nothing counts—as every reader knows.

The author’s simply playing w/ these notions
trying on masks, now murderer, now saint
letting other voices speak his secrets
& recite his explanations & complaints.

Mere fiction need no longer fear the State
that deems its crimes too little—and too late.
Do the Ends justify these mean streets—dead as it were by definition w/out modifying adjectives? or could there be a living End one might ask? a cul de sac of Sartrean psychogeography still throbbing w/ something other than signage? Somewhere a Finestere a World’s End with a decent pub?— old wardrobe or phone kiosk w/ a hidden dimensional door to elsewhere? to the Egress? or is melancholia itself an elsewhere an end in itself?
Abu Nuwas is packing a pistol—but also
he’s glad to see you: frottage in the hamman

The Mirror of Princes recommends the Caravan of Summer
a three-eyed toad drops pearls from speaking lips

Br’er Rabbit cruises the Poetry Market under a spell
cast by person or persons unknown: frantically

peers at passing faces: wizards: witnesses
someone spits on knots: the moon in the pond

spirits of not-born flowers rapt in tight buds
already perfume the air with futurity

in disguise they reel around Nighttown leaking dinars
only in the 10th century can mere stars make them weep

Baghdad is mapped in their veins like Kirlian photographs
psychotic erotic wetdreams of the Nightingale.
IF POETRY IS NEWS THAT STAYS NEWS
WHY ISN’T IT IN THE PAPERS?
— a haiku headline —

Autos Squoosh Grass At
Family Farm Festival —
Scent of New-Mown Hay
TOMBEAU FOR
COLIN WILSON

His philosophy of peak experience plus Walter Benjamin’s Profane Illumination equals overcoming of Nietzsche’s Christ/Dionysus crisis in the last insane letters from Turin—call it romantic existentialism according to which one could save the phenomena of Hermeticism as an infinite regression of skillful revelation of skillful illusion & so on down to the putative & inexpressible but empirically verifiable interface between consciousness & nature in the moment of horizontal immortality which needless to say possesses political implications.
I missed my calling—meteorologist—wasted my life unable to distinguish cirrus from cumulus & never the Nostradamus of any farmer’s almanac. I would’ve militated against the manichaeism of TV weather prophecy & preached zennishly there’s no such thing as bad weather, only bad luck. I’d cultivate a cult of inclemency advocating nude rain bathing, sex in snow, a Report for afficianados of February, Full Moon lunacy statistics, zodiacal harvest dates for psychotropic plants, comparative folklore of weather magic. Enter amorous embrace with Earth’s felt or pelt of atmosphere via our predictions of falling stars & spells for bells that cause thunder.
JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES GOES INTO EXILE

Train stuck for hours in blizzard
snack-car runs out of hot dogs
drifting toward Niagara
dreams he’s locked in a barrel
Flight into Canada
Hiawathan mists

The passenger’s eye like a
burglar’s glim probes those
old frame houses, rears turned
to the tracks, peers
into back bedroom windows, leers
w/ phantom whistles of longing for
some poorer reality.

Thoth to Aesculapius: over & out
—a drowsy recuperation
eating canned peaches & re-reading
Pseudo-Eratosthenes, he travels
with his favorite diseases
his temporary shrouds
(provided one is taking
    the proper medication
    of course)
soft as a window on
a nocturnal Nile

a midden heap designed by
Cagliostro
(can we call it science if it
never works?)
Recovery from sickness is an ideology.
ALL ABOARD!
All canals are a bit Chinese
de Chirico & Piranesi designed canals
contra naturam pulled by mules
thru poppy & tulip fields, the
canal-boat’s spatial poetics stretch
attenuated nocturnal spectral
gemütlich by aqueduct passing
by water over water. And the gin
is a-gettin’ low. And also
Dutch, miniature blue-&-white world
on a tile, vignette of chinoiserie on
tea pot, blue willows along
placid canal with scarcely a
drink till we get to Buffalo.
(for Rudy Rucker)

Collecting some selves from nearby alternate dimensions I send out squads of tiny replicants. How can we bear to be less beautiful than trees when we might be more-so they squeak. Can we save myself by jumping into our own pocket ad infinitum or will eventually all such schemes like chain letters break down & leave the body holding the bag? The trees nod. They agree to anything & everything. No dialectic edge.
FAMOUS GARDENS OF SHIRAZ
a Mathnavi translated from
the modern Persian of
Selim Hayati

The Golden Calf
  like all stupid people I worship
golden calves not Kantian Katagories
    I the “I” of the ghazal

The suppression of the idol was the
  final trick they played on us
to enslave us to abstraction &
    police surveillance

Coins are the Devil’s ikons
  one on each eye. A deity who
can’t be bathed & fed must be
    a god of the Dead

The suppressed content of monotheism
  is polytheism & the repressed content
of polytheism is the thaumaturgy of
    the human skin

A garden where flowers sing
  & breezes caress us w/ a vulgar
naïve realism: a scandalous
    heaven with dancing bones
An idol unable to return our
gaze of stunned awareness with
a glance of deep enigma will
never seduce us

We don’t want to know—
we want the aesthetic shock
the literal taste of dust on the
threshold of desire

We work on our madness the way
other people work on stock portfolios
investing every last intention in
the derangement of devotion

For the hunter the landscape is full of signs
not just the blur between A and B
for the criminal every atom of night is alive
& sentient, not a smudge
between streetlamp & TV.
For the terrorist every moment is saturated
as mystical ecstasy & not mere units
of labor or ennui to be

filled with anodynes. And the
mad lover attains a state of
paranoid intensity & manic glee
unknown to law-abiding sheep.

Night falls indecisively. White
petals might be glimpses of yr face.

(Note: Selim Hayati, b. Shiraz 1945—educated Sorbonne & London University 1962-68. Returned to Shiraz & joined the Kakhsari (“Dust-Head”) Sufi Order and the Ahl-e Haqq (“People of Truth”, an extremist Shiite schism). Supported Ali Shariati’s “Islamic Socialism” during the Revolution—fired from Shiraz University. His work cannot be published under the present regime.)
A rivulet that creeps
along the backsides of dead farms
& former factories & that lacks
all economic function except as cloaca
for treated waste begins to take on
sinister airs, brown & sad
as if it flowed from the 19\textsuperscript{th} century—
always going away—slightly fecal
like regret—like unwritten history.
Why do I think I spent someone
else’s childhood by its banks? because
children live in the 19\textsuperscript{th} century &
still experience their earliest nameless
dreads beside rivers of former times?
WHY DO THEY
HATE US?

We’re having fly for Xmas
but thanx to the miracle
of virtual reality it’ll
look & taste like turkey
plump 12-lb bluebottle
guaranteed plague free
frankenfood for the post-
nuclear family we call it
the Other Dark Meat.
AWARD NIGHT

Pindar wins the gold Nietzsche medal for contributions to Gay Science

The late Col. Qaddafi for his Situationist critique of professional sports (last chapter of the Green Book)

Leonora Carrington for her development of an edible Surrealist cuisine (she also gets the Charles Fourier Gastroosophy Award)

The late Colin Wilson for his steadfast championing of Neanderthal Liberation Rainbow Farm—queer liberation rural hemp activists martyred by police Sept. 2001 (they also get an “Oscar”)

Alexandre Jacob—anarchist burglar (“Finally I concluded I would rather steal than be stolen from”)

Gov. Huey Long of Louisiana for his slogan “Every Man a King—but no one wears the crown”

(Note: Gov. Long’s slogan was actually coined by William Jennings Bryan.)
NEO-GHAZAL

Running away to Baden-Baden
    to join the Cirque d’Hiver
the Caravan of Winter
    its delectable ennui

one becomes the enemy
    viz. Vienna’s secret Ottoman Id,
        the COFFEE HOUSE
triste Trieste (Mad Carlotta, etc.)
    & finally San Francisco

leaving the air-conditioned ruins
    for some pocket of underdevelopment
where not everything has been replaced yet
    by its trembling hologram

Venice in February maybe
the Seal of the Saints.
Juxtaposition of mysterious resonances
the Buried Treasure Principle:
    beneath the banal
    lies a tuning fork
that could shatter the complaisance
    of a Mrs Kidd
spontaneous demonic rites in the basements
of unfinished housing developments where
once there grew an orchard an icehouse a privy
Paleo-Indians bringing down a mammoth
    with Folsom points
we set fires & pissed on them. Not just to
    understand life
but make it more like books.
If there really was an Age of Miracles
& now it’s over doesn’t that make God
a meanspirited shithead?
    Born
too late to meet the Prophets &
too early for the Messiah? what a
    fuckin swindle.
LETTER TO MRS LUDD
THE BLACK LAMP

“…not to suggest a Luddite approach
at this late date…”
—S. Edwards
The Arts Paper
(Boulder CO, June ’01)

“The Revolution will be digitized!”
—C. Clark.
ibid.

1.
Volunteer to serve the Negation
Never too late for Mrs Ludd
If Bugs Bunny’s a Surrealist
what’s that make Elmer Fudd?
Wherever you are tonight Mrs L
Tiamat Tara rivernymph undine
Captain Moonlight & Saint Monday
flaneurs on ancient boulevards of spleen
never complain never explain
our secret society goes back to the Neolithic
peonies penises skinsoft rain
the garden—the bicycle—please be more specific.
2.

Perfect Mirror of Global Capital
the Devil’s waiting room
haunted slum & universal slime
of TechGnosis & cybergloom
pumpkinification
carpal brain syndrome
public suicide machine
Mammon’s dictaphone
Moloch’s infernal combustion
psychic noise pollution
landscape of corpse-light
metaphoric cold fusion
3.

Very well no longer resist prophetic voices
angry illiterate letter pinned to social factory’s door
Neither Physics Nor Metaphysics—empirical morality
haunted by spirits real as need be but poor.
Suburban Luddite. Jungle marches on the city
tear down digital enclosures smash the looms
turn off the hell drone kill the power
light the lying city only with Moon.
4.

Reactionary nostalgist
crackpot Kropotkinite
last human lab-rat gone rabid
ungrateful dynamite

monasteries of slowness
even light goes less than MC^2
cultivate holy datalessness
secrets meant to be shared

How many Lady Ludds
how many General Neds
it was raining when you left us
we forgot what you said
Switch off the *Aufklärung* before leaving
socialism minus electricity please
Black Light of the alchemists of Isfahan
where even day falls into reveries
Power failure: rain comes in lacquered screens
the house feels like a pelican of glass
phone goes dead but someone else’s voice
starts to life like pistils licked by bees
Storm’s over: power returns—but not to *you*
tree-hating landscape-rapists throw the switch
electrocuting all your monastic pleasures
icebox grumbles lightbulbs galvanize
radio threatens more cancerous weather
eliminating all your buried treasures
6.
We lose a world every 15 minutes
by evening nostalgia for morning overtakes us
digital hemlock numbs our limbs to slumber
fearing nothing nice will come to wake us
This IS the Future: how do you like it so far
anachronistic fireflies? Petroleum: a prophecy
(by the author of Der Golem) suffocation
600 channels: tombstones: burning seas
Black Lamp dark phosphorescent pearl of night
how many dodo species whacked like weeds
or children vanished into ambient screens
No King but King Ludd asleep beneath the hill
under the parking lot the beach—but who
could be foolish enough to want to smash machines?

7.

note
last known sledgehammer of Luddites
manufactured by Enoch & Co
I see it under glass in the museum
one night begin to glow
ET IN ARCADIA

(for Bishop M. Aelred Sullivan & Fr Michael Bacon)

“The human desire for transcendence is an arguably hard-wired behavior”
—Arcadia Research Project (Australian Network for Art & Technology)

1.

Gnostic Police: mind over matter
what else is law but bad magic?
A fictitious person has no liabilities
only assets
no corpse to weigh down its
immortal spirit
Sphinx
vast & vague as a cloud of radioactivity
succubus
flea that swells to the size of a galaxy
strawberries crossed with the genes of fat people:
El Estupido the unconscious thinks it’s all SciFi
2.

High Moral Ground? Y’can’t get there from here.
Queer jouissance: class traitor (see Genet)
voluptuous dégringolade—Imaginal Past
down the hole with the trolls: gone away
   Exiles of Cyberia unite, you’ve
   nothing to lose but chains of “Lite”

3.

The old Ukrainian carp fishers
are picking up & moving
slowly out of this Dutch genre canvas—
June & dappled—even the name is Dutch
the Something-Kill
   From the other bank
you can see they scored at least
   one big one
dull gold held up in the ray between
   blue clouds
steamed with dill & potatoes
4.

renunciation laves the skin like rain
silky, spagyric, excised from time but not
from space BLAMM thunder defines place
a game of bowls in a valley time forgot
Not that you have anything against time
as continuum rather than torture machine
or the Taylorism of everyday life sliced
& diced & lost to some Maxwellian fiend
In fact the Order proposes a Reconquista
seizing back the provinces of rain
invisible worlds hover behind its screens
Every gadget that disappears makes way
for unpolluted space/time to reclaim
the marches between the banal & the unseen.

5.

Anabaptists on dope: strict observance
Amish icebox spermaceti lamps
under the radar off the grid—in fact
no phone no television & no maps
Entheogenic sacramental heaven
whiling away the time till Armageddon
6.

haven’t tied off the veins of pleasure but
just can’t stand the tragedy of representation
dunno much theology biology but
shade is as good as a hat

*La Physiologie du goût* delivers the goods but
the Slow Food Movement’s an Escargo Cult

7.

E.T.A. Hoffmann Fan Club
Pro-Endarkenment Left
meet at the bend in the river
between warp & weft

Children on summer lawns
birds at their dawning jamming
nightingales sullen thunder
hunting & farming

Fishing in the manuscriptorium
the stylite in an armchair
stuck in the crook of a willow
prays to empty air
TOMBEAU FOR LEONORA CARRINGTON

Mexico City is absolutely.

Or was.

With a claridad that would’ve seemed
glossy as a femur except for the fecality
of its plutonian fruit. Especially
Leonora Carrington. The secret hardness
of colonial baroque. The refusal to be
reasonable. Its crown of owls.

Chocolate is Mexico’s great
contribution to Surrealism.

With unbroken incantations in the
voice of a lion prepare (on wild rocks)
a soup made of half a pink onion, a bit of
perfumed wood, some grains of myrrh, a
large branch of green mint, 3 belladonna pills
covered w/ white swiss chocolate, a
huge compass rose (plunge in soup for one minute);
just before serving old Chinese “cloud” mushroom
which has snail-like antennae &
grows on owl dung.

Madame Paracelsa tells yr
fortune (in the sense of “buried treasure”).
It seems you yourself have psychic gifts
which are only exacerbated by her soups.
Carrington embodies both the siesta & the
anti-siesta. A Madam Adam
with a hand cranked gramophone horn
lacquered black & gold that plays
only beeswax cylinders of Erik Satie
or Gesualdo. Here alone does exile
attain that elegance & impassibility known
only to stoned Rosicrucians.

(Note: soup recipe by Leonora Carrington; see
The Spiritual Journey of Alejandro Jodorowsky.)
in mourning for all beautiful fleeting thoughts
dispersed by the police. Politics is a scab you can’t help picking. In widower’s weeds & crepe
with mutes & black percherons to haul the catafalque to the crematorium of Progress. A sob fest. A keen of theoretical banshees ululating in French. Each text the epitaph of some defunct aesthetic shock or spasm of amour fou rebukes the chorus (brekkakoax) of vain regrets waters the weeping willows & noir cypresses of a moribund cryptotheology with envy & spite. Every word spilled is another lost baby another hungry ghost.
OTHER PEOPLES’ GARDENS

Art-for-art’s sake self-indulgence
surrounds Spring with implifications of being
insufficiently depressed or stressed.
Finicky recherché aesthetics of
lilac violets dogwood feral orchards
undisciplined by market forces, smarmy Wordsworthian
faux-zen dandyism of ordinary poor
roadside Proustian day lilies
& bogs of purple loosestrife—gardens
for slackers fin-de-siècle dilettantes
parasites of Nature’s most disheveled hair-do—
Spring’s flaneurs ignore today’s vital issues
lawns gone to seed comfrey chicory raspberry
not flamboyant decay but just
unkempt enough to pass unnoticed.
Even the gardener punches no clock
& must collaborate with worms, too poor
or too stupid for Today’s Busy Lifestyle.
ECLOGUES

1.
The escutcheon quarterly charged in dexter chief argent three gouttes de larmes in chevron

in sinister chief sable a waxing increscent or

in dexter base vert a salamander erect gules

in sinister base of the second a trefoil slipped of the first

crest on an esquire’s helm mantled vert doubled argent the salamander statant amidst flames proper

supporters dexter a faun proper armed with syrinx and sinister an undine proper with mirror & comb

motto
Numero deus impare gaudet
(“the god delights in uneven numbers”)

—Virgil
[ILLUSTRATION] *CUL-DE-LAMPE*
2.

So dead it doesn’t even have to be resuscitated by some Unheimlich Maneuver botanists of the invisible & all too palpable heavity of fecund Earth unseen Undines bare feet white porcelain in the puddles & rivulets of shamrocks & watercress ultimately Indo-Aryan, coprophiliac Mexican-American & above all Greek Revival circa 1830, Swedenborgian, calm serene & slightly boring.
3.

Oil of the Celestial Bear.
Culture is weather
Civilization is just bad air.
Our refusals seem to
make more sense on days of
rotten snow & mist circulating
in repeated distillation under
the sky’s closed lid:
Feeling our way north
toward some great carved Versailles
of clear ice
& our forgotten primitive hearth.
[note that these are not captions, just descriptions for locating correct image]
4.

Old gods love barbecue
bread & wine those pallid allegories
like gentlemen farmers w/ a taste for Pindar
if you know what I mean.
A moment of silence for the Grange Hall
& another moment of silence
for silence itself. Musty odor
snowed in with the Old Antiquarian
naturally one’s thoughts turn to
the Farmers Almanac, the 4H Club
blue ribbons, chickens of paradise
trumpets, apports, ectoplasms
disembodied hands
still living on SSI at Virgil’s
Trailer Court down on Route 9
beneath the brooding hills
behind the Town Dump. They hate
mmodernity w/ such passion they fly back
into the past like startled doves
“a lid on the sky”
alcoholics, in & out of mental homes
unemployed but loud w/ birdsong
each firefly the soul of a
Female Messiah
now flows beneath a candy of ice
awaiting the renaissance of Pastorale.
5.

Closed for the Winter
drained of meaning as Mussolini drained
the marshes round Rome—
still here only because the 19th century
lost its nerve & sold out to
H.P. Lovecraft.

Fishing for Coral:
the sad unconscious beauty of meadows
that have lost their names.

Trees gloved in ice play the sun
like organists at Ste Sulpice
so thin & glassy not even
dogs can hear them.

Location location location
the sky is a mask of itself as sky
—of course an emblem of the Invisible
would be invisible.

Sybil
retires into her bottle
her old Airstream like a silver loaf of bread
immobilized by dead vines
her mercuric cave beside the ruined canal
& speaks no more into the silky night.
Here I languish
awaiting yr return from exile—or mine—
or somebody’s—anybody’s—

each page a crystal ball.
Ossendowski, Le Roi du Monde, the Black Lama
Sven Hedin, Sir Aurel Stein, lost Hebrews of Afghanistan
terrorist caverns of Arghatta—
or some 19the century spa
each paragraph a hand grenade.

We’re the people
Sax Rohmer warned us about—dupes of
strange heresies etc. etc.
or the usual vague premonitions

graveside
ceremonies—unpaid stipends—empty
orders of nobility—titular bishoprics of cities
long buried beneath sand…

a six-pipe problem as Holmes
would say. Messiah as surrealist outrage.
“Oratory & Pro-Cathedral” a rented room in some
decayed genteel neighborhood where it always
seems to be raining
the heavens open & something comes down on a
cloud—anything you like—just so long as it’s
not more of this vile bourgeois transparency
I see the miraculous Image. Shots ring out
in the cemetery—a salute for fallen
martyrs—men in drenched trenchcoats
vanish behind obelisks & weeping angels as
the police pull up

heavy as tuning forks crusted with
verdigris & ochre. We have our
priest’s-holes. Never took the oath.
Immanentize the eschaton, sure, why not
6.

Funny ha-ha or funny peculiar
in their powdered bag-wigs & velvet weskits
chorus line of *philosophes* bumping & grinding
like Baltimore strippers:—*take it off* we’re yelling
but they never do. It’s second nature
to them now: plastic surgery as performance art
lace ruffs yellow with greasy sweat
other planets on $5 a day

mown lawn
cries out for some violation some rain of frogs
or blood, Voltaire in mid-air, blue lobsters
dubious Marian apparition or a dead dog
floating in the swimming pool
doorway to the *n*th dimension.

Naturally enough they fail to gel
those moments
whirling to make ourselves dizzy & collapse
on the mown lawn beneath little rainbows
from the sprinkler
     or poling a pirogue
thru liquifact August’s atmosphere upon
atmosphere estuarial & briny—
there were repercussions, there were
     anti-pastoral
forces at work
because violence & tenderness are complicit
linked in the deep wellsprings of etc.
like a negative hallucination
like a whole city erased & replaced by forest
little red humming devils
take over the courthouse & burn the archives
otherwise I can see no escape from
incoherence
a confection of marzipan & haschisch
in a box decorated w/ two
shepherds by Watteau.

We are all Geeks
logjammed with ecologues
we love poetry because it’s so faggy
our closest link to Hellenism’s the local
Greek diner
under the sign of Saturn out on Rte 299
they claimed Virgil was longing for a messiah
to save him from paganism
whereas we’re longing for paganism
to save us from messiahs

Silenus
   drunk as a skunk
I ask you
   is this the orisha we want
our male muse? our role model? this
ithyphallic troll?
   Silenus wants out.
He demands a paean.
he loves a parade.
   He presages the Spring.
7.

