

Inside A Mellifluous Curve

by Michael F. Gill

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Blank Start Books:

001 *Parallel To White*, November 2008
002 *Linked Circles*, November 2009
003 *Distilled Queues*, July 2010
004 *Inside A Mellifluous Curve*, August 2010

These poems are the final moments of my silence.

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Revisions

Make your presence lightly,
go with empty hands and feet.
Watch them turn into mud and oak,
because they eat flesh
beyond this cavern.
Their lips only move
in the currency of their time.
They call themselves poets
on that bridge
that they march over for you.
Just walk on across.
As soon as you pass through, nothing will be undone.
But everything written about this will change.

Disclosure

I will tell you this -
puritan mortality bears
bareheaded charges
through your system.
It's an oppression of sentiment
raw as any city.

The poet claws his way back from the evergreens
who've scrubbed his phrases
of all their syllabic weight,
who've allowed these torn bulletins
to be extracted from infinity's current.

He walks this thorny gait
back into a community that's
hungry for something to share.
He makes hundreds of footsteps in the mud
before coming across the first sign of flesh.
And although there's little chance
he will ever love what he sees,
he can't help but do what he does
compulsively.

Reservoirs

40,000 grains of sand,
all separated from each other:
that's what my strength looks like.

I walk around gathering bits of sand
yet I am made mostly of water.
The majority of the world is water, not sand.

I'm flooded with unnecessary roughness.
I've got red vinegar blood.
I want a resistance that strengthens my shoulders,
not crushes them senselessly.

I need your resistance. I need you to talk to me rampantly. To drone on in
deep pools of contradiction. To speckle my open mouth with sound. I want
your compulsion spilling on my vast blackness, your basket brain on my
sidewalk cracked. I want to bury my face on that slide of sand in your spine.
On those 40,000 grains that I wish I didn't need to find.

The People I Meet

My eyes leak fascination
traveling to a destination
curled across your face
like a figure eight.
I jog around your gaze
wading through night and day
and then I leave it all astray, as
a monument that will be echoed
like a sharpened blade
slinging on fresh ice.
You are making patterns
that climb the sky
and follow the earth.
I will look up,
I will look up every day.

I Just Met You

An ounce of angst
ruins the entire sky,
so while we are a surplus
let's draft a butcher
to cleave the holy ceiling
of our combined face,
and carry it with us
to our next stop.
You never know
when you will need
a clear sky to look into.

A Crack In Tone

I was the eulogy in the room.

I was talking in despair
when a joke slipped out,
and everyone laughed
by accident.

I continued on
in heavier desperation
with an audience
now eager to laugh
at the slightest tickle
in my dire speech.

So many times
I've sought the escape hatch,
the cracks in tone.

And there it was
with its buoyant air
wrapped around me
like a life vest -
Yet I was required
to stay so somber,
so affected.

I didn't even know the guy.

Reopening Closure

(After Robyn Hitchcock)

I finally found my dead wife.
She's sitting right there, she was eating a peach.

She was lost, and I think
I am the only one who can see her.
I didn't think she was alive,
yet still her I wanted to find.

She was waiting for me here
in this landfill of posthumous children.
She was rambling her lip
and freeing her underexposed hips.

I wonder what she said, when she lived.
I would like to know her last name,
and if it was the same as mine.
I did find the letter in her pocket
that announced our wedding,
the one that purposely left out
the date and location
for such a vivid celebration.

I still have no idea who sent
out those invitations,
who planned the entire reception,
who got me married
without my knowledge.
I was hoping she would know,
but I'm not sure she was there either.

I want to start all over with her.
I want a new destiny with she who has peached away.
I can't bring to life what doesn't exist
but I'm sure going to try.

Hiking Alone

A maple tree left by my ear

An opening in the ground is where I walk away

**The air every day
is not the night**

I open my umbrella
before I forgot
to collect everything

My physical space makes things smaller
the more times I'm around them

I insist on unknown perpetuity,
the way the "a" in "tea"
always makes silence

My forest is ready

Mountain opera starts

I spring through my eyes

Carbonation

Outside there's
a foaming tornado
at every angle,
and I wake up
determined
to get out of bed
and slowly stab myself
with worldly stains
while gently leaving
my carbonated blood
on your mouth
teeth
brain.

This is what I want you to do
when you first meet me.

Place my lips,
place them
 sobbing
 pink in the bath
alongside
the bareness
and the tattered,
right across from those
pink ankles
that sat
where the waves pressed on skin
imperishably wet.

Please
prematurely arrest my shallow eyes
because there's not enough water in each pupil
to last throughout lunch
and just as soon as they can hide
behind a pair of skimpy eyelids
they are going to infringe my brain
with their parched lust,

they are going to
pour me a Cuban breeze
so profanely dry
that every sight dictates pink.

Flood my shoulders
with a questionless pitcher of silence
that refuses to bend into any recognizable color,
any recognizable thought,
anything alive in consciousness
that resembles the quickly worn out stories
passed across each side of eternity.
We aren't a story unless we look backwards,
and I will shiver if I have to
remember your nearness.

If I walk through the door
and into our life,
I want there to be friction,
I want water that's being heated to a boil,
I want three mutual requests -

Tremor my memory
tumors purple.

Toss me
upon your illogic bloodsugar.

Let me fall
from your waterfall.

This is how we start something new.
This is how we wake up determined
to leave carbonated stains on our hearts,
to build towards a foaming tornado
that exudes from every angle of us
and lasts longer than we could ever know.

I don't have the time to start anything other than this.

On Writing

11 PM, and here they are:

bolts of light -

A jealous rash that grows all over the page
and settles in front of all my income.

My bedroom litany
and all that responds.

A warm nocturne slides in,
a black syrupy night
heading towards
the other side of the world.

My wooden desk:
its oak is a flickering heart,
and its ambitions
always find themselves
heading out the window
to gain some more altitude.

Pen and paper,
Look out the window.

The sky pushes against my face
with the intensity of a lovers embrace.
My exterior is stinging
right below my eyes
and in the inner edges of my cheeks,
as if they were exposed only
to the brutality of the sun.

This will continue until
morning time,
which will find
my lips lying on the floor
and the verbal breeze falling asleep.

Insomnia
is nothing
when I'm searching
to call my eternal verb
just once.

Just once.

An eternity
hiding
in a desk,
a window,
and a jealous rash
growing all over my pages.
Let the petitions
and the responses
begin yet again.
It's almost 11 PM...

Koan

To monk Nansen. Nansen Buddha. Treasure-words.
To monk Nansen. Nansen Buddha. Treasure-words.
To monk Nansen. Nansen Buddha. Treasure-words.

treasure-words.
to monk Nansen
Nansen Buddha,
treasure-words.
to monk Nansen
Nansen Buddha,
treasure-words.
to monk Nansen
Nansen Buddha,
treasure-words.
to monk Nansen
Nansen Buddha.

to monk Nansen	Nansen Buddha	treasure-words
to monk Nansen	Nansen Buddha	treasure-words
to monk Nansen	Nansen Buddha	treasure-words

Honey

(After Yevgeny Yevtusgenko)

There's a famine all around
the winterous visitors
and regular inhabitants of
city hearts.

Then he came,
with a giant cask of honey
and a recollection of molasses.

Through the pure snow
he trudged for miles, letting the
honey hesitantly drip behind him
in a continuous straight line.
Surrounding him
were the waylaid eyes
of a city turned aghast,
slowly comprehending
his message.

Decadence, they said.
Mockery, others felt.
Shameless, some thought.

Tongues hit the ground
and gathered something up forever.
Children smothered themselves thick in ever.
A nectarous path of sludge
had everyone leaving their barren homes
into a set of quenched eyes
and excited fists.

Meaningless, they said.
Blind Faith, others felt
Freeing, some thought.

He turned down the street,
and headed out into the rural distance.

Silence followed his roadways
which were licked dry white.
Years later there are still
a handful of people who swear
they still see him.

Why? They said.
"Whatever," others felt.

Well, I can tell you the only thing I heard him say:

“At every corner
there's a hunger that can be fed
if you stretch your eyes far enough;
There's a soul-quenching feeling
that constantly wanders
every local alley -
There's a famine
that ends with the discovery
of someone who's been pouring honey
down every road in town
perpetually.”

Quarter

I have a quarter.
I threw it into the sun.
Ha! No I didn't.

Is that a blanket or a rug?
Throw it away into the sun.
Yeah! You wouldn't.

Look at that silly beaver.
Let's throw his teeth to the sun.
Ha! Ha! We're dentists.

Here is exaggeration stretching
from here to the sun.
Wow! Our mind is on the run.

I still hold quarter.
I hold a place opposite the sun.
Rah! Rah! Rah! 25 cents.

Crow

My heart crowed
with electric steps of sound
that were

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| (A)
Ascending past
cold spiritual agony | (B)
Climbing heaps of
smashed up anxiety | (C)
Wading Over
grass-fed idolatry |
| (D)
Moving across
hairless inferiority | (E)
Trudging through
feverish carnalities | (F)
Scaling
sedated banality |

all to reach
this point
where I wake up
and hear reality
strike home
at the top of the stairs
and the tip of your ear.

His Influence

Could it be sensitivity,
cold sensitivity
at the outset of contact...

It's sits so very
low in its shoes,
stooped in place.
There's a place in his eye
to the left of the sun
that kisses the leaves.

A slightly shaded zone
where I have no control.

Bathtub his feet in sand,
hand fire hook.
I need his eye
washed clear

and his flight
inside my drive.

At the beginning of the day
his **daily** pretty
color shim
consecutively **yellow**.
Every day this looking **sky**
falls on his head.

His feet are aged,
but those eyes climb me up
fierce ladders of cold hands,
cold cameras.
Cold is the excessive being.

sea **humidity** red,
white leather salt
and now
He is heated.
My eye.
In control.
He is heated.
I intercept his fires.
Instructing me down.
He is heated.
My eye.
He is heated.
He is heated
and the intercepted fires
instruct me down.
He is heated.
Instructing me down.
In control.
He is heated.
It all makes sense now
with his guide.

Land is spilling out
all over my vision
and I could catch fire
or at least sparks
by just looking,
by just seeing.

No more colors:
whiteglow is slowly my eyes.

Yellow beginnings

Clear endings

Tar during hot arguments

Summer in Japan

Feeding of the sea

Cold senses and
whiteglow abstracts
giving yellow return -

I am honed like a flying sun.

His impervious eyes
resting against whiteouts
yellow me
in red hysteria
and flush skin.
My barometer worms
at the outsets
of cold sensitivity.

Could it be....his eyes
are contacting me?

Whim

one day
on a whim
because
and
what
were
not
there.

one day she decided to move on. she did it
on a whim of her own. she felt a new phase.
because she wanted this phase to not include the stickiness of her past
and her connections to it,
what she decided to do was to buy a new book
instead of turning a new page.
were it not the end of the book, it might seem offensive and wasteful.
but it was **not** like that.
there were juvenile feelings that were going to be hurt but those feelings
had to get over themselves.

one day he decided to wear a suit of armor. it was not
on a whim, there was much planning involved,
because arranging
and packing emotions in iron while showing them the escape route took
many a fortnight of the soul.
what and
where this leaves our male protagonist is
not yet determined but
there cries a trace of blood on every shined piece of steel tonight.

Skin Disorder

The lines in bold are a short poem I wrote. The lines below the bold lines are the first sentence you get when you do a Google search for the bold phrase and pick the top link on the second page of results.

[Often when I am outside exercising]

I try to switch hands as often as possible.

[I've already begun to start]

Let the geolocation games begin.

[wondering when we run]

I've literally had to grab someone and run them in.

[and how I've got these]

It is possible that you have a condition called Lichen Planus.

[twelve numbers before me]

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies.

[walking under my suntan.]

I walk in the door, there's some 6'4" guy sitting at the counter,

[Pleasure is sitting homeless]

giddy with the pleasure of criminalizing homeless people.

[and there is little hope in convincing it to come inside]

Run into rough cover, I'll rest right there until morning.

[unless you put some mature bait on your doorknob]

Some are integrated into the door knob, while some are separate.

[that's aching for a smell of sunshine.]

The rancid smell is also due to your body not having enough pure liquids (water) to dilute.

[Pleasure waits all day to scratch this scent]

Both had been out at the front doing dangerous work for weeks, and they came back without a scratch only to meet death on a peaceful autumn day in the midst.

[and I will be running until I fall asleep with these scars.]

Until the lines around my eyes grow deeper and more defined.

Dinner Party

Here at dinner
Bollstero introduces his confidence
with untiring cacophony.

Annde,
the inoperative women,
had her interior burial
ten years ago.

Clastin
and
Heiresskin -
they are the executioners
of the white table cloth
that disappeared.

Karna feels that all masks
convince you
it's beautiful in the dark.

Talieanna is completed above a dream.
Her power radiated for sockets to come,
she is the bread eaten at the end of the night.

As for Ravicus, his eyes darken
the spaces of summer
with blue driftwood pupils
and broken glass eyebrows.

This person Salliope is honest to the point of defect.
She is a set of tires with no air.

Jace tries to suggest to me that the clichés in our brains
are a heavy incurable mania.

The cook wakes up
as soon as the tone of the country
tastes like a certain set of reasons.

And soon the tone of the country
tastes like his certain set of reasons.
He is a good cook.

Nalcina, she's
crispy on the ear
and on brinks of madness.

Leel opens the book that reads about things.
The book has learned all about trees,
and now it will tell Leel
all of its findings.
The book always reads about new things,
the book does all the work.
I didn't know Ernadad was a magician.
He brings back consciousness,
brings its independent character back out,
puts ornamental cuts in the sky.

We all bicker
alongside the dining
like parenthesis,
in a line shaped like the night.

We stand at the conclusions
of edges and windows.

We are troubadours
crossing through dreams
with a true-fisted reality
inside our skulls.

Pleased to meet you!

A copy of my thoughts
is to be guillotined
and will fall on your platter
shortly.

Composition

Filthy trembling
thighs with privacy
bashing on them
read into the rhymes
and rhythms
of now,
to create.

Chantel

Chantel checks into the hotel, she checks out.
Chantel the earring on the floor.
Chantel might have deaf ears.
Chantel runs through a store.
Chantel straddles me unexpectedly.
Chantel doesn't like me longing.
Chantel asks me to tell her when our muscles swell.
Chantel is hailing a taxi.
Chantel throws small rocks that dissolve in the river.
Chantel is no flight of fancy.
Chantel craves air for her heart and lungs.
Chantel needs me to be as open as I am with no clothes on.
Chantel bothers to all ends of correction.
Chantel hmm tired of me for now.
Chantel neither of us think abuse.
Chantel is not all in my head.
Chantel wears a polo shirt.
Chantel indulges me or not.
Chantel sticks to her own.
Chantel will induce a large gap in conversation.
Chantel has eye catching layers.
Chantel I draw as an elegant statue in my mind.
Chantel her reality is always chopping down this statue.
Chantel won't let her heart be kicked by jerks like me.
Chantel won't manipulate me with clingy affection no.
Chantel, sure Chantel.

In the Face of Honey

(After Natalie Beridze)

There are mystery bridges around her mind,
with dreams offering added protection from afar.
There are glass hands that hold a bucket
in the shape of your blood,
and nothing is in focus.
You drink repetition,
and there's repetition in dreams.
It's there she meets your drunken name
falling off the tip of your tongue,
and with a twist of the wrist you're swayed.
Don't eat beyond her walls -
these lips only move in rhymes,
and they're drifting on a street
that's patting back
and not looking back at all.

Her glass hands hold your heartbeat
like a street patting with steps,
and nothing is in the face of theory.
Nothing can stop the face of honey.

Your heart pumps a twist of spritz,
and she meets your tongue in focus.
Rhyming.

Everything drifts on your tips now,
Everything is in the face of honey.
Now's the time to stare it down
and moan with a heart like a fiery stone.

Park The Wind Against Her Hair

Park the wind against her hair,
push on so that the skin freckles
in exhausted glow, magma permanent.

Open the wind against my eyes,
watch a ripening ripple slices lines
so her face delves into the ways
of becoming fruit.

Out of a shell
sweet fleur
in a hurtless rush
caves down my mouth.

Park the wind against her hair,
push her on towards greater beauty
and give me the distant confection
in a trench so close.

So close
my instant primal fetish

Questions

I'm here. I'm exhausted. I'm starving. I've solved the problem. Let's put our cards on the table. Let's get going. You must have something to say about this.

You have the wrong idea. We were fired. We're going to like this. We need it. Don't get me started. Don't pretend I'm not here. Don't underestimate yourself. This is good. This is ridiculous. This looks like the answer. This needs work.

Who needs me here? Who let you in? Who are you looking for? What do we want? Where will this end up.

Are you all right? Are you in the right place? Is that all there is? Is this mine or yours? Isn't that crazy. Isn't is the negation of is. How did you do that? Do you belong here? Do you mind.

She doesn't want to talk to you. He means business. We can only stay for a few minutes. They don't have a clue. It's alright. I'm here. You're here.

Don't you want to come? Didn't I see you? Where does the show start? When can I say I see you? Have we been here before? Have you disappeared?

Offering

Floating naked
he is upside down
reading sidewalks
as if they were blank pages
regarding the city.
Walking by
I clothe him
with a portion
of my pants,
yet he continues his singular
biography of the land
with a vervacious
nude musicality,
and soon the force of his dreaming
sweetens my bare leg
to a ripe pineapple inspiration
that fills libraries with jazz rhythms
and the rest of my pants with holes.

Long line

Long longer stretching over a longer finger-trapped door
that
is long enough to tap this unending fizz of carbonation
that
keeps heading up and up and dissolves even longer than the
last
one with a long finish that had tripped over the parameters
and
kissed all the barometers that were going up and
down -
long kiss, long sunset, long Edinburgh day longer than a
piece
of string with a resume needle-pointed in its yarn.

And we may now desecrate the li	ne.
Murder tastes like a gin and to	nic:
altogether respectful like too much li	pstick
over your face under embrace reck	oning
red som mersa ualts pia	no,
b oun cing bedro	oms
four times on the floor times on	the
four and we may now desolate	t
he line to where thoughts	spi
n too much and go longer into	tho
ughts and everything ends up a man	ia
of what it could ever be in real	ity
so pick your long space carefully not	me
ssfully or too cleverly or nothing or	so

nothing will happen and the line is not to be looked at
because
it's a long longer or whatnot, it is always civil, looking
at
you with pride and detachment and arrogance, standing
there
all poetic and not realistic, a beautiful hangover.

Unknown Melancholia

Unknown melancholia
magnetizes
a yell of gravity onto a wall,
and subsequently spits
a soliloquy of air
to pull faces like lemon juice.

This air is so distant from the truth,
yet there on the magnetic wall I need to moan,
and ache the empty reality of heartsore.

Etiquette

Is it fortunate
Wonder what it is
Sipping over flips
Rover in the earth
Partial of the hips
Smoker underside
Travel weightlessly
Kick the marketplace
Blinking etiquette
Tabulating tones so far
Echo it's on my tongue
Lactate everyone
Grieving gobbled one
Black spire night
Clicking tox-issity
Abdicating olive height
Veins transparently
Never hundred gun
Fake mitochondria
It is fortune ought

Or the dulcet met
Or a paper clip
Or a knee-jerk ripped
Or what I've ever learnt
Warning torn etiquette
Or raw deafening collide
Or wait we shall see
Sustenate tunnel take
Or reasonly into bits
Or rapid fire boulevard
Or sharing the bold lumped sums
Nuclear tactition sun
Ornicating ollification
Or trapped in a night light
Or complicit duplicity
Or too small for sight
Chalk ornery ist on me
Or blackboard shackleton
Or pond dream wand dring
Or it is etiquette thought

The

Inside a mellifluous crane
The
dodger grew listless on his pathway as
The
ache on his splintered ankle grew up not
The
way he wanted it too. He's scooping up
The
abundance of life in his one throw before
The
crane dumps him back into
The
debris of human being - where
The
smell of life eludes all, which
The
dodger hopes to transcend by
The
way of his pungent knowledge that infests
The
human condition with remembrance, but
The
legs he was given were weak and tossed
The
ankles in diagonal directions, endlessly slowing
The
path towards a full grip of life, and left him with
The
drunken anxiety of a schizophrenic facing
The
execution of his being if he does not absorb
The
world in two seconds.

Rhyming Timbres

Rhyming timbres rhyming colors
Rhyming seasons rhyming numbers
Rhyming feelings rhyming lovers
Rhyming blushes rhyming smothers
Rhyming balances so rhyme recovers

Embalming

She had me embalmed
in front of friends.
Their faces were homogenized
to a single color,
and insomnia prayers
were said
all through the night.
I participated without
being there, in an
odorless and clean
sense memory.

She threw me in a river
full of trout.
Steelhead waters
between my hand's empty slots
tapped the sound of me (an extinct thing)
and it was a sound that I never heard in my life.
I was pretty popular with people
I never connected with.
And people with running blood will
worship things until they are destroyed,
so I'm excited to have met my demise
by lacing all my goodwill and love
in a dissolving river.

Hitting Rapids By Chance

By chance,
I saw virtue hiding on the water.
Arising only between long breaths,
the weights of time
peeled off my silver belly
and landed in weightless air.

The chest is bare -
maybe now you can finally grasp me
in an embrace that's less dirty and burdened.
Hold me like rapid fire bullets.

Light it shines on this lightness,
but it also pauses for distraction,
unable to cope with the garish purity
that bobs up and down like night and day.
It's unwilling to exhale what it has taken in,
and so the next eventual breath starts
from a palace of resignation.

By chance,
I now see virtue hiding in a tree...

Bite

I
find
everything
deliberate
is
a
flattened
gust
of
wind

I
bite
on
the
incitement
that's
irksome
and
present

I
throw
ink
on
a
pulpit
to
become
provocateur

I
am
heckling
legs
to
close
and
open

I
want
to
be
blown
away
in
the
present
bite

Stuffy

Art is a big joke
locked in a stuffy room.

Letting the air out of this room
would deflate art of its seriousness,
leaving it thin, hollow, funny,
and seeped with an inconsequentiality
that is common amongst everything else in existence.

And we can't be allowing that
until we get really old

or until
we start to think really young.

By Proxy

Every word I am using
is stolen from her kiss.

I'm a plagiarist run amuck,
spreading the gospel
of her waterfall of
cascading nectar.

Chameleon

I have hundreds of distinct skin areas
that change color independently.
Each one speaks
a different language,
a different timbre.
Each one has its
own conscience.

I'm a poet covered in
kaleidoscopic paint,
and there are 12 zones
of pigment folding
around my skin.
I'm in diplomatic conversation
with all of these areas.
I need to keep my
wandering ambitions
in check.

For example,
Redness is always
striving to increase
the pupil of the night
with a set of sweeping
and moody hues
that are pasted on
the batting eyemilks
I come across.

Redness is something
I could teach in my sleep.
I want to leave it
on someone's tongue
before I go.
There are batteries tinted
under my transparent skin;
I have an expiration,
a time where these dialogues
with my spectrum of light
will sink far from my skin.
They will sink calmly
across light and across water.

Water and light.
Blue and white.
These are the colors I react
to in a person.

These are the people who
produce sonoluminescence.
Sonoluminescence
is the emission of short bursts of light
that come from a set of imploding bubbles
in a liquid that's been excited by sound.

When I hear the sounds white and blue,
I implode in bubbles of light.
I am part of a chemical process with them,
they are the colors who speak
my fourteen shades,
my fourteen hundred timbres.
They magnify my pupils
as much as I
spendthrift the night.

If you listen while you breathe
to the scientific flight of language,
it's possible to unearth
the colors and the taste of
a carnivorous reptile
that's ready to strike.

We are all destined to be the prey
of a vulturous set of specific colors.
In my poetry I have bludgeoned off
scores of words from my body,
and I look for reactions
that turn to water and light.

You are one of a thousand colors
that I feel an attraction to,
a color that I'd consider
matching my skin timbre to.
I'm eager for your voice
to implode inside my paint,
anxious to begins a league
where we lay the 12 variants of
my skin on your tongue.
The 12 meridians which channel
the pigments that produce color.

We'll see how blue and white
you can become.

Memory in Autumn

Memory lives in the walls of these trees.
The September walls start to devour
all the slowly installed surfaces
that rest upon the land,
and they do it with a rhyme and a rhythm.
If the flavor of an experience
does not immediately firm itself
to the senses of memory,
it is completely forgotten.

The autumn air and the undergoing colors,
they are so close to the unraveling leaves
that are about to fall off their earth.
They are so close to all the
clay stories and rainbow facades
that illuminate our hollow past
with well-intentioned spectacle.

Memory lives in the walls
of these leaves, these trees.
These September walls will soon be eating
in different colors, in different seasons.
And everything will be hollow once again,
hollow as when memory began.

White and Golden Meal

Milkwhite sheets
covering plain
rice cities

Stalks gold
beneath domes
of unleavened bread

Raw tofu thighs
proclaim
every flavor
a stain

"I won't eat
a stain,"
they said,
spiritually

Orgiastic Hose

The last articulation
after months of promiscuous cruelty
is that incessant streaming colander,
drumming a half dozen foreheads in the wind
like an ephemeral practice pad.

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Oh My Foot

PAID DIPA APID DAPI

I	
Am	Definite Indefinite Action Past
Have	
Was	
A	
An	Indefinite Action Past Definite
The	
Had	
Do	
Make	Action Definite Past Indefinite
Did	
Will	
Would	
Should	Past Action Indefinite Definite
Shall	
Can	
Could	
Owe	Indefinite Past Definite Action
Owe	
Ought	
Used	
Of	Definitivity Pastivity
Now	
Them	
So	
But	Activity Indefinitivity
We	
Named	
Or	
Not	PAID DIPA APID DAPI

Climax

I sleep inside exotic songs that terrorize right and wrong
with a righteous swagger of divine.

One morning I will wake up singing these songs from my mouth with a
finely cut sculpture on my tongue.

With my accent shaped vinegar and my thoughts sensationally barbecue,
this unwitting world will not give me the notation I need.

I know that there are voices of perverse magic on the surface of my bones,
for they chant contrary to all my whims, for they invoke four-dimensional
turns in logic, for they have a lacquered indifference to the passing of time.

I'm already waking up intoning white spots sprung from the continuums of
my epileptic dreams. The byproduct of this is that a supernatural freedom is
let loose from me to resound out in no other living thing.

It falls upon limp earlobes
and ingrains an understanding
that is only unlocked by death, sleep,
and the tolerance of a hallucinogenic owl
calling maniacally through the night.

I tell you, my celestial bark plumps
from a set of sporadic ticking taps
to a massive choral reverberation echoing in my sleep.

This voice now stands upright
and layers estranged gospels on me that grudgingly ask:

When will you start to sing in your own color?
When will you start to sing your final song?
When will your life be burrowed for fifty miles up and down?

When? I know when.

It will happen when I'm able to let my hands go and detonate in a vacuumed
burst that will granulate my spirit across the earth like poetry written by the
seasons themselves.

Hanging From Rafters

I'm hanging this body
on the spine of paralysis,
because it's filled
with stinging doves of ecstasies.

I'm holding on to a series
of seizures which contain
a set of right and wrong euphorics
flamboyanting the white light.

I'm being manic,
this is a marathon hour.
I have a second
to do anything.

I'm a flood of non-judgment
and non-stop decisions.
I'm making everything right
in the temporary perfection
of living life.

I'm a balloon that needs to be popped.

Things

You have
a real visceral
capacity
to inflict pain
briefly
as if it were beauty.

I carry you out to the sea in me,
and immediately you start fishing out
obsidian skulls and barbed wire
with that punctuality
you can only get
from doing one job in your life.
Your limitations
sate you with purpose.

I look within my surroundings,
and ask myself more and more:
Why have I kept all these things?
Why have I kept all these words, sounds, habits, people?
The answers are still strained with justifications and indifference.

You see there's still so much numbness
that contaminates me in the places
where pin-pricking reality should be –
and my life is cluttered with half-hearted volume -
but now that you've started to vaccinate me,
I'm more aware of my remaining diseases.
It's too late for them to
sleepwalk through me again and again;
I now have the blueprints
of all their living senses,
and a better penchant for sorting through
all the energy life dispenses.

Hand Printed Stones

These two hands of clay,
these two bones extending out from my shell today,
these are the cinderblocks of my active life.
All my cinders are splitting eyelids
are spurting and burning the breath
of my hands into eternity.
These are my hand printed stones.

All I can shout I will say with my hands.
I won't be breathing long enough
for anyone to remember it in any other way.

Nagging

I left you a ten-day letter
up on the roof of the post this morn,
and on the avenue from left to right
my letter rode on the wind without rest alright.
Ten days until your hand touches a remnant of mine,
ten days long this letter will fall
like an accordion of thought
with you caught inside.

What is it worth
to stuff oneself
in a lifeless envelope
that's mailed around
with the same value
as any other,
for any living person
could clearly see
that I rate you & I rate me
as a singular zone
cobbled out of a morning ray.
It's redundant that
I have to put such nagging
thoughts down on these
posthumous wood fibers
and wear them all again.

Nevertheless
a flask sits on top of my head,
full of your scent.
I look each day to see how
you seep on down through my hair.

It looks like I'm going prematurely grey.

Vacant

It's raining vacant stacks of air that were previously tucked in a vacuum.

It's raining
my turbulent
my clutched
my reactionary
my provoked.

Vague hints attack me all day long,
at every corner hear spinning tops of feet galloping past.

I have these delusions day in and day out
that grow like spikes out of the air
or a sky jumping onto shelving,

These black and white frustrations
that come with canaries scraping songs
on my asphalt. They chide my lack of hearing
in any defined color.

I'm raining
vacant lots.
I'm pregnant
or I'm not.

Time Off From Your Thoughts

An
Auric
Auricle
Auriculates mood
caracoling yesterday.

Autograph
and
Anagraph
all day long.

But now:

Becoming older,
laconic.

Tell your tales with
no ornaments
and
no games.

Nature has no
cleverness

Humans do

!

Bravo
Humans

Can you start retiring from trying so much?

Retirement is the monastic life
that is entitled to you by law!

Bear those palms!

Calls

A call -
I feel it inside myself interrupted,
waiting for my return.
Through the pages of intimate autumn
I cast my throat to sea.
Across a spilling knapsack of clouds,
I set up an easel.

I'm painting
in the tracks of the sky
a silverplated signal
equivalent to the siren
wailing inside me.

The shapes of the clouds I draw
are the road map I must follow:
Luminous jaws of gold,
foreheads drained of color,
acidified teeth,
warriors sparring
with an envious mountain.

I begin the voyage
towards my inner calls
and it makes me utter Dadaism,
speak only in palpitations.
My life becomes lapidated in wine,
the throat of the moon is penetrated.
Anxious guinea fowl in the rain
look upon me as a brother.

The blowing away
of my luminous hands
in the morning.

The return of those luminous cries -
those hypodermic syringe shakes
snowing cold alcohol
on white diaphragms of hope,
on one thousand teeth of sourness.

With glaucoma in the wasted sky
I travel downwards within myself,
Cotton footing it
down the railway,
down into this body of cotton.

All the edges
from this fluffy sea
have torn me up.
Someone please put my arms back on.
Reproduce me.
Reproduction
is not inspiration,
and yet inspiration reproduced
is all that many dream of
for lifetimes.

Reaching the gate
of my once faint call
deep in my bowels,
I dance like
a petrified outsider
who can see bloodshot teeth
coming after him in utter force.

A blue sky bellows
creating new partitions
in old glass cracks.

I've regained something now.
The gemlike sculptures
are returning ignited words
to my soul's trees.
I follow an alley
of pearl bananas
and now see the source of my
latest siren call:
a giant Drache.

Away

This is our final time together.

At night we bathed one another
amongst cords of water,
releasing with our rudders
calms in the emptiness.

Peace however is no longer
bathing equally inside us.
Startling moon has slipped into sight.
All desire is burning in the face of it.

A mime would address this last night
with loose cables and water drainage.

A vibration of you is what I wish upon.
I wish my interiors through your nose,
through damage and day,
through our manhandled world
that the moon has begun to end.

You are carving peace
as a seismic opening in our hearts.

I castrate our intersection
and incorporate parenthesis.

All this silent pain.
The mime undresses in our hearts,
rips the color of night
and places the shreds
onto words.
Desire is burning through
the empty air spaces
of our ruptured hearts.

Fire my memories –
put out the rain
so I can not correctly remember

all your sad suppressors
living inside of it.
All your falling leaves inside me.

The leaves give off
absorbent roars.

I must shake the vomit you never feel,
shake this memory of him on your hair
and you ignited by the vibrating bed around him.

Do not send me away
with rectangles boarding me up -
You who tear and ignite my dreams
with raspberry blood
and warning shots every night.

You have pinned me down
with your exit strategy,
and a cook
with the furnace of all beginnings
takes the fissures
of our executions in bed,
takes aspects of water
and its obstacles,
takes gray matter
and strands of my hair,
takes your peace carving
with all its seismic groups,
takes it all
and sits it smoothly in a coffin
for the earth to lie down and eat.

You take aspects of night,
the sunset on water.

The sun setting on the moon,
I carry.

Those around saw the calmest rain
fall upon this elephantine face
and watched its expressions
slowly move past winter.
"He is enormous. Enormous memory."
Her face
is a flaring circuit of breath
blushing upon us,
it compresses all things
to the color of glowflys.
Neon smiles light up her earth,
light up her moons.
And then we're away.

Testimony From He Who Spent The Day as Aether

(Aether is the Greek god of the upper sky and space. He is the pure upper air that the gods breathe, as opposed to the normal air mortals breathe.)

The air of the gods fell down into me,
my spirit grew twenty times larger than my body.

I was inside gravity
and conducting it,
telling it new laws
from my flicks of thought,
from my fingers dipped in vivid colors.

This is what I clairvoyantly said
to those around me on that day:

"I plaster the world all over my eyes
and I greedily take it all in.

The land revolves like a carousel to me,
spinning in 440 cycles per second,
rotating so much that it produces tones
so sweet and true
that the air so compressed against it
can only cry and hum
in a twisted pitched wind.

Meet me outside of your body
and travel astrally
into a single point
a single dot
that can not be broken apart,
because it is the fabric of the universe.

I mallet the tones of the earth.
I drive a stake through the heart
of who I think I am
and create whatever you see here."

I fell to earth the next day,
and my brain bled in talking.
It subtly ate me in tongues,
with each word devouring me
little by little.

The spirit that is over flooded eventually becomes humble.
It falls asleep and joins the rest of the air unnoticed.

In eternity one stands in awe and in ridicule:
during that one day they were both the same thing.