

*the sense, syntax & feeling*

*poems*

*michael santiago pagan*

*for her*

*“I want to be a poet, from head to toe, living and dying by poetry.....”*

*Federico Garcia Lorca*

# *Part I*

*the sense*

### *wilting flower*

of itself  
peering inside the glass,  
both remembering  
& forgetting  
until nothing like itself  
remains,  
as red as red can be,  
trembling, trembling

### *white iris*

turning in the wind  
she reaches for the clouds  
& tells you her name is Iris,  
in the sound of a few leaves  
the alphabet being learned  
by a little girl sitting  
in the corner  
for not playing nice,  
herself alone like each other  
the measure of the intensity  
of love, for her alone,  
herself all the same

### *around the stars*

the junipers  
meandering  
the alphabets  
for the sequins,  
the paladins,  
across the floor  
buying & selling  
the void  
inside all  
of us

***every beautiful thing***

spreading in  
side of her  
one more time  
somewhere east  
of Mexico  
under the sun  
breathing hot heavy air  
with barely anything on  
halfway awake  
in the haze  
however many times/she denies herself  
between herself  
& her environment  
for her  
& her alone,  
beyond her  
when the summer/comes/ends  
up & down  
between the  
sun & moon  
fluctuating back & forth,  
    back & forth,  
        back & forth

***acute mania***

in my mind/  
i am normal/  
i don't need medication/  
i am able to cope/  
i am able to survive/  
i am able to live/sober

*soft flashing lips*

fluctuating between  
turning back  
and going on  
i realize  
i am her dog  
and i am  
ok with that  
so long as she  
loves me  
fucks me  
holds me  
kisses me  
hugs me tighter harder  
tighter harder  
tighter harder  
tighter until  
the last second  
letting go  
to tell me  
i am her dog

*falling down*

yours ever  
after as to  
promises made  
once in a lifetime  
east of Mexico  
down from  
the paladins  
across the floor  
buying & selling  
one more line  
of coke  
for the pain  
of the absence

*playing irreverent*

however prodigal,  
however spare,  
little by little,  
it survives its  
    own dysfunction  
    in her,  
    in her alone  
one by one,  
going bare  
page by page  
in her aesthetic  
if she dreams,  
when she dreams,  
still more obscure  
below the line,  
the disappearing moonlight,  
the pink & the white,  
the crawling, the begging,  
the colors, the shapes,  
the oncoming sex  
in her way  
of regarding herself  
in her words,  
her own words,  
not your words,  
not my words,  
not their words,  
no one's words,  
but hers

*the palpable*

i wish  
i knew  
    how    to  
    fix  myself,  
to fix  you,  
    to fix  this

*one hundred indecisions*

strangely anxious  
but only/in its  
dysfunction/either  
in intensity/or words  
per se/the emotion  
in question/drag  
you back/to be  
beautiful/thru  
the Love of God  
in due/course  
for the/outcome  
of the/heart  
to put/you up  
one/more/time  
for strike one/  
    strike two/  
    strike three/  
even when/the  
lies/contained within/  
are/well/suited  
to the/emotions/  
they/were/meant/  
to/express

*sal si puedes*

don't cry.  
don't complain.  
just work.

*& so on*

i  
keep  
on  
telling  
myself  
it  
will  
get  
better

but  
it

doesn't  
hasn't  
won't

*beneath the simulacra*

no longer  
in the outcome  
of the heart  
i feel more  
lost than ever,  
more incomplete than before,  
hopeless & helpless at the same time,  
indifferent to the overwhelming beauty  
of the sadness in my mind  
& in my heart, breaking down  
slowly enough to go straight thru  
to the mathematical value of the reflection  
of the Love of God in one's words,  
one's emotions, one's actions, one's thoughts  
of suicide on this August evening

*the brave & the innocent*

no longer married  
& no longer myself  
i have become  
a living caricature  
of someone else,  
someone i used to be,  
in a higher sense  
already fading/into the past,  
an emotional failure  
in a way in which  
it rises up & comes down  
again even harder,  
faster, sloppier, at last  
reckless enough to ask  
for permission to cry,  
to try, to die, because  
i am unable to enjoy  
life anymore, for what is/lost  
the strange loneliness  
of writing it down  
in solemn procession,  
unrequited love,  
instinctive sympathy,  
out of the rolling tide  
& into the procession un/able  
to get used to it  
by now, at last,  
finally, shit

*soul rebel*

i  
am  
going  
away  
tomorrow

&  
am  
never  
coming  
back

*in the pines*

she doesn't know  
her own name  
when she grinds  
on like this,  
like that,  
in succession  
in imagination  
in a quiet  
instinctive way  
for what is lost  
unable to enjoy  
writing when she  
has to write  
about herself,  
what she knows,  
where she's been,  
what she's seen  
in the strange loneliness  
of writing poetry,  
short stories,  
articles, reviews,  
anything in a way  
in which she feels,  
thinks,  
    runs,  
        drops

*as it is*

she could not  
    think of anything  
        to say except  
            sorry

*anticipating*

almost more  
at last  
on my way home  
yours ever  
over the sea  
crossing continents  
backwards & forwards  
meandering the void  
buying & selling  
some kind of cure  
among the hedges  
or anywhere else  
between poetry & me  
the right after  
indeterminate  
even now  
hard won  
kind of astral  
recombined  
pressure of the real

*too much for me*

down here  
in absolute solitude  
of memory & imagination  
nobody in particular  
is ready to feel  
what i feel,  
as far off as ever  
never the same again  
after this, not this,  
& in the long run  
within 4 or 5 years  
one way or another  
still in the depths  
of the unhappiness  
without which i  
do  
not  
know  
without you within it

*still wet*

her habit of asking too many questions  
makes me realize that we are all exiles in love,  
crying to the night in the emptiness out  
of the darkness, more & more lost &  
less beautiful, in this sense from  
philosophy to religion to poetry saying what  
you want to say when the world  
alone is not enough, nothing but a necessary  
function opening out, coming in,  
nearly done but not yet finished, neither  
out of tune nor in tune, in the long run  
neither good nor bad, just curious

*on the fringe*

maybe in another life  
we would have made it,  
could have pulled it off,  
succeeded instead of failed,  
& loved one another more,  
gotten married, had children,  
moved, bought a house,  
survived long enough to love

*whatever the treatment*

i  
cling  
to  
you  
with  
all  
my  
heart

&  
hope  
for  
the  
best

*en un juego de palabras*

except for love  
thru her narrative  
anyone would hesitate,  
second guess themselves  
when the storm is over,  
more or less far  
more narrow-minded  
& out of question,

kept under by a lack  
of understanding  
& a child  
playing in the street,  
unalterably hers  
& subduing  
a wayward impulse  
for trying harder,  
more insistent,  
more indifferent,  
more intimate

*Les XXX*

she  
laughed  
at  
me

when  
i  
needed

her  
the  
most

*pain of mind & body*

i  
was  
living  
in  
a  
dream  
when  
i  
met  
you

&  
sleeping  
in  
a  
coffin  
when  
you  
left  
me

*under the lash*

on the other hand  
maybe it was me,  
maybe it was  
my fault  
it did  
not work  
out

*in the end*

the increasing intimacy  
of reconstructing  
a new philosophy  
that should come  
from within  
poetry  
in me  
dies alone  
standing outside in the rain  
across the street  
when the storm  
comes to an end  
thru her narrative,  
one from her,  
one from me,  
one for her,  
one for me,  
in her insanity  
a lucid interval,  
in my insanity  
a rare disease,  
once in one's life  
a deeper indication  
of something wrong,  
whatever you may  
think of us  
irrelevant,  
explicit,  
individual,  
perfect

*mlp*

i  
haven't  
felt  
like  
this  
in  
so  
long

*easy time – hard time*

in everything  
i do not  
understand  
about myself  
anyone would  
stay away  
from me,  
at last however  
before going  
away  
more or less  
one more time  
unalterably yours,  
carefully kept  
away  
in memoriam  
when alone,  
for your part  
hopelessly inadequate,  
less beautiful,  
indifferent,  
rural,  
still sustaining me

*Miss Lonely*

when  
you  
give  
a  
woman  
every  
thing

but  
she  
wants  
more

and  
more

*asking why*

spending  
far  
too  
much  
time  
in  
a

lunatic  
asylum  
and  
still

not  
understanding  
why

*Asia Minor*

by going away  
after reading the preamble  
as far as practical  
in any way  
in her own words  
into symbolism  
lurking in the background  
she goes both ways,  
by accident  
from Thursday to Friday,  
between her & i  
both good & bad,  
extraordinarily silent  
with no way out  
of the indifference  
of the preference  
for one another  
or someone new  
whenever she wants,  
needs, craves  
what is strange,  
what is different,  
what is new

*string theory*

under you,  
in that direction,  
i come undone  
ever after  
even after  
you feel yourself  
let yourself  
go, going by  
the unquestioned  
assumption that  
in the end  
the narrow self  
will tell you  
something different,  
something new,  
something for you,  
something for me,  
but until then  
everything,  
in everything  
bends as usual,  
twists as usual,  
turns as usual,  
careens as usual  
until there are  
no longer any  
subtle values,  
no longer any  
consequential inexperience,  
no longer any  
premature development

*little puzzle*

i  
am  
alienating  
    myself  
more                  and  
and                  i  
more                  am  
as                  okay  
time                  with  
goes                  that  
on

*flood of light*

slowly going mad  
again in a thousand  
unread poems, blind  
to the requiem  
underneath the flora,  
picking my way home  
alone on a bird  
and a flower, riding  
away under the pines

*raffi*

the  
Monday  
    morning  
i  
    decided  
        to  
        leave  
        her

*color & beauty*

go along to get along  
as far as possible  
when next time  
by coming inside me,  
the way in which you  
return to me each time  
more desperate, more alone,  
& less like yourself  
but unalterably yours  
even after only faith,  
if nothing else in any  
way by my way the  
only way to reach the  
truth, the logic, more  
or less one more time  
around a refuge, a moral  
responsibility, a new kind  
of question, a new way  
of thinking along the  
length of balance, silence,  
faith, love, God,  
& the lingering  
feelings we have  
for each other  
in crisis  
in time enough  
to forget how,  
why & what  
keeps us together

### *country girl*

the laurel grows  
quicker than the rose  
in the dream  
i have of you  
somewhere between  
this version & the last,  
by weight  
the coming wind  
wandering alone  
into another  
feminine ending,  
which in another  
context in another  
instance fixes  
& recognizes  
you inside me,  
me inside you,  
the systemization  
of the rhythm/between us  
written in the words,  
in the music,  
in the frequency

### *bridging*

it does  
my heart good  
/to run  
/eat clean  
/work less  
/smoke more  
/play harder  
/ride longer  
/sift deeper  
/see you  
/less

*in 10 days time*

against her  
on the question  
of love from  
the beginning for  
the vanity shut  
inside her by  
a piece which  
does not fit  
between me & her  
anywhere near the  
analysis of the  
mind in the name  
of a question  
apart from the  
release from the  
prison of the  
heart & what the  
future has in  
store for us  
when things are  
not quite the  
same anymore

***nobody in particular***

absence  
thru the diffusion  
invading you  
just by yours  
long enough to  
ruin it completely  
in spite of you  
instead of you  
as for you  
seeing you  
next Wednesday  
or Thursday  
next week  
if there is an answer  
on this breakdown  
to the simplest way possible  
to clear itself  
of any inconsistency  
to the answer  
to the question  
of whether you  
are seeing anyone else  
while seeing me  
at the same time

***no-one knows***

far more alone  
than ever before  
for you/or anybody  
about you/not  
knowing/what  
you/went thru/  
to get/to  
me/here/tonight

*Annabel*

as for you  
that alone  
is enough  
in the middle  
of the night  
to tell me  
what i need  
to know about  
you to tell  
the truth  
about the lie  
suffering you  
in anything  
you like  
about me  
when you  
hate you  
in spite  
of me

*all in all*

good for nothing  
& hard for everything  
any more  
in the middle of the night  
saying anything you like  
to yourself  
to help  
the helpless  
dismissed  
& no longer cherished  
independence  
in the thought of you  
that you have of yourself  
going mad  
inside

### *rural idyll*

and from the outer  
darkness comes  
the deadness in me  
in the thought of you  
behind the passive  
resistance that goes  
against our conscience,  
in every way possible  
yours faithfully until  
the end of the piece  
on the same pretext,  
if and how no  
matter why by  
non-conscription  
condemned to varying  
silence in the melancholy,  
in the absence of youth  
half an hour too late  
to matter anymore  
as it is,  
as it was,  
and as it always  
will be

### *either way*

going too fast  
down a road  
nobody knows,  
no one has  
travelled  
before in poetry,  
in composition,  
in transition  
& acquisition  
of pain of  
mind & body,  
& spirit & soul,  
& line & verse

***as art***

as unanswerable  
as it was unanswered  
it is unrealized  
in me  
in various stages  
of depression/insanity  
gone untreated  
and/or unrealized  
without getting out  
of my own way  
to write to me  
from the other side  
for the martyrs  
on this side/of being  
at least  
sincerely sorry  
and temporarily  
conscientious  
and unrealized  
in the open night  
as deep or as  
prohibited as you are  
based on love  
rather than hate  
before long  
anxious to prevent  
another mistake  
like yours  
when nothing comes  
of the derision  
in the peace  
of mind  
in knowing  
nothing is left

***out-&-out***

looking for  
some thing  
to drown  
myself in  
to night

*en fete*

too tired to break thru  
& as strong as loneliness itself  
as soon as halfway over  
by continuing more carefully  
i send you my love  
& move slowly thru  
the life of the mind  
in an unconscious remorse  
that seems to have lost  
all meaning in love  
without you there to tell  
me i am wrong when  
i plead guilty to trying  
too hard to be as sorry  
as possible in the solidarity  
of the life of the spirit  
in an uneasy feeling  
long since worn out  
that tries me harder  
for going back faster  
than i should when  
the words no longer matter

*even now*

sunsets long ago  
after rain  
in a way of feeling  
afraid of myself  
when the wilderness  
sleeps by my side

*drumbeats & recitations*

strong as loneliness itself  
in the sense of responsibility  
as the darker side of my instincts  
tell me to be afraid of myself  
when alone with you in that  
part of our youth/against love  
in the mirror/of a single mind  
that is in me/and in you/indifferent  
in the bad habit/of imagining dreams  
together/that inspire/us thru our  
reflection/painting flowers and/playing  
on air/and words/years back/when  
we were/devoid of affection/for  
the calm/for going/back too/far

*like a star*

he had  
a kind of purity/poetry  
which sleeps  
by my side  
till this day  
in an agitated  
silence, balanced  
judgement, exceptional  
sincerity, infinite  
loneliness that is  
kept carefully  
out of sight  
over the sunrises  
& sunsets that  
come out of  
the dreams he still  
shares with me

*only rarely*

tired of living  
& saying goodbye a 2<sup>nd</sup> time  
this less immediate  
good-for-nothing  
hack  
signs a note,  
secures the noose  
& sits down  
one last time.....

*honey dew*

i did not  
even remember  
my own name  
when the sunset  
said goodbye

*in selflessness*

she  
was  
young  
and  
beautiful

when  
i  
ruined  
her

*the watchword*

out of the black wood  
something extraordinary  
travels thru the deep  
and the shallow at  
the same time at  
the end of August  
in pure silence  
backward, step  
by step repairing  
body and soul  
as much as possible  
without hurting us  
any more than it  
already has, lying  
down on impulse  
for the sudden change  
in temperature and  
the reform here-on-in,  
even in sleep fixing  
what we thought  
could not be fixed  
without dying first

*the disparity*

it  
was  
raining  
hard  
when  
i  
told  
her  
i  
never  
wanted  
to  
see  
her  
again

## *pushing back*

in a way of criticism  
into your mind  
none the worse  
as to you yourself  
a path of aggravation  
that is less enlightened  
opens the door to corruption  
in the Courts  
in 10 days time,  
in public affairs  
step by step  
the resilience of the youth  
and the defense of free speech  
walking the streets  
lost backward in thought,  
in pure silence  
in intense relief,  
in the houses of the mind  
the analysis of the mind,  
the disease and the cure  
that sets you free  
at the same time

## *Amherst*

i  
am  
learning  
so  
much  
  
about  
growing  
old

*sailing*

the  
poetry  
occupies  
a  
large  
part of

my mind

*stealing thru*

heartbroken at the loss  
of her  
in my memory  
of myself  
playing naked  
a new emotional centre  
suffers harder  
deeper,  
trembling  
in summer idyll  
for nothing  
left in it  
to recant,  
in this way  
of remembering  
awkward  
and embarrassed,  
less enlightened  
and out  
of the back  
wood indifferent,  
completely insane,  
and tired/of living

*four years roaming*

the world,  
to me,

was  
a world of  
poetry/  
when i fell  
out of  
that tree/  
and had  
to give  
up

*the practice of poets*

when i am alone & idle  
i sit & wonder aloud  
whether i have loved  
enough, whether i have  
tried enough, whether  
i have seen enough,  
done enough, spent enough,  
saved enough, talked enough,  
walked enough, cried enough,  
lived enough

*the lady in the rocks*

amid  
the  
splendor  
of  
your  
face

&  
eyes  
&  
lips

i  
am  
hopelessly  
lost

*in time*

up on the fog  
on the other side  
of the soft pleasure  
of the faltering idealism  
of middle age  
a haunting nightmare  
is increasingly invading  
the imagination i have of you  
in the dungeon of my mind,  
more or less bit by bit  
distinct & somber as it  
admits my private unhappiness  
in the world at large when  
under the influence of drugs  
& women who are from force  
of habit just being themselves  
when they say the discord  
in the music is there to tell  
me something i already know  
about myself when i am with you

*across the fall*

in my memory  
of you  
inside  
the reading room  
of my mind  
i see you  
young & beautiful  
& lonely  
& listening  
to a ghost  
inside  
the walls  
of loneliness  
itself  
initiating  
the unrealized  
within me  
not knowing  
if or how  
you are feeling  
what i am feeling  
in every way  
as it is  
unacceptable  
to come  
& see you  
the way you  
are in  
sex alone  
except there for love  
by going away  
without knowing  
what to say  
whenever i am  
alone with you  
in this ending/thru this ending  
inside the shadows

*free verse*

in its lightest touch  
in the light of day  
a victim of self-delusion  
who does not want to be seen  
in his immaterial selflessness  
will never be free from  
the unaccountable depression  
that plagues him, reveals him,  
relies on him to live another  
day every single day in the most obvious  
underlying corruption against publishing:  
being out of editors who know  
what the hell they are doing

*daily grind*

she recognizes  
her own weakness  
in him  
from the very start,  
pretty in a boyish way  
& central to her new life  
par excellence between  
the past & the present,  
more surprisingly a way back  
to a more balanced view  
of the world between art  
& nature & love, distinctly unusual  
but balanced enough to cope with  
the madness on the way back home  
to madness  
to work  
to write  
to play  
to rest

*a space for writing*

after 30 days  
of fasting  
& meditating  
on my depression  
i am convinced  
that i am  
as simple  
as possible  
only when  
writing poetry  
& not caring  
what any  
one thinks

*terza rima*

coming at the beginning  
inside the realization  
of a dream  
i have of you  
in black lace leggings,  
a matching French top,  
black six-inch heels,  
black gloves, black choker,  
hair pulled back,  
on all fours  
looking back  
at me  
begging me  
to be fucked  
harder, deeper, faster

*hyacinth girl*

i dare not  
guess  
any more  
who you  
are  
any more  
because  
i do not  
care  
any more  
who you  
think you  
are  
any more  
or what  
you say  
any more

*ccg*

there  
has  
never  
been  
a  
better  
time  
than  
right  
now  
to  
say  
sorry

*wild thyme*

feeling so fed up  
of feeling sick  
and weak  
and tired  
all the time  
i try some  
new yellow pills  
and sit back  
to let go  
to see where  
it takes me  
this time

*& and*

light & life & love  
fails me  
every way/i turn,  
so instead  
i sit  
and write  
and let go  
and just watch  
wherever i end  
up

*sweet intimate*

what  
do you  
do when  
you don't  
trust yourself  
any more  
to do  
the right  
thing

any more

## *Temple of the Rose*

the magi & the adepts  
that we know  
work at a  
below-the-conscious  
kind of level which is  
guided by the stars  
& the angels  
in your dreams,  
in your eyes  
when you close  
them to go  
to sleep  
at night  
indifferent  
to the interpretation  
of mathematics  
& the materialistic  
common sense  
way of life  
for the secret philosophy  
that remains  
unrecognized  
by outsiders  
when they look  
at everything  
upside down,  
inside out,  
backwards  
by weaving together  
sensory deprivation,  
breathing exercise,  
& hallucinogenic drugs  
to train  
their imagination  
in a poetry  
which sees,  
feels  
& reaches  
new heights  
in new  
& beautiful ways  
we can only  
anticipate when  
the space of color  
& the space of sound  
meet inside  
the Temple of the Rose

*picking her way home*

hiding in the shadows  
she takes a measured approach  
to drawing me in,  
not letting on  
at first but  
slowly breaking down  
the deliberately obscure way  
for the uninitiated  
by what lies beneath  
the cultural differences  
thru the overarching intelligence  
& the altered states  
of consciousness,  
in her own esoteric way  
concealing & revealing  
as much as she can  
in the beginning  
in the constellations  
that don't resemble anything  
to anyone but those in the know,  
those who are awake,  
those who determine  
the history of the world  
& the history of our lives  
by the value of sensibility  
& imaginative exercise,  
a cacophony of irrational  
words & letters in every  
newspaper & on every  
television station,  
predicting what will  
happen next by the  
revealing of what you  
think you already know,  
comprehend, grasp, feel  
when a beautiful woman  
looks at you & tells you  
she loves you

***& exhales***

by & large  
the expulsion from Eden  
& the Fall  
were the transition  
we needed  
for the conveniently  
forgotten,  
for you  
& i  
the approach  
to a new way  
in a new world  
of a new knowing,  
in this alternative  
only letting on  
at the highest level  
into the esoteric,  
the Tradition,  
the Templars,  
the Cabala

***the sestet***

trying to  
work it out  
myself i  
realize love  
is its  
own reward,  
its own  
initiation,  
in a sense  
its own  
tradition,  
controversy,  
consciousness,  
dimension,  
philosophy

*invisible gloom*

to kiss you  
& feel nothing

to kiss you  
& feel something

to kiss you  
& miss out

on loving you

*pale beauty*

any kind of  
however remote  
psychosomatic  
material silence  
that puts me  
to sleep at night  
is exactly what  
i need to write  
one more line  
about you  
tonight

*upward/inward*

but in the same  
kind of way that  
shows you only  
indifference  
in the lesser level  
beneath it  
the narrower  
& more particular  
way of looking  
at it, feeling it, seeing it, sensing it,  
writing it out  
more particularly  
in the most intimate  
way back into/the looking glass  
past the connection  
between mind  
& matter  
for it  
in patterns of three  
according to the laws of probability/by the pull of gravity

*Susanna*

however remote  
the lies  
you live  
with create  
& direct  
the deep  
seated emotions  
that shape/you  
in the/inside out  
upside down  
way of thinking,  
seeing,  
writing  
that  
defines  
you

*high requiem blue*

unless it is  
the other way  
around you  
when you  
cry out loud  
for crimes unclear  
in alchemy  
you/induce  
in yourself  
a different  
state of mind  
something like  
an electrical current  
back into/the imagination  
even if/just briefly  
an aboriginal,  
atavistic  
form of/consciousness  
in the depths  
of your heart,  
your mind,  
your spirit  
thru the  
esoteric tradition  
for an indifferent  
alternative forgotten  
inconvenience  
about you  
when you  
see yourself  
in the mirror

*wandering alone*

conscious in a different/sort of way  
by the power/of concentrated imagination  
& visualization  
a net of/light & color  
live together/behind a veil/of illusion  
as a creation/within  
a stimulation,  
a disturbing moral ambivalence  
by balances  
thru the senses,  
a philosophical machine  
of modern ambivalence  
& a particular degree  
of memory gone free,  
in its own way  
a point of consciousness  
between wet & dry,  
neither weak nor strong,  
evolving, clashing, with itself

## ***Blue Ridge***

something deeper,  
something essential,  
finer than glass  
& narrower  
than a dream,  
pure of thought  
& pure of mind,  
creative & directing,  
concentrating & visualizing,  
clashing by balancing  
the good with the bad,  
any kind of energy,  
any kind of emotion,  
any kind of feeling  
nurturing us,  
cradling us,  
favoring us  
in sequences of three,  
four & five,  
skipping six & seven  
for eight, nine & ten

## ***tgt***

having no  
one to  
talk to  
any more  
& being ok  
with it

*as for poetry*

down a line  
past the linoleum  
in the way  
of calling  
someone  
for help,  
as it is  
just another day  
down another rabbit hole  
drowning, crying,  
barely fighting,  
coping with the madness  
covered in the ivy  
on the wall,  
waiting for what  
i do not  
know anymore,  
strung out  
on you,  
on me,  
on this  
virtual reality

*woman in crisis*

i need you  
    need you  
        need you  
            need you  
                need you

to love me  
    back

*boys & girls*

less alive  
than i used  
to be in  
a secondary  
& disappointing  
sense of self  
as a sequence  
of cause  
& effect  
of looking at  
the questions  
of life  
& death  
from a  
different angle  
in the minds  
of our children  
as they get  
to know  
the truth  
about us  
in a way  
that can not  
be explained  
but can be  
seen &  
stared at  
in a/perfectly  
valid/intellectual  
dishonesty

*epjr*

just when  
all hope seems lost  
my older asshole brother  
shows up with  
cash in hand  
for bail

*over against*

knowing the truth  
about you  
finally  
after all these years  
& choosing to accept  
all the lies

*settling in*

the softer edge  
of a wrong turn  
along meaningful coincidences  
& the intellectual dishonesty  
of the meaning of life  
& the interpretation  
depending on your financial disposition  
of how the human consciousness evolves  
in an out of body experience  
that has been going on far too long  
in the transitory perfectly valid  
contents of your mind

*whatever the differences*

from age to age  
& generation lost  
to generation past  
there is nothing inside  
us which is  
without a correspondence  
in nature  
as natural  
as a warning  
or a premonition  
marked by the sequence  
of the seasons  
in the movement of the trees

*coming home*

upside down  
& inside out  
into the Looking Glass  
& not letting on  
too hard  
about changing  
the order  
of the letters  
thru the senses  
by balance  
for the transitory  
Sufi Mystery School  
the skeptics  
continue  
to doubt  
exists

*1990*

not scared anymore  
by what you  
& your family  
think of me

*bell*

the unreality  
of the moment  
you told me  
you were leaving me  
for someone else  
who once did  
you dirty

*almost nothing*

everything  
in life,  
me,  
you,  
her,  
him,  
the children,  
are not  
as awake  
as we  
think,  
feel,  
seem,  
in as much  
as we imagine  
thru the senses,  
the prophets,  
the stars,  
the Looking Glass

*by anyone*

straightforward, sincere  
& easy to understand  
the clarity,  
the sureness,  
& the honesty  
are brief but incapacitating,  
explicitly, aesthetically  
not always the same but  
straightforward, sincere,  
lying to itself in how  
she likes to think  
she knows every  
thing about you  
in the long  
& the short  
of its  
infinite possibility in being  
straightforward, sincere.  
enough to tell the truth

*better still*

a certain hesitation  
in picking up the phone  
to call you,  
    to talk to you  
    about yourself,  
where you went to school,  
    where you moved,  
    started working,  
living those first few years  
you thought you were going to be somebody

*the sky & the flower*

coming to you  
in the preceding letter  
somewhat vague  
as completely  
as you think  
to tell the truth  
between the difference  
without second sight  
at the end of it  
back & forth  
between me & you

*lying awake*

as if in a dream,  
in sleep patterns,  
marked by the sequence  
of the seasons,  
telling, selling  
a view of the way  
the world really is

*beautifully precise*

the more i allow myself  
to drift  
the more i miss something  
about you  
to control the idea  
that for asking  
something different of me  
you will somehow  
pay a different kind of attention  
to this drifting feeling  
available beneath the surface  
of the promise of poetry  
for the necessity of poetry

*her body*

she is very close to the purpose of poetry  
& what it takes & needs  
to take the time  
to say i love you  
tomorrow morning  
& tomorrow afternoon  
for what is  
& what should always  
be poetry

*end-stop*

a change of feeling  
a bout you  
for the positive  
in the negative  
in a course  
in psycho-analysis  
in a dream  
in my letter box  
one in & one out  
of my mind

*akin to madness*

the very act  
of looking at it  
changes it  
into something  
multi-dimensional  
in a view  
of the way the world  
really is  
when you are  
cut off in your own  
private space  
in poetry

*under the influence*

a sharp pattern in the sky  
in the shape/of her body  
as the curling motion/of a leaf  
as it grows/on her body/that  
taunts & taunts & taunts & taunts  
me into/an obvious rhythm  
of word association  
even if only briefly  
curving back on itself  
on the relationship  
of the moon  
& the sun  
& the sea

## *unhinged*

as if in a dream  
a flock of birds  
turn as one in the sky  
to follow the night  
right in front of us  
impinging on themselves  
from the outside  
inside out  
upside down  
collective hallucination  
curving back on itself  
in the midst of the light

## *Lola*

about to touch  
we move further apart,  
inappropriately

## *Vera*

she  
hardly  
has  
the  
time  
to  
write  
poetry  
any  
more

*hour of flesh*

you learn  
to accept it  
& move on,  
unsure of  
yourself  
but confident  
enough to  
know that  
those who  
are with you  
will stay  
with you,  
while those who  
are against you  
will always  
be against you.  
so why bother.  
why care.  
let them go.  
let it go.  
move on.

*bare*

i  
wake  
up  
from  
a  
dream

&  
realize

i  
am  
no  
longer  
breathing

*giving off*

the mass of flowers  
in the back of my mind  
sooner or later always  
sells me down the river  
for a dissolving dream  
of you, me, us, together  
on this side of dissatisfaction  
in an attempt to tip the balance  
between hope & fear  
between the alienation  
of purpose & any lack  
of warmth, right & wrong  
& invisible & unexpressed,  
still lonely but still alive,  
as faithful to each other  
as the nightingale sings  
for an obscure suicide  
nobody will notice

*the sun, trembling*

my poetic spirit,  
this spirit  
in mind & mood  
are as if  
out of nowhere  
together in sync  
but indistinct  
& compellingly  
missing something  
which still remains  
unsaid, still to come,  
harder

### *abroad*

looking closer, touching nearer  
to one another  
on top of each other  
exhausted,  
collectively the place we go  
where we can feel free  
to make this connection

### *tender gloom*

the truth  
of who we are  
lies somewhere  
between the light  
in a lover's eye  
& what we see  
in the law  
of identity,  
conventionality,  
the necessary  
creativity  
to feel as you  
do when you are  
home, relaxed,  
happy,  
complete

### *five pointed star*

the genesis code,  
the flower people,  
the imagination,  
everything  
that goes into  
carrying  
the Spirit World  
into the  
Winter Solstice

*in the every cry of every woman*

more subtle than the light  
you see in your lover's eyes  
when you tell her  
you love her  
& want to  
spend the  
rest of your  
life with her

*away into the meadow*

coming together  
    in the eye  
    of the imagination  
as vividly  
as possible  
the seven powers of light  
do the dance of the substances  
    in the midst  
    of the storm  
that is  
    coming together

*vers de societe*

they are symbolized  
    by the stars  
    in the Egyptian  
Book of the Dead  
in the eye of the imagination  
from white to pink  
& from pink to red,  
the same as  
the Eastern Sky,  
unto the ends of it  
overlooked & disregarded

*the bells of Shannon*

from my window  
i can see  
she has forgotten  
how to smile.  
how to love.  
how to caress.  
so she lives in  
her own  
individual initiative.  
inside protection.  
in one way or another.  
happy.  
in her own way.

*Zsa Zsa*

when  
you  
can't  
leave  
her  
alone  
&  
can't  
stop  
thinking  
about  
her

*& somewhat*

dried out  
about you  
at sunset  
further back  
on this  
side of  
the stoics

*also free*

we sat on the beach to talk  
for what it was worth  
for all those years  
of lying to each other,  
hating each other,  
only/just to realize  
we need each other

*under brush*

the sound of her voice  
in the Eye of the Siva  
manipulates it to achieve  
the altered states  
between the human spirit  
& the body, the seven  
major chakras  
by modern materialistic science,  
in both Egyptian & Hebrew thought  
concentrating on becoming  
more aware of being alive

*duende*

in a word  
the Ru,  
angels & archangels,  
are in & out of  
everything  
we do

*note to self*

for comparison,  
a misunderstanding,  
based on a mistranslation,  
might never get remedy  
much less past  
more than necessary  
to manipulate what  
to do  
with  
what  
ever  
comes  
first  
last,  
Michael

*now one – now the other*

shortly afterwards,  
the Sign of the Cross  
comes down  
in various questions  
whispered together,  
for you  
and only you  
written down  
in the depths of the mind  
making a point  
at the end of the world

*thought to life*

in a dream  
with 2 petals  
in the middle  
of the night  
one after another  
one in & one out  
in bed  
holding back  
that moment  
of release  
for you  
so we  
can come  
together  
a gain

*for the lonely*

beautiful & vivid  
like you  
she is beautifully written  
in every square of her body  
just/like/you  
thru paradoxes & exaggerations  
the sensitivity of the sympathy  
that keeps repeating itself  
with a perfect twist at the end

### *slow hands*

yes, we had our setbacks.  
but we endured  
an effect that lasts long  
in love  
in pulling us  
thru the dark  
apprehensions & premonitions.  
and survived.  
and then excelled.  
and excelled to where we are now.  
in love.  
happy.  
home.  
daydreaming.  
together.

### *the creative process*

set back  
in a ribbon  
like you  
in a dream  
not known  
for comparison  
early on  
enough to tell  
from without  
after some hesitation

*evident youth*

tragic & beautiful  
she is  
in being herself  
falling thru without  
a subject & a predicate  
high hopes  
among the heroes  
thru the mountains  
and the kindness  
and the simplicity  
one abstention away  
from feeling irreparable

*pine box*

a year of bits  
and pieces of me  
all over the street  
in a mass of azaleas  
and blackbirds  
and hibiscus

*using me*

the kindness  
& the simplicity  
were the  
best parts of her,

for her helping me heal,  
feel,  
cry,  
scream,  
again

*little man*

almost in tears  
he runs away

and then i feel  
like shit all over again

*just like you*

poem & hymn,  
& sun & moon  
    without hesitation  
disease & disintegration,  
in evidence  
one abstraction away  
from being condemned  
on the word of perjurers  
for a crime/i did not commit

*slowly, further*

after dark  
on show  
this passive acquiescence  
flings wide  
inimical eyes,  
or shame,  
in order  
to hold together  
nothing new  
any more  
in the song  
of the birds  
she sings  
again, alone  
at night

*the gleaner*

incapable of happiness  
or love again  
i plunder on  
thru the mountains  
in front of myself  
hesitating in close touch  
in favor of peace  
and less drama

*blackbird*

she finds relief  
in writing poetry  
& living in  
suspicious solitude,

so she stays  
in the past present and future,

slightly just up the street  
suffering to the limits

alone

**SSSS**

tragic. & beautiful  
& almost in tears.

she keeps repeating herself.

## *The Med*

half blinded by a flash of light  
& a whiff of sulphur  
at a time when i very much  
needed encouragement the most  
i was impartially & objectively evaluated  
& retained in a collective subconscious  
from a different point of view  
for a different point of view  
deeper into ambiguity & similarity  
to be analyzed & judged  
at the entrance to the underworld

## *however specific*

deeper into ambiguity  
desire & sexuality  
& touched on the way  
to the path that Venus  
traces in the sky

## *as to premises*

the mythology of the Americas  
& the radical monotheism of the Modern Church  
with the horned & feathered snake god Quetzalcoatl  
smoking sulphur in a circle  
in a sense dictating  
the rest of eternity  
for us

*the contrast*

i need your love.  
want your  
love.  
crave  
    your  
    love.  
say your love.  
thru your love.  
have to have your love.  
    to continue.  
    to matter.

*creative energy*

perfectly set in its garden  
& valley  
just beyond  
the greatest stretches of the imagination  
restless & bored  
like any other day  
lock stock & barrel  
ready to imagine  
ready to stretch  
ready to breathe  
ready to write

*the inexpressible*

half in fun  
half in jest  
in motion  
spinning  
  dancing  
breathing  
  spinning  
laughing  
  spinning  
  spinning  
  smiling

*by a single writer*

written across the sky  
on the music of the spheres  
the constellations of the zodiac  
fall slowly backwards against  
the back drop of the stars,  
asleep during the winter  
but reawakened as constellation  
follows constellation, precipitated  
out of water, the sun & the moon,  
indifferent against the precision  
in the hardness of our hearts.  
revealing the hidden identity  
of the fallen angels.  
amongst us.

*the indeterminate*

in the age of Pisces  
a deliberately created confusion  
dominates. depicts.  
regulates thought.  
love. fear.  
emotion.  
thrashes & writhes in the mind.  
tracking small changes in the consciousness.

*playing/reading/editing*

my capacity  
for thought  
& reflection  
are fading  
fast. so  
fast that  
i can  
no longer  
regulate emotions.  
or feelings.

so much so  
the chaos inside me.  
is asking for help.

*like Amber*

how we choose  
to look at it  
determines  
every thing,  
every thought,  
every feeling,  
every emotion,  
every day

## *The Book of Malachi*

a dark & drizzly  
cold morning  
in Burlington, Vermont  
covered in dry seaweed  
deeply grateful to God  
for everything  
especially Kai  
in giving evidence  
not so innocent  
as to fail  
to see  
me  
in him

## *another room*

going for nothing  
nowadays  
just to get  
another hit  
any where  
i can

## *blank verse*

going off  
on each other  
one another  
indifferent  
anymore  
of the other's  
emotions

*or anywhere else*

not so innocent  
as to fail to see  
the comparative failure of words  
when trying to express  
something new in love,  
for you at least  
enough to tell  
the difference  
between the sky  
and the sun  
and the moon  
and the ocean

*Betty*

black  
Irish  
Betty  
lace  
curtain  
hussy  
who  
loves  
me  
hard

*msp*

promising in youth  
but disappointing in old age

*across the floor*

half thought out  
& led by men without imagination  
it is impossible to ignore what is  
happening in having to think  
for yourself harder faster better  
in work writing writhing & living

*in mind & mood*

an idle dream  
that cannot be ignored  
always changes  
in unconventional ways  
when not/knowing which way  
to go/with you  
in love/tonight

*gentle breeze*

down on the ground  
by patient & careful study  
    she takes pictures  
        of the rain

*down the page*

going off  
harder  
inside her  
eventually together  
in the sequence  
of the false starts  
incorporated into love  
in a one night  
stand  
with a petite  
brunette  
called  
Lilith

*back home*

fallen,  
but  
capable  
of  
redemption  
if  
given  
the  
chance

*nothing else*

collectively  
remembered  
& understood  
the night sky  
lays its head  
in the lap  
of the dawn

*no thank you*

heroin  
is  
a  
    small  
        part  
  
    of  
    what  
the  
world needs  
to wake up  
to realize  
what to do  
and what not to do  
and what to choose to ignore  
too late

*recombined*

she  
makes  
careful  
arithmetic  
estimates  
of love  
    in  
    her  
head  
at night

*the stranger*

she  
always  
knew  
she  
could  
do  
more  
to  
help  
people

*a kind of astral*

less aware  
and not free  
sometimes repeatedly  
if necessary  
careful to promise  
the truth

*looking out a window*

as yet as somewhat distant  
at whatever risk  
to yourself  
not realizing apparently  
what to do  
any more

*once in a lifetime*

the sequence of the constellations  
written in the stars  
fails me  
and fails you  
into thinking  
the months of the year  
in the cedars of Lebanon  
precipitate out of water  
for the chaos/inside of you

*the magnolia*

as dry as dust  
and inlaid with gold  
a collective memory of oneself  
after months of being hidden  
emerges/from the mind above  
in the evolution of a new form  
of consciousness to wander  
the surface of the water  
in the back of a cave

*yours ever after*

nymphs.  
sylphs.  
dryads.  
fauns.  
& satyrs.

*backwards & forwards*

gods & angels  
& shadows & reflections  
in the back of a cave  
in the history/of the universe

*no better – no worse*

under the influence  
in a more later  
evolved form of writing  
in a way  
that was hard  
for outsiders  
to understand

*baby poet*

the most immediate  
and the most distant  
emotion  
before it is too late,  
quite apart from love  
but something close  
although i confess  
nothing  
for you to take home,  
with you, for the night,  
until after completely satisfied  
at the same time

*next of kin*

only negative,  
only different,  
only you,  
only me,  
only us,  
together

*storm & stress*

in turn,  
and still am,  
up to date  
if anything  
at the same time,  
a little later,  
each side,  
in a bad way,  
different

*in it*

already told  
a million times over  
this vividness  
is somewhat milder  
than the last time

*dream logic*

naturally foolish  
if anything  
by himself  
for as long  
as he wants/likes

## *looking closer*

into the resistance  
two years later  
at request  
it goes without saying,  
an echo in my heart  
borne in mind,  
body,  
spirit,  
sometime  
after  
sun  
sets

## *crayons*

sitting in front of him,  
as vivid as perception  
sits, the little boy  
who looks exactly  
like him

## *2029*

a  
materialistic  
way  
of  
thinking  
can  
get  
you  
into  
trouble  
if you  
do not  
know  
your  
limits

*the same to her*

largely unconscious  
by a partial suppression  
restricting both growth & longevity  
a dream-filled sleep  
that lives  
on an idea of being born again  
creates the conditions  
necessary for thought

*beyond Bethlehem*

sufficiently vivid,  
tightening up,  
taking refuge,  
going off,  
harder,  
faster,  
inside,  
her,  
again

*way of truth*

when asked  
for money  
in vague  
& general terms  
i lose respect  
for the individual  
& cut  
a smaller check

*sex on a desk*

deep into the underworld  
inside her/self  
she promises  
next to nothing  
for the first  
and the second time  
removed from sex  
beyond the individual  
by the way  
she perceives them  
individually,  
something impersonal  
as a memorial to herself  
hidden somewhere  
in a dark shadow  
for an already/dark story  
of herself  
journeying/to the other side  
of madness/inside herself

*central hymn*

she acknowledges  
the dark side  
of herself  
& tries harder  
to stray too  
close to the sun  
as humanity  
continues to fall  
faster, harder, clearer  
inside itself  
when the moon is waning

*lunacy*

reborn into  
a new higher  
form of

consciousness  
in the secret  
doctrine  
of the church  
not many  
get to  
experience

*the line breaks*

deep  
down  
thru  
the  
dark  
demented  
demonic  
place  
inside  
ourselves

*this is why*

less & less  
of a constant  
presence  
in her life  
i become  
infrequent  
& fleeting  
the only  
way  
i know  
how

*breaking thru*

the higher  
more ineffable  
version of you  
when the moon  
is waning down  
thru the warped  
dark demented demonic  
place inside yourself

*in twos & threes*

i'm sorry that i hurt you.  
i'm sorry that i made you cry.  
i'm sorry that i loved you.  
i'm sorry that i had to say. goodbye.

*in the name of beauty*

lose control.  
don't think.  
follow her lead.

*poem & hymn*

working in the imagination  
brings her back  
to the natural state of mind  
where everything  
has the appearance of disorder,  
a way of seeing  
& thinking  
& feeling,  
below the label  
in the realm  
of second  
& third thoughts  
the real way we feel  
in the conscious  
& the unconscious  
when we settle  
deeper & deeper  
into the layers  
inside ourselves

*another kind of change*

in danger  
of being/lost  
forever/a new  
way of/looking  
at herself/is  
hard/on the heels  
of the possibility  
of death/staring  
back/at her/  
in the mirror

*record of emotion*

i veer  
off into you  
as you  
lose control  
& try to  
regain  
your composure,  
your footing,  
not yet  
realizing  
that it  
is too late,  
it is  
over

*one of a kind*

alive again  
but losing fast  
a shadow  
falls over me,  
tells me  
to continue  
on, not to  
give up,  
stay  
the course,  
fight on,  
power thru,  
never never  
never give up  
writing

# *Part II*

*the syntax*

*sense & silence*

a place of paradox  
where opposites meet  
without a degree  
of isolation  
in a new form  
of consciousness  
for a secret history  
emanating from  
the Mind of God  
in danger of  
being lost forever  
in the sinews

*dark places*

when  
  you  
    do  
  not  
care  
about  
  any  
  thing  
    any  
      more

*questions of meaning*

the pain  
of being a man  
in the eye  
of science  
journeying thru  
the constellations  
of Leo  
for the secrets  
of lightning  
& thunder  
descending deeper  
& deeper  
into the land  
of the dead

*the crash*

pulled back  
down away  
from her  
by an Angel  
occupying  
the body  
of a man  
coming  
to terms  
with the  
inevitability  
of death  
in the  
unregenerate  
lust & desires  
of a new  
order of  
life & love  
trapped  
in a cycle  
of pain  
that never  
stops

*causa prima*

& by measuring them  
& by giving them  
a system of notation  
the way for moving  
stones with poetry  
comes & goes  
in the invention  
of words & numbers,  
magic elixirs,  
sylphs,  
dryads,  
naiads  
& gnomes  
in the first light  
of dawn, then as now  
easy to manipulate,  
isolate, placate  
not only thru music  
but also thru literature,  
inspiring images of beauty  
behind her eyes,  
    her lips,  
her hands

*to me*

worn down.  
defeated.  
distraught.  
confused.  
giving up.

*trial & error*

wandering across the world.  
& forgetting who you are.

*the unsayable*

left alone  
& drawn down  
from the moon  
i am worn  
down, below  
the unconscious mind  
less vividly alive,  
from one another  
isolated by the notices  
in the inconsistencies,  
walking the depths  
of the deep  
unconscious of  
what i have lost,  
what i have given up,  
disappearing into  
the wind,  
into the rain,  
& into the gates  
of death  
as they  
open up  
to me

*sitting in the front*

she  
understands  
the  
language  
of  
the  
Angels

&  
speaks  
to  
them  
when  
she  
needs  
to

*the roughs*

tantalizingly close  
& descending  
deeper & deeper  
into sight  
of a new  
order of life  
& death  
below  
the conscious  
mind  
i come  
to  
in  
you  
for  
me,  
for  
you,  
for  
us

*almost more*

i  
need  
more  
love  
in  
my  
life  
than  
i  
thought

*into a desolate solitude*

entirely with you  
by you  
for you  
as soon  
as you  
tell me/why  
you  
are you  
without me  
along the depths  
of you  
open only/rarely  
to you  
for the most part  
most beautifully you  
without me  
& you  
& you  
& you  
from you

*the tulip & the rose*

soon afterwards  
coming under fire  
both night & day  
for the most part  
against the odds  
in part  
sold out  
by you  
for the better  
from any source  
only rarely  
kept apart  
most beautifully  
as soon as  
Alexander dies

### *the skeptics*

published almost by chance  
but not without difficulty  
soon afterwards exempt  
& not unlike yours  
both of you  
from both of us  
indifferent up to  
a certain point  
none of which  
is the same as  
any criticism  
that doesn't really matter

### *less beautiful*

after careful examination  
i realize  
i am wrong  
& you are right.  
all along you were right.  
and i am sorry for doubting you.  
for not believing you.  
for not listening sooner.

### *love & imagination*

she  
looks  
inside  
herself  
&  
realizes  
she  
does  
not  
love  
him  
any  
more

*tender mercy*

for example  
a somewhat similar criticism  
about you  
about me  
not unlike yours  
from both of us  
the first time  
we kissed  
got us  
into so much trouble

*thru the senses*

vast.  
eternal.  
separated.  
wet.  
warm  
humid.  
blue.  
green.  
jade.

*Bridge Street*

precipitated out of mind  
into order  
the River of Souls  
is weary of the past,  
    the present,  
    the future,  
and everything in between  
the beginning of June  
and the human spirit

*just by yours*

the dew  
on the grass  
& on the trees  
in the forming  
of the human spirit

*madame madame*

though subtle  
the Italian sonnet  
among  
the  
poetry  
lays in  
the starlight  
for a kiss

*Old San Juan*

still a fool  
for you  
& how  
you  
look at  
me  
with those  
gentle blue eyes

***unalterably yours***

each to each  
she strips herself bare  
among the porcelain  
along the floor  
in the every cry  
of every woman  
ever in love,  
in her world  
of drawing rooms  
not as clean  
as the force  
that drives her  
around the stars  
& into the corners  
of the night  
up-on straits  
seemingly at random,  
in a past tense  
true to herself  
more than ever  
now that she has  
something more to tell

***Michael's malady***

be better than me.  
be better than me, Malikai.  
please be better than me.

***subscribing to God***

she cries alone  
at night when  
every one else  
is a sleep

*pipe & drum*

closing in on time,  
but put in as a parenthesis,  
after a brief digression,  
an allusion to a love story  
emerges to reject a return  
from the dead into a vision  
of beauty & vitality, to tell all  
its defects & failings in a  
need for dialogue, disguised  
as a hint of the repudiation  
of the real, the inadequacy  
where the parallel ends & suffers  
doubt & despair, each to each  
one hundred & one indecisions  
the wrong way against the heavy,  
in each instance – obvious, inhabited,  
suggestive, below the verge  
already found

*in poems – as in dreams*

once a dreamer  
now a schemer  
feeling  
greedier  
& greedier

*for vanity*

struck again  
by her own inadequacy  
the overwhelming question  
of what it is like  
to be dead inside  
compels her to  
hear the truth  
in a world of  
lies & deceit  
in a mechanical juggling  
of opposites & contrasts  
that avoid every trace  
of sentimentality to see  
her own failures  
in an understanding  
of response,  
in perspective,  
in a particular order  
immediately irrelevant  
by the creativity  
of the past  
unless she sees  
beyond herself  
a certain available inheritance  
that contrasts its loneliness  
to hers, how unlike her  
but just like her to  
share the same disease  
with those she loves

*wild wild wild*

because of us  
a woman in crisis  
tears her heart out  
in trying to determine  
the answer to any question  
when love draws a line,  
near a transition  
from Pisces to Aries,  
now one – now the other  
from new to old  
with all the vulgarity  
of the antagonism  
& the continuity of the  
supernatural & the irrational,  
chatting left  
& laughing right  
at her for believing  
how unlike her we are  
in so far as the merit  
of isolation for a glimpse  
of beauty neither here  
nor there  
but every  
where near where  
the nearest flicker  
goes down  
to gaze alone  
into the beat  
of the heart  
that compels us  
to precipitate poetry

*the same to me*

or in the child  
impenetrably obscure  
& irrational,  
from old  
to new  
tender  
& superstitious,  
the prologue  
& epilogue  
on a play  
of words  
near a transition  
in isolation,  
chatting right  
& laughing left,  
now one  
now the other  
erring on the side  
of caution  
immediate  
& self-same,  
adamant  
& sincere,  
boyish  
& baron,  
negligible  
& inhabited,  
you  
& i,  
together,  
each to each

*tender compulsions*

*.....making peace with death, finally*

### *invading you*

the varied & constant of life  
associated with both past & future,  
but carefully walled off & set apart  
with a special reference to the breathing  
from which the caverns are present,  
running,  
holding together as a kind of post script  
abruptly broken off at the last second  
for a work of art imposed upon  
a particular nature of waterfalls  
as it falls  
or from sunlight to moonlight  
a more general & wider reference,  
from which the transition itself  
comes, emerges  
a break between two parts  
of rushing water abandoning hope  
for a second more intimate part  
often neglected, selected  
only when convenient, compulsory  
in fragments but most of all  
tested, or else almost alienated

### *the laurel bush*

put in another way  
on the page

in a vision i saw  
of you & i

locked inside ourselves  
/in fragments  
in order  
/from sunlight  
to moonlight  
/as a break  
between two parts  
predicting the future  
/by carefully reading  
the first 11 lines  
/from the Gospel of John

***Teresa of Avila***

out of the intensity  
of a dream/  
almost into psychosis/  
my trembling symptom  
of acute mania  
has the quality  
of a vision  
of exile & isolation,  
for its use  
of suggestion & evocation  
the plight of ordinary beauty  
in an ugly world  
associated with both  
the past & the future,  
nowhere near the precious present/  
enough to add any value  
to the undiagnosed illness  
of the intimate aloneness  
of the determination/  
to be a poet

***not letting on***

i sit down  
& cry over  
a girl who  
hates me

& finds solace  
in the moon  
& the stars

***under the stars***

when we hope  
to find something else,  
something different  
day by day,  
night after night  
only to discover  
the same intimate aloneness  
locked inside ourselves,  
beneath the similarity  
losing touch with  
life & abandoning hope,  
on an impulse to write  
an alternative image  
carefully walled off  
& set apart  
in a dream  
that goes nowhere  
in love,  
most of all  
impenetrably obscure  
& insecure,  
from new to old  
the same creativity  
of the past,  
in a circle  
reserved for failing....  
& existing in isolation....  
trying to determine  
the answer to any question

***bit by bit***

*the close connection between coming & crying/& living & dying*

*stardust*

treading down  
near meadows  
less traveled  
thru dreams  
caught up in the reverie  
of natural beauty  
opening onto  
the flora  
of quiet breadth  
passing a night by  
deceiving thyself  
invoking the help of drugs  
& then of poetry  
belonging to that world  
deep into the communion  
which appeals to the senses  
in a superficial reading  
not for you – but for me  
alone in the silence  
of a high requiem blue

*tulpas*

again, alone  
on your shadow  
walking behind you  
where the glass breaks  
above the gloss  
the last fingers of the night  
run softly  
thru your hair  
ear to ear  
between two lives/loves  
finding the stars  
in the screaming/& the crying

## *City of God*

to leave without leaving  
& stay without staying,  
here & now committed  
to an agent of abandonment  
comfortable with ambiguity,  
an aesthetic of uncertainty  
in ambient space framed by  
repetition, the boundary  
between private & public  
stranded over endless plains,  
from the sequence bringing  
rain only after nightfall,  
finding life unsatisfactory  
in the quiet provocation  
among the mountains

## *The Watchers*

another look at the sky  
tells you what to expect  
from the bottom half....  
lying in wait, part past  
part present by any road  
time to ask for all that  
was & cannot be as it  
cannot be said forever  
alive in speaking & writing  
in the long beat opinion of the  
heart walking into the shadows  
for more, more, more of what  
used to be the same but is now  
new, new, new enough for  
something to feel whereby we  
live & die fingering memories  
on short interest faithfully  
for the heart & for the cry  
of the wilderness....on the move  
under the pines for a hidden purpose  
you nor anyone else can ever tell  
apart

## *zinc white*

by hiding  
the beginning  
& the end  
in two ways  
under brush  
upward forward inward  
the brave  
& the innocent  
play on  
tasting the flora  
beneath the simulacra  
absent love  
now one  
now the other  
a transition  
from Aries  
to Taurus  
because of us  
in habited  
among the porcelain  
around the stars  
each to each  
in the every  
cry of every man  
& every woman  
in light & life & love

## *Lovejoy*

recalling her body  
as she lay/under the stars  
that night/along the beach  
reflecting letters/distractions  
until/almost drowning/in her song  
slowly/further  
away/into the meadow  
of the breaking/waves  
on stillness/censure/purpose  
at best/later learning/her name

*little did we dream*

by not keeping still  
after learning the truth  
she gives away her hidden purpose  
not a moment too soon  
for him to hide  
what becomes  
of a faithful heart  
lost in cheap disillusion  
going down on hysteria,  
apprehensive censure,  
later learning that starting  
apart can help you beat  
the darkness just long enough  
to play down something offensive  
hiding from all that was  
& all that can never be,  
in imagination in her ecstasy  
on the move looking for him  
harder in the cry of the wilderness  
knowing that if he stays too long  
he will be lost forever,  
betrayed forever,  
changed forever

*en bloc*

*i lay awake most every night thinking about poetry.....*

*beryl*

all turns  
lead down  
the same road,  
the wrong road,  
the bottom half  
of the road  
where blowing mist  
under the pines  
drops the darkness,  
no less private  
following on  
the abandonment  
that screams  
for you among  
the mountains,  
deep into the  
embalmed isolation  
to deaden the pain  
associated with both  
the past & the future,  
holding together just long  
enough to wander out to die

*all mixed up*

first came the sun  
then the moon  
then the stars  
then the alcohol  
then the drugs  
then the money  
then the women  
then the crying  
& then the dying  
    inside  
    slow ly  
    every single day

*the cymbals*

made to order  
one by one  
little by little  
coming forward  
to tell  
the truth  
about your life  
in poetry  
among the waves  
along the wind  
on my knees  
praying  
studying  
trying  
trying  
harder & harder & harder  
each time  
you sit down  
to tell  
the truth  
about your side  
of her story  
in poetry

*the mandrake*

far-off.  
trapped.  
unwanted.

*in a word*

her eyes  
move along the rain  
thru the trees  
between sky & land  
onto September,  
scratching the surface  
of the glass  
among the splendor  
of the box  
across the moon,  
from link to link  
out of harm's way  
but strange, naked & frail  
light to color  
just now giving off  
the inescapable truth  
breaking at my side  
when we make love  
in the rain & in the snow,  
seemingly at random  
around the stars  
into the corners  
of the night  
spread out against  
the coming sunrise  
for a hint/of the repudiation  
of the real  
as the perfect product  
of that world,  
your world,  
isolated,  
now one, now the other  
different, beautiful, complex  
tender, special, feels

*from the right & from the left*

out of nature  
among the leaves  
still shaking  
in rain & wind  
the sun, trembling  
naked & frail  
stands silent

timid, concealed  
not doing what it  
is supposed to do

by false comfort  
slow, slow  
slowly coming forward  
to touch a leaf  
thru the trees

trying to control  
itself/not a  
moment too soon

by hiding

from the ghosts  
in the wind  
in the words  
in the branches

*by balance*

picked up  
some where a long the way  
the suggestion of the moment  
bears me out  
in carefully thinking over  
the refrain of a single word  
in the contemplation  
eight over or against nine  
scattered lines & images  
free from the movement of association  
either explicitly or implicitly uninterested  
in the process of composition  
because the relationship between instinct  
& poetry is close, the language  
& the ideas closer, as that  
of refrain without sensation or  
consciousness of effort a repetition  
& return to the poem which is  
at once the most intense memory  
coming to an end at the restoration  
of a letter in a thousand different voices

*on the Argos*

and at the end  
the emotion runs wild  
without imagination  
or heart into  
a desolate solitude  
for the sympathy  
i seek in love  
with a complete  
absence of even  
the faintest mercy  
for an inevitable  
end to the suffering  
or the always solitary  
feeling of letting loose  
shortly afterwards  
coming hard to clear  
the unprovoked  
already calm

***white with gypsum***

more automatic,  
without coming to an end,  
from memory,  
streams of verbal association  
with a repeat end  
solder together  
to provoke my unconscious  
as though from a flash of lightning,  
from the intuition  
able to guess  
at the truth of a poem  
& enter into the meaning  
to explore the possibilities  
of imagination & language,  
as yet uninterrupted  
moving from one part to another  
as the ideas become clearer  
in a free process of association & suggestion  
one after another,  
at best/a glance  
of an earlier version  
of one kind of poetry  
in movement  
arrived at by strict calculation,  
a blueprint written down  
by a vague & general feeling  
that excites the construction  
of the repetition & the return to the poem

***red & brown***

parts of itself  
heavily scrawled  
across the top  
of the page  
between these lines  
by two or three words  
to a color/comes  
the red over the horizon  
shining in the eyes  
of a woman/who  
changes as best she can

*the quest for the fleece*

but in another sense  
in exactly the same way  
as any other poem  
without any predetermination  
as a kind of accident  
the effortlessness is the result  
of long arduous years of effort  
in the arrangement of meter & pattern  
in a burst of feeling  
with far from independent  
problems of the medium  
both conscious & unconscious  
in the process of composition  
for better or for worse  
the process of rejection & revision  
not adequate or coherent enough  
to fulfill the idea  
at the end of the rainbow  
or in the reflection in the pool  
written underneath the water,  
beneath breathing familiar wrongness,  
material identity, memory of color

*the Cedars of Lebanon*

one second  
one second

up in the sky

one second  
one second

just to see

one second  
one second

was enough for me  
/to believe/in God

again

*to dream a little*

by saying it mournfully/  
more forcefully/  
over the moonlight/  
over the ocean  
trapped but not stuck  
in the back  
of her heart,  
if almost all at once  
freeing herself  
from her own cage  
of the intentionally frightening/  
obscene sexuality  
on the statues/  
before the statues/  
lose their color  
on the back  
of the page/  
her page/  
only to become  
a reflection  
of her-self/  
one/ more/ time/

*fantasy literature*

you  
    think  
    you  
    know  
her  
but  
she  
    remains  
    an  
    enigma

*ten petals*

demanding poetry  
a long way from where we started  
by addition of another line  
the first of another  
recurring suicidal thought  
stalks you purring  
far off enough  
in the distance  
for you to hear  
on your way  
to the promised land,  
understandably anguished  
as it comes to this  
one more time  
in its second  
to last finished form  
to avoid repetition  
in the very next line  
with a forced pause  
& an obvious alliteration,  
not necessarily true  
but not necessarily false,  
posing for posterity  
in some definite way  
awaiting judgment,  
changing as best you can  
to avoid the unavoidable  
just to not cry

### *shadows & reflections*

lost between what is  
actually said & what might  
be said so a poet by various  
means may be himself holds  
me tight & appeals continually  
to the senses as an extended  
metaphor lying outside the  
narrative itself when confused  
& identified with each other  
in any form of discourse  
used in various senses  
among the images in the  
same way standing  
for something else fixed  
& recognized where there  
is an element of contrast  
in the unsuccessful management  
of emotions in which another  
context might appear in  
the beauty of the morning  
of a poem with a loose imagination

### *3 questions & 3 answers*

riding the highway  
hour after hour,  
night after night,  
month after month,  
year after year

for a brief encounter  
with

duende

*castle yard*

not clearly discriminated  
it implies the remote,  
    the exotic,  
    the uncontrolled,  
& the exaggerated  
    as contrasted  
with the arrangement of emotion  
in the manner of choosing,  
    ordering,  
& arranging the words  
a unity of final meaning  
synonymous with the form  
of imaginative unity,  
    to the facts  
    a device of indirection  
    easily observable  
by what is actually said  
& what might be said,  
not over-reaching itself  
but not casually regularized  
or systematized either,  
an adequate complicated description  
of an extended metaphor  
lying outside the narrative  
of when i do not know  
if i can be saved or  
want to be saved, this time  
saying consciously or  
unconsciously that i  
am okay with dying (tonight).....tonight

### *scot-free*

in considering-  
a relationship-  
between two syllables-  
& a feminine ending-  
one type for another-  
of equal value-  
forced together-  
by the preceding anapest-  
in determining the rhythm-  
pause & emphasis-  
into juxtaposition-  
for a pause of any kind-  
either violent or modulated-  
can the consonants-  
identify a pattern-  
when the end-  
of the line-comes-

### *the Amazons*

channel firing  
free verse  
mental pictures  
end stop,  
out altogether  
another example  
used above  
electroshock treatment  
for posterity,  
also free,  
predetermining direction  
more or  
less generally  
for better  
or for worse

### *the three dynasties*

only lightly stressed  
in a special tension  
played off against  
a varying number of weaknesses  
can the identity of a pattern  
written in iambic tetrameter quatrains  
come too fast at the right time  
to start again for the making  
of a poem that does not  
conform to any fixed disposition,  
in three quatrains with the  
second & fourth lines rhyming  
as few as one among consonants  
distantly related by a following anapest  
by the preceding caesural pause of a  
slowing down of the tempo to initiate  
contact, & only then a common  
variant, an imitation, a sense of  
ease & fluency, either violent  
or modulated a sharp  
line of demarcation between  
five syllables: love is not enough.  
love is never enough.  
love will never be enough.

### *running with a bull*

acting out a lie  
for the rest  
of his life  
just to go  
any where  
with you  
long enough  
to experience  
what you  
have to  
offer any  
one you  
love  
back

### *5 more reasons to say no*

stopping by the woods  
for a talk with the trees  
i count the madness  
because i can't sleep  
because i know a woman  
in too deep/on the move  
on her own blindness,  
tiny & tender,  
traditional & objective,  
lost & confused,  
cold & disdainful,  
illiterate & suicidal,  
invisible & colorless,  
uncertain & subdued,  
ambient & autobiographical,  
determined & disruptive,  
today & tonight  
absent yet present  
in my thoughts & my feelings,  
coming & going,  
into the starlight  
at midnite  
tomorrow, tomorrow

### *no more*

reconstructed from memory  
when the light fails/falls  
into a place of the imagination  
the cure distorts its way  
of working by treading carefully  
onto The Alcazar/to forget  
about the past/just long enough  
to see to/believe what it  
thinks about/the imminent  
inadequate reality/of the  
nervous collapse/into the poetry,  
less inclined/to write  
but more/inclined to feel,  
in & out of the same/akin to madness  
as the nightingale/sings,  
looks/focuses/&/touches/you

*the transitory*

whatever the differences,  
whatever the reasons,  
  whatever happened  
between you & her  
between the lines,  
your subsequent behavior  
is giving away  
the direct effect  
of perspective  
for a way out  
of the crisis  
you yourself  
created with her,  
  for her,  
    by her,  
    in her  
driving down  
deeper into the abyss  
of her  
ready to step out,  
  break out,  
    cry out  
  for help  
  for something  
that can't be cured,  
    remedied  
  or even alleviated  
  enough to stop  
spreading further down  
  the body,  
    the spirit,  
down the impression of the moment  
gone unrecognized  
or misinterpreted  
in the wreck of a life  
failed too young

*the emergent*

i need you tonight.  
not tomorrow.  
not the day after.  
not this weekend.  
now. right now.  
tonight.  
i need you tonight.  
because you make me feel special.  
    loved.  
    wanted.  
    different.  
ready for love.

*out of date*

unable to pull herself together  
this solitary figure of  
a woman among the trees  
sees no way out of  
    the lies,  
    the decline,  
the promise,  
    the tolerance,  
    the difficulty,  
    the impasse,  
the hiding,  
    the pain,  
    the sorrow,  
the depression,  
    the despair,  
    the development,  
the comedown,  
the poetry

*the Holy Vehm*

plagued with conflicting emotions  
& unsure where to look for answers  
she looks distinctly uneasy  
& out of touch  
in the placid exterior  
of what it feels like  
to settle for less  
just to be in love/  
a doubtful combination  
of simplistic training  
& thinly veiled eroticism/  
under the influence/  
& lost under the clutter  
of several details not worth  
remembering on that  
first step in the  
wrong direction/immediately  
drawn back/to what she thinks/  
she needs/to succeed  
according/to the impression  
of the moment/in whatever  
the reason/unrecognized  
or misinterpreted/given her  
cult appeal/ignored & rejected/  
& slipping away/  
because/she is/in too deep  
far/too deep/  
to walk away/  
when that/is exactly/  
what she/should do

### *flower on the tree*

something beyond a mere poem  
in the midst of them  
treads softly,  
superficially at least  
with indifference  
but left unchallenged  
by precipitating a crisis  
for you  
as an expression of love  
for something to believe in,  
for inspiration,  
for what sets you free  
if it sets you free  
& lets you come back  
when you want without  
calling into question  
the shifting impermanent colors  
in their inlaid calligraphy,  
for the supposition of hindsight  
fully under control  
if you think so,  
if they think so,  
if they let you  
turn your back  
on the outside world  
in your increasing mania,  
your increasing isolation

### *the everyday*

to taste  
& touch  
& see  
& hear  
& think  
the sea  
the wind  
the moon  
& the flowers  
tonight

*the opening of the seals*

since leaving home  
for the chance to lead  
a Christian life  
a quiet feeling of relief  
hangs heavy over the questions  
& confusions of what  
i have come to believe  
to mourn no more,  
absent-mindedly near hysteria  
just to keep my feelings  
to myself long enough  
before sunrise as an  
alternative way to walking  
alone at night against  
the darkening sky,  
unable to express  
the nature & complexity  
of his thinking  
but understanding him,  
understanding his simple faith,  
understanding his former depression  
& understanding that the road is long  
whichever way you turn,  
whichever way you look,  
whichever way you follow  
when in the Imitation of Christ  
with that Angel of God  
on your side

### *an inner space*

frightened by the mania  
which had gripped her  
she searched & opted  
for the easiest solution possible  
down the spiral  
of her mental instability,  
almost immediately afterwards  
copied out in the lower margins  
of the indivisibility/of her thinking  
of every feeling possible,  
worse still for/a strange sensation  
of hearing/a reference to him  
& to her, together, relatively agreeing  
to try/one more time/for a  
momentary aberration/based on  
& intrigued/by a face  
that hides/so much more,  
so much more/than  
far from/unattractive  
than/out of the way  
but in the way,  
always in the way,  
of her eccentricity

### *the resurrection*

casting himself adrift again  
on the point of committing suicide  
as far as can be imagined  
before pulling back/he lays  
over everything close to  
the top in the valley below,  
gently tutoring himself not  
to care anymore because  
he can if he tries hard  
enough to not focus on  
the alternative, not in doubt  
but not in love either,  
content with nothing less  
than more than certain  
that there is nothing left  
to hide, see, or touch

*bad habits*

no doubt nervous  
she begins the long tradition  
of nonconformism  
as we read her thoughts  
& follow her actions  
on the other side  
of coming closer,  
conscious of the signs  
of that increasing inner struggle  
all along the way,  
a sort of illness  
that is hardly visible  
& easily dismissed  
that should not be,  
emaciated & weak,  
barely recognizable  
& unnoticed by the world,  
but for those of us  
who have been there,  
we see how bad it is,  
we feel how bad it is  
because we remember,  
we remember, what it  
was like for us  
in that underground prison,  
that terrible awful dream,  
that partition in a crypt  
that is growing secretly  
in-side of her,  
so we pray,  
we pray hard,  
for her,  
for her – salvation,  
her crisis  
that is approaching  
on the other side

### *third eye*

shunned by the world  
& utterly cast down  
his uncontrollable urge  
to live in imitation  
of Christ goes unnoticed  
by the outside world  
due to a lack  
of understanding  
for that which  
is barely recognizable  
any more/as before  
as someone/who  
stands/in his own light  
for others in need,  
to help, to love, to give  
regardless of the taunts  
or the repercussions  
of living on the streets  
or sleeping in the hedgerows,  
although not much  
more than human  
something different,  
    something special,  
in the long tradition  
    of nonconformism  
a solitary light  
that shines kindly  
thru the windows  
of the soul,  
    the wounded,  
        the sick,  
        the dying,  
sympathetic to even  
those who mock & tease  
him & the way  
he speaks about  
the heavens above  
& the demons below,  
less close than usual  
to God than they think  
in difficulty when deciding whether  
his disturbingly penetrating  
eyes have something  
to them more than ordinary

*the shades*

discouraging free expression  
in a way of breaking  
free from punishing  
himself for the two  
sides of his nature  
his two halves of a  
single creative personality  
tell each other to  
abandon the suggestion  
between the distance  
between them  
& listen harder  
for a sweet submission  
acute enough  
to let go  
in asking for help  
for what/anyone else  
would feel/at failing  
at being  
closely related  
to each other,  
either violent or modulated  
the identity of a pattern  
of whatever he may  
have lacked in/interpretation  
in distrust, one type  
for another careless,  
irregular, & not/enough  
to come/home together,  
or wander alone/at night

*the Book of the Beloved*

from the start  
an overpowering nervous intensity  
somewhat muted inside her  
has always existed,  
in collecting herself  
in the occult & the irrational  
re-creating reality  
beside the violence  
which defines her  
deep-rooted uncertainty  
of how to respond  
to love, to her sexuality,  
& the surface gaiety  
of her unsettled views  
on innocence,  
in her own cage  
struggling to find  
new forms of expression  
further down the path  
of experimentation in language,  
all in all just beginning  
to emerge from her shell  
along parallel tracks  
not yet fully in unison  
but here & there  
capturing the fleeting  
moments of obscure faith  
in reality, defining  
the bridge between  
the first & second  
stages of depression,  
in giving up, in turning round  
showing increasing signs  
of impatience in anticipating  
the end

*material body*

what i give up  
for you  
is just around the corner  
& just beyond the next horizon  
beautifully precise  
in the occult & in the irrational  
easy to follow  
in the obscure faith  
of natural ability,  
part-poverty part-instinct  
just beginning to emerge  
by extension  
out of hand &  
out of basic antipathy  
nervous & impatient,  
careful & precise,  
youthful & withdrawn,  
in different ways of  
defining the same reality  
recreating the interim isolation  
that plagues us both, but  
in you different,  
special,  
liberating  
the fixed standards of perfection  
of the wilder excesses of contemporary poetry  
in inexplicable silences,  
open ground,  
lingering hope,  
stark beauty,  
genuine meaning

*the destitute*

alone in a hotel room  
trying to read between  
    the lines  
leaving a large part empty  
without confrontation  
    or balance  
scattered across/something  
ineffably sad/about you  
    if nothing else  
    no longer afraid  
of this excess/of feeling  
or the inability/to  
pull myself together/  
out of this debilitating/  
depression of images  
that feel something  
    for each other/  
    /one another  
unextraordinary/or  
unremarkably inept  
beside the violence/  
immediately/apparent  
    on edge/enough  
the day after/Xmas  
to lay over  
    every/thing  
    closer to  
    the/sorrow

## *flowers & garlands*

the mind behind the poetry  
is looking for a cheap thrill  
up the road  
from the track  
of what the light captures  
when the excess  
is in the constraint  
that you finally let go  
for a feeling of hands  
along the full length  
of your body

sometimes to a fault,  
sometimes surreal,  
sometimes isolated,

but always interesting,  
always waiting,  
always anticipating  
that next touch,  
that next pause,  
that next excess,  
that next breath

## *part of her*

every morning  
she searches the sky  
for an exact  
reflection of his emotions  
hoping somehow somehow  
at the least  
that he too will  
be searching the sky  
for her,  
for a reconciliation  
at the least at last,  
even if only fleeting  
toward nothing  
if nothing else  
completely  
apart from him

*the living dead*

no matter  
how hard i try  
i am pasted  
to a broken door  
i cannot escape  
or change,  
all to no avail  
the anticipated criticism  
of those who  
do not understand  
nor care to try  
in as near/to earth  
as possible/so that  
they may become  
the lies they  
choose to live by,  
by way/of contrasts  
along/grey walls  
unable to make  
a clean break  
from remaining unfaithful  
to the changes in reality,  
their reality,  
in which we dwell,  
in the end,  
their end,  
alone again

*the fixer*

at first tentatively  
she never admits  
when she talks  
to spirits or  
her addictions,  
not without a  
certain sensitivity  
to love  
or a  
new approach  
to color  
& form  
by working from  
the inside outwards,  
well set against  
the art of  
the open air  
in a single  
perfect flower,  
near the end  
of its determination  
to be alive  
all of which is  
something  
unequivocally  
positively  
beautiful

*tete-a-tete*

can't sleep.

want more.

sex.

poetry.

tattoos.

coffee.

clothes.

cars.

women.

want more.

want more.

always want more.

*indelicate*

two lovers  
walking down  
the road  
hand in hand

asking themselves  
the same questions,

doubting love

### *instant infant*

still finding his way  
thru the maze  
he comes upon a memory  
from the past  
that falls outside the  
limits of his imagination,  
moving faster on the  
fringes of his mind for  
intense color rendered  
mute, a deep-rooted  
uncertainty about a faith  
that touches, goes  
& looks the other way  
when he finds himself in  
that curious place between  
the confusing tendencies  
& ideas of indecision  
in the unusual  
& the impermanence,  
all of which for a moment,  
just a brief moment,  
reveals itself just  
to continue on

### *Spanish gypsy*

erring on the side  
of caution she  
tells herself to  
not overanalyze  
what she thinks  
is too good  
to be true,

because it usually is,

so she starts over,  
turns around, looks harder  
& asks for another kiss,

just/one/more/kiss

*down the sea*

after dark,  
when no one  
is around

we write,

we try,     harder  
to make  
something new,  
something different,  
something, unique

in           poetry

*single dad*

the inability  
of the  
mind  
to face  
the truth

sometimes keeps  
me    up  
at    night

*into the wilderness*

left to himself  
& his own devices  
he is a burden to  
society, a little foolish,  
a popular obsession  
with a cheap alternative,  
a later embroidery  
on the fringe of  
a lighter shade of  
brown, a memory  
from the past,  
a scientific aesthetic,  
from the naturalism  
& the realism  
a dead classicism,  
a new assurance of  
a new start, a  
confusion of images  
& memories, a  
different angle of  
looking at things,  
a sense of personal  
achievement, a beautiful  
implacable insistence at  
the center of composition,  
a willing pupil.....up far into  
the night for her, for poetry

*love-sick*

every morning  
she searches the sky  
for him  
opposite the wall  
at the centre  
of her composition

of him,  
thinking him  
all the way long

back home momentarily  
enough to miss him,  
love him,  
hate him, want him

*almost strangers*

brought about by  
the way/however fleeting  
it is/she reaches  
for anything to keep  
the peace just long  
enough to let  
go at the last  
second, starting to  
unravel one more time  
out in the fields,  
where no one  
can see her/or hear her  
or need her/or want her

### *into symbolism*

outlines of a distant figure  
shielded by the rain  
by direct contact with nature  
comes into view in its  
own imprecise, intuitive way  
for the overall composition  
of original sin throwing  
caution to the wind,  
just off the center  
of the canvas taking on  
a lighter touch of  
the careful build-up of  
the dots of color permeating  
the reason to stay,  
but only vaguely,  
because the art of tomorrow  
is only worth so much today

### *on the Vega*

he  
  has  
  a  
growing  
feeling  
  that  
  he  
  never  
  really  
lived,  
  but  
  sees  
  in  
  his  
son  
  a chance  
  for all  
  his dreams  
to come true

*bad grammar*

battering at his conscience  
at the door  
it becomes  
too much  
for him  
to absorb,  
    overcome,  
so he  
drinks absinthe  
in a shy withdrawn manner  
to help himself  
stand apart  
from the world  
that follows him,  
just outside  
his own walls  
becoming the same old problems  
that continue to plague him,  
the same sense  
of emptiness & loss  
that takes over  
when doves cry  
for water,  
for love,  
for calm,  
for the triptych  
of the presbytery

### *the Sky God*

painting the various flowers  
as they come into blossom  
she follows the precision  
of the drawing  
to be  
completely alone  
in the moment,  
necessary enough  
for the grass  
to feel the mist,  
touch the water,  
hang heavy harder  
in her conscience

### *Brunette*

cut & posed  
out - & - out  
between visits  
the foliage hangs heavy  
in an almost abstract  
virtually wild  
orange & red  
playing on yellow  
in too deep  
light green  
still wet  
illegible smear  
giving head  
up the road  
for something of a comedown  
down the drawn  
beautifully precise  
nearest  
rural idyll  
hysteria  
shifting impermanent colors  
in the mad-house

*Devonshire*

you know exactly  
how i feel

if you read  
what i write

*the life of the mind*

reconstructed from memory  
his youth goes out  
for a walk in the rain  
to clear his head  
& finally accept  
that this might  
no longer be  
a part of his path  
any more, might  
no longer be  
possible anymore,  
not necessary  
any more to be happy  
or feel fulfilled,  
worthwhile,  
or accomplished

*magi & adepts*

left behind to dry  
& due to leave  
she dreams for me  
in an attempt  
to recapture the ephemeral  
of the blue & the orange  
hiding inside the middle,  
despite their obvious differences  
leaving herself isolated  
by pulling me back  
from the abstraction  
of the oleander & the sulphur  
in the equally disagreeable  
unseasonal heavy rain,  
at some point  
in the future  
getting cheated  
but right now  
on the level,  
even steven,  
carefully cultivated  
& undertaken to excess  
by limiting the range  
to a gilded citron yellow,  
on the emotion  
of the method  
the overall composition  
on both sides  
tender & refined,  
just off the center  
of the canvas  
the outline  
of a distant figure  
who used to love us both  
but who is now  
in too deep  
to tell the difference  
between the spirits  
& the addictions  
of the colors & the optics

### *crack/pot*

any suggestion at  
a hint of departure  
when she asks for you  
gets/driven out by  
bringing back memories  
of a mentally unstable  
crisis point in rehabilitation,  
in an isolation cell  
hearing voices that  
might provoke another collapse,  
break-down,  
comfortably established  
& at ease with life  
only when away  
from reality but  
close to home,  
better explained later in the night  
when trying to climb out  
of the balance/between  
the limits/of despair  
& a classic schizophrenic act  
filled with self-loathing,  
tormented by the tension & the epilepsy  
that keeps her mental health  
hanging in the balance

### *tickets unpaid*

so much for breaking free  
because here we are again  
on skid row panhandling for  
bus money to take us back home

*wild flower*

not to be outdone  
by becoming increasingly institutionalized  
at infrequent intervals  
after which she remembers nothing  
of what happened becomes  
a constant feature of life  
in an asylum for her  
when she turns upon herself  
to help herself look after  
herself & control herself  
the best she can, akin to madness  
by suffering from acute mania  
with hallucinations of sight  
& hearing nocturnal screams  
& cries that tell her  
to bite her own tongue  
in mature deliberation,  
suddenly dangerous to herself  
& those around her who  
she loves, hates & ignores  
enough to be trapped inside  
what has been an unstable  
year of broken sleep,  
    broken hearts,  
& broken thought

*the seven sleepers*

i  
am  
a  
child  
of  
the  
times

who  
has  
lost  
his  
way

*the Bikini Bomb*

learning to draw  
girls with tattoos  
the poet of another generation  
bites his tongue  
breaks the bed  
& tears the sheets  
for whatever the treatment  
the role of the real  
plays in something on high,  
once more  
into the picture  
suggesting absinthe or brandy  
when the light fails  
& where the angels fly,  
in every sense  
akin to madness,  
staying in the middle,  
wild & beautiful  
but left behind to dry  
between visits,  
out-&-out,  
drinking less

### *tip-top man*

losing a part of himself  
he closes his eyes  
to avoid the pain/  
in a delayed reaction,  
a hopeful step back  
from the brink/  
more than anything  
a move away  
from the violence/  
from what can be pieced together  
/only later  
/living a part of himself  
in pieces  
between the past  
& the present  
in his mind/  
uncertain until the end

### *being alone*

finally & inevitably  
in twos & threes  
after years of drifting  
almost without a trace  
they saw more & more  
of each other for  
reasons of conservation  
in the gray abandon of  
where black crows still  
circle the sky, far short  
of the development  
of the intimate sympathy  
seen in the context  
of which it is conceived,  
pinned up,  
closed down,  
consequently transformed  
& frayed at the edges,  
slightly damaged  
in one place  
& torn apart in another,  
struggling to breathe

*horse chestnut*

as it is  
back here  
in all the things  
one believes in  
there is a name  
close enough  
to yours  
kept in the dark  
behind the trees  
that suppresses  
the anguish  
of the mind  
twice as long,  
twice as hard,  
far more likely  
to push too far  
in the uninterrupted peace  
of the total silence  
of the moss  
on the bark  
climbing away,  
reaching up,  
reaching down,  
reaching across  
the delicate pink  
& the delicate white  
of the leaves  
& the branches  
on the way back  
to a name  
that ends  
in a flash  
of lightning  
& rain,  
soft,  
steady,  
strange,  
unusual,  
different

*one from her*

in an attempt  
to excuse  
what actually happened  
she makes  
a desperate gesture  
for a life  
which has nowhere  
left to go,  
either permanent  
or fleeting  
near the suffocation  
of struggling  
to breathe,  
in a moment  
of exasperation  
perfectly calm  
& full  
of love  
& understanding,  
surrounded  
by a purple halo  
& a thin stream  
of blood,  
now alone  
& impossible  
to imagine  
what comes  
next in an  
obscure suicide  
that is  
taken from her  
in replacing him  
in abject despair

***sorrow***

one two  
one two

three four  
three four

never again  
never again

five six  
five six

talk back  
talk back

try harder  
try harder

one two  
one two

fuck you  
fuck you

never again  
never again

alone alone  
alone alone

easier easier  
easier easier

that way  
that way

## *English life*

what is lacking in the world  
is everything you instinctively desire  
so you take sides against love  
& come on  
pass on  
bad conscience,  
in one inspiring chapter after another  
neither bought nor sold  
nor told the truth  
but following the principle  
all the way to the end  
until you don't care anymore,  
realizing that you yourself are  
part of the problem, the play  
on contradictions which play  
on the recurrence of the same  
sad sob story in love, not  
substantive but relational,  
less inclined to explore something  
new or something different,  
out & out  
dry & deeply emotional

*on the wall*

in the final year  
preceding her breakdown  
the first thing to go  
was her ability  
to speak plainly,  
another expression of nonstop imagination  
based on resentment  
& a collision of conscience  
in rapid succession  
drifting, drifting, choosing  
to cast aside massive therapy  
for faith in God, country  
& drugs, altogether safe & secure  
but circling in on a question  
of family DNA, genetics,  
history tree discourse  
to think the way we do  
about her, you, me,  
us again

*Ms. Yellow Sky*

she despises her body,  
as beautiful as it is

### *Song of the Lark*

nothing is true anymore  
but i'm trying to stay positive  
so i go under the influence  
to a place far away  
in la la land  
in a certain submissive  
kind of way  
to put myself  
in front of it  
before it takes off  
its clothes  
too fast,  
pulled along  
by the drift  
of its language  
& how it  
moves to  
the music,  
just one shout away  
from falling away

### *dimples in the water*

adrift,  
on the stillest water  
the night goes quiet,  
letting go of a past  
that remains behind  
when she looks out at  
the calm blue green sea  
she/no/longer/needs/to/love  
her/self/any/more

*left to himself*

wanting to be different.  
to be normal.  
to be like you.  
to not care.  
to not dwell.  
    to persist.  
        to love.  
        to live.  
        to run.  
and to never stop.

*special care*

when weary  
and down

and crying,  
    come to me  
and i will  
    pick you up

and kiss you  
and hold you  
    tight

and make it  
    all better

### *learning to draw*

for you  
to me  
beyond the confines of academia  
lies a little poem  
that weaves its way  
across & over a bridge between  
storm & stress  
by descending/into the unconscious,  
as a martyr/of the mind  
a view/of the universe  
ultimately undone/by the contrasts  
of a scholarly discipline/that  
goes nowhere/in the freedom  
of artistic creation  
& breaks down in the  
here & now/of half-hearted  
idealism, traditional discipline,  
blind instinct that configures  
itself in an objective sense  
on the stillest water,  
the despair,  
the tragedy,  
the barest common sense of it all

### *on the way back*

she comes first.  
he comes second.  
i come third.

*too much too soon*

one of a kind  
into insurrection  
under the spotlight  
against the music of the world,  
all in all  
rounding into a circle  
holding open  
the ultimate answer  
about itself  
in the parallels between them  
in the deepest recess of literature,  
right here right now  
the disparity  
creating & consuming  
inner & outer nature,  
out into time  
a betrayal of the heart  
inflicting violence on itself  
by laying out the creative resentment  
that remains faithful to her,  
to him, for finding a clearing  
in a way of crying for yesterday  
in unconditional objectification,  
critical philosophy,  
subversive reading,  
blind fury,  
designations from the outset  
drawn to madness  
in love,  
in lust,  
in bloom

*further on*

face down – in the sand  
nearing an end  
at the beginning  
of a contradiction  
haunting me  
from the disenfranchised  
to the current  
as a constraint,  
a tension,  
an elusiveness  
lurking behind me  
kicking out  
at the obscurity  
from the simple  
to the complex,  
talking back,  
writing, rewriting,  
feeling used,  
feeling tired,  
drained, strained  
instead of inspired,  
motivated, captivated  
by the randomness  
of something essential  
creative & consuming,  
in the process  
emerging as conscience  
in trouble sleeping,  
face down – in the sand,  
face down – in the sand,  
laid to rest  
into a new identity

*lingering hope*

why we read poetry

& what it does

to us

for us

by us

is in the creative possibility

that which helps us

live our lives

a certain way,

not merely contemporary

but deeper outside a feeling

a kind of understanding

on the verge of knowing

something important inside going

from simple to complex,

both implicitly & explicitly

the design upon each

& every single one of us the elusiveness

between the mind

& the spirit,

private experience

& an extinction

during & after a line break

the end of the fourth line

& the beginning of the sixth line

by & for the randomness of it all,

out into time the question

& the ultimate answer,

the obscurity,

the sense,

the syntax,

the feeling,

the abyss

### *near hysteria*

often doubting herself  
in a less prepared  
complex beautiful way  
something amazing happens  
when she lets go  
just for a moment  
without any kind of intermediary  
for better &/or worse  
to stop &/or go  
in a systemic way  
to completely forget  
about poetry just long enough  
to listen to the meaning  
in the sounds themselves  
on the other side of the walls  
somewhere deep inside herself  
with something only poetry/can do  
in an unexpected way

### *erasure poetry*

a more beautiful way  
to express yourself  
easier however loose  
for something close to dreaming,  
in what is different  
never fully known or  
understood because of how  
it looks, sounds & feels  
when what we don't understand  
about ourselves deliberately  
withholds & hides  
itself in a more aware, more open  
uncertainty in poetry of where  
the writer becomes a poet  
for anything else  
for inspiration

### *going to church*

often unconsciously  
careful & close, & elusive  
& obscure without  
an intermediary  
a kind of stylistically derivative  
poetic obscurity  
takes shape  
& grabs you  
& pulls you  
closer to a  
close attention to a  
detail in keeping  
something away  
from the reader,  
the writer,  
the poet  
when not lying/carefully enough  
about the deliberately obscure  
uncontextualized voice  
in our hearts  
when we are brought closer  
to what is most  
difficult to say

### *coming closer*

however lonely with  
someone else's suffering  
of whatever consciousness  
is speaking inside  
the heart about how  
the missing pieces fall  
& move thru careless  
words for a lost sense  
of responsibility right at  
the beginning of what most  
of us fail to see, say  
when we start to go  
numb & start to lose  
the sense of things  
in an essential redefinition  
of the world we feel

*on still-life*

in its deepest sleep,  
sense, heart, emotion  
on the outside  
    looking in  
several lies away  
from rearranging  
your conscience  
she guesses at you  
and tries to answer  
the question in  
a different way,  
in a dreamscape  
vaguely foreign  
and slightly dislocated,  
    down the line  
    merely lovely  
and together sustained  
in the corners of something  
unexpected, something exposed,  
something self-conscious  
in something sweet about  
the intimacy of this moment,  
this feeling, this communion,  
this way something like it,  
like you, like her, like water  
falling, trailing, calling you  
    away somewhere  
    just like it

*the iris in the garden*

she had become subtle  
among the shapes,  
in relative obscurity,  
different, yet the same  
as before but not true,  
full of hope, love,  
sensitive to the  
way of words, touch,  
for her nothing else  
but intuition, writing,  
interpreting why this  
is why, when this  
is when, & how this  
is how she loves  
the many different ways  
of reading poetry

*up the road*

a ghost of her father  
dusty in the corner  
of the pain of absence  
creates a kind of awareness  
for her in her writing

*black silk*

he says hello  
in a repeating metrical pattern  
she is not used to  
and in the moment  
feels the drawing of flesh  
becoming another  
more fragmented and compressed  
syntax of skin  
    on skin,  
carved away by emotion  
of some kind of disorder  
the same  
and not the same,  
languishing  
and getting closer to one another,  
solemnly right  
and connected in ways  
we do not ordinarily  
associate  
with or without  
on a soft, wet, summer,  
September, night

*something on high*

fading into you  
one more time,  
one last time,  
for no discernable reason  
except to feel you,  
    to see you,  
    to sense you,  
    to love you harder  
    faster, better  
    before saying goodbye  
for ever,  
    never,  
        together,  
        again

*the sudden nearness*

very close to the purpose of poetry  
a place for associative thinking  
overcomes every other sensation  
in her eyes  
and in her smile  
and in her purpose  
for something more like a cadence  
of a rhythm that develops on  
its own two bodies  
locked into a single idea,  
even closer,  
looking closer at each other  
straight out from a book  
and letters in the mail,  
yet elusive and unresponsive,  
holding it together/barely  
by being one of them  
in a different kind of attention  
missing something in a certain  
kind of meaning that  
remains distinct and out  
of reach, drifting,  
sailing, assailing the  
question itself in the fantasy  
of the two of you mixed together,  
merged together  
off into the unfamiliar  
pushed beyond herself  
at last beginning in a place  
where she can feel free  
to make those connections

*higher up*

the crash  
remains distinct  
by the unlikely  
end of sentences  
down the page  
waiting to be sexed  
for nothing else  
however particular  
in the way of you  
up a line  
talking back  
in English & Spanish  
about nearing an end  
right here  
right now  
into the trees  
& delusion  
in the middle  
of where we go  
when we are  
alone with  
each other

*orange yellow*

just like you  
she stops  
& asks  
where we  
are going,  
why we  
are going,  
& who  
will be  
    there

*no longer young*

a retreat from reality  
in my mind  
breaks down  
by no one  
special  
recombined  
for an inner peace  
seldom sought  
or found  
in poems  
as in dreams,  
the light  
in the mind  
of another imagination  
freely reimagined  
in a more  
or less conscious way  
the preservation  
of the poetic experience  
in another reader,  
without mentioning it directly  
the nature  
of a different  
sort of engagement  
of the mind  
beginning a new thought  
in a different way  
of thinking, seeing,  
feeling different  
from the rest  
of us



*one woman alone deserted*

painted red  
for another  
ending that is  
not true anymore  
the Hindu God Shiva  
blinks & repositions  
herself harder  
to the right  
adrift instinct  
as a martyr  
of the mind  
letting go  
in the name of beauty,  
receding either way  
into insurrection  
against the music  
of the world  
kicking out  
the elusiveness  
even after  
talking back,  
full of contradiction  
into a place of communion  
for what we  
do not understand  
in order  
to think differently,  
separately, completely,  
loosely used intuitively  
in search of meaning  
down a line  
on the outside  
looking in  
thru language  
for a defamiliarizing  
technique of the  
recognizability of the  
description of the  
deliberate obfuscation  
of words,  
in thought & space  
the value of  
a different way of thinking  
of the physical  
nature of things,  
the color of water,  
& the inner peace  
of looking out a window  
at a single idea

*how they hang*

falling deeper into  
the words, the language,  
the poetry until the  
shifting contradictory  
thoughts of you  
surface more & more  
thru the writing  
& the ghosts  
in the machine  
of the pretense  
of each moment,  
continuing to ask  
the questions  
in your mind  
that can not  
be answered,  
nor shared  
with anyone  
outside this  
avatar of silence,  
this appearance  
of truth,  
this origin  
of beauty,  
this faith,  
this drifting

### *hand & eye*

ignoring the words  
onto the text  
in so far as it is  
onto a certain kind of ambiguity  
forced back onto interpretation  
of the poem itself  
working for the reader  
thru emotion,  
the process of understanding,  
& the inexplicable feeling  
that overcomes every other consideration  
when the unsayable exhilaration  
that can not be explained  
breaks into the sky  
& bears left  
& follows its possibilities  
in time,  
its time,  
using language  
to do something different,  
something special,  
something unique

### *into the picture*

thru this ending  
you grab a handful of rain  
and run as fast as you can  
laughing, happy  
with the biggest beautifullest  
smile  
on your face,  
happy, having fun,  
playing

# *Part III*

*the feeling*

*a love sour*

she reveals  
something about herself  
in her poetry,  
in her words,  
in her tenderness  
of attention  
to detail  
in the ambiguity  
of the overall structure,  
a coherent way  
of thinking  
about a sense  
of what we care  
about most  
& a sense  
of what we think  
is most beautiful,  
associative,  
possessive,  
intuitive  
in the uncertainty  
& complexity  
in the process  
of purification  
until it permeates  
her consciousness,  
her spirit,  
her soul,  
her reawakening  
to better comfort  
herself  
& think  
more freely  
about how best  
to experience  
it in a new way  
in the imagined  
loss of her mind,  
or anywhere else,  
anywhere else,

*in every sense*

lifting her head  
she puts a finger on  
my lips to shut me up,  
spinning top over,  
by the look of punctuation  
the speed of association  
in automatic writing,  
assimilating & integrating  
an extension of the consciousness  
in the clarity,  
the intensity  
not yet known  
but already familiar  
in a strange lucid way  
slowly slipping into dementia,  
immediately defamiliarizing  
& more resonant,  
more attentive,  
more anxious

*star in the dark*

looking back  
on the use of narrative in poetry  
you realize every other line  
was indented to take place  
in a real & mythical & gothic  
place of sensitivity & emotional  
existence, related to one  
another as closely as possible  
as well as in the grammatical structure,  
the thought movement, & the yellow leaves,  
    drifting,  
        sailing,  
            vanishing

*as the nightingale sings*

isolated  
from the pain  
passing over you  
into her  
without  
much warning  
or expectation  
in its own progress  
you kneel low  
to stop it  
from hurting  
her more,  
taking it into  
a different direction  
for something better, harder  
from all the borders  
it already knows, grows  
and expects to take  
home with it, for it  
to resonate farther.....  
and for that moment,  
that brief moment  
you die.....  
but you save her  
from becoming what you  
have become, sustain, survive

## *Sister Epiphanie*

near drawn down  
the same to her  
among the hedges  
the robin in the garden  
inexpressibly pushes back  
my version of America  
to look closer  
at the urban forest  
at the end of the sentences,  
only rarely  
looking up  
at me  
down the line  
for a deep sensitivity  
& compassion  
only it knows,  
in something close to dreaming  
the English & the Spanish  
central to my life  
in the long afternoons  
& the early nights

## *looking into the night*

a precision of description  
appears & disappears  
& emerges  
from the sleep  
in a way  
that comes  
from language searching  
for some thing that  
can not be found anymore,  
because it does not  
                  exist anymore

## *Les Invalides*

whatever your sex  
as it happens  
in the mind  
of the poet  
for no discernible reason  
of what has  
become too familiar  
in an obscure world  
in the same way  
by the mundane  
by the transference  
to dream a little  
in a kind of elusive  
desire to experiment  
that you do not  
feel anywhere else  
but in bed  
and vice versa  
played as it is touched  
by another woman  
more alive  
when and where  
the fantasy of poetry  
begins and ends

## *the green fairy*

when being alive  
is & is not enough

*crescent moon & star*

not quite yourself  
regardless of why  
another way of understanding  
yourself that is more alive  
than you  
comes to you  
to whisper  
something as necessary as  
being no better no worse  
than her, and her eyes  
when she looks at you  
that way for something you  
both already know but  
do not acknowledge,  
even less of a feeling  
but more of an understanding,  
a personal identity,  
a state of mind  
for the both of you  
that feels ambiguous  
and obscure, specific,  
special, different  
    from everyone else  
    you both know

### *above water*

placed inside the poem  
some where a long the way  
a possibility of words  
breathes, lights up  
a way of meaning  
for something else  
out of the preconscious,  
by the mind & the senses  
a strange comparison  
of association that is  
impossible to say  
with out the other,  
unspecified & undefined,  
engaged, suggestive, corrupt,  
from the collective memory  
familiar & unfamiliar,  
personal & superficial,  
beautiful & compressed,  
emotional & inevitable,  
obedient & sincere,  
rushed & sweating,  
recombined & drifting,  
exhausted & afraid,  
restless & diseased

### *the udjat eye*

sometimes by one  
& sometimes by the other  
by the both of them  
at the standard rate  
increased by common sense  
between East & West  
bridging the differences  
until after an easy transition  
forever closed sooner or later  
by one & sometimes by the other

*gypsy music*

brought together  
across time & space  
out of the smallness  
no matter how unlikely  
thru a kind of magic  
by the movement of the mind  
thru the emotion, settling,  
looking up at the moon  
& thinking that part  
of the reason is  
the indifference of the mind,  
in a kind of aggression  
in such a narrow space  
barely seen & half read,  
up on us alone  
questioning uncertainty,  
in this moment of respite  
trying to make sense  
of it all  
with cracked hands,  
dry lips,  
gypsy eyes  
& the hope of a child  
left behind  
in the wind

*original sin*

against myself  
by myself  
for myself  
sorry  
it has  
come to this

*anyone else*

climbing along the words  
down the page  
she asks  
for a certain  
kind of knowledge  
and lets go  
one more time around  
the quickness of the line,  
out of nowhere  
stopping at what  
can not be found  
any more  
or known  
any longer,  
in her own private direction  
a nearly perfect experience,  
a central unsayability,  
a kink in the chain  
somewhere in the poem  
for the right emotion  
at the right time  
in the right word  
breathing,  
    breathing,  
        breathing,  
            harder

*not coming back*

        when  
        the  
    human  
    heart  
    is  
    tired  
    of  
breaking  
every single  
day  
so damn  
much

*asylum for the alienated*

even a word  
like love  
tells lies.  
just like you  
you move on.  
it is the silence  
itself left after.  
to see ourselves  
for who we  
truly are.  
it can  
be hard  
to break  
free.  
not saying anything,  
in bits  
& pieces  
of nothing.  
it can also be  
a personal or  
a collective unconscious.  
the right & left margin,  
that nothingness  
always in the beginning.  
hard line,  
hard time.  
more often than not  
what is coming next.  
something akin to being desperate.

*seabirds*

          yes,  
i  
  am  
  
my  
  poetry

*near the dunes*

that absence  
close to the abyss  
across the inescapable  
void between subject  
and form  
breathes nowhere else  
but poetry  
in both  
its spirit  
and its shape,  
like you  
a reminder of all  
that is good  
in the world  
and what we have  
to look forward to,  
from one poem  
to the next  
the road less traveled  
with nothing left to give,  
like you  
between the stanzas  
at the ends of the lines  
fingering the triangle,  
the box, the circle,  
the pyramid

*more than any other poet*

into the primeval darkness – i see her  
half lit along the walls  
of a solemn hallucination  
begging for a special kind of gloom  
she will never receive/accept  
or fail

### *strung out*

i silently say yes  
one more time  
hoping this time  
you keep your word,  
finally, buying & selling  
the shape of the future  
that is & is not enough,  
for you,  
an intimate relationship  
that must be continually surrounded  
by love at all times  
under any & all circumstances  
a kind of existential buzzing  
that preserves the imagination  
in the pressure of the real  
& makes it as beautiful  
as you can, in only a way  
that you can  
choose to not imagine  
for some kind of cure  
for you  
yourself  
alone

### *settling down*

the water,  
the clouds,  
the geraniums,  
the marijuana,  
the twilight,  
the wind,  
the junipers,  
the intensity,  
the sun,  
the moon,  
the script

*suggested*

para que,  
why should i,  
what's in it for me,  
says who,  
para que,

no thank you,  
i'm not interested

*just like a dream*

move out.  
get a job.  
get an apartment.  
get a car.  
get a nice girl.  
tell her you love her.  
marry her.  
move to a bigger place.  
have a baby.  
get a nanny.  
get a minivan.  
get a better paying job.  
save up. as much as possible.  
have another baby.  
tell your wife. you love her.

*movingly lucid*

like shadows  
woven into  
the fabric,  
the description  
is set against  
a declared background  
of formality by a  
marked pause,  
thru the forgery  
the shifting in every  
word of the description  
distinct, unique,  
whatever its content  
the center of his emotion,  
a fixed pattern  
on the verge of revelation  
softly taking on the withdrawal  
of the outline of a woman  
on the grass,  
scattered in the trees,  
hopeless, & listless

*touch, taste, smell*

lately my heart  
has been breaking.  
especially now. that  
i know the truth.  
less arbitrary this  
time around, i know  
what to do. how to  
handle it. keep it together.  
move on. further. faster. harder.

### *into poetry*

last night breaking  
out at sea  
a number of times  
trying to catch the rhythm  
of the mist  
after that first death  
with a dialogue among the skeletons  
on the slightest reflection  
increased by the contrast  
as a direct reference to the meaning  
of the poem in the night  
when God speaks to the Dead

### *porches*

keep me high.  
keep me drinking.  
keep me writing.  
keep me working.  
keep me loving.  
& keep me forgetting.  
if you want to  
keep me. producing.  
    poetry.

### *colors wild*

preparing her  
for a new incarnation  
when she sleeps,  
when she wakes,  
& when she dies  
on the way up  
& on the way down  
of the conscious  
of what she lost  
in the summer  
of 2019

### *imminent hysteria*

underneath a dream  
where the rain/comes down hard  
the streams/run down her body  
in various kinds of grief,  
in the image of a woman  
    from a mother's sleep  
characteristic of the imagery  
    in the middle distance,  
        in senselessness,  
        in flesh to talk  
        to another meaning  
        of a dream of life,  
        faithfully devastated  
        by the guilt of a mistake  
that keeps resurfacing  
as a return into  
the beginning of things,  
in the making half awake,  
        on track,  
        any tear away  
        from whispering  
        a name no  
        longer remembered

### *rhyme, rhythm & stress*

amid the loneliness  
lies a kind of ode  
& a manufacturing of words  
that goes unanswered by  
a string of pretty faces  
& sweet voices full  
of exaggerated praise  
& lies, half-truths  
& tall tales, in the allusiveness  
straight comedy of how  
to & how not to give  
too much of oneself to  
the self-indulgence of strangers  
who under happier circumstances  
sell their bodies & their souls  
just to be close to temporary genius

*working at the loom*

never far from grief  
something called love  
transcends the given  
in the gap between  
the ideal & the real,  
over our collective imagination  
a hint of the depth  
& complexity of intimacy,  
on the surface of the words  
what it looks & feels like  
to touch you, feel you  
sense you reconciling us,  
softly – in the dusk

*sad-eyed melancholy*

it summons an alternative/possibility,  
an alternate beginning,  
an unacknowledged emotion, a  
series of particular words  
by close reference to the poem  
different, special, sincere  
in the end/impossible to understand  
because it has an architecture  
of its own in spite of me,  
          in spite of you,  
          in spite of a simple  
cry of the heart

*or whatever*

open to the sun  
out of keeping time  
into silent contemplation  
a kind of permanence  
in the ephemeral  
makes its way  
to a place  
where nothing moves,  
both implied & declared  
a dim & inaccessible past  
suddenly angry at the quiet  
at the bottom of the mind,  
one by one  
in & out  
of each other  
becoming more aware  
of the pattern  
of shape & sound  
on the walls,  
entirely beautiful as  
a kind of extension  
of the ordinary,  
unfiltered, unedited,  
sudden, direct,  
out of sympathy  
reconciling you,  
reconciling me,  
from song to silence  
toward responsibility  
subtly & variously  
for a deeper  
sadness & regret  
ready to cling  
to the crimson  
on the walls.....

*shifting impermanent colors*

inside her,  
pushing thru her,  
are emotions  
out of an accustomed attitude  
of love immediately discounted by  
the former part of the landscape,  
far apart & unable to touch each other  
with lines that sometimes cross  
one another at an angle as a kind  
of strain, soft as sound, not in  
perfect accord but good enough  
to get by, in careless generosity  
the sense of the intensity,  
one of many possible sentimental  
approaches, the exactness of  
the comparison of addiction  
& poetry, on one level the same  
& on another different,  
strange & high  
& purely arbitrary,  
& as heaven falls on her  
thoroughly inconsistent enough  
to try one more time  
in a place where nothing moves  
in the quiet of the night

*Rococo*

just like you  
i am not  
ready to tell  
the truth  
about what  
happened that  
night in Budapest  
in 2003

### *the malevolent*

she creeps across the stars  
on the outside of a dream,  
up from the underworld  
with every request possible  
there to take your place,  
high in the azure & easy  
enough to be anything else,  
having a numbness in  
the mind & the imagination  
conceding