_Travesty_

(for Judith Malina &
the Living Theater)

Chorus of Mutes
tall black hats
streaming with long black crepe ribbons

Chorus of Existentialists
black berets, smoked lenses
black 1950s beat cafe

Chorus of Mummers
crossdressed for Xmas Pantomime
like dewy-eyed hi-skool dragqueens

Personae: Mother Nature, Schrodinger’s Cat
  an empty coffin
  André Gide & a Goatherd
  Dionysus & the Crucified One
  Lord Cranstoun
  his Goblin Butler

Act I Scene One the Coffin yawns
From my point of view I’ve been waiting
since the 18th century for the old bitch
to make up her mind
{ILLUSTRATION} Shiva/Shakti //Ardhanarishvara poster.
The mutes are silent, bored
Civilization itself seems to them now
a form of mourning

Gide: Disputing the sex of angels
a strange sort of Viennese feeling
of angst gradually overtakes you
as dusk falls in certain
dreary suburbs

Scene Two was
perhaps scissored by the
poet himself to roll cigarettes with:
cruel instrumentality of reason
or treason or simply a refusal
to be translated

Act II
Enter Nietzsche, played by two actors
with a large orange Kat under one arm

Kat: I think for some reason of those etchings
illustrating orgy scenes from 18th century texts
dozens of naked bods in tightpacked rows
reminding one of the clock as metaphor

*L’homme machine*
The Kat sniggers rudely
why do you find it so difficult
to grasp that I am both male & female
like Ardhanarishvara

N One: Difficult? Not at all!

N Two: Pah! Disgusting!

They struggle over the Kat, bashing each other
feeblly with alpenstocks & umbrellas

sufferings of a cabhorse…chloral hydrate…
Syphilis, originally a shepherd in some Arcadian
romance…take your whip…ouch…

Kat escapes to coffin
slams lid behind
Now all dramatis personae fall silent
puzzled, apprehensive, tearful

Chorus of Mummers acts out
Aubrey Beardsley’s “Death of Pierrot”
moonlight, cypresses, exeunt omnes

Next scene, Mother Nature reclines on chaise longue
N One & N Two squeeze together in a single armchair
[ILLUSTRATION] “Plate 144” Beardsley frontispiece from Dowson poems.

(note the above is not a caption)
behind her, N One with pencil, N Two with notebook

Mother: the “Fall” of the Roman Empire
was not a collapse but an Autumn, a long drawn out
Autumn. What collapsed was Paganism
driven to Melancholia by Babylon.
In fashionable cafes they talked of asceticism
mortification, Gnostic disgust

Fallen Nature they called me like a dead whore
in some dreadful Weimar Expressionist movie
about Jack the Ripper.
You want a job with Comintern? You want a schooner
landing by moonlight in Bantry Bay
with German submachineguns?

Civilization
IS its discontents

N One leaps from chair
Bravo—let me lick the dust
from yr shoes like spilt sugar
or some incredibly expensive drug

N Two: …besphinxed…
Act III

The Existentialist Café again
Lord Cranstoun & the Goblin sit at same table but
don’t seem to be speaking to each other

Lord C in tweeds & kilt w/ a giant strawberry
on his head à la Hieronymous Bosch

Goblin resembles S. Clay Wilson’s Checkered Demon
(golf hat, plus-fours) stares blankly offstage while
massaging his grotty crotch

as Lord C reads aloud from newspaper in mild Lallans accent

both are nursing absinthes

Certain bloodlines descend from shapeshifters
animals like birds monsters clouds coins plants furs
so that each blazon both protects
& projects the power of that animal etc.
like specimens in bottles
with captions

Ours is a crane or ibis
with a stone in one claw
standing for armed vigilance: a punning crest
  (canting arms)
& the strange motto
“Ere I Want Thou Shalt Want”
Goblin (dreamily):
wave or particle wave or particle

Lord C:
In the Islands certain families
trace their lineage to the Selkies, seal spirits
in France to Melusine half girl half watersnake
I once met a Hungarian count who not only
looked like a wolf & had wolves in his coat-of-arms
but also troubled dreams of wolves ever since
the Fall of Communism: “Come Back…come baaack…”

Here at the Non-Juring Anglican
Correspondence School for Imaginal Studies
we offer $600 weekends
get in touch w/ yr inner
power animal
Cro-Magnon Liberation Front
Resist Domestication
Take Back the Night
Ban Electricity
Protect Yourself from Image Magic
with our patented heraldic devices…

Goblin:
…I see the ghost of your grandmother
like the body of John Calvin inhabited
by a giant dragonfly. Ah
the crepuscularity of it all…

Lord C prepares another “Green Fairy”
w/ water sugar & silver spoon
the glass turns bright neon green
spuming like dry ice
blurping & bubbling, the Scotch peer
goes into a Lon Chaney routine

Goblin:
I’d like to know if the lotus
or water lily is a true hallucinogen
And as long as I’m still curious
I must still be alive

Chorus of Existentialists:
Chaos was first, then Eros, Earth
& Old Night. Avicenna says Desire alone
moves the archangels and stars
in their courses

We reject your Gospel of Bad News
gratuitously or simply because we’re planning
to fall in love again
join a Sun-&-Health cult
take amber in our coffee

we founded our project on nothing
but desire has

entered our dreams with a face made of fruit
& vegetables

The eclogue is dead
long live the Eclogue
even here in Bohemia
with an ashen face
& trembling fingers.

Goblin:
…lost…lost…lost…
[ILLUSTRATION] ("Plate 141") “Et in Arcadia Ego”
8.

Arcadia Subdivided: Nymphs & Fauns
Say Not In My Backyard—no toxic dumping
in the Castalian Spring. Must we slog
thru bogs of nostalgia toward some
chicken farm that vanished around 1952, toward some closet
stuffed with old National Geographics, hand-tinted
naked natives victims of the colonial gaze?
Telepathic landscape responds to thoughts
that last for centuries at a time
always haunted whether by presences or absences
possessed whether by bushspirits or
real estate developers
including this high moral ground
this refusal of interpretation
this taste for impure shadows
of indolence.

According to prophetic hadith the streambeds of
Hell at the end of Time will grow
green with watercress, even in New Jersey.
Cracking towers along the Turnpike plucked up
their greasy skirts like Baba Yagas &
stalked off long ago. Now deer like rural rats
browse the lawns of precisely the
kind of mansions that used to have plaster statues
of browsing deer on their lawns—
like someone else’s private property
but with angry dogs.
The shepherds heaved an Elizabethan sigh
like laundry on a cloudless winter day
as they vanished into the maw of the picturesque
the land flattened out the indigenes stole away
like Harlequin finger to his lips
in the pose of Harpocrates

and that says it all. In fact
given the 20th century far too much.
Possibly bones have begun to speak
in bone tones new corn grows
where lonesome whistle tangled bedsheets
visions of great crimes filled August nights
with heavy almost hydraulic starshine

bootleg fireworks in the cornfield
carved on a neoplatonic sarcophagus.
It’s as if our Lord had never been born
the Queen whispered as she gazed about
at marble fauns disporting themselves
where Carl Sandburg feared to tread

winds without tradition
like the clubhouse in *Little Lulu*
places without stories—you could grow yr own
or practise throwing knives all day
subscribe to strange magazines
make the pilgrimage to Arkham House
Saturday morning cartoons in bed
a species of necromancy
You’d think live rattlesnakes sealed in cans
would strike the reader as somehow more mysterious
than mere soup labels: a vicious vichyssoise
poisoned by the venom of its own critique

and Tip becomes Princess Ozma
hovering over the pine barrens like Kuan Yin
in mid-air, ribbons rippling in stiff breezes
from another dimension
where cows are the only witnesses
the missing subject
grows up & deserts the poem.
[ILLUSTRATION] Ozma
9.

Studying Renaissance & 17th century Emblem Books esp. great texts like the *Atalanta fugiens*, *Lamb'spring* et al. some years ago in the great Hermetic Library in Amsterdam I became fascinated not by the foregrounds full of symbolic figures as much as the backgrounds of certain engravings & illuminations:--landscape as you see it when stoned on the Stone, simultaneously inside & outside—in fact not background at all but respondent sentient landscape harmonial & serene, sublime, luminist, with tiny villages far away, monasteries of the Free Spirit.

Some books are angels some are devils—
the library holds no books that are merely books.
Some are valued for the physiological effect
(not like some Cartesian head in a leiden jar)
sentimental but uplifting tears or
hot pulse of victorian adventures
certain kinds of music are guaranteed
to produce certain sweats flashes palpitations
certain images—& in the background
the landscape is landscaping the landscape
in a circular repeated distillation
of desire & meaning, like the scent of a rose
burnt to ashes & then restored thru palingenesis
again & again
a garden for the blind.
[ILLUSTRATION] Hardenburg
10.

Only a middleclass rentier would push for
the revival of such a bananarama
especially now we’re all free to
construct our own identikits

here in the fading Autumn of Empire, so
familiar shadow somehow w/ its alien cults
& sinister clouds racing heavily overhead
backwards, like a hypnotist w/ a gold watch

amphibian soteriology
counter-exorcism, spelled-out spell
spilled out like spunk, an offering of
horses: writing for the spirits
the plants sing in high thin voices,

los niños.

Structurally it would be like Sacred Harp:
all choir, no congregation. Eliminate the audience.
The New Eclogue may have spent time in
mental institutions—maybe alcoholic—
seasonal work (gravedigger, apple picker). Pure
country air & endless snow can be a deliberate
derangement of the senses if you like or
hermetic solitude, or just boredom—
“woods queer” as they say in Maine
[ILLUSTRATION] The Encyclopedia of Tarot
angry but ineffectual
    an egg pierced with nails
tarot card of the Falling Tower. At best
a kind of disturbance of the noosphere
—poetry as bad weather.

Apply for post
of ornamental hermit
logothete in a log cabin
Faun steals away, finger to lips
& weeping
turning back for one last
longing gaze

ruined wall
empty park
gemmed with crocuses
vivid but completely
out of touch.
Hydrographicon

[NOTE: Scan original calligraphy or have Peter do again]
THE JUKES

Finally the primal ‘scape emerges forlorn shrouded in tangled bushy bogs & rotten snow to mingle with hidden Indians, freed slaves Irish drop-outs & other social scum: homeland of the Jukes victims of the Eugenic Gaze, degenerate tri-racial incestuous surly 6-toed unchurched unschooled unfit sub-hillbillies & hereditary work-shirkers. Tainted blood was to blame for their poverty & petty criminality science concurred because science always agrees with Power & Money. Eugenics is out of fashion because of a certain German overenthusiasm so now we have Human Genomics instead plus ça change plus la meme chose, eh comrade?
PLUTARCH SWAMP

Nothing resists Progress like a good swamp
Protect Our Wetlands they demand but never
Save the Swamp, the bad part of the subconscious
swarming with creatures we’ve smothered over with our
bland intentions, tannic broth & seething mire
damped down & shunned by busy daylight
& its smarmy minions. There are no
guided tours of Plutarch Swamp.
Dismal only to the uninitiated
O if only I could live there
how my bourgeois veneer would crumble
my reputation decay. Blue herons
would glide like calligrams across
blue dusks sad & hallucinogenic
chinoiserie, blue white & dun
as an old teapot contemplated daily
from the sagging porch of my
doublewide where the Swartekill fans out
in fens & meres reedbeds & tangles
of blackberry & wild rose north of the
old town cemetery & just west of Pang Yang.
Swamps are the nurseries of cults
Seven Finger High Glistter Starry Wisdom Sect
Swedenborgian sex maniac millennialist
crackpots fleeing the everpopular
wrath to come. The Lady in Gray, ghost
of Jemima Wilkinson the Publick & Universal Friend
or rather her telepathic emanation
once worshipped by degenerate schismatics
still seen floating amidst the cracked
nameless gravestones of Pang Yang
while over at the Hunt Club
a cabal with roots in the Paleolithic
shapeshifters, white trash avatars of atavistic

    Algonkian animism

possessed by entities more shadowy & antediluvian
than six-pack Saturday nights of lycanthropy
unhinged on moonflowers & black hellebore
practising omophagic rites &
initiatic venery. So flee
into the Swamp
October Country
queer space
realm of Maroons, refuge of
Hessian deserters
conceptual witchcraft
runic landscape of misfit
misanthropes, poling a flatboat
thru cattails we’ll spy the
thin blue smoke of a
woodstove like a spirit road
above the hide-out of that
garrulous hermit, our
other self.
SWIMMING HOLE

Dolmens & menhirs mark our flaccid rapids.
No hero salmon no athlete trout
but any fat carp could breast its way up
stream with a few sullen flaps.
Chuang Tzu meets Capability Brown.
A canoeful of Indians only just
slid round the bend. One
has the impression of being an
impressionist. Two
or three might attain
bargain-basement Barbazonian (plein-air)
picnic mit plonk & take-out. Feng shui
draws the languid gaze to an island
too far away to wade to.
Glacial erratics arrange
themselves like placid scholars’ stones
thrones for stoners, soaking
up rays dazed as catfish
amidst the venerable trash
of former freshets, mysterious
pieces of New Jersey all parts now
of the same composition.
ANOTHER SWIMMING HOLE

(For Mick Taussig)

Down here with a dehumidifier you
can pump 30 gallons an hour
out of the atmosphere. Freshwater eels
& saltwater eels are the same eels
from the same Sargasso Sea & appear
for obscure Freudian reasons seasonally
rootless cosmopolitans mingling uneasily
w/ the Rondout’s honest trout
in fennel & cream sauce. Understanding
the continual emergence of the State
as magic has scarcely augmented
our happiness. Whereas here
the choral gurgles & shortles
of Lorelais & bull frogs
have drowned our tears.
RONDOUT CREEK

High up in mountains creeks have no history, laughing & crying like babies almost not yet named—then pregnant with streamlets they gather families, berrypickers, double-wides, anecdotes—Pompey’s Cave where Kripplebush Creek spirts from sheer rock-face as if dowsed by Moses, or Mombaccus where the Algonkan Bear God’s face carved in sycamore somehow reminded the Dutch of Bacchus: two creeks rush together in divine drunkenness. But eventually rivers acquire history, & History mostly consists of stories about rivers. A canal runs through the Nineteenth Century: tanneries, pulp mills, cement mines: river as romantic sewer. But then America stops making things, history itself corrodes. In the woods you stumble upon lost cyclopean monoliths—50 years transforms it all back into legend, blue herons return, signs of economic disaster, spooky charm of industrial decay, history as a kind of pollution. Slyly the creek restores its own wildness. All narratives collect & spew into one big River That Flows Both Ways along with the last few rusty tugboats & corroded barges. Both ways: in other words it comes back to haunt us with bats & lightning bugs & a pink Moon somehow much much more archaic than the concept of private property.
SWIMMING HOLE: BROKEN AQUEDUCT, MOHONK

Swimming hole as proletarian version of
holy well, eye of the world, your saint
is fey.

Play, don’t pray here
on pain of offending la duende
of 19th century decay.

I’m saving
this one for a rainless day
in a dry month in the late
post-modern era. Just
visualizing it refrigerates
the pineal
in a very non-

Cartesian way.
PLATTEKILL GORGE: WATERMEADOW
VIEWED FROM RR BRIDGE

Where are the 19th century Dutch cows
gone with their stinking halos of flies?
Too neolithic too realistic too hindoostani
they’ve fucked off to BOVINA out in Delaware County
cows of yesteryear
with a moo-moo here
mere memory there.

Wither too
Farmer Gray, his celtic geese, his
triple-X jug
farmer as hipster-clown, his zoological jazz?
Ah, quelles larmes. Farmer as spazz
joke-butt of America’s sad collapse
went bankrupt sold the stead
fled to Florida & is now dead.
What is a bard? a bard is one
whose life is worth so-&-so many cows
a cowboy poet whose lampoons can cause
skin rash or even death, who eats
the secondbest slice of rosbif
& drinks the king’s imported port
vox populi hence quasi-divine.
This creek is named by Carlton Mabee in his *Listen to the Whistle*. During the Depression at a camp called Hobo Rock a farmboy named Earl recalls his fascination with the hoboes, knew his parents would disapprove, visited them anyway when out fishing for pickerel in *Sawmill Brook*. They cooked in tin cans, drank water from the stream, as Earl did too.

Now heaven knows we’re depressed again but we’re not farmboys & can’t run away & anyway the railway’s been replaced by a “linear park”. No more hobo jungle, no brass plaque to mark its vanished site—but still the same creek, the same melancholy October dusk, the month for aimless wandering.
EVAN RADICALS
MUST HAVE ROOTS
JOHN BURROUGHS NATURE PRESERVE

You’ve been traitor to race
class nation & gender—but
the thrill is gone in the
flatulent aftermath of
Deconstructionism
everything you’ve lost
or can’t afford. The Sage
made a good thing out of
Nature & built this rude hut
to escape his wife
now a museum. So now you
can contemplate what it’d
be like to contemplate
the not-yet-reified &
soon-to-disappear. You can
peer thru the windows & envy
the unimaginable luxury of life
w/out plumbing & electricity.
Same skunk cabbages for
10,000 years—same deer
same starry void
blissfully unaware of how
it’s been drained of its
uselessness & declared a
national treasure. Today only!
we offer the notion of
indulging in the most voluptuous
of all treasons, that against
consciousness itself.
POND

Liquifact artifact: designer pond
goes Genji. How long before it
outgrows its bulldozer birthmarks
& gets real? Humans
are part of Nature, OK, but
what about aesthetics?
   a recent wound
suppurating à la Fisher King
pond as Grail.

It leaks. Plugged with clay
a gormless face appears
   acne’d in algae
months of silence ensue. Is the pond
some kind of moron? But wait.
One night

a single solitary
lovesick amphibian pilgrim
awakened perhaps after centuries
of mummification in caked humus
or maybe fallen from the clouds
a Fortean egg, a damnable fact—
   one frog
suddenly soliloquizes
& within a few tense nights
   of polluted asterisms
& baking days of suspense in the athanor
of hayseed sun, lo
a responsorium, choral,
    liturgical
whacked-out sex-crazed &
assymetrical
    arises

dragonflies arrive like Papal helicopters
word spreads from birds to birds
a new shy nymph has appeared
azure & intelligent, more-or-less
ex nihilo.
TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS PUDDLE

Trefoil clover & grass drowned
in clear rain puddle assume
hypnagogic status. Mad Sweeny
would see therein a miniAtlantis or Lyonesse
chained in Time & wavering in Space
watercress beneath ecstatic rivulets
that will fill the streambeds of Hell
at the last Trump.

Even mud gains
gemlike nebulosity potent
with luminous sprouts & wriggling
animalcules: translucent

Brownian soup
to the loony’s hungry eye
& lovesick appetite for humiliation.
Charged with hydrolytic energies
bubbling with negative ions
cup for saints, a bathing
of bare feet the Pope would envy
bath for sparrows
seltzer of woodsprites
entoptic & nocturnal as
an egg
the green spill dazzles
& reflects
the mayfly day.
NEPTUNISM
(a Hudsonian Ode)

Neptunism
the Thalean theory
of cosmic fluidity
underpins our Tong-like agenda
here at Hydrographicon International Ltd. & Inc.
the offshore front for our very own
City of Willows floating crapgame
beyond the 12-mile limit our
black moonshine speedboat sleek
as a cigarette. Antediluvian
we yearn for our pelagic strand
our Atlantic City boardwalk
or Ocean Grove. A veritable
bouillabaisse greets Proteus at the
seafood restaurant down by the
Alexandrine beach, a menu
that changes with yr mood
& level of gourmandise.
Ambifluent Hudson
not so much river as vein
of the sea, estuarial fjord
saline all the way to Albany
we are yr conceptual vikings
your vegetarian whalers
icebound & carousing away
the arctic season in your
chaste embrace. Chaos
is a gas & phlogiston’s good fun
we worship the Mother of Titans but
we ourselves are 99% seawater
& proud of it. Old salts old soaks
refugees from the Protozoic
we cling to outdated
paradigms & hypotheses
of élan vital, all anecdotal
evidence of course
& not to be trusted
unless you must—
and we must.
BANNERMANN ISLAND & CASTLE

For 35 years we were warned off
by rumors of snakes goblins venomous bugs &
poison ivy. Now we’ve lived long enough
for the guided tour.

Readymade legend
ether dream of Sir Walter Scott
at his most lugubrious, Bannerman’s
thin scrim of cheap stucco expresses
our sentiments exactly.
Any pseudo-past that lasts long enough
eventually becomes a valid theme
for childish dreams, fakelore into folklore
an Ozymandias for the cognitively challenged
a sphinx for the shallow. If only
we didn’t have to share it, how
illumined we could become

staring at Storm King in moonlight
across the bight or swooning
under scudding cloud, reconciled
with precarious solitude.
Warm day after the Day of the Dead
eriver looks plump, cloudy cider
sparkling optimistic cornicopious
mulled w/windblown gold leaves
friend of bard & farmer—& after all
who else counts? But then dusk
gathers round like shrouds at a
victorian funeral
back when death was death & not yet
hygienically tucked away. (Those
who no longer believe in witchcraft are
doomed to re-invent it under other names
& then discover themselves defenseless
against its most maleficent spells.)
Weedy & lugubrious water-maples droop
like mourners at an antique wake
sodden with whiskey & cake. Deep blue
disguised as gray suffuses the banks
& cornfields in a melancholy pall
of 19th century shadow almost
palpable as mist but ineffable.
A bloated moon, etc.
Dark side of the river: long-ago
flooded ruins of summer camp
for poor boys from Brooklyn
somewhere out in sluggish ox-bows
beneath cold pines I hear
a whippoorwill the American nightjar
an owl an unnamable rustling
in the underbrush. Who knows
what future poets suffered here, precocious
existential crises moved
by an apprehension of mourning
sorrows precious & redeemable.
Let us choose in “love of fate”
the ghosts that once chose us
out of the river that flows from
Summerland into November.
WATER MUSIC

Up there various creeks technically speaking
are making no sound if there’s no ear
to hear them. Waves make waves but
only brains make noise—

or so they say

blah blah, semantic quibbling, because

I can tune in from afar at will
& hear each trickle over every rill
Coxingkill, Peterskill & other
eco-touristic bits of real estate
which secretly I expropriate for my
Brunonian Palace of Memory.
We call it Lunar Radio as if
the Moon were our crystal, our
white noise, our radiant tube
& we were its hams. Each band
broadcasts a babbling brook
WBBL-FM with occasional choral frogs
& solo for owl from the dark dancehall
high atop this inhuman mountain.
Aetheric not electromagnetic these
transmissions
are blocked by addiction to
other media. You believe
what you see on TV & I’ll believe
what I hear from chilly
November spates so rich in Yin
of fluid adamantine sonic limpidity.
Indian telegraph. Public telepathy.
Pathological subjectivity. Whatever. Only please no more of your vile transparency your synthetic illumination. I’m beaming to another station or state of self-induced superstitious stupor, the torpor of rural cluelessness & refusal of information. You take the New Age ambient CD & I’ll take the manifesto of murmuring creeks of the Mundus Imaginalis superimposed upon their meaningless flow in a one-to-one map of the organic landscape—i.e., landscape with organs, limbs, voices veins, a cyclic & passing show.
A REVIEW OF MASARU EMOTO’S
*HIDDEN MESSAGES IN WATER*

Perfect name for a detective of emotions exfoliated from the solomonic sixes of plain H₂O: Mr Emoto. Altho eyes lick up these images as tongues lick snow each tongue a separate animal conic & rugose as squid even so Mr Emoto’s hallmarkism spoils the show. The science is pseudo but so what? Haven’t you ever fallen in love with a ghost in an old spirit photo? Hydrozoism the doctrine that water itself is animate mercuric paradoxic alive as phoenix or sphinx proposes that some of Emoto’s crystalline roses are perfectly roscicrucian.
WHAT THALES SAW

Rain on a window screen
peering closer he notes each captive drop
contains complete reflection of
same scene & so on. Matter
as infinite regression of water.
Peeping Thales sees Tethys
naked with his X-ray specs
briney, saline, sea-wrack
& weed-strewn, scented nymph
in each tiny square of \( H_2O \)
a holographic microcosmos
or tiny icon. Imagine the lattice
of membranes in \( n \) dimensions
& free to flow & hey presto—
the vast Nymph of all nymphs
strange attractor of all
liquid light.
HYDROGRAPHICON

like imp of the perverse this verse
is crushing my peaches.
Invert Converts To Extraversion
Exposes Self to Convent. Hurt, the
nuns retaliate with tightly rolled black
umbrellas suddenly flexible as dried
elephant prongs. I’m the panegyrist
of filled-in canals, altho certain sections
still flow sluggish with
psychotropic water lilies. Ghost canals
may create feng-shui leylines
beneath valuable viewshed.
Can you learn how to profit
from this knowledge?
“…but everyone knows the river he
happens to live by…”

—Hesiod, *Theogony* 370

The Nibelungization of the Hudson
will spread like an apple’s rot-spot
from the sub-Rhenish blemish of an
upriver ice port or veins in cheese
measured as waves not particles in
layers of ancient craquelure
lacquered over the pinchbeck of its
faded brick. Instant sense of complicity
with dereliction. Shimmering leitmotif
of abandoned warehouses. Light
falls from the estuary like flakes
scraped from an electro-plated fake-silver
overturned soup tureen of real regret.
Such poverty is wasted on the poor.
THE D&H CANAL

“Typhon makes the river dust
beating off troops of naiads
from their streamy beds, one
not so much walking on water
as tripping along it like a roadway
barefoot in flight, a watery creature.
He sucks up the creek, quick drink before dinner
the level sinks, she struggles
thrusting one foot forward then
the other along the thirsty streambed
till she’s mired to her knees
in bottom prison of mud.”

—Nonnos,
_Dionysiaca_, II/53 ff.

Under an alien regime
choked to death on brambles
Culture replaces Nature &
vice versa.
The dead lack genuine innocence
a pool of still jade, petrified tears
of a myriad Irish sub-sub-engineers
cyclopaean ruins, lost mines—
amateur archaeologists of
industrial decline
we’re the authors of our own weird pulp
in a shallow trance of
sunlight deprivation
a Rosicrucianism for the Cement Age
proclaimed unfit by Eugenics.
Corn-fed & serene, Nature
draws nearer in states of decay
& must serve as
    our invisible Nile.
MOUNTAIN LAKES

An infinity of plasticity suffuses the Past
w/ living craquelure, shifty, shiftless
open to the lure of every crackerjack
or cliometrician. Something endures, sure,
but scarcely facticity. Minnewaska
means nothing in good Algonkian
the water so glacially pure nothing
lives in it but mysterious salamanders
scuttling like animate runes in the
crevices of a chaotic attractor.
Evil nazi hoteliers have been exorcized by
Smoky the Bear the Orwellian mascot
of a gentle fading away into (mis)
representation
& benthemite spleen. Princess Mohonk
reimagines herself as cynosure of eco-tourism
cheery as a girlscout—
the conundrum being that both public
& private property are theft
semantic bear traps
for unwary hikers & hamadryads.
“Praise pays
but not in cash.”

(Note: endquote from Greg Foster of Ikaria, “Two Months in Myopia”, unpubl. MS. 2005)
“Let me be one of the Heliades
beside the stream of mourning Eridanos
& I will drop amber
from my eyelids”
—Nonnos
_Dionysiaca_ II/152

Sing our visit to 1911
the decayed millionaires in their
rotten mansions, when the Past
was deeper
like compost, its
ship cemeteries, its fabulous hats
& chokeweed.
Ghosts become real when they’re written down
real but different—a
debilitating museumization
a kind of negative hallucination
replacement of Civilization by
something else, something more dire
darker & more salvific
“…Moose…Indians…”
—Thoreau’s last words

What’s So Great About Reality?
was our slogan. We fished for eels
for coral, that prefiguration
of the Sophic Hydrolith.
Take this pill
in the form of light itself
the river’s epiphanic
doppelganger.

At supersonic velocities
the past becomes very shallow
as if seen from a bridge
the Road of Whales.
RHIZOMES

“Why don’t you white people get a
religion of your own?”
—Anonymous American Indian Poet

possible previous reincarnations flashing
past the train from Mallow to Cork,
    a dwarfish folklorist
et fuckin cetera
in a soft green light in the late
    Chalcolithic
maybe in the astral body
    barbarian clouds
the bardic ritual of bacon & cream.
We got this special yoga for willing
suspension of disbelief, wellwater that will
save lave bathe & quench yr yen
for slo-mo geomantico-mesmeric fits.
Pretty soon you’ll come to feel cattle
are the only true wealth, that they’re
holding down the edges of the scenery
& propping up the sky
    photographs
of fairy artifacts in Bewley’s Oriental
    Coffee House
with holes in their neoplatonic shoes & socks.
In the pub the very shadows dark as
porter in a surge of tears, the Hereditary
Piper & I pissed as newts in the
ancient mud of Wicklow, citizens of a
sunken reality that appears once every seven years just offshore to the West. All religions are Ghost Shirt Religions.
let’s call the bomb round & black
w/ sizzling nipple, classical
Ravachol model devil’s egg
& as for the poem let it be a
villanelle whatever the hell a
a villanelle is.
However thin you slice it like black
100-year-old egg down to the phonemes
or blow it up in blackpowder clouds
bristling with thunderbolts still the result’s
the same when seen from the winner’s
p.o.v. of the End of History’s
cockadoodledoo, i.e., ho hum
another lawyer, another lamp-post
& still the Illuminati call the shots.
Of course there was nothing supernatural about Houdini’s routines
simply the opposite of burglary
ideology seductive as alien abduction
or mental orgasm. You have something
against mental orgasm? Are you bothered
by the idea of sex with the invisible world?
What about revenge for instance
against the cabal that immured you
in this faux Chateau d’If?
Chains fall away
casket bursts open
you swim up toward that
hole in the ice
that sun’s eye
to be reborn.
I Had Sex In Atlantis
rapt by aliens from
    inner space
amphibian race adept at
miscegenation irrumation undinism
underwater weightless & gilled
we spilled albino caviar
    opal spelt
in froggy streamers of albumenesque
slime. We fear no Noahchite tide
bring on the antarctic meltdown
devastating to batrachiophiles like us
    ophiolatrist
dating back to dear dead Blavatskian days.
Let the dam bust just so long as we’ve
drained the glands of Neptune &
satiated our reptilian lusts.
My enemies
are correct: I’d sacrifice any ideogram
on the altar of that danger which is the only
sure sign of the unspeakably
rare moments when humans achieve
anything half as good as a panther or violet.
Nobody’s stopping you from being the Buddha—
why are you bitching & moaning?
Carpe diem means diem not
what would the King say or
do we have a majority.
A secret buoyancy
verges on bad taste but only
to the extent that Nature
cares nothing for aesthetics
& therefore
is never ugly
under all the mauve &
mother-of-pearl
in its brutal delicacy.
Winter is Spring
same snake
different skin.
Guesstimate an estivation rate
of three months on the dole &/or
recourse to the fishing pole. But
why no terms to denote we
who devote (as well as Winter)

    Spring & Fall
to sweet fuck-all?
Marduk & his quacking minions
disturb our gynandric sloth with their
arbeit mach frei & other
molochian drivel. ZZZZZzzzzzzzzzz
(our bija-mantra) we’re
dreaming in tandem on telepathine
tucked in & bursting with
secrets like a pomegranate.
ULYSSES

U. goes away for twenty years
maybe to Troy maybe to Sing Sing.
U. makes his homecoming—dog
suitors wife etc. Is it credible
U. would set sail once again
into the Atlantic? Only a Christian
could be so discontented.
Life is elsewhere
is not a pagan sentiment.
Nor am I U. U.’s map
is crosshatched with Classical references
Ithaca—Athens—Plutarch Swamp—
real bodies with imaginary names.
Write when U. get work we say.
The profit in a house U. can’t bear to sell
& a place U. can’t bear to leave is zilch.
RESTITUTION

(For Thom & Jake)

“Three Friends in the Catskills” just sold

to Empress Ming of Planet WalMart

for 35 million by New York Public Library

where nowadays you need security clearance

to qualify as Member of Public

for her museum in Arkansas so we

must take up the slack in the reins

of Luminist Surregionalism. Queer
doesn’t necessarily mean what you do

in bed. Poor & sad imply a kind of

wholeheartedness. This August we’ll drive

up to Kaaterskill Falls & pose

in various hats then blow up the best print

for irony-free donation to the People of New York.
CASTING RUNES

Assume the vatic position
stir the entrails of this tripe
this tarot of the culinarians.
Spots on the liver the original
   emotional organ
parallel the eleven categories of
   thunderbolts
memorialized (but lost) by
   Etruscan augurs
— a kind of seasickness-de-siècle
has us clutching the rail heaving
prognostications or anyway premonitions
overboard like unwanted ballast.
Everyone gets a little cut of the meat.
Dracontius the last court poet of the
Vandals in their alabaster palaces in
Tunisia plumed the
fast-melting dynasty w/ epicules of mauve
& tarnished silver. Three generations of
Scythian berserking and here, w/ jasmine
stuck behind the ear, a Nordic Salammbô
rife w/ catamites & Manicheans.
Then the Byzantine fleet sweeps over our
horizon in an ecstasy of iconodulia
& inundates our brains w/ spookery. So much
for the Vandal idyll.

   We remember the North
   with the clarity of myth
   we plan to travel there
complete with grand piano
if not for these jaundiced
Millerite forbodings of
boredom.

Our hyperbolic fancies waft us ever
northward over the lip of the great
Hole in the Pole discovered & suppressed
by Admiral Byrd; white is the color of mourning

Nomen est omen.

Perhaps if we change
our name we can
change our stars.
We shld cherish our amateur status
not confuse flatulence with afflatus.
Where ignorance is bliss it’s wise
to cultivate it like heirloom tomatoes
misshapen but tasty—no shelf life—
tomatoes as Gran’mere created them
ex-nihilo
somewhere in Neolithic New Jersey.
Like so many Jacks we’ll trade our cows
for beans
& worm our way into the giant’s
restless dreams.
The caged bird formulates no hypotheses
how flowers come into focus when you
know their names: purple loosestrife or
joe pye weed or snowdrops like
spilled moonstone. He
has machines for his amazement.
The very bars are woven of music
down to the bone. He never marvels
how the air has ceased to tickle
& caress. Or how the flowers
sleep like fragments of mirror. Suet
& seeds arrive & shit is removed
but how or whence no caged
bird need ever enquire.
You need a lot of poison just
to get off the ground
but even more
to take root in the cellar
like a mushroom in Pennsylvania
most of you underground & bigger
than a whale with an
agenda. Sometimes you storm the castle
with pitchforks & torches & sometimes you’re
the stormee. Agent of the Spore.
Who riots for Jesus?
or bread? or the lost
eleven days? Nobody has such
density anymore.
Only an Episcopalian could understand
this leaden pewterish sky
so 17th-century-aetherial yet dense
with fractal crust
    but no one
answers the phone at the parish hall
leaving us still in schism.

Gray
however is the last refuge of those who
see words rather than colors—gray
as statistical numbness blurred
unmusical deaf to the angelic lusts
of Taverner or Tallis.

Reich spoke true
you can SEE orgone in the air
everywhere you stare thru such spec’s
just as all music—ultimately—
    is blue.
POEM WITHOUT FOOTNOTES

Certain books
you open just once & you’re
damned
    like the Necronomicon.
Tunes can be haunted
& bring bad luck
    or visions
or both at once
    bad luck & visions
    at once.
The forbidden is always also the holy
so only those who risk both
can attain either. Such a book
would saturate the numinosity of its
    potential existence in space
with a presentiality so dense as to vanish
without trace:
    heard in the ear
    heard in the air
heard in the darkness between hills
written by non-human hands.
And why not? better damned
    and/or saved
or both at once than not at all.
ON THE INDEX

Without censorship the heart blurts
secrets for nothing, birthrights
for pottage—too much yawp too much wattage
no finesse no english no backspin.
Use true names of things & they may
possess betray & leave you in lurches.
They may show teeth.
They may be part wolf. Only
the Nihil Obstat stands between me &
the abyss of clarity. Irony
is my Imprimatur. Doublespeak alone
allows this stance oblique to
all other angles. Silence is loquacious
if not eloquent. Stealth
cracks the Acme Safe of language.
Schizophrenically unsatiated with just one name
we accrete cognomens, a.k.a.’s
previous incarnations, unborn evil twins
noms de plume, angelic booming titles.
Brain as fairy bride.

Round & around the Palace of Memory we drift
like decaying gentry in Turgeniev. Brain
as gas bubble decayed fishhead
phosphorescent enough to read the face
of a pocketwatch at midnight by.
We is several others—but I
am ambulatory—thanx to our
episcopalian guile
& catholicity of fetishes—an
amusing hell
of devils with good taste in wine.
Ah the inflation of ego—streaming
oceanic sensations—pseudo-shamanistic
hydrocarbons, nothing can compare
with the blimp of self expanding like
   a frog’s throat
the size of Ulster County: croak
swollen membrane bubble moon gaseous &
warmly ecumenical, spherical miracle
Ponzi scheme far-reaching as Saturn’s
rings, tenuous, puffed taut by
bellows-pump or boreal cheek to a
stretched soapy conceptual blow-fish
huger than the whole solar system
and so on till POP
   then for some
uncountable time, silence
   but finally
re-assembles back in the kitchen
still surrounded by unpaid bills.
At last evening light
geese fly by window, trees
all bow in same direction.

—Lu Ch’ih Ting
Fermentation?
What’s NOT in ferment?

Every quark is a yoghurt-producing bacterium
all atoms are yeast. Living bubbles

are oozing out of the interstices of
dry sepulchral dust

   every moment

another last trump.

Siduri

“Bar Maid to the Gods” advises

Gilgamesh that beer is the lost
herb of immortality.

Raven

is the source of all champagne
as well as bread & thus

we picture him in a silk
smoking jacket &

    red fez.
GEDANKENEXPERIMENT

Fall upon each lacustrine letter
like a gourmet slurping alphabet soup
the W in water deciphers a wave
the V in wave a ripple or byte of the
hieroglyph [WAVE GRAPHIC] pronounced N as in
Nile navigation nautilus Neptunian
appears even earlier in Ireland indecipherable
portentous as the old dream about stars
in the shape of a wolf—an example
from our archives preserved in
    canopic jars
like pickled tripe—ergo clearly
Atlantean in origin. Sprinkle
magnet filings on taut membrane
try to make Chladni diagram
    with amplified chanting
vibrating the tympanum with
    rosin’d bow
make watery hydrohieroglyphicographics
shaped like W’s & N’s & V’s

    [WAVE GRAPHIC]
    [WAVE GRAPHIC]
    [WAVE GRAPHIC]
SECRETS OF THE SERAPEUM

The vast animalheaded idol’s mouth connects to a tube bored thru temple wall to secret chamber behind the visage where I crouch murmuring into a funnel. Boom boom. But the trick is I’m actually possessed— I hear what I’m saying but can’t stop myself, faint as I am w/ fumes of natron & burnt laurel. Lies I tell tend to come true. The temple is so big it has its own weather, echoes that return hours later with different meanings. Acoustic anomalies cause distortions, somber & portentous, garbled but ominous. Afterwards when it’s too late everything will become less clear— so that now each word you hear bears double the freight of foreboding & yet remains pure gibberish to the bewildered ear.
Opal is an unlucky stone unless you happen to be born in October or with two caulcs. Under the South Pole Star it bundles aboriginal rays baleful as Balor’s Single Eye—opalescent steam wreathes your mossy head in strange attractors as it rises from cauldron in Paracelsan curlicues till the Eye becomes a gumball for godlings to suck—an aggie iridescent (*) with alien harmonics—an egg of Horus, poached, jackal & moon in a single globe & fit for a devil’s pinkie.

(*) This word was coined by Erasmus Darwin
NON-JURING SONNET

It’s always a “greasy” pack of cards
as Flaubert would say. And vital
that the gypsy believe she’s scamming
the client so her subconscious remains free
to pick up real emanations & forebodings.
Frankly I’d rather not know.
If you don’t eat the cookie the fortune
won’t happen. Anyway Chinese communists
used to insert dire prognostications—
character slurs. Not once was I
ever promised anything marvelous in the
surrealist sense. My tantrik guru
claimed he could pick lottery numbers
but he died dirt poor.
ODIOUS/ODOROUS

Four or five times
it’s blossomed here in as many years
but it’s a long stretch between
re(in)carnations. Such rare aromas
cause more pain & surprize than
satisfaction. Odor of sanctity’s
avid to awaken senses atrophied
in secular blossoms. Dry seasons
separate brief ambrosial nights
from mirages of deodorized
mountains. A bee starved
by decades of nectarlessness
subsisting on Nutra-sweet in a room
wallpapered with roses flings itself again
& again against the glass.
ILLUSTRATION] automobile. NB: find pic. of granma Duck in her electric car.
GRANDMA DUCK
NEW AGE AVATAR

When the oil runs out
there’ll be so many surplus people
cartels can put them on shifts
in giant ratwheels to generate
massive electricity to run our
machines so we can ride around
in electric cars all green & clean.
Here’s my latest million-dollar idea:
remember Grandma Duck’s Detroit Electric
tiny shiny black like a scarab
lacquered glassfronted cabinetto or coffin
w/ rumble seat for three nephews
circa 1910? Let’s get a factory now   
in Mexico
& cash in on the New Innocence.

(tip-o-the-fez to
Carl Barks)
BOVINA, NY

Cows
are always in good taste.
How much more so than the
ragweed & chicory pushing up
thru asphalt hastening the
    post-Augustine decline
into a graceful slump
spang into this entropic land-
    scape & its November signs.
By a slight shift if would be easy
to believe crow gave us
song & not that the song
is about the crow

Instead of species we’d envision
an invisible crow behind
the ones we know who also
know us so well

thus not describe but participate
on some level beyond words
which appeal by their amuletic
value alone

as crowishness. Words themselves
shift shape, never mind bodies
or rather words are bodies
of sound not flesh—

crow-speech as sonic
aura of crow, halo of caw
caw, unseen bird-body
stretched to include us.
What!? Trade one hour with you for

   the Freemasons Word

or to be Flaubert in Egypt? Can’t you

   sweeten the pot?

It’s not ingratitude for favors past

   that makes me ask

but sheer sweet-tooth’d greed.

   A week-end? map

of Lost Dutchman’s Mine? vow

   of silence? sonnet sequence?

You name it. You be Orpheus & I’ll

   be the lions & lambs

or vice versa. All I want is one more chance

   to be genuinely unhappy.
In Büchner’s Death of Danton
the question is raised
whether there exist truths
worth killing for & error
that must on principle
be met with terror.
If all the heads that
dreamed up the near-disappearance
of the honey bee had
one neck would you
guillotine it?
This is the ghazal of the here & now &
not pale hands beside the Shalimar

How does it happen that the
poem of complaint is no longer possible

or that men have ceased in public to
weep & faint from sheer emotion

perhaps due to dietary deficiency &
sexual repression under early Capitalism

Opium of love & religion is transformed
into the Prozac of the Masses

sinks without trace into bathos like
mastodon in La Brea Tarpit

creepy as funeral jewelry. Only pariahs
still relish such unsavory seizures.
ETHICAL BIND

Each day is the last of its kind
so plant a tree even an
American chestnut doomed to
wither & vanish like the roast
chestnut vendors of yore or the
honey bee. And even if
you plan to live forever
plant a tree as if each day
were your last—which
from the point of view of
November 2005 is
ture. A century from now
if there is a century from now
no one will ask if you
paid your bills or returned
your calls but someone might
be there in the forest to hear
your tree when it falls.
What with crow, ice, snow & sun
a collage of heraldry chartered according
to the doctrine of forged signatures at
two minutes per diem from now till St. John’s Eve
cooks up occidental haikus raucous with
lumpenprole impedimenta from the telephone poles—
brainless proclamations by raven as barbarian
harbinger of just another day in the village
but suddenly naked—like those
  anxiety dreams
about highschool—but since one is
invisible there’s no shame. It’s bracing
as striding across some himalayan glacier
generating yogic heat & scattering trolls
with imperious gestures of shiny black wing.
FOR RENT:
CLASSIFIED AD

(in memory of Yvan Goll, true Pope of Surrealism)

Large freight elevator
retro-hydraulic powered
w/ huge brass operator’s crank
art-deco steel interior has been converted into small loft
for single occupant
ceiling replaced by glass
so that every night tenant can lift off & up beyond penthouse to skylight where stars & moon may be viewed. Gilt Empire divan & chaise longue w/ veritable curiosity cabinet of bad portraits, ormolu clocks faux-gothic glass domes preserving dried bouquets associated with fondest memories plus small but genuine crystal chandelier & naturally piped-in elevator music but in this case very old wax cylinder recordings of glass harmonica & aeolian harp.
Squalid in greasy kitchen Sweeny
nurses his pride. Wasn’t I once
perched in trees weeping naked
in rains of winter. Wasn’t I cursed
by living saint. Wasn’t I of
bardic birth. Didn’t I join
the aristocracy of insanity
like a bird. Now cured
I find nothing worthy of such
frenzy & certainly not a sink
of dirty dishes. But Verlaine
I can understand, torn between
love & the Church in a pure
dandyism of squalor.
AUTOCEPHALOUS

1.
A religion a day
keeps blue devils away
altho rolling out red carpets
for swarms of other entities
no gossamer fantasies à la
Lord Dunsany. Some of the djinn
are converted and some aren’t
but the athlete of comp. relig.
must weight anathemas against
hallelujahs.

2.
Imagine you’re chosen by lot Bishop
of a certain situation.

When yr episcopal ring starts to
turn yr finger green it’s
time to quit
time to wrap up the whole
damn shebang

like a burglar who finds the
table set w/ silver & picks up
the tablecloth by its four corners
& makes a sack of it
that’s how it goes with me
      every time

like the Vandals sacked Rome
& left me holding the bag.

3.
If we believed only in an
invisible church
yet founded a religion we’d
be blowing out the whale-oil lamp &
going to bed at 9 PM

All around us the night
would be benighted & that’s the
way we like it

a purely spiritual church
with purely imaginal ritual
& yet here we’d be mired in rural
attitudes of slackjawed
endarkenment
      & the stars
w/ a nice 3-D effect & the cows
browsing in utter stupefaction.
Not everyone’s lucky enough to have
lived thru the 1890s. I have them
in my dry bones
backlit day-glo
peacocks & purple birthdays
  long
portentous nitrous oxide dream that evades
pen & paper & leaves behind mere
collectable ephemera
  shoebox crammed
w/ embarrassing playbills yellowing erotica
the bitter mouth of a terminal hangover
mildew of dead books
like playing patience w/ an old tarot
in which the stains & creases
mean as much as the faded trumps.
A PRIORY, *a priori*

or, SIGHIN’ FOR SION

We like to believe ourselves in the grip
of conspiracy

  noctambules absolved
of all instrumentality

  free
to complain & explain complain & explain
till the cows come home or rather
more likely fall prey to brain-eating cows
or cattle mutilators & don’t—
don’t come home—

  home which is where
they can’t take you in if there’s
no there there.

  Give us a web
of tunnels beneath the Vatican &
we clam up like clams, lock
ourselves in the cellar for 100 years
studying Paracelsus.
PEAR CIDER

Nothing compares to watching a slice
of the cusp between August & September
drift by w/ wilted & riverine
    in-betweenness
algae on the marsh & herons on the march
fallen black walnuts smelling of
    expensive soap
drinking pear cider in some
sylvan reserve “nestled”, as
realestatists say, beyond the reach
of weed-whackers.
    Ancient civilizations come
to value these evanescent
    untransmissible
little epiphanies over the grander
    grimmer
peaks of history & passion. But ours
is an age grown old too quickly that
learned these lessons a bit too late.
BEAM ME UP

Among the last few War Babies conceived before Nagasaki
I would insist that any messiah or even reincarnated bodhisattva have glamor & sex appeal however clandestine & unspeakable.

Physical beauty is soteriological signage there are no ugly prophets & even the exceptions seem socratically seductive goatish & saturnian to an almost (ha ha) supernatural degree.

True saviors wld satiate their devotees with blue beams of lubricious tantra now Radha now Krishna according to the chela’s taste & proclivities.
WHAT EXACTLY
IS
JOE PYE WEED?

Ignore the handbooks don’t trust the locals
nothing remains but to drag
every reader into the swamp
some August & point.
BUMPERSTICKER

Raise less corn
& more Hell
“Compiled for the Boredom of the Public
by a Lover of Boredom”

—J.-G. Hamann
Erasmus Darwin, not Charles.
FUCK the smug meanspiritedness
of orthodox neo-darwinians those middlebrow
scientolaters of secular inhumanism
BAD METAPHYSICS—beepbeepbeep—BAD METAPHYSICS
masquerading as objectivity posing as courage
in the struggle against a dead horse.
I receive scroll from eminent Buddhist poetess
she says what is real? I propose
a Rough Ontology: everything’s as real
as it needs to be & as real
as it’s going to get.
Deep in the subbasement our ideologue
not the royal nor editorial but the schizo “we”
remains sourly dour on the subject of novels
written without certain vowels while
everready hordes of huddled & teeming
etceteras are being flung down pyramid steps
to finance our debauch. It’s cool to be cruel
w/ hummingbirds torn-out hearts hallucinogens
  & flowers
a bomb in a café is worth a Mallarmé
maybe. Kill them all & let God sort ’em out
is at least a theory. If we speak
in multiple tongues not to while away
the tedium w/ a te deum but as agitprop
then one of us must weep for the death
  of urgency.
Formerly
one stood in a beam of sun
under the banner
                   WAS THERE THEN
a bumpersticker of impeccable dignitas
like a cosmic tent peg, round
                   in a round hole.
But now
it’s like Nietzsche’s beggar
         —you’re annoyed
at yourself if you give baksheesh & equally
annoyed if you don’t.
                   These rays
are statistically reliable but somehow
one has become subtly displaced
or square
                   or intermittent as a lighthouse
                   in distress.
And into the microgap between (a) and (b)
seeps an unfocussed susurrus of remorse.
The dead mailman
from the Dead Letter Office
steams open my envelopes &
steals my dead letters
lifting heavy wax seals with
razor blade & then replacing them
intact.

How to prove that I knew you then
when artifacts lack all trace?
no lingering scent no silk ribbon?
not even amnesia?

Outer Space Aliens
would at least leave memory lesions
behind them like dogs that don’t bark
or brainwashed assassins waiting unknowingly
for letters of intent
that were never sent.
“Under the Pavement, the Beach”

—Situationist slogan

When did you last see anyone blush?
or show a bit of sympathy for entropy?

No Flowers Please

no “noble rot”.

The past is after all literally dirt

& possibly contagious

a mulch of graves as yet unpaved

w/ the impenetrable asphalt of

pure infotainment.
How local is a breeze?
Will this June ripple reach
from here to Connecticut? Did it
first arise in China? Or
just across the river in the unborn
corn? It’s the sheer scale of it all
that’s hard to grasp. Our catbird
for instance: has this raga
been going on since the Upper Jurassic
in a family of Bachs that’s out-
lasted Mt. Qaf? In effect
an immortal catbird? Or
a breeze that leaves
no trace.
BUMPERSTICKER

If you’d “rather be fishing”
then fish for fuckssake.
The local paper warns of new rural menace: LILAC PIRATES. that’d look good in any poet’s CV: “was once arrested for lilac piracy”.

Maybe violets need vigilantes the crocus a posse comitatus. Spring just isn’t angry enough to die for its own cause, much less kill.
CATALPA

(poème trouvée, Webster’s)

Modern Latin direct from 
AmerInd (Creek) “head with wings”.
Seeing catalpa bloom—blam—
transforms hot humid day
into sexual thrill
Seraphim’s limbs
boughs cut into bows
from proto-Shinto
magicians of Ch’u
(see Waley’s Nine Songs)
already lamenting loss
of amorous contact with
disembodied spirits.
Catbird takes
    advantage of the rain to get
    more singing done.
Have you noticed certain fruit trees
on the 2 or 3 days they blossom
w/ insistent bees shimmering in place
even without a breeze
Van Goghish halo’s in arborial throes
of vegetal orgasm
        or considered
thunderstorms as actual rather than
merely allegorical you-know-what
stroking earth with wet fingers
till bolts spark up & down from
primal soup to nuts
        like a panorama
in the Hall of Dinosaurs: Gaia
in unspeakable infantile arousal
so primal as to symbolize only itself.
Don’t push it don’t popularize it don’t massify it if you love it stand aslant to it. Get out of its wu-wei, don’t obstruct its feng-shui. Maybe a bit of body english if you’re really slick—otherwise just step back. What you blab about won’t come true including novels & dreams. Be silent and Dare are two sides of a coin designed by Möbius for token in a nightclub run by M.C. Escher’s father deep in the bowels of a castle built by Piranesi as a set for Kafka’s schloss altho ultimately everything including real authenticity can be faked only fools allow this knowledge to interfere with or deflate the pleasure of their keenest perceptions.
We need a source of bioluminescence such that mixed w/ water would serve as invisible ink legible only in darkness calligraphic will-o-the-wisps or crushed fireflies fungal spores spun to a bright frenzy by spagyric lore of the raven that resembles a writing desk because of its inky plumes. Sun at midnight’s no mere metaphor but metaphosphor our lampblack our squid.
Cults that last for a very long time
accrete veridical patinas of barnacles
dendrochronologically. Like the yew they
immortalize themselves by sucker roots, air roots,
even when the original trunk long dead
rots away leaving a hollow column for owls or bats.
Old churchgrounds were not planted with yews just
because yews symbolize rebirth & immortality—
churchyards were planted around already-ancient yews
because yews ARE immortal, & continually reborn
some in England & Ireland said to be at least 6000 years old
evergreen with red berries said to be psychotropic
or poisonous (often the same thing). What psychonaut
will return with news from that druidic fane?
Secrecy’s an animal trait, every fox’s burrow
& mole’s lair a veritable Soviet bureau

Certain insect routines rival the KGB
but without paper, all done by ESP

the ultimate omerta—some birds you can tell
by their faces are paranoid as hell

and therefore art is justified, a kind of nest
where fertile eggs are held close to the vest

like aces up Houdini’s sleeve or loves
that dare not speak their name, rabbits, doves

The rausch comes from what’s never seen or said
Art’s not the face but the skull in the head

It gains most power where it most conceals
& wins each trick each time it gets the deal.
Large dogs & human babies
bark only at game
but then occupy a middle distance
decorous and sonar-esque
as warp into the weft of

\textit{naturae musica}

the diurnal jam as Alice put it
enemies of TomorrowLand.
Small dogs & grown-ups however
lack the Odic Ray

The Bergsonian \textit{élan}
to blend genes with sunlight.
They growl at butterflies—worse
they speak. Emperors
bred them down from their
glossy wildness
to fit the Imperial Lap & now
the emperors are dead they enjoy
freedom to yap.
Take a bleak loading dock
behind a bankrupt superstore
somewhere in the Mall Zone late
one night in the decline of Time
an absence compared to which the
presence of the most guignol
vampire might seem positively
heimlich
a place where nothing human has ever
died
   or lived
   yet or ever will
where a single
ragged chicory blooming thru concrete
provides the only potential death
to touch this unhaunted vacuum with breath.
The lure of raw brut outsider art
lurks in its absence from Culture & History
hence no Holocaust no Curse of Adorno
a romanticization of insanity sometimes
connived at by the mad themselves
“barking mad I tell you”
like a pheasant pretending a wound
dragging a broken wing away from her
admittedly badly hidden nest.
FAIRY ARCHAEOLOGY

Lost yr taste for the lusus naturae Meester?
no more & no less
    innocent than apple blossoms
under a reeking raincoat or cloak of darkness
can be yours for only a few dubloons
here in the City That Sank Beneath the Sea
in the bookstore of yr dreams
rack upon rack of
    stained curiosa
        bait for chums
more luscious than phosphates
    satin slippers
intricately sewn & pearled for feet
no longer than one inch each.
Gee, what
did we ever do
before the invention
of designer water
came along to replace
those holy wells
now littered
with plastic bottles?
“AH”

Looking just for the rush the pzazz the peak
experience
constitutes the aesthetics of a sunflower
leaning into the light like a frotteur
oblivious to all higher values

unless
they’ve got the wham the jolt the shift
in perspective or purge for nausea
for which we voluntary suckers
have shekels to burn

and not
(as louse-ridden metaphysicians grouch)
merely for thrills chills spills nor to
pay the bills but as signs & wonders
such as helianthus itself

encrusted
with references & guaranteed each year
to evoke the same allegorical frisson.
Decided not to pay the bills then it clouded over w/ a slight breeze & turned out not so bad after all.
JULY 4 ‘05

Out of a possible 10:
Fireflies 8
Fireworks maybe 3.5
Palme d’or to the bugs

(bats that eat fireflies
do their lips
glow in the dark?)

& we criticized the
human pyrotechnicians for
expensive bluster
lack of the Whistler Effect
dying rocket aspect, no
weeping willows
          no pathos.

The flies were altogether
more Italian.
Birds believe in the imminence of rain & also its eminence & immensity. Do I mean this literally?

Deo volente & once & for all eternity

fuck Descartes.
Fireflies emblematize the
    pathos of distance
just by mirroring within the scope of
    one backyard the
3-D lost-in-space interstellar
immensity above them.
Uncanny counter-intuitive
upward sparking genitalia of NYX
they festoon arboreal shadows
w/ amusing pretension of depth
    theatrical illusion
worthy of Mozart in his most Masonic
mood indigo.

    And distance in Time
is shown as well in this melancholic
yet electric allegory
    distance
from the blameless cruelty with which
we once used them as fuel for
    fairy lanterns.
We pass this way but once—
if that.
A bestiary of bestial urges
each beast best at its niche
zest pith & core
  scored for
baboons & double basso profundo
Hermopolis Sinfonietta
Herman von Carrion conducting
carrying on outrageously in fact camping
under Nilotic stars.
  We are all
reincarnated pharaohs & pharaettes in this
cultus because if animals’re good to think
then having an animal’s head is
  even better
frog mouse crane wolf or strawberry
escutcheons much in demand in
  the land
of linguistic animalisms deeper
  than speech.
TAKE US TO YOUR LEDA

Waiting for a cocktease thunderstorm. Bummer.
Let sages cultivate this Jove who can’t quite
get it up, this swan that never comes
to cover us w/ wings of rain.
When comes the next swan-boat?
pedallo à deux into the terminal dusk
of the final edwardian serpentine
white mainline hit of magnolia
crk-creak crk-creak slowly into shadows
of weeping willows. Real swans, startled,
heave themselves aloft

   an aerostatic miracle
hurl heavily overhead in vast pinion-whoosh
unheard outside some German

   Expressionist horror

   flick.
AGRONAUT

Picture them sitting around. Someone says y’know, whoever could come up with a

  seedless watermelon
could really rake in the dough, no?
And here we are today: a triumph
of American know-how: the end of all
grinning kids in seedspitting duels.
Once it was the African flag: green red black but
now no more black. Could’ve kept it in a tub
of ice-house ice under the porch
but what’s the point, eh? Now the product
chews like plastic tastes like Nutra-Sweet
& lacks not only seeds but water.
I see them now, sitting around, those

  agroindustrialists
dead & burning in the pits of hell.
Dante & Doré do Dexedrine
NJ Turnpike 1956
Cadillac convertible pink w/ fins
top down 90 mph past
cracking towers &
sulphuric acid plants
flaming along
on the midnite horizon.

Dies irae, sure, but must we thitherward
wend our way under anesthesia?
You can’t scare us w/ yr transgenic
grand guignol
we’re poisoned already
& we deal in poison.
O Tropics we’ll make you
sick & sore, O deserts
you shall be our working class.
Life is real, the wages
of sin are death. O Bombay
you can fester & boil
Baghdad can be the Babylon
of bombs. Plastic surgery
will heal the scars of
over-production from the
gracious face of our
post-industrial themepark
& the roiling emotion of the
dispossessed shall dress our
healthful salads w/ novocaine.
Vegetables undergo slow but observable
tumescence w/ bland pretense
of effortlessness—or at least
one hopes so.
Farmers across the river are
stoning the crows
by remote control w/ a
robot shotgun
blast every two minutes like a sick headache
bang! the supersaturated atmosphere
startles our crow-cousins from the corn.
I confess to corvinesque aspects
glossy blackness
roadkill gourmandise
various burglaries &
shapeshifting tendencies
bourgeois bargain basement Raven
w/ yellow’d eyes
peeling away the pretenses of those
agroindustrial dolts.
Not in my name! Not in my name!
Who cares? They’ll have their war
without you.
Commentary on “Mutual Stealing Among the Three Powers” in Scripture of Unconscious Unification (a.k.a. The Yellow Emperor’s Scripture of the Hidden Talisman) by Zhang Jiyu (65th Celestial Master) & Li Yuanguo, in Taoism & Ecology (Harvard Univ. Pr.)

It’s not exactly our fault
not karma nor original sin
much blame must be laid on the
ancestors who “fuck you up” for this
accumulation
of bad vibes. Not History per se
not the Economy, stupid, nor metaphysics alone
that damns us & dams us up &
damps us down
culminating in entropy. And therefore
one must grasp the art of burglary
on the cosmic level robbing Yin to pay Yang
writing cheques on dead past redeeming
future debt.
One must cook the books & emulate
Raffles or Monkey & simply steal
the peaches of the Queen of the West.
OLD INDIA HANDS

1.

India can be an albatross to a
writer’s career
    too exotic too Beat
passé heavy on the sleeper’s chest
& insufficiently post-colonial—
    a bacillus
you never kick
    a little monsoon cloud
that hovers over yr head & follows you
from novel to novel like mildew
or bookworms (the original proponents
of hypertextuality). Our opium.
Our live-in Cornell box. Some corner
of a forgotten skull that is forever
Hindoostan, priest-ridden stoned to the gills
& flashing on a monstrous case of déja vu
that wipes out suburban 1950s New Jersey
    like the plague.
This “Ganesh Brand” acts as Proustian madeleine evoking misspent youth far from the Seine or Hudson for that matter: farther away under spreading banyan trees we hippies lounged & smoked our weedy bidis. Benares made us what we are today relics lost as any Vanished Raj, we maunder on w/ anecdotes quite dodgy re: hash deals, VD, O-dens & religion steam trains, morphine doctors & a smidgen of dysentery, sadhus, Khumbamelas Parsis, Jains et al.—exotic fellas with exotic flaws & foibles on display like flashers with elephantiasis or being/consciousness/bliss until—to shut us up—you’d gladly pay.
A XTIAN POEM FOR
THE LATE IRA COHEN

Bless the Sabbath
& Keep It Dull.

Little Anthony & the Temptations
— we succumb to every one of them
especially the succulent succubus of
dolce far niente
which the worldly call prayer.

Juice for Jesus.

The food of love is
actually food.

Everyone talks about negative capability
but nobody ever does anything about it.

Jesus the water-bug.

Abraham & Eggs
breakfast of heretics
shed for me.
Escapism = Resistance
drifts toward the mythic
implausible like a dirigible blown
with nitrous oxide finally so
attenuated that spirals of
incense can trance us
with streaming sensations of thinking
we remember what it was.
Temporary Ruins

Misidentity Politics

Troglodite Lib
Another but naturally inadequate transcription of the unwritten hebephrenic babble (the me that is you), paranoia breathes no rosegarden of the mysteries—which should be big enough for the king to read without his spectacular delusions.
Wet streets

gain a certain self-importance

    in the evening

suggesting lofty goals too lofty
& thus paradoxically a

    logistical retreat.

Think of this rain

as a medium of communication

    between us

slick & black as asphalt
but moving slowly as a warm front
into the cold of any distance

    between us

as if you lived just over the river

& words could swim

    but instead

are curried back into the funk of

Not Yet—still

monadic but with a modicum

of gemütlichkeit.
Obliged by a foolish consistency
to put on record not only the slow approach
of this unknowing cloud that covers us
still inhaling its orgone-rich shroud
but also that which can be realized only
in such weather—
not prophecy per se. But call it vatic.
Another new religion emerging from the mulch
& wet compost
I call it Antinomian Anabaptist Rosicrucianism
tho that’s not its name. Winter one
giant breathing-in & summer one long
sigh will serve to bring it forth
to the corporeal eye. Or not.
Erased by rain like the gray
winter calligraphy of rotten snow.
HARMONIAL INSTASONNET

Ambiguity
   (I forget the number)
   as when
an object changes color according to angle
of light like moiré silk or alexandrite.

D’Annunzio

proposed a constitution based on music. Fourier
suggests scent as pivot of the senses.

Flee the world for a start. Dawn
would be another example, white
as the shoulder of Pelops. Lacking
clear identity it can never become
an image of itself. Real but
   unquantifiable
(like ESP) it mingles sewage & benzoin
skunk & jasmine, vile & sublime &
specializes in the sidelong glance
in the supermarket aisle.
(For James (“MacGregor”) Mathers)

Perhaps we are meant to consume our world
like a caterpillar its leaf. But no
I prefer the theory that it’s just 6000 years
of mauvaise conscience & deliberately poor design.
NON-JURING INSTASONNET

Deceased in reduced circumstances
the Pre-Adamite Hermaphrodite

could read Pindar
in the original.

In the Vestry, soiled lace, Vespers.
Bruised light from the clerstory.
Laudanum compounded by spagyria.
Don’t waste fading twilight on doctrine
subject to infinite schism.
How we wish we’d banned the telephone
in 1905 in a bid to retain our
Anglo-Irish heritage & inherent
sadness.

I’ve visited the very street
north of the Liffey with its decrepit
Georgian facades
now extremely rare (not seen except
in crepitations of déjà vu).
ANOTHER MILLION DOLLAR IDEA

Start a Breatharian restaurant—call it “Fresh Air”. Ultra pure décor of severe tile & chrome w/photo-murals of blue sky & white clouds on all walls & ceilings & floors. Waitrons in vaguely medical white serve various kinds of air (e.g., cans of Rocky Mountain air, pure oxygen, scent of dew on roses, etc.) along with costly designer waters. The air-de-la-maison would be nitrous oxide, wheeled in big silver cannisters to yr table by maitre d. Speakers emit soft white noise.
MERE REPORTAGE

In January if the ever-youthful snow
gets flushed by rain, earth’s withered dugs
exposed Homerically, the humus lengthens
into metaphors of unrenwal—
weather for funerals w/ muted choirs
& festivals of crows. Rude & virile
geese refuse to migrate into
regions of loss. A navy of gulls
might be ice floes stranded in these
shitkicking backwaters like fake pearls
displayed on manurey velvety mossy
swiney mire. All very grisaille
calmy grisly, Rembrandtish &
low-dutch w/ burnt umber & mud.
“Edwardian”—
a long gone lawn
edged in onyx & overblown
with superfluous bloom—
time off for bad intentions
—a
decade of sighs & abnormally
lingering afternoons.
INSTASONNET FOR THE DEAD

Conceivably paper was invented by the Dead first as clay which takes the lightest impression less than a breath & only later as pulp. The original refrigerator was a tube thru which milk & wine were trickled into buried coffins to refresh thirsty ghosts & squelch their ashes into “the first plastic” so amenable to the shaping Imagination—so expressive. Years after yr demise bills still arrive & unseen liquid assets are siphoned off into the conceptual space of a sub-elysian afterlife—a cybersepulcher or financial Hades of pale & mothlike immortality.
In the end times we retreat to a cubic iron walled fortress somewhere above the arctic circle. “Will you have a spot of tea?” “Yes my dear I think I’ll join you.” Everything reduced to its platonic archetype & we discover we don’t like it. What to do? When I hear the phrase “sustainable development” I wish I had a luger to reach for. Swamp Angel Swamp Angel we’ve seen the last of you & yr happy dog like an almanac from an unused year or the tingling enjoyable fright of a darkened planetarium. Don’t put a name to it & no one will ever even see it.
Verse is burglary
   with printing press as fence
stealing what it can’t afford to buy
or keep & offing it for mere pence
on the pound to some shady pawnshop
of the emotions. All the gems in
Salomé have slipped thru its
soapy fingers—all the vintages
courtesans & little private suppers
of a Balzacian villain—enough bolts of silk
to smother a Court Eunuch in
ecstatic mumification—and all
for the thrill of breaking & entering
by night & fingering some frozen
climax of pearls or cracking the safe.
DIRT

And the same rule applies on the level of

where whole assemblages weasel their way into

like doves wheeling in slanting light
(or alexandrite, green to purple to green)
regaining potency each time we blush to remember
our shameful episodes and

in that Castle of the Beast, our brain
to enthrall & confuse the peanut gallery.
Give us gods tainted with other gods
jackals & baboons, fat dwarves &
albino hermaphrodites
personified if not downright Disneyfied, each
with its own entry in Krafft-Ebing.
Let’s flee while still free to into squalorous
anonymity, Mud People with PhD’s.
A DAY'S WORK FOR YVAN GOLL

Our taste for flowers & certain gems
anything gnarly or excessively chaste
    has helped us
to escape so cleverly by flickering
    out of existence
about the same time as the Ottoman Caliphate.
Before we realized it we were the Temporary Pope.
I lost my head for a day & an angel
with heavy wings hung over me. But now
that I can see myself in the mirror again
    no trace lingers.
Pass it around like a hot potato, this papacy.
By an odd coincidence one sip of the green fairy
will prolong our reign by minutes—
the wan wand will fall to another hand
like a gold ring found beneath the pillow
after dreaming of a chemical marriage.

(Note: Yvan Goll was appointed by Apollinaire as second “pope” of surrealism, but was displaced by Breton. This sonnet marks the temporary revival of Gollist Surrealism.)
A Guarantee
a gyser of resolute horizontality
& knownothingism greets
(in the Scots sense of “weeps”)
a Lourdes-flood of late 18th century
cleansing bracing escapist raindrops
on our transparent panes
like a pathetic fallacy justified
by our actual identity with certain
neurometeorological states
of cumulonimbus & secessionism—
our China Sea, our inner Marsh Arabs.
Is this sufficient tribute to anarchism for
one incarnation, Señor, here amidst
these hobbits on steroids?
Real shepherds don’t write pastoral hexameters
but so what? Closeness to Nature is a
kind of ambulatory schizophrenia—but
do we care? Observers & collectors
of impressions & sylvan vaguenesses we
play an axial role perhaps even soteriological
as savers of phenomena & savors
of humus & rot—ineffable but collective
saviors of all discarded & redundant
tastes—aesthetic witnesses
to the evanescence of agrarian populism
—poets as iconographists of decay
helpless as figures in a classical landscape
but ever ready to share the blame.
JANUS

resolves to inhale more snowflakes
trace more fallen stars to roost
cause more uproar in the Invisible World
hoping to precipitate showers of
demoralizing rain
over metropolitan areas
to boost all
work with weather (that terminal monster The Revenge of the Pathetic Fallacy) and
learn to live in mid-air the last possible Outside like Finnish weather wizard in
tesseractoid airship armed with anti-deadly orgone cannon to burst & disperse
psychotextual miasmas & radioactive attitudes from altitudes where atmosphere grows thinner but more bracing than the most exquisite sin.
SALVAGE

A slate gray day fades here in
   blue stone country
severe, art-deco, Depression-era
wet sidewalks of old neighborhoods
in Brooklyn, an evening of bluestone
   over slate
this UpState Vista (a nice victorian phrase)
real as rock, naively real, a salvaged
   phenomenon
privileged & principal, princely, heraldic
primordial, Hesiodic, salvific
light of an Atlas that
holds up the world: blue stone-light
— and keeping both these impossibilities in mind
causes a third to appear—the closing
of the veil of the temple of
Earth & Old Night.
ROMANCE OF THE THREE KINGDOMS

When mist lies under the mountain
we turn Chinese

—primordial turtles
much prized in divination, recluse
but only in revery, hydrophiliacs
aroused by flapping cranes to
illusions of invulnerability—

the green wine
straight out of Lord Dunsany but
the transubstantiation homegrown
as ginseng & ditchweed, our
birthright as good scouts. Funk
pervades the cabin w/ Catskill clamminess
but our “jade maids & blue lads”

dispel gloom

with mulled rum & fungus &
a mildewed scroll on the secrets

of astral flight.
Tenderness that can only be known
before the invention of police
somewhere there’s a Tierra del Fuego to
assuage your plangency
facilitate your Houdiniesque suppleness
& Billy Budd Complex
O Mallarmé I swear never to reveal the
objective correlative
I’ll follow you to Patagonia we’ll
keep bees together
& write manifestoes in unbreakable
codes so we’ll be
safe from surveillance but also unfortunately
invisible to ourselves.
RAINBOW

Iris, the Hermetic girl-with-a-message, comes up to you in hotel lobby w/ telegram on silver salver— you’ve inherited an iceberg— wealth that will melt by morning.
“‘AIR-QUOTES’”

It’s an ugly gesture & meant to be like a stinking use of irony around irony itself. If History signifies the long wriggle to escape from History then History does indeed seem to have come to an End in the sense of having no end, like a Mall designed by Ballard or Baudrillard: Piranesian Carceri distended into Escheresque dimensions of cybershopping, teleologic Moebius strips of WalMarts, multiplex’d vistas in which whatever it was you wanted infinitely recedes at a speed to match yr credit rating, including death.

(Note: In viva voce performance the title can be announced simply by making the gesture.)
OLD SAWS FOR THREE MAGI

If you can’t say something nice
then don’t say anything at all

There is such a person as St Nicholas
but it’s you. Did you forget?

Life is sad enough without you
have to see it on stage as well

The poetry of old women:
wisdom handed down since Paleolithic

Too banal even for fortune cookies
eat rice drink tea don’t scold

Every day is a holy day & they
won’t be making another like it

No use waiting for a miracle—
you’re the saint—remember?
Save the phenomena.

Newton abolished colors

& all was Night, all cats gray, the
day grisaille, sighed Mr. B.
The reptile that sleeps in our spine
sees the world
as flat, our inner Neanderthal
our Ptolemy. Fuck with him
at your own risk
his seasickness will drown you.
Color as music, the black crow—
the miracle isn’t the wave
but the particle—music
the first action-at-a-distance
the first gravity. If I see
angels in the garden there
are angels in the garden,

q.e.d.
DOVE-O-GRAM

Muse-abandoned drivel
compulsive logorrhea
mail-order scam with myself
as addressee, two million dollars
in a suitcase in Nigeria, late
2nd century forgery—& still I
believe O Lord in a lost envelope
of forgotten directions to my
waking self, an anaesthetic
revelation drained of all significance
hence endowed with delphic darkness
an organ of prosody camouflaged
as an organ, a letter from
someone who remembers me.
What can’t be raised to the neo-
platonic spheres
will be weighed down with the long
tactical approach of fog followed by
rain, more romantic because
more blurred
& closer to the skin. Theurgy
becomes our dull habit, our Sears
& Roebuck Catalogue
of Greco-Egyptian fetishes, obsessive
as Rimbaud’s lice & twice as nice
propadeutic against Seasonal
Affective Disorder
the SAD Syndrome of our kitchen-Irish clime
& the sadism of Daylight Savings Time
each ray a coin in the piggy
for Isis & Serapis
each shadow for Set or
Thrice-Greatest Hermes
saved up in tins against the
seasons of dead blackberries.
I’ve caught a disease called poetry
but lucky for you it’s not communicable

I feel myself becoming marquis or
count palatine, schizo-grifter

self-conned, auto-magnetized, muse-
or monkey-ridden. Drunk on gardenias

swell in tails & topper, carriage ride
for one in Central Park by moon

strewing these reams of leaves of
grass like counterfeit two-dollar bills

my rank is raised. I weigh myself
in diamonds for distribution to the faithless

& bequeath the records of my illness
to some thankless think tank.
SCATOLOGICAL RITES OF ALL NATIONS

or,

THE LOO TABOO

Impure impulses pulse in Earth’s
lymphatic veins sluggishly as
nympholepsy. Morphia’s
like mathematical abstraction
compared to the symphonic organic
fecal orchestration of opium

muted & auriferous
the sepia luminous haze of the whole
19th century now rare as Manchu fingernails
or mandragora. Gourmets will eat
the trails of woodcock but the
truly refined will smoke the
mystic excreta of phoenixes with
toad venom, old rubber tires
& stinging nettle.
Incubo-succubism on a higher plane—
we could cite a full panoply of turkish delights
too deliberate for daylight—angels with
nocturnal remissions
will receive our aspergillations & lustrations
along with the usual greco-mesopotamian
line-up of suspects & freemasonic bric-a-brac
for frazerian bricoleurs. We like it all
because it’s VAGUE—

Love Bowers on the Astral Plane
where everything is bottle-green, elf-shot
with corruscading color organ glissandos,
a shower of Salamanders & Undines who
invade the Catskills but just beyond the
pale of crude appearances, all of them with
superb mustachios neatly waxed yet somehow
Old Testament, translucent as hothouse
orchids in the parlor w/ its horsehair sofas &
portraits in oval frames backed w/ dried ferns
or palmfronds from the Holy Land—player piano
accompanied by spirit trumpet—a tawdry
hierogamy at the top of a makeshift

ziggurat.
Reading religious tracts
never fails to turn our thoughts to
impurity—e.g., Why the Church Observes
Feet Washing as do “River Brethren
Nestorians Armenians Winebrennarians [?]
& in perverted form the RCC”
swinging machines of frankincense
flickering beeswax dying lilies
& the sudden almost wormlike
whiteness of feet beneath hem
of purple chasuble or dalmatic
generates a breathless state near
nausea in its suppressed intensity
entitled How to Have Sex With
The Celestial Hierarchy
    fluttering pulse
of sparrow or canary held in hand
might get away & dash itself
against stained glass—imaginary
    butterfly
with bird or rather its invisible heart
hot & waxy reptile of this sublunar
    atmosphere
& vale of sorrow. Bird in hand.
We approach thee bird in hand
wearing heart on Aztec sleeve
Jesus flashing his Sacred Heart
in a carny come-on like some Phillipino healer
like a daguerreotype of the Tunisian
fin-de-siècle or a reliquary
or an apothecary
    with vials of unguents
so subtle they evaporate on contact
w/ your coarser aires & herbes
that only a mummy could love
ambiguities
    tenuities
a cult based on meteorology &
Cagliostro-like primordiality
in which certain clouds
veil certain
maleficent lunar mansions or rain that
falls on one side of the street & not the other
hence the doctrine of dolorism
sailing against the wind
tacking back into an Anglo-Catholic
swoon like the heroine of a gothic
thriller all glitter & spangles
or the wings of certain butterflies
black in one light & cerulean
in another
a series of prisons or prisms
nested like Russian dolls
each more chaste
& constricted
here on the ambiguous
edge of the village where streetlamps
& hydrants thin out into undeveloped
scrub along the flooded roadbed
reading *Caspar the Friendly Ghost*
by hermeneutic exegesis as a
Suburban Book of the Dead
a 1950s premonition of lifelong
obsession with what’s
under the sheet
a pharmacopeion
dating back to an era
when astral travel was untrammeled
by Passport Control & Homeland Insecurity
of black & white neoplatonic naturist mag’s
& summer camps for ecstacies
till crushed beneath the
sandals of seraphim & suffocated under
robes of the ophanim
we capitulate
till even the palest odor of violets
tips the balance & spills us into
the hypocritical ocean of our
own lachrymosity.
TWELVE STEPS TO HELL

Ice-shelves of Arctic unreason
are melting melting
leaving behind
only a pair of red shoes such as
vegetation spirits like to sport
hobgoblins haunting Europa
with nasty recrudescence
of funkadelic thaumaturgy &
illiterate syncretism
the snake cult to end all snake cults
or else hostages will be shot
out of circus cannons & bounce
like swans in outspread nets
of theosophical wefts
& polymorphous warps.
PLANCHETTE

There’s a song in my heart but not my head
Pity most spiritualist automatic writing turns out
so dull
as if the dead had nothing to say—or anyway
nothing we haven’t heard before.

Perhaps
writing itself began as a sneaky way
of letting the dead speak in dead letters
words without breath words without a face
“dead fingers talk”
& space is abolished.

I can’t get down to the song
it’s buried with the dead. In May
or June it re-appears as a bush
& says I saw the goddess naked.
Trumpets will float above the medium’s cabinet
telling us what to think in the perfect dark.
ZARATHUSTRA’S REVENGE

No one has yet created a super-hero comic
with Nietzsche himself as hero
caped & masked in black w/ gothic blackletter
   “Ü” with umlaut
emblazoned on his tights, slightly campy in the
   style of Ditko’s Dr. Strange
crazy but all-powerful king of the world:
“have all anti-semites taken out
& shot”; flying over Sils Maria with
Cosima (perfect super-heroine’s name) then
swooping to save some poor carriage-horse
being beaten in the street—DiChirico-style
   German Expressionist
ripped off from Caspar David Friedrich but
in Marvel/DC style: Nietzsche alone
seen from behind on a mountain peak
dressed in his Übermensch costume.
Winter is our politics
    of separatism. Winter
cuts off high passes
isolates our xenophobic valleys.
Winter is a crazy relative locked
in the attic, spawn of Dagon.
Winter is vaguely menacing & reactionary.
Incestuous trailer trash
white as ice. Lost colony
of albinos. Up in the frozen hills
we mutter about secession.
North the sacred direction.
Our policy of global cooling,
our reindeer, our toadstools,
    our zoning violations.
Suddenly the door bursts open
the room is invaded by a posse
of philosophes in snuff-colored velvet
w/ doilies round their stiff necks
& the rattle of coffee cups.
Everything now turns the color of mud
like bad Rembrandt. Perfect freedom
means perfect surveillance
a panopticon of vapid acedia
the encyclopaedists decide.
A machine that erases space, the room
becomes an airport lounge where the philosophes
doze fitfully in their plastic chairs
masters of anywhere—but who cares?
Amongst the indigo Saharans
males wear the veils
as we know because we are so
painfully erudite

so sleepless
so desirous of seclusion
so envious of their blue skin
their famous hauteur

tired of being understood
speaking a language everyone knows
exhausted even by our clothes
because they’re not indigo.
Chiaroscuro
the color of conscience
like a black milkshake
light without dark would be
sheer nothing sez Iblis
w/ a tip o’ the fez in a
corner of the shady mosque.
God & the devil both
prefer their little bottles
      of darkness
to this artificial day.
“Ye sons of Indolence
 do what you will”
—James Thomson

Hero of my own gothick novel
apiaries corncribs lightning-rods
my own Gnostic fragment:
rotting redbrick factories
abandoned stinking canals
Chas Addams mansions mouldering along
the Raritan River
cankers of the spirit on the bland
smiling face of heroic modernism.
I’m having difficulties with dematerialization
I can’t feel my feet
I’m bowled over by anaesthetic revelations
like a Dutch nine-pin.
The brain has forgotten this alien abduction
but my molecules remember.
Hermeneutical exegesis of any map
reveals song-lines buried beneath
heraldic grave-dust of reductionism
still audible to the midnite owl

or plumbline of ouija board
tracing the contours of Atlantis
& its far-flung colonies’ phantom traces
even in the spaghetti of superhighways

no-go-zones, blank spots, Area 51s
Chernobyls or tunnels beneath Montauk
cartographic dowsing, landscape as book
aural palimpsests

emerging like hieroglyphic double exposures
in the silvery bath of our darkroom.
Always winter always Epiphany
magi from East & snow from North
esoteric Xmas, true Yule & blessed
Circumcision of the Spirit

always East always Easter
one of the most bizarre holidays
in all Comp. Relig.
Last Trump

skeletons donning new flesh like
suits off the rack
understood mystically signifies
the doctrine of place

as intersection of $n$-dimensional planes
real as need be & no more.
ARKTOS

(for Joscelyn Godwin)

Cold is conservative fire is progressive
bread speaks in runic shapes
not quite letters not quite words
summer is nature winter is culture
where the police can’t reach us
till the weather clears

Summer is Neolithic, French, downtown
Winter is Paleolithic, German, uptown
here in the tower safe from telepathic rays
cocoon’d in dreams like moths or sloths
couldn’t we dare to dabble in forbidden notions
like Naturopathy? Nudism? Neanderthal Lib?
or Jukes-&-Kallikaks tri-racial isolate
in-bred freakish but alluring hillfolk
who keep to dark hollows & follow old ways
that would make H.P. Lovecraft kvell with
frissons of eldritch disgust or lust, that
aging aesthete with pinn’d pupils & irises
the color of Finnish weather wizard’s washed-out
icy blue marbles, nodding, nodding
cold & reactionary.
THREE YET-TO-BE-WRITTEN
PhD THESES

Zodiacal Treasures
Astrological Archetypes & the Comic Critique of Capital in the Duck Books of Carl Barks

Bricks of Love
Sufism Surrealism & Quantum Mechanics in Geo. Harriman’s Krazy Kat

The Emerald Tablet
Anarcho-Swedenborgian Feminism in the Oz Books of L. Frank Baum
Of course like all Americans I feel
the lure of stupidity. Winter suffices
w/ stupifacents galore
somniferous atavisms & long
    quilt-laden slumbers
like porridge with truffles.
Stupefying
as the word might be boomed by a
    circus ringmaster
Stupendous!
breath-taking stupidity
charged rigid with a kind of abracadabra
brainless beatific nimbus, halo of Boreas
    the Winter Wynde
glowing like a flying saucer over the
snowscape of our gradual lapsarian
    abjuration abnegation of all
scientific rigor & critical acumen in favor
of an arctic indifference
a negation of the negation
    of the negation.
Winter refuses to understand in order
never to be understood.
COARSENED MIRACLES

They save up tears in canopic jars
like royal entrails then slip spoonsful
past our lips w/ mournful expressions hinting
it’s somehow our fault if the gates of prophecy
are sealed like gummy eyelids.
Break-throughs are treated as break-ins, burglaries
in the Mall of Dead Faiths.
The book is a paper hoop & as
you read a sudden tiger leaps thru
—crash!
a kung-fu fist thru page direct to jaw
comic stars, whizzing planets—
theophany has its slapstick moments
with slight variations
like ears or snowflakes.
CREAM OF SAPPHIRE

Oscar Wilde’s china
Greek restaurant décor
    as above so below
blue veins of the pale Tsarevitch
Rasputin strokes his sweaty brow
a frozen waterfall you could
    climb like a ladder:
blacks are actually cobalts & all
grays are pregnant with azure
this diffraction into spume of the spectrum
this breaking up into cerulean spray
the all-blue world reported by
    devotees of harmal
Indo-Aryans from another dimension
aristocratic Martians
    here to stay.
NITE

1.
Since night’s been made a synthetic day
I’ll make my days an artificial NITE
as in All-Nite Bar & Grill, brand name
or some codeine-based cough syrup
blinking neon black-lite spreading darkness
even in the heart of yr philistine noon
black as the flesh of certain fish or cetacean ink
both good to eat & to think with
under the sign of the Manne in the Moone
nights in Tunisia, a love supreme
a thin Mozartian black w/ freemasonic stars
arctic darkness of menacing shapeshifters
    thoughts as wolves
    or oysters
here in sibylline caves I’ll synthesize
a blackness to cover me like purdah
so you’ll never know if I’m carrying
    purse or pistol.

2.
Little Nemo
meet Captain Nemo
Night’s Nautilus
will take us now
ding-dong down into
a realm of shared lucid REM
a View-Master version of
the other side (what a surpize)
the dark side
where aliens have long since landed
& set up their domed colonies
forever changing shape & color
like lava lamps you can live in
if you bring yr own air.

3.
Memory’s a whore
you can have for free.
SECTION OF AN ODE TO WINTER

Amateur videos of the Alchemist
portions of his cheek his hat
outlined against the sky
a button

    a table of wineglasses & sunlight

a finger pointing at St George’s worme
our secret ally
projected on the cellar wall
down in the den like 8-millimeter 1950s
home movies of “our vacation”

    shows his tattoos

snakes, something about the “urine
of a virgin”

    a “double pelican”.

And now next day I realize

    a portentous

synchronicity: the name on the sign

    of his atelier

in Rocamadour, perhaps his “real name”:

    Winter.
TO ARTAUD

(for Clayton Eshleman)

Let me say what I truly think for once
even if it has to be translated into
Latvian or Lettish or Icelandic to ensure
no cop sees it in my own languageland
or at least smudge it raggedly
with enigmatisms, rodomontades
bad smells blind alleys & acrostics
so none but adepts who’ve completed
our mail-order course & received
their decoder rings
can ever digest this feuilleton
this blatt
or fiery flying roll of flagrant
    augustinian confessionalism
    & stolen pears

besides, who cares?—another Artaud clone
babbling decorticated dabbling
in electroshocking diablerie
    o no
free speech belongs only
to those who are never heard
or if heard never believed
or if believed then only
in prisons for the criminally insane
by fellow loons & ogres

and I a louse in yr coat, Artaud
a parasite riding on yr reputation
for meaningless blather.
Nightly we plunge
    down to domes
of glass beneath which like
    taxidermic phoenixes
the streets of Ys
    lie preserved
Neptunian diluvian suburban
Nautilus of nacreous opalescent bliss
descend in bathyspheric clouds
    of giant squid ink
from abyssal trenches beneath
the Sargasso Sea
    where Bermuda triangles
set compasses awry
    no one will find
our biospheres
    our steles
overgrown with seaweed like hair &
    engraved with
doctrines far too subversive for the intended
market niche
    contravening
not only the Comic Code of Decency but
the Decalogue, Blackstone & the
    Laws of Manu
your submarine identity
polyphemic cold-blooded
agents like stars
seen by daylight from the bottom
of a well

where we await you.
Lost Gospel

Time is eschatological but space is soteriological. Turn yr back, walk out shake the dust of Time’s ideas from the heels of space. “Alien Was Father Of My Child”: a light-skinned green, like chlorophyll & cream: Leonardo da Vinci on DMT slick, wet, reptilian, encased in a caul of ectoplasmic slime— the true secret messiah appears an image worthy of Dali at his worst plunges our heads beneath the salty river of warm tears & excrement redeemed. But only in the text. Turn in all those coupons you’ve been saving for one moment of disdain.
BAD WINTER

Dark ice
dank ice
negative window
thru which we watch our books & papers
drifting back into the Past, a
nauseating congealation
orphans frozen in the snow
pompes funèbres
& bitter reminiscences.
The Poetry Police
will have none of this pathetic
moralization of nature
angels receding
deeper into Winter as
Endtime allegory;
only the direct & most alarming religion
will answer the question “How long
has this been going on?”
Note that Saturn rules both aspects
“Time’s Arrow”
“Second Law”
“Saving Remnant”

So?

Once again we retire to our cellars
for the long American sub-zero winter
burning our books behind us.
“NATURE POET”

can barely tell one bird from another
—no John Burroughs (more likely
    William S. or Edgar Rice)
loves other peoples’ gardens park-strolls
    & distant panoramas
viewshed from upstairs window
    full of fog as cup with tea
    or democratic ghosts.
Eureka
reactionary as some tribal elder
    whose sacred mountain
was levelled for a parking lot
    two hundred years ago
full of resentment as an egg with meat
yet featureless as the sea
    distracted
from Basho’s pines & snow
    ultimately false
as that which they oppose
    & yet
more important than truth.
Satisfying the jones for ozone
& the smell of melting mud
is all about as natural as
    Marie Antoinette
as shepherdess or Yeats in the
garden at Coole
in fact
    downright cruel
secretly rooting
    for Gengis Khan in his programme
to cleanse Earth of the taint
of urbanism
    (“wilderness restoration”
    with a vengeance!)
treasuring clouds & rain as if they were
    antidotes.
Note that this image is reversed.
“Community is more than just people”
I learn while waiting on hold
from smarmy robotessa voice backed by synth
soothing as intravenous drip.
“Community means eldercare”
& something that sounds like “pet therapy”.
The tape rewinds & plays again & still
it sounds like “pet therapy”.
Days are closing in, as some character
says in some glum Anglo-Irish
Big House novel. Soon snow
will come & shelter us
   in narrative.
Solitude & sorrow
like crows above a field
of dead corn
criminals
carrion eaters
away over the Quaker
groundyard they dissipate
absorbed into the
heartless sky.
Say Lord Dunsany
or the desert saints
never fell into Egypt’s
dungeons of flesh
like alien sparks
from a world as real as
water & money.
Are we cutting this hole
just to crawl thru
like sandhogs on the nod
or to let the rivers of Neveryon
flood the cellars of sooth?
Last night the creek ice crinkled
floating floes coagulated
in a moment of ESP with no bezel
with no nest for the
egg of memory.
The person you were meant to meet is slippery
elusive as the Later Roman Empire
or a decent tomato. But that person
feels the same about you: somewhere
behind the Malls & Walmarts a lost lane
turns off into cold hills & dwindles
into some alternate dimension where one of you
waits for the other’s dream to arrive
via lunar telegraph & break through
dull deafness like a cowbird’s song:
a conspiracy of statistics
social engineering rather than a plot
against you *qua* you—blame it all
on Kapital: there’s no money in synchronicity.
Easy enough to dispel dark superstition with the glaring blare of a million Coleman lanterns pumped up to white heat of the Enlightenment. But now sick as jailbirds in the glare of all-nite neon we find it’s not so simple to stuff the genie of Reason back into the lamp of decent endarkenment. Turn back the clock? We do it once a year—duped by Daylight Savings Time. Butterfly to worm again or blackbird to green egg—a trick that never bloody works & leaves an uncooked omelette in one’s silk top hat like the slime of hindsight. Who put the hssss in History, who let the cat out overnight to be flattened by its failure to evolve an avoidance response to the automobile—a trait it shares with some 40,000 Americans per year?
DOSSIER

The invisible childhood friends
the talking dogs
seemingly random placements
of anomalous objects
in the landscape of language
cause dreams so subtly disturbing
so intricately foreboding that in fact
no one remembers them.

Cushlamachree!

day’s dazzle makes us want to leap
but only mentally

or turn our coats

inside-out or upside-down
like déclassé intelligentsia
& sell all our paltry secrets
to a non-existent USSR.

(thanx to Crockett Johnson’s
“Barnaby & Mr O’Malley”)
Cold Mountain
could’ve been a kind of
nickel-&-dime nirvana
like the Farmer’s Almanac
w/ column-fillers by Basho—
the whole bleak yet
amorous ice-capade of
solsticial sadness up there
not five miles away by
astral projection—
Cold Mountain seen from my
kitchen window rising above the
red dust of electromagnetic soup.
Han Shan
paid in loneliness & depression
no doubt for his few moments
of literary satori
not to mention
the no-cal zen diet like
Mad Sweeny’s watercress.
Juke Zen
you might call it—busted
for camping w/out a permit
threatening property values by washing
his socks in the creek
sent to a Home where he can
cool his heels & try for
enlightenment on thorazine.
Serious books
float like miniature icebergs
    past my window
slowly grinding to a nordic halt
    of jammed floes
right under my nose
& all their authors like
    little eskimos
leap up trying to sell me
    their blubber.
But perverse as Nebuchadnezzar I
persist in browsing
    insubstantial
salads of bitter herbs.
HAIKU

Myopic, I see
   ice chunks floating Upstream. Quick,
   my specs! Aha! Swans.
Winter take us
under yr redeeming mantle
solicitous of our solitude.

A pity
I never finished my opera

“The Gas Giant”
weather
as Grand Guignol.
Winter’s a big Chinese baby
glowing w/ health,
    a golden embryo.
Last night’s guests
standing at the door preparing
to return to the City paused
& sniffed the baby’s breath
    of approaching snow.
Give each ghost its voice or vice
like a Charles Ives Marching Band on
mescaline
or the National Anthem of Sun Ra’s
home planet.

Lead by following.
Claim credit for the polyphemic
breakdown of the Cartesian ego.
Learn to love yr camel.

Everything else gone
civilization’s last sound:
angry dog barking.
HAIKU

The river on its
   best days: a dry martini
         a joke for the crows.
Go talk to caged beasts about
   the art of the circus
Farewell to Winter:
   global warming
plus global swarming guarantees no jobs
for freaks.
   The economy was more primitive once—
winter allowed us room to run away from home
   with tigers & contortionists:
   a musty sweetness, headachy & ammoniac
like sugar & straw
   spangles & horse sweat.
Every night made us more inaccessible,
proud, gloomy Spanish grandees
w/ no fixed address or visible means
of self-expression.
   Closed for the season
our Egyptian sideshow folds its tents
   & silently steals
the till—
   a shoebox full of mumia
potshards
   vulva-shaped cowries
clipped shillings
ticket stubs, dead leaves & dog-eared
copy of the Necronomicon.
The ship of salvation sails again
leaving us bereft on the wharf
in the clutches of Passport Control
stuck in America for another summer.
   “There is no ‘alternative’” as Baroness Thatcher
put it so succinctly—

no North Pole

no Orlando

no Baraboo

where such hermetic monstrosities might
estivate in decent obscurity unmolested
by the enforced jollity of lawyers.
Summer’s a global village & we’re its idiots.
The caravan has departed & Prospero
has concluded his vicious stabbing bourgeois remarks
about the “ended show”.
Winter just portentously left the room
a moment ago
slammed the door
plunged
the rest of the cast in glum
silence & is now banging around
outside flinging garbage cans &
sluicing away Spring’s first
road kill.
Even shrill peepers are stilled
by this mud bonanza, chilled
to their delicious legs.
A tiny toast
to the Thimble Theater, a subtle
sublethal sip of its
noxious toxic but adorable pop.
Pay per view.
Permanent Brain Damage (PBD)
is surely not too high a price
for the lubricious Lilliputians & their
mini-Tijuana circus. Popeye as Populist
or Priapus sprays the mountains w/ his
viscid spue
—so well-drawn—
spawn
of Iblis as I am on rainy days
of entheogenic dew.
Be silent & dare
who said that? The rain says that
with its ban on mere conviviality & its
pluvial sussurations on tin rooves
its cloak of invisibility & its ancient tomes
that fall open at the very page
one sought
    in a dry season
    in vain.
PROSE

(for Thom M.)

Can we seek refuge in the Buddha, or Bermuda (with the onions & the eels) from anyplace that feels so much like internal exile? If Freedom doesn’t mean license I’m turning mine in. The elaborate gesture of refusal takes place entirely in one’s head, alas. Our stasis arises from the thought that if this place isn’t real why should any other place be, & if it is then why bother to get up & move?

Hoping no one will notice. A shadow government for shadows. An invisible senate of the air. Refuge in Shiva, in Jesus, in anything big & angry & bad, a literal Godzilla to restore our Stone Age of otium & ophiolatry. Think what a few well-placed bombs would do to re-enchant this landscape. A Chancery Lane where crooks & debtors could feel safe at the risk of dying of boredom.

But our bastilles are all transformed into vacation destinations for the ethically challenged, therapeutic spas where we can escape our karmic burden despite its Dickensian squalor, simply hoping to evade the K-9 Corps & soothe the wrath of our creditors, goblins & ghouls.

Stymied, stumped, obstructed, balked—our conspiracy to blow up the State has imploded slowly into the tight frame of the InstaSonnet™. Second time as farce, third time as PoMo irony. Chastened we snuck from the darkened bookstore of forbidden desires, slunk off into alleyways of Deconstruction & the bitter fog of Theory with our raincoat collars turned up & our fedoras shading our forbidden gaze—glancing left & right furtive as ferrets on leashes, looking forward to see if we’re being shadowed by the Angels of History—peering backward into the mist for possible police barricades of the Future.
BUMPERSTICKER

WAS THERE THEN
The thought of going luddite fills me with a lust almost as intense as lust. Living without electricity? The very idea makes me junksick for those lamplit nights on the Ganges. I could’ve should’ve been a monk, the very funnel thru which the sacred excess of civilization’s imaginal waste is expanded in herbal liqueur’s & manuscriptoria. Imagine being paid to meditate! Voluntary poverty sounds positively pornographic here in the Future where everyone has his or her own personal ornithopter & stock portfolio. Yes, Dissolution was a big mistake. Now that we’re gone who’s going to pray divine wrath be averted from your greasy empire?
On the good ship Psychosexual Nightmare
we must all wear “moron hats”
w/ duckbill & earflaps & an
earnest smile.

Can you guess who’re
our favorite pop stars

that’s right!
The NY State Board of Regents
as Dutch Masters on the famous
cigar box by Rembrandt.
It’s vitally important to know
which cop shows & cop movies
cops consider “most realistic”
since a crime that never
moves away into representation
is by definition
not a crime.
Can we speak of a dandyism of the dull? G.K. Chesterton has preceded us here with little
elephantine steps—“poor” and “sad”. How can we sufficiently praise the maker of kites in
March or the milker of cows without falling into languid poses about our unslakable thirst for
that which never had to face the problem of becoming more like what it is? Think of the
brouhaha you’d have to go thru just for a sip of fresh raw milk warm from the udder in an
unfired clay cup. Lucullus, Oscar Wilde, Lady Murasaki couldn’t afford it—even God can’t
afford it.
Everyone knows what that life
would be like: lake isle, tower, cloud—
or so we feign to sigh—
but other people’s ideas are constantly
being beamed into our brains despite the
tinfoil helmets we’ve crafted from
silver cigarette & chocolate wrappers
to deflect them.

An occasional
weekend there is all we can afford—
& of course our memories of days
when we were more that way—

no,
they can’t take those away
by jingo.
Who coined the term “air-conditioned ruins”? J.G. Ballard? P.K. Dick? I don’t think it was me. Am I mixing it up with “air-conditioned nightmare”? All unbeknownst to most of us suckers, I mean, Civilization actually did come to an end in 1997 as predicted by Wm Blake, but invisibly, so you have to be paranoid in a certain special way even to see it at all. “Climate controlled” as they used to say at the movies, “for yr viewing comfort”—inadvertently eliminating the dinosaurs or the Tasmanians or your sense of smell… Sorry. Never mind. There’s a certain charm to it, like camping out in a Necropolis.
When did it become obligatory to genuflect & murmur, “Beauty… I distrust beauty”—nod knowingly, yes, as if it were beauty that bombed Baghdad, beauty’s fault we all feel so stale & prophetless. So now we part our hair with the dark brillantine of ugliness like sour stoics locked in a “sick building”, and dress exactly like whoever’s president with a kind of understated smirk so universal it becomes just another brand of daylight. Blame the victim, yeah, sure, beauty betrayed us & left us in the mire or merde. Beauty’s the beast that leaps from the very wallpaper pattern of the Real & rips out our metaphoric throats.

(for Philip Taaffe)
Slanting sun hits river at angle projecting shimmering light into the house reminding me that there’s Maya that counts & Maya that doesn’t count altho I’m not sure which is which. Bankers & layers count numerically, the river doesn’t but the river & its illusory light will still be here when those scum are dead & forgotten, and that ought to count for something somehow. Light plays tricks w/ brainwaves & endorphins, sylphid as paracelsan sirops. In the world of Forms the river still looks exactly like a river but money looks like the Devil’s Shit.
SUBLIMATION

Subliminality
up to the lintel
the limen the limit
a distillation of solids
like smoke escaping from the tent
thru the hole in the roof
into some literally higher solid
crystalline & odoriferous—
like saving coupons
for papal indulgences.

And who’s
the sublimate the sublimation or
simply the Sublime in this equation?

Are mere words
like drops squeezed from rocks or tears
of the oyster robbed of its nacreous
excrements? Are we still laboring
under the 19th century image of consciousness
as some kind of choo-choo train?
like Houdini making an
elephant disappear?
Even these words will cool your brow
next August, the stale meltwater
with its smell of mortality. Suck
on this poem like a shard of ice.
To smell & taste the true spices
cinnamon clove nutmeg pepper ginger
is to want to give back some of that
too-much to the spirits who must be
tutelary to such trees. Instantly
the relevant islands appear to yr
pineal eye where Javanese esotericism meets
Dyak headhunter shamanism w/ vegetation
that smells like gongs sound &
demonic bells ting tong to bring
such fruits to fruition. Only
a culture of deep trance could’ve
ever deserved or survived living in
proximity to such powerful tastes.
Parts of the day spent as somebody else
are often the best but carried
to excess may lead to crime
altho profitless. Banished by Plato
dammed by the Prophet & excused from gym
really good liars carve out sinecures
based offshore on various shaky
suspensions of disbelief such as
surfing. Great poker players die broke
just like saints & for much
the same reason:—potlach as
immolation of the self that otherwise wld
never dare to leave truth behind
as bird leaves earth.
CHIMERA

Inside the piano of ritual
bathing leaches away natural protective
lanolin & dirt so breezes feel
you up like foreplay:

Steal
one flower from neighbor’s garden
one candle candy glass of water or
country-brewed likker (bad for the liver)
leider by Nietzsche & Schubert
lederhosen laudanum lost chord
last train to Poughkeepsie
Liturgiosophy
showers you with bliss without
ascesis: so many leaves each one
inscribed with a cantrip in gold.
Bluebells might

stand for something in some

stale grandmotherly way. Ugh.
BOXEO

(for James)

Dog of the Sun

vs

Cat of the Moon (an albino Persian)
arf arf arf
hiss yowl
stagey as pro wrestling & just as
fixed.

Who needs
servants to “live for us”
when epistemology itself has been
lobotomized? Bow wow, the days
are our devoted slaves
we’ve colonized Night & set up
maquiladoras on the Moon.

watch yr fingers
the Sun is still a wolf at heart—
in the last rays of icicle light
I see it cavorting with its little pal
Nicolas Tesla.

Grrrr
now I’m the dog of Global Dimming
versus the buttery tiger of Global Warming
like the farts of Ming the Merciless.

Pow

a K-O blow rarely seen in this
junior flyweight division.
Wrists like slender white stalks
bear the heavy flowers of their
pendulous gloves
clouds of cigar smoke
    stale altocumulus
bluer than any laundry.

(Note: another version of this poem appears in *Black Fez Manifesto*)
Welcome to the roadside chapel
my concrete garden my Elagabalus feast
where the grapes are synthetic amethysts
don’t break yr teeth! a garden of monsters
where it seems Our Savior
  never breathed
hushed stilled & waiting
in the off-season chill
stifled by your lack of faith
your inability to pray
your creaky knees
  Welcome
to my Druid Grove theme-park, its
  plaster megaliths
& fake oaks hung with tacky crystals
like cold rain.
  Don’t drive by
you’ll remember all yr life
the Virgin made of broken bottles
the plastic mistletoe, the
weird piped-in organ music & the feeling
you were somehow expected.
PLANCHETTE

There’s a song in my heart but not my head
Pity the most spiritualist automatic writing turns out
so dull
as if the dead had nothing to say—or anyway
nothing we haven’t heard before.

Perhaps
writing itself began as a sneaky way
of letting the dead speak in dead letters
words without breath words without a face
“dead fingers talk”
& space is abolished.
I can’t get down to the song
it’s buried with the dead. In May
or June it re-appears as a bush
& says I saw the goddess naked.
Trumpets will float above the medium’s cabinet
telling us what to think in the perfect dark.
WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

To live on the premiss that
to live on the premisses hic et nunc
yes even in squalid orgies of presentiality
& fetishistic topophilia
plumb loco for localismo
sedentary in the sediment of sentiment
sporting what phrenologists would call an
deminent bump of Adherence to the Here
would demand a georomantico-existentialist
collapse into Irrealism so pointy
& exigent as to strike all bien-pensant
secular humanist bourgeois scum
a nightmare blow & dolorous stroke
of eco-terrorist revanchist re-enchantment.
POSTCARD
“The Manchester Madonna”
with Child, St John & Angels
by Michaelangelo 1475 – 1564

(for Nick Dorsky)

There’s a hole where two angels disappeared
but luckily angel-shaped: souvenir silhouette
from Atlantic City or the Crystal Palace
or Paradise: after-image sun-flash
dazzle-color of lemon-lime crush. Or perhaps
were intended to appear in some future
futurama arm-in-arm: charming anticipation
of the not-yet-arrived: seductive allure
of the non-here, unfinished a-centric
wobbling pivot. In order to move
you have to lose yr balance
unless you’re a top or a dervish:
a risky plunge that’s been postponed
since at least the late Renaissance.
BYRONIC STANZA

Most poetry is not equipped to deal
So well with big bad news—a perished snail
Or love affair gone wrong, its readers feel,
Are somehow more affecting than a rail
Against the millions’ miseries; unreal
Compared to one’s own pain, the pale
Abstraction seems a thornless scentless rose
Fit only for the lesser art of purple prose.
SEUMAS CALLS ON CELLPHONE
FROM HILL OF TARA

holy land theme park
scale model complete with tiny people
& tiny ideas
a blur of pure speed
with its burden of dead matter
& tribal disintegration.
Subconsciously we grasp about as much
technology as any raccoon &
always fall for every back-brain
Joan of Arc
or cosmic radio, washing away
whole civilizations in a
deluge of un-naming.
DOG LAW

Shovel us in a basket & carry us
back to the Blasket Islands
drop us by helicopter keep us supplied
with books dope potatoes pigsfeet & Guiness
we’ll promise not to shit
on yr sidewalks again & nevermore
howl at yr privatized Moon.
Poverty-stricken old genteel ladies used to
drink hot water & call it “silver tea”.
If you didn’t know this already it seemed
worth a small poem to tell you.
On the other hand, professor we must consider image delirium as a yoga of plenitude the Hindoo cocktail abhorrence of vacuum unanswerable argument of the helical vine to Helios: lift off like helium. Don’t be sore. Soar.

An explosion in the cherub factory—BLAM babies everywhere like mushrooms pullulating or uluating if only one had ears to hear. Images grow into us until our hair is wheat but someone else must choose on our behalf.
YOUNG GERMANY
(review of the book by Walter Laquer)

Aimless wandering creates space just as pilgrimage creates place. Psychogeography traces the bones of Gog & Magog in landscape’s recumbent limbs or lineaments of carefree vagabondage against a background of industrial waste, setting out to practise survival of the happiest in defiance of all bourgeois necrology but at an oblique angle to anything that can be pinned down by later historians looking with perfect hindsight for signs of inevitable crash & burn.

You had to be there.

And still do.
O Charles Fort where’re yr phenomena
gone, vanished into X-File re-runs & super
market tabloids just when we really need
at least a UFO to reassure us the Irreal
still exists & even rivals the dreary
all-too-real. Film itself is a kind of
haunting & may replace ghosts with the
absence of ghosts. Certainly one can be
haunted by an absence.
“The storm has passed” means
we’ve withdrawn from this
witness program in which
we lost our names.
Roads are safe again
open to invading forces.
Bad weather like *mauvaise conscience*
at least provided a kind of in-
decent anonymity like a klu-klux-klan
bedsheet or a passport from a
defunct regime.
We never admit our pariah status
& you never see it except in yr most
expensive & uneasy dreams

a sort of
cowboyisme spirituelle or
symphony without words, in fact
without music or even a score or
orchestra. It’s, like, a magic power,
yes, but one which can be exercised
only in some other dimension.
Each photo retains a trace of a curl
of fatty smoke from sacrificial offal
tasty to gods & spirits of place. And how exactly
do we differentiate between Zion in exile & the second mortgage?
In the supermarket of the gods Norma Jean the Mobile Home Queen will be our psychopomp.
Take a virtual tour of the property—
graves of dam-diggers graves of grave diggers itinerant apple pickers or Quakers all these can be yours subject to zoning re-assessment she says with a smile as if inviting you to take wing & fly. But wither shall we flee, since Zion itself has become a gated community?
Is realty reality?
Can there be realization without real estate?
Given final enclosure of the commons wouldn’t Thoreau be guilty of trespass? With today’s low interest rates he’d have no excuse.
Fuck Fennimore Cooper.
Have I delved
too deep into the gematria of these ephemeral
goat-core chrestomathies of propertarianism?
Fixer-uppers abandoned farms sad ruined
summer camps

    industrial ruins
hidden messages from the Illuminati
in these pulpy pages?

        Lots in paradise
start at a million. Purgatory
has its charms & hell
is where you are.
By the fruits of their looms shall ye
get the picture. Tyro semioticians
cut milk teeth on conundra like
nylon acrylic parkas of petrochemical hue
or pseudo-aerodynamic sad-clown running shoes
or cars that look like shoes
w/ their corporate logos flaunted as if
the penny & not the bun were the real
value in trade (you schlemiel)
for yr shadow.

Read it & weep:
brummagem sprouts on mouldy civilizations
planned obsolescence is a double-edged sword
Jamshid’s Cup a poisoned chalice of
lies, damned lies, & the Evening News.
As the servant class withers away will
all those perversions go with it
  fetishes
for chambermaids grooms footmen
governesses & other amphibious types like
tutors, masters of hounds & “little
  seamstresses”
all down the technodemocratic drain?
With robots it’ll never be the same.
No more tightlaced corsets or riding crops
no more sinister butlers à la Henry James.
Will books w/ titles like *Spanking the Maid*
meet with yawns of dumb incomprehension?
I doubt it. These archetypes will live on
in the unseen world spawned by
  bad novels forever.
Comrade Muses allow us to report production has reached positively Stakhanovite proportions so we shall meet the Five Year Plan’s demands in three overwhelming the effete slender volumes of Capitalist stooges & predatory dandies with the sheer weight of our selected much less collected works all bound in red half-calf folios to withstand the grubbiest proletarian fingers of honest toilers loyal to our personality cult & eager to consume in their teeming millions the milk of dialectical devotion benevolently bestowed upon them by vigilant cadres wholly devoted to their class values & heroic demands for an ever-progressive intelligentsia answerable to the futurity of our monumental & magisterial pronunciamenti.
Like brick through plate
glass window we’re about to
launch a thought bubble with
meteoric streaming locks &
swift feet
as if the scent of wet wool
had a mind of its own.
Alone in our atelier
we cld open the roof & let rain
rain in to etch the plates
& print with rain instead of ink
as when Antonin Artaud
took the ferry to Dublin &
wandered around in the rain all night
& lost his magic walking stick.
It seems the local catbird
    can always find reasons to sing
    rather than work.
Bluebells or a closely related species
glow in tree shadows incandescing
like a gas ring set on low
that gives off coolth not warmth.
I’d like to run away from my life
to somewhere like this but unfortunately
I already live here.
The common winter aconite
if blown up to twenty times its size
would fascinate Nero Wolfe or J.-K. Huysmans
with its poisonous fin-de-siècle vim.
Tiny devas do victorian dances
down there but up here in the mesocosm
everything turns to shit as per usual.
Countless times
   the world almost ended
farmers on rooftops crowds on mountaintops
   staring up at the sky’s
false pregnancy, bloated darkness
   that never pops
6000 years on the qui vive & nothing to show for it
   no archons of the constellations
squid-faced & squamous, no personal falling stars.
   And who you ask will be False Messiah
of this vast pseudo-Millerite
   nightly bitterness
if not you yourself? Isn’t it far better
   to have hoped in vain
for some bestial rapture, some eagle
   the size of a barn
or should you renounce yr troglodytism & learn
to pay taxes & vote?
It wld be better not to know but we know. 
It’d be better to concentrate on the colors 
of snow—faint lemon around 4 PM verging 
toward peach then pale plum 
at sundown. Once whole cultures took 
such things dead seriously, cruel but cool, 
out on the veranda chilled to the bone 
discussing the “poverty” of gnarled pines 
or ineffable “sadness” of dead gardens. 
There’s nothing simple or crude 
about ignorance—quite the opposite— 
not knowing demands a vast complexity 
that can all be swept away in one 
act of brutal recognition.
WAYS OF LOOKING AT INSURANCE

It’s very “tender”, it fades like a bruise
in three days, tell me what it is or
I’ll gobble you up says the Sphinx.
Big gas guzzlers no longer seem so poignant
as in 1950-whatever. Not being anywhere
finally becomes tragic in itself.

Losing yr teeth has esoteric connotations
you gain the power to initiate in dreams
but that’s nothing to the noontide demon
who refuses consolation for mornings past
& creeping afternoons to come, places
where we’ve been & gone.
GRANGE HALL

In the applejack dusk
Progress has not blessed them
Pomona Ceres & Demeter
the Crones salute the flag.
They know the death of bees
“That’s Capitalism!”
the sagging white hall
glows like bone
the hymns have untuned it.
In the starry dark
it seems logical
on the road back from
Eleusis in the
honey-thick night.
ROGUE HOLLOW

Recalcitrant cacagenic backbush squatters
halfbreed hermits witchladies & basketweavers
86’d from Arcadia banished to Bedlam
for the forest’s health. But does the rattler
show gratitude or the crane cast its vote
no they’re just there like air & don’t care
how much money & power it takes to
comb the woods of human vermin till Earth smiles
gratefully overgrown w/ gracious nature tenaciously
regaining its sway up the Vernoykill
where everything slides into dying sighs
heavy with the “skry” “skry”
of birds predicting rain
blurring all stone walls & ruined cellars
like faded tattoos on an aging sailor.
“…because I never read newspapers or the philistine publications…”
—E.T.A. Hoffmann, *Letters*

Don’t leave the house. Be
careful what you look at as a pregnant woman in
a nursery with absinthe walls
& lilies for toys. Carthusian gloom
suffuses the beetlebacked morning.
Boredom is like mulch—a million dollar solitude.
Never read newspapers & you could probably
walk on water. Take seasick pills *before* you sail.
Collections are protections. Gyroscopes.
Homeopathic madness scares big madmesses away
till no room remains in our garden for
the stale breath of day. Puritan as Dandy.
Blurred topiary: swan? sphinx? leering face?
In the vistas of ruined parks a wormhole gapes.
The doctrines of photisms
raven/peacock sulphur/mercury
midnight sun (luminous black)
emerald emerald über alles
di-methyl triptamine green
ambiguous dragonfly sheen
of jade lusterware but
translucent

or the auras seen
around one’s head—Bishop Leadbeater
was particularly keen—
certain hats can
focus & beam coherent rays
(which some sad idiots
mistake for space helmets):

kirlian rays.

Blakelock, Innes & Pinkham Ryder
take one Swedenborgian step beyond
certain moments when their inner photisms
correspond exactly to the outer

New Jersey
animate icons

able to bestow blessings
& answer prayers: paintings that actually are
photisms

in the same way that light
is parceled into music
& played in the air.
IDOL TEARS

In the late 18\textsuperscript{th} & early 19\textsuperscript{th} century people used to burst into tears collected in chrystal phials ancient glass stained lilac with absorbed time
  imparting faint scent to the liquid
  of languid sentiment.
Evaporation sublimates these droplets to a dessicate exudation or whiff of white lies white violets pressed in albums but like the blood of St Januarius sometimes they re-liquify.
You needled yr way back, a gaseous Odysseus
monkey ex-astronaut
dining out on anecdotes of Outer Space
stroking orchids & lingering behind aspidistras &
potted palmettos in faded hotel lobbies
of the Raj. Outside, Nietzschean icicles
dangle from Ottoman cornices while inside
scarlet poinsettas & giant ferns are
steaming with caged birds, hallucinating
like spiders on various drugs in zero
gravity webs that are wormholes into extra
dimensions: a palace of indolence for Brunonian rentiers
hovering on borders & forever scanning yesterday’s
paper for news of catastrophes or forgiveness.
CHEAP WEATHER

Money, like Nature, lacks the personal touch
the landlord or the worm, dead is dead
The Social Darwinists were right, but none survived
WAR DECLARED but only in your head.
Last bit of wilderness that can’t be mapped
the monster from the Id, the perfect storm
Stay tuned for the Manichean Weather Report
the nihilism of the easily bored.
Après moi le déluge, live at five
go take the dog for its shot of novocaine
les neiges d’antan, OK, but who
expected a Future with so many hurricanes?
Short-term memory loss, at easy rates:
Under the skin of the world, one suffocates.
DEW DROP INN

Civilization: a noise that never stops
masking the taciturnity of the rocks
texts in a script no one will ever crack
instrumentality no one dares to mock.
Not only mute but deaf, a nerveless limb
(“Where’s the rest of me?”), la nature morte
no longer sculpts the social space of sound.
Hesitant murmurs, whispers, sighs cut short
& buried under someone else’s music
shaping the night instead of nightingales
machines assume the burden of our rage
& white noise takes up slack where irony fails.
So many voices, so much virtual pollution—
Turn Off Tune Out is my proposed solution.
STONED AGAIN

Five or six tokes & you leave the law behind
a moment when you feel the chains dissolve
thought-crimes like fruit-flies cluster round yr head
species go extinct, new ones evolve.
Omar wonders what the dealer buys
one half as precious as the stuff he sells
—so what’s so great about Reality?
Of course I know but promise not to tell.
No wonder it’s illegal: Babylon
has sold itself to the Enlightenment
the Scarlet Woman coo’s of therapy
& Moloch dips the children in cement.
When straight I think these thoughts are just bologna
but now I feel that other self’s the phoney.
Pure Capital denies the dignity of crime to mere poetry, & even the State cares enough only to de-fund it.
BIG GODZILLA PSEUDOSONNET
ON CHARACTER AS FATE

Battle with the unconscious, you usually lose
sleep past banking hours
misplace the files
on the street visualize true shapes
of people in the Unseen World.
The All-Bacon All-Marijuana Diet lets
everything ooze through or percolate upwards
like sewage in a landfill
(if shit smelled like magnolias
& tuberoses)
a marsh-fill of knock-out drops
a tide of codeine syrup
stained with violets:
wrestling with the Jacobite Angel of the unconscious
like Gorgeous George vs Man Mountain Moon
on black-&-white TV
everyone’s favorite monsters from the blue lagoon
vertiginous as the Wild Mouse at Coney Island
& far more inevitable than death or taxes.
Islands lost in time & pulp. Reincarnated Atlanteans constitute a growing market niche. Our ship the black schooner.
Give me a team of frogmen & a dark & stormy night accessible only by rainslick sheeptrack. Oceanic light breaks over white cumulus vast as a pocket cosmos. We’ll stagger home at two AM in rubber boots—a Taoist love nest. Attract shady offshore banking. Our Bermuda pineal gland of the Atlantic. Speak a strange patois—laughter from far away from a Past that never actually happened. The true treasure hidden on Treasure Island is Treasure Island—a Saturnian Thule beyond all price.
HIEROGLYPHIC CRITIQUE OF ARCIMBOLDO’S “WINTER”

Like one of Lovecraft’s Elder Gods—not dead but sleeping. Pollarded for the season his hair will have its Easter. Cold & saturnine as all geniuses—or rather—awake & dreaming simultaneously—the secret of narrativity. His chivalric Order: two Spanish citrons dangling down his breast make his head a Talking Penis—whispering runic riddles thru shelf-fungus lips. Delphic ivy. In the deep North he weaves mantic reeds into a cloak of wicker letters hieroglyphs in the shape of fire irons referencing the secret of the Golden Fleece translating his sweet lemons to alchemical gold.
Amanita muscaria. Amateur musicales.
Blind harpists. Hivernation. A full-length
sable coat.
Stars like albino caviar in some vodka-induced
Black Sea
the North like a golem looms toward us
& we’ll go forth to meet it like the Sabbath
with Saturnian hymns. The last grapes
will freeze solid as amethysts & then
melt into an Ice Wine sweet & blue as
December’s empty sky. Holly ivy mistletoe
human sacrifices—what have we got now
to rival this seriousness? What stars?
Let’s think our way into the hearts of old pines
in a cold slow implosion of nordic satori.
JACK FROST
AS ANARCHIST

My heart’s in the Irish Catskills where
ice spells out words in Ogham in
crystals of dew. The very old & very young
unite in ridicule of bourgeois convention.
Xtianity itself is invaded by Frazerian delirium
& Norse Balderdash.
Our Vedic Home at the North Pole.
Beaches literally littered with amber
under the sign of the Winter King & Queen of Bohemia
those Rosicrucian runaways. Picture them (1620)
fleeing in a white sleigh drawn by white
horses—draped in ermine cloaks—a starry night.
Grande Epoque Ice Palace snowmen with icicle
erections
skating by torchlight across the frozen floor
of a glacier.
OCT. 31 08

To appear only as oneself is the most effective disguise.

People who can’t dream together have to share the same nightmares like hysterics at some incomprehensible Fatima or Lourdes. And what’s more they’ll pay for it. Otherwise all is weariness & canned laughter the legally permitted percentage of insect parts in commercial catsup.

Someone asked have you noticed how nowadays Nature seems to be growing more poignant & heartbreaking intensely real as only something on the verge of dissolution could possibly be?

Read it in yr own Bible. Lachrymae rerum.

It’s not the sleep of Reason that produces monsters so much as the atrophy of Imagination.

Hekate is dead. Put the hallows back in Halloween.
I know the island but I’ve lost the map
& can only return in the astral
hover like an idea in no one’s head
mystic voyeur & apostate
or else here I am, all flesh
ready to repopulate it but the island
itself now drifts into legend
impossible, jasper, jade.
There we’ll find orchids to memorialize
temples to excavate & monotony
money can’t buy—monastic
but stochastic—one sensation at a time
each change of weather another
page in our divan.
Winter’s last will & testament

has left us

two days & nights of flooded cornfields;

while the plain

is plein de l’eau inundated

with pesticides & salts, Route 299

will make a placid mirror for gleeful

gulls & geese—

two days of peace

without the constant sussuration & angry blat

of traffic—putting paid to Green Tourism

with an unscheduled holiday

a jeu d’esprit

of Mother Earth—her neptunian geste or jest.

A cop car drives up to the edge & parks

& blinks its polyphemic eye against the Sun

to do what?—lash the flood with chains

& order the water to STAND AWAY at point of gun?
Nights belong to the djinn & the dogs
& everyone spends most of the day as well
immured in stone towers that squat the
lycanthropic landscape
no electricity no indoor plumbing no police
no McDonald’s.
Whenever I read about Albania
or the Hatfields & McCoys I
try to summon up some
bien-pensant nausea at the atavistic
notion of revenge.
Let it be prose
broken up
into uneven lines
& other such merde.
The whole idea
of steganography is magic
& all such codes
must be read with mormonesque spec’s
lest the Profane etc. etc.—and
those you can have for nothing.
“Woods Queer”—
biophilia carried
to extremes
THE SIXTIES

We set out to prove that life is NOT elsewhere. This explains our poor out-put of art & lit. For a few years we succeeded which explains YOUR malicious envy. So? It was a war & we were defeated. Life was banished & we returned to the opium of images. Now our poetry is rather better rooted as it is in dead loss.
Since only poets read poetry I’m saved
by renouncing power for a messy dearth.
He who reads my dossier
steals trash.
Wrong!
Information wants to be
expensive
information feels insulted when
you talk that way.
Here on the Arts Reservation we’re saving ourselves for posterity.
Our canal is as gone as, say, Persia
not so much in space but under
an alien régime. Stonehenge
is better preserved &
yet not this sad.
Footnote on a Commentary on
The Tombeau for Anatole Mallarmé

Tower of ivory. Penetrate these dead nouns
with delicate scalpel. How many tusks.
We discovered the graveyard—killed no
narwhals or hefalumps to make
this refuge. Pull up the drawbridge
of frozen lace. The cork-lined skull of
Wanda Landowska. The spume of meerschaum.
German saints. Goldfish pagoda. Parchesi.
To live in the light of ancient teeth.
Wind reawakens the deep song of
white oceans. The pale yellow of scrimshaw.
Pull up the ladders like retractile limbs.
Let it be real as a pierced fan
that infolds itself in bone blades.
ODE TO THE
B & H
DAIRY RESTAURANT

Blessings on your counter-tops
Brucha’s on your pans & pots,
B & H, the dairy princes,
lords of sour cream & blintzes!
Young & fresh or old & gnarly,
all must slurp your mushroom barley;
even wealthy uptown fogeys
grab a cab for your pirogies!
If we had a dozen wishes
never could we wish a dish as
good as your gefilte fish is!
Now we praise your kasha—
not ‘cause
we forgot about your latkes,
but because we ate so many
we can’t even look at any!
Though your premises be narrow
you have stuffed us to the marrow;
Still, we cannot leave your table
till we wheedle or finagle
one more lox & one more bagel!

(with Jake Rabinowitz;
published in the NY TIMES,
1985)
DREAM POEM

“Ordinary people—I hate ‘em”
—Repo Man

“Ordinary mind, Zen mind”
—Koan

Should I move south
where there are still
railroad lines
or west? and with old
disused canals still flowing
beside them?
Do I really want to know
how ordinary people live—or
am I myself not already
ordinary?

where the Past
is not dead—where the sky
would be intensely real if only
one could stop there
get off the train & stay.
MY FORMER LIFE AS A VISUAL PUN

I was a man of vegetables & fruit
grape eyes banana nose cauliflower ears
green rebus jolly giant nobleman of Prague
in its brief Rosicrucian winter.
I sweated sweet slightly rotten perfumes
overripe pears & the hot melon of my forehead
the spring onions of my hair
& peeled cucumber of my tongue—

and you
I suppose were made of flowers & jewels
similes taken literally
coral antimony smoke pearls rosebuds etc.
obscene white moonflowers etc.
you smelled of snow which is the odor of gems
& breathed with the orchid of your mouth.
We knew Erasmus Darwin’s Vegetal Amour
anthers stamens pistils w/ attendant bees
& the bees also became parts of us
eyebrows perhaps or blush of public dust.
Then came the Defenestration
the collapse of Dee’s Plan & demise
of political hermeticism
the Botanical Gardens bombed to shit
in the 30 Years War.
We died into seed
& were stored for four centuries
in canopic jars till now
if you plant us we’ll rise again
lycanthropes who change into mulberries
violets & peaches rather than wolves
golems molded not of clay
but pollen.
Who would’ve thought Death had underdone so many—left us half-baked but still ambulatory. Do you ever feel beauty as a rebuke as you pass by some farm with its bronze musks of hay & manure, slipping like the proverbial carpet from be-neath yr undancing feet?—beauty like a drive-by shooting?—as oysters admire the Moon?

We’re the patriots of Cockaigne, national bards of fantasy isles, each poem like a postage stamp—but not because we like it. Where are the freemasonic conspirators when you really need them? Who steals my identity, honey, steals trash.

Animals, admirable as they may be, know no chivalry—or do they? Why not beasts in love, or vegetables (as Erasmus Darwin sez) or even stones, each with its own yearning archangel to push it along. A Rumpelstiltskin Moment—like Liberace’s candelabrum over a rumpled bed. A stuffed head suddenly drains like the Pontine Marshes on pseudophed & fills with azure helium.

The djinn have fallen on hard times—trailer trash refugees from the Mundus Imaginalis. Fresh fruit out of season is one of their last effective tricks. Anti-scientific, but lots of fun to know. Pale glowworms, guides to Nature’s tombeaux.
You have to use pure faith to
               get it off the ground
not (needless to say) pure
               as in postbiological or
cryptomonatheistical pudeur
               because patent lubricity
& downright reptilian oblivion
               could also be pure
as the bejeweled aspect of some
               dead sumac & chokecherries
be-beaded with old rain—
               desperate purity
impure purity. It must be you
               for whom the tree in the forest
falls & makes that
               famous unheard sound which
alone of all possible messages
               defines the day.
TINTINABSOLUTISM

Our music must be campanological
unelectrified but louder than any amplified artificiality
pealing & plangent in the humidity of summer’s armor
& draw djinn like moths to heavy curtains
bells of seven metals that can change weather
protect us from the lightning that flickers
this evening like a defective moon
baroque glissandi, the same old Holocene waterfall cascading
sparkling from the steeple campanile acting on atavistic
associations of metallurgy & alchemy in tumbling octaves
of planetary tinctures summoning stellate archons
from other dimensions

so that
lone strollers lovers kids on bicycles
in the aimless gloaming will fall absolute prey
to our unconscious attempt to disenlighten the torpid
leaf-heavy celestial azure with sonic dreams

of sleeping geniuses.
PSYCHIC NOMADISM

6000 years of cuneiform & shit
have buried the barbarians too soon
the tinker’s wagon in the knacker’s yard
a pile of fecal bile & psychic sludge

the tourist & the terrorist as twins.
Why choose this strip-mall over that?
crisscrossed with highways, mapped from outer space
a text-based life, the closure of the West

consumed but never lived, no smell no taste
no season, weather, grazing, music, milk
our rootless cosmopolitan is stumped
by fastfood cities sinking into waste.

A temporary nomad zone explored
but only in the land of hungry ghosts—
homeless cranks, dead hobos, crusty punks
don’t constitute a true Barbarian Horde.

The plan of Gengiz Khan—burn, pillage, raze
the cities to a pyramid of skulls
till earth grows featureless as sea
at last withdraws its parasitic gaze.

The animals return in sacred time
a prairie will restore itself at last
a Scythian mummy turns up in the ruins
& shakes Von Humboldt from his dusty shelves

Connecticut assumes a desolate air

yr Wild Boys on the move—the wire clipped
the herds roam free. Is this the end
the urban Armageddon? Will we care?
This is no toaist hut
    with scholar’s-stone & bamboo
cars rattle windows
    cellphone towers dot
the horizon. Nevertheless
    the rain is the same
same wine, same river-&-
    mountain view
similar leaf-light patterns
    similar birds.
Li Po could kick back
    un-plug the phone
uncork the applejack &
    feel right at home.
C R O – M A G N O N I S M

(further communiqués of CROM, the
Cro-Magnon Liberation Front)
Sometimes a tower is just a tower
innocent as a cigar & anyway
what’s wrong with living in a lingam

with moat to cut us off from
electromagnetism, a way of looking
down, a function of writing?

Singular interlocutors are envisioned
the trained raven the dénouement—
but bones are not nothing

& every night we descend to caverns
beneath the Pole Star, ancestral
skulls our xylophone.

From these slits we can pour
boiling oil or shit down on our enemies.
Atlantolepsy: Homer’s
Lotus Eaters with their mandrake poppy
blue Nile water-lilly smoothies are
tomorrow’s astral terrorists, a veritable
noetic nursery of reincarnated
late Paleolithic patriots expatriated
in time & space. Join the Mud People
psychic bone in mental nose
secretly naked under clothes sewn
from animal parts & plants’
death throes—Cro-Magnon tangos.
So—go on—can’t go on—as
         Harpo might’ve said:
start a cell in yr junior high school
& call it “The Spawn of Thule”.

NOTE

One-eyed one-armed one-legged snakes or penises, the Fomorian giants are said to have been in Ireland long before the Tuatha Dé Danaan or any other invaders. They were also humans, even of exceptional beauty like King Bres of Hy Brasil; they were from Africa, or from an island or sunken land beneath the Western Sea (still seen off the coast of Connaught in foggy weather) —obviously Atlantis. Their Chief Wizard Balor lived on Tory Island off Donegal. A linguistic key: the syllable BER, as in Berbers (the Guanches of Canary Islands are Berbers & also obvious Atlanteans), Iberians (originally identical with the Basques, the last European speakers of a Cro-Magnon language), Hibernians (the “Black Irish” or pre-Celtic indigenes of Connaught & Munster), Hyperboreans (followers of Bor or Boreas, who is CROM). Also the syllable for MOR as in Fomorian or Moor. Certain families in W. & S. Ireland are known to have Fomorian forebears, and according to Noble Drew Ali, founder of the Moorish Science Temple, the Moors were the original inhabitants of Ireland. St Patrick expelled them, & because they were snake-worshippers, they have been trans-mogrified by legend into actual snakes.
1. Ruzbehan Baqli of Shiraz speaks about “oil of the Celestial Bear” in which he dips his bread & has nocturnal cosmo-logical visions on his rooftop;

2. This Bear is clearly the same Bear worshipped all over the Northern Hemisphere since the Stone Age: URSA the polar dancer, the Cave Bear. Cro-Magnons inherited him from the deep Neanderthal Dreaming, & he is worshipped today by peoples as far apart as the Ainu of N. Japan and the Algonkians of NE USA;

3. Traces of the cult are found everywhere in fairy tales where an animal familiar or helper is slain, its bones collected & buried, whereupon it returns to life;

4. The Bear is adopted into the tribe, coddled & worshipped, then sacrificed & sent to the Guardian of Animals for annual renewal of the game. Tribe makes soup for communal ritual feast;

5. Many supposedly unrelated cultures recognize the con-stellation URSA as a bear, dancing around the North Pole;

6. Bear Cult is the oldest religion continually & still celebrated on Earth. You’d have to be an utter fool not to put yr Pascalian wager on 60,000 years of success;

7. When time comes for universal reversion to Saturnian Hyperborean Cro-Magnon utopia, Bear will return in glory.
CROM

CROM was not only the ishtadevata of Conan the Barbarian but also Crom Dubh (pron. “doov”) the Black Croucher on the Dark Stoop, whose megalithic idol St Patrick demolished, cursing the stones to sink into the earth. Crom rules twelve sub-idols (the Months). He has a cauldron & a bull. The Sun. Crom’s Sunday is another name for Lugnas (the Sunday nearest Aug. 1st) when Crom was replaced by Lugh, the Celtic sun-god. Balor the one-eyed giant is Crom’s priest or avatar. In the Second Battle of Moytirra, Balor is slain by Lugh, who is in fact Balor’s own grandson—since the Celtic gods intermarried with the Fomorian “giants”. Crom is also Cronos or Saturn, banished to Thule (which is Ireland). By serendipitous lingual slippage, the pre-Indo-European deity Crom is a god of the Cro-Magnons—ergo our use of him as acronym for our secret pagan troglodyte army, the Cro-Magnon Liberation Front. We must rebuild Crom’s shrine: 12 stones in a circle around central menhir, in Magh Sléach (pron. moy slee-ah), the plain of Tullyhaw in Co Cavan, originally erected by Tighernmhas (pron. tee-urn-vus), to celebrate May Day, Lunasa (Crom’s Sunday), Halloween & Imbolc, which are all pre-Celtic holidays originally. Our only permitted metal is gold; the first gold mine in Ireland was discovered by Tighernmhas, prophet of Crom: gold for the Golden Age of Hesiodic Hyperborean alchemical “stone” of the Saturnian Era—re-born.
There’s nothing supernatural about the hermeneutic that simply betrays it &
turns it into nasty shimmering gelatinous gray aspic
like severed fingers in a rigid consommé
or the stalker’s laff-track that
punctuates yr sit-com like
spit from the balcony. And as an
added attraction it’s INTERACTIVE.
You could plotz. You could punk & rot
while it continued to blink & hum
like a UFO on steroids—unless
you forget to pay the bill—O then
you’re up to yr bloomin knickers
in a silence that could pass for shit.
OM CROM

Black Sun & Star of Cosmic Hunger
the elixir vitae of speech.
CROM is the lithic luddite
sledgehammer of the Lunar Mansions
ritual stone axe, skull & crossbones of BEAR
the steps of our new dance from
star to star; hung over by potent
hyperborean conditions of compositions
in White & Gray as if Nature Herself
invented the top-hat & tails of the
Edwardian dandy in a shamanic panic
to locate the objective correlative
of anything so starkly elegant as today.
We miss the Ice by candlelight—
this DNA is the Devil’s ladder.
Clamber ruthlessly down to recover lost/found
clear memories of the Glacial
down the double spiral staircase down
the tower struck by lightning
where gnome & giants still
inhabit linguistic substructures
& the cellars of the Dordogne—
lands beneath deep pools & springs
that connect underground to the
Ocean of Narrative. Our red hair
is the taint. Our blood type. Our
hatred of Civilization.
UNTAXED GOODS

The smuggler’s cave connects by winding stairs with the crypt of a lonely church above the cliff the cave itself accessible only by sea—a hidden cove too small for any but the skinniest boat to slip in late at night in moonless murk of phosphorescent mist. A snake of man is winding up the beach in boots or bare feet, cutlasses & rings dark clothes, smudged faces. A black lamp clutched by the hunchback parson lights their way beneath the cave-mouth frowning in the rain. Each smuggler lugs a cask of brandy, wine opium or haschisch—each oval barrel maybe three foot long & two foot wide—upon his shoulder up into the grotto where piles of them are stacked along with bales of stolen silk & chests of china tea. Now lurid flickering torches dipped in pitch illuminate a scene of revelry—living nightmares of the Excise Man passing round a gold communion cup a spilling cognac down their bristly cup & spilling cognac down their bristly chins: non-violent pirates out to cheat the State’s tyrannical monopolies—to smoke their pipes as independent lords of night chivalric champions of the Popular thirst & belted earls of anarchic enterprise. The church of course is said to host a ghost
that walks on foggy nights & blinks & moans
& carries a child’s coffin round the graves
till dogs howl in the darkened dawn
—all this to camoflage clandestine play
with tales at which the learned gentry smirk.
This chiaroscuro scene serves as an Emblem
—imagine it engraved in Doré’s style
to illustrate an old book meant for boys
that might have caught your eye one rainy day
in 1957 in the attic
& never lost to memory since then—
a reverie so potent to evoke
it seems more real than any waking act
more full of longing than a sigh of love—
a way of knowing stronger than mere truth.
BLACK PYRAMID

I.
Some years ago in the Wisconsin pine barrens—actually the huge depression formed by the long-ago disappearance of Glacial Lake Wisconsin—somewhere around Necedah—hometown of excommunicated visionary Catholic cult with its own theme park—and the book *Wisconsin Death Trip*—strange sunken humid basin like a ghost lake thick with unbreathable air;

looking for some lost Indian Effigy Mounds, ourselves lost, car trouble, weird local people, suffocating heat. Along Country Highway “ZZ” or something, flat & straight thru deserted pines & scrub, occasional ruin of a mobile home, then tracts of bottom land & miles of caked bog;

suddenly way off to the left back amongst dwarfish pines we catch a glimpse of something—a black pyramid—maybe 20 or 25 feet high—dead black & featureless—out in the middle of nowhere—alone—no explanation—nothing.

Stop & park the car by weedy roadside—get out & walk back thru trees—no path—sweet—thorns & bugs—smell of baked putrescent vegetable matter & sweet pines, sense of increased & measurable gravity. (Scientific query: is there in fact a measurable increase of gravity in geological depressions such as vanished lakes?)

The pyramid turns out to be a flimsy structure covered with black tarpaper, revealing cheap plywood where paper has already begun to scale away in the moist heat. The pyramid is surrounded by uncut weeds—no signs of life of occupancy. A door also covered with tarpaper is set flush into one face of the pyramid & locked with a rusty padlock. A breathless silence prevails—no cars are passing along the road—no birds—not even a sign of breeze in the pines.
II.
Aleister Crowley around 1913 staged the “Rites of Eleusis” in a magical (or magickal) chamber in London with the audience all dosed on mescaline & morphine. He judged it a failure because stupid people on drugs are still stupid. Like Artaud & Giordano Bruno signalling desperately through the flames—but it’s a made-for-TV movie & no one understands them. The key is to get rid of the audience—do theater for the spirits only.

Cornelius Agrippa hints at some kind of occult lunar telegraph whereby messages are sent somehow via the moon. Perhaps by dreams. The antennae could be an obelisk shaped to the mathematical dimensions of a single moonbeam, tipped with a large moonstone or opal, mounted on the back of a bronze sphinx,

inscribed with hieroglyph message for transmission, & left alone in forest or desert or mountain after appropriate ritual in the style of Marsilio Ficino with lunar correspondences—aloes, silver, absinthe, crescent sijil, Dianic chants, etc.

An amusing & instructive incident put an end to Acèphale the “headless” secret society founded by Bataille & Callois. In order to transcend the trivial they demaned that one member volunteer to be a human sacrifice. When no one stepped forward the Order had to be disbanded.

III.
a rosicrucian gesture
a sign of distress
Count Cagliostro in a half-mask
has lost his address

locked up in our monads
like Nemo’s bathysphere
je n’est pas un autre
with nothing to fear

hallucinogenic snuff
drips like green snot
the mask that Nature wears
is everything we’re not.
Will there be yodeling in heaven?
I’m sure no one could ever hope to tell
but whether it’s a sin or it’s a virtue
I know there’ll be yodeling in hell.

(For Bart Plantenga)
REALITY TV

The whole world in a sense becomes Vienna
etire culture based on schadenfreude
& other strange unspeakable forms of angst
once known to Freud but now considered void—a

grey malaise sensed only as the evening
falls upon forgotten sad foubourgs
for instance—passé fears—fetishes
of disgust—machinations of sinister orgs

with unknown technologies to steal yr dreams
or stir the latest ashes of libido with hate:
a vast economy based on the Evil Eye
of chilling envy, rassentiment in spate

& always someone else to take the blame
or commit the crime—but never in my name.
HAIKU

Anarchist snow
   thinking, fuck work
   let it just snow.
GHAZAL

& who am I, this mask that addresses you
but leaves no address—this message in a bottle?

In the scene where angry peasants with torches
storm the lightning-crown’d mad doctor’s lab

screaming Down With Progress or Smash the Machines
I’m there in the mob, face hidden in a cowl

hunched & lumpen, shaking misshapen fist
w/ Epimethean rancor at the burning keep.

Bring back King Farouk or the imbecile Ottoman Caliph
for even graveyard dirt tastes better than antibiotics—

above all one misses their sheer ineptitude
laziness impurity superstition & other virtues

even the 19th century w/ all its horrors
its horses, its haschisch, its slanting sepia light.
TWO TEA TRANSLATIONS

1.
Hundred hundred feet of well stones
    thick with moss
tea brewed with such water would
    entice a few guests
yet glimpsing the moon reflected
    in its midnight deeps
I might have to revise
    my low opinion.

— “Lu Yü the Tea God
    Visits a Tea Water Well”
    Wang Yü-Chêng

2.
Reaching West Tower Temple
I found not trace of humans
where nobles once had thronged
& Master Lu Yü dwelt.
Weed encrusted halls
inhabited by frogs
& the lonely well by fish
—yet still something of
his greatness lingered.

—Fei Shé-I
    (T’ang Dynasty)
They would’ve been herbing high meadows
(isn’t the skep itself an ath(376,221),(656,251)
& writing no outward rite.

Those damp cows!
so susceptible to spells & counter spells

distilling in the ashes  effluvia
    melissa    silentium

Rain is their yoga
rain is their time machine
    saturnalian

sassafras & laudanum in the Antimonial Cup
burnt rope, hempseed, raccoon pizzle bone

aconite & mandrogora
    Threefold Wildernesse

That Antinomian Breeze

the clavichord in the cave (a nightmare to keep tuned)
on wet Fall nights you can still hear spidery keys
ghosting variations fainty underground

every ditchweed    “everything is psychotropic”
secret alliance with Sultan against Pope

camped in country graveyards
with belladonna eyes a lost America.
TOMBEAU FOR
GUY DAVENPORT

“as long as it doesn’t frighten the horses”
a poem can be made of nothing but footnotes:
this whatchamacallit, this threnody or tombeau.
Let’s spit out the gag. Nobody’s
going to read this, nobody who counts.
Nobody’s fishing for bicycles in the canal
& even at the time it seemed like Rasputin, immune to every poison but one,
delicate as apple blossoming, the bitch Nostalgia.
There’s no such thing as the Denmark of yr imagination
I seem to remember the ink was mauve
was it called rhodography?
Why bother to leave the house at all?—
or so we believe in the Universal Life Church
of Modesto California which for fifty dollars
made me a Bishop. “Smoke Pot, Eat Chicken, Drink Tea”
Come out. Hasten the Day.
“Data-poisoning” said the little bird—
let me sign you up for this Sun & Health Club
on some Baltic beach in 1911.
Weather fronts like vast godly thoughts from the North
pass overhead alternating with blue-gold
stretches of time which used to be filled
with aimless bicycling

till that
“greatly popularized incident
in Cassel, Germany, in the 17th century…
seven doors…seven angles…seven chests…
containing
1) all our books
2) the VOCABULARIUM of Paracelsus
3) looking glasses of divers virtues, bells, burning lamps
4) chiefly wonderful artificial songs.”
Everything we want is in that garden
including the idea of the garden
like bubbles of rain riding the river’s face
& shutting out the war
the war that’s over before it begins.

Little jewels dug up in dreams
allées of laurel & privet
permanent as rain
that is to say, permanent while it lasts.
Back to the Nineteenth Century
like wet dogs. Like idealists.
Remember those foot-pedaled “Swan Boats” of the 1950s?
Or was that someone else’s memory?

We’re angry at everything we know
& we know everything. Maybe our drugs
are wiping out whole banks of precious data—
what a relief. Down topiary rows
    blurred with mist
where we can’t see them: ghosts, or maybe tour guides
in period costume, drifting away from us
urgent but inarticulate, pressing on our sleep
deeper in the maze, closer to sundial or gnomon
closer to the payload, the June afternoon
the place of the kiss that’s never given
except in books.

Growing still under quick puddles
of drinkable rain: drowned origami landscapes
you could stare at them forever
& become a different self, younger,
perhaps more serious.

Primitive roses? primordial roses? or just prim?
Huge architectural sets of flowering blackberries
sit dripping like landed UFOs
but I can’t get the Japanese effect
shadowy forms in rubber boots
chasing bullfrogs where the creak is swollen
buzzing around me, pressing my face
into wet blossoms
“Unspeakable Cults”.

So the Devil is the perfect monotheist
the perfect lover. Someday all this
will be ours
everything but the heraldic sable
& embrace of darkness.
THE EXALTATION OF INANNA

Dragon spitting venom on the land
roaring at Earth like thunder: plants wilt before you
O waterfall crashing from mountain
O first one, Inanna of heaven & earth
raining fanned fire down on the land
   beast-mounted woman
ruiner of lands lent wings by Storm
beloved of Enlil you fly above the nation
the lands bow down at your wing-sound
   humans approach you
in trembling terror of your storm-brilliance
& get from you what they deserve
paying with lamentation-songs weeping before you
walking toward you on the path of the house
   of all the great sighs.

On the battle-front all are struck down by you
flying on your own wings tearing with your beak
disguised as roiling storms you advance
roaring with roaring storms
thundering with Thunder
snorting with all evil winds
on the harp of sighs you strum your dirg.
Goddess, all the other gods
flittering like bats fly from you to the caves
unable to dare your piercing glances
or walk before your terrible face.

A tempest has filled the dancing of the city
driving the youth before you as prisoners:
the city which would not confess “the land is yours”
which would not declare “the land is your father’s”
you spoke over it your holy spell, spurned it from your path
lifted your foot from its darkened rooms
its woman no longer speaks of love with her husband
at night they no longer make love
nor does she reveal her inner treasure.

Truly I entered the cloister at your command
I the priestess I enheduanna
carried the basket intoned the paean
but now I’m consigned to the lepers’ ward
no longer allowed your presence
others enjoy daylight but I am lost in darkness
shadows cover the daylight in sandstorms
my honey mouth now speaks in confusion
my sweet face turns to dust.

What am I? The city rebels
this city may God destroy it
may it be cursed by Enlil
may its wailing children find no mother comfort
the harp of mourning has shattered in the dirt
your ship of mourning is beached on hostile shore
at the sound of my hymn they prepare to die.

My god abandons me leaves me to murder
draws me forth from my sanctuary
frightens my like a swallow through the window
forces me to walk in mountain thorns
strips me of the      crown of priesthood
gives me a dagger & sword      “that’s what you need”
       he says

      High as heaven
      wide as earth
      you ruin the rebel lands
      cut off heads
      eat corpses like a dog
      your terrible glance
      you raise your terrible eyes
      your flashing glance
      your malignity
      your victory.

Enheduanna’s speech to the Goddess
was exalted. Praise the destroyer of the land!
       the lady wrapped in beauty!
           Inanna!

* * * * * *

[Note: the first “published” poem in history appears to have been composed in Mesopotamia (now S. Iraq) by the princeess/priestess Enheduana, daughter of Sargon the Ancient of Akkad, who united the Akkadians and Sumerians by war in 2800 BC. Among her surviving works the Exaltation of Inanna concerns her role as High Priestess of both Nanna the Moon-god and Inanna the great goddess (also known as Ashtar by the Semitic Akkadians). The political situation behind the poem remains vague but seems to involve a rebellion against Sargon by the city of Uruk, Endehuanna’s loss of the priesthood, and her subsequent restoration to office. This version of “imitation” is based on the academic translation by}
Wm. W. Hallo and J.J.A. van Dijk (1968). I used about half the extent text to produce this poem in memory of the bombing of Baghdad in the first Iraq War (1991).
ISLAND

jewel of light in a bezel of light
air creaks with light
& iodine skreeks of gulls:
breeze from the Lost Continent of MU
dispels
the cloud of ghosts

seduction of absence
_luxe_ of disvestment
sandy eros of this nowherescape
fulltime summer camp sketched
in a few colors
gray rain monotony sanctity
clouds like heavenly hosts.
You’re looking for love? Sadness is a hook that jerks you into the wings w/ a shepherd’s crook.

Technology is necrology. Primitive techné renews itself like Nature but cities decay.

Fresh roots, painted masks, visionary vines are born again & grow like gold in mines

but the 20th century is already dust: machines rot & leave no seed behind in rust.

“In the Future we’ll be as perfect as machines” i.e., dead. With neither progeny nor dreams.
Signs of End Times
The Johannine Church: John the Baptist in
    the wilderness, John the Beloved Disciple,
    John the Revelator
It’s a great pity not to be in love, not to
    be a fanatic
The air grows thick around you—hypnogogic
    nightmare: can’t move
thru the crapulous porridge of banality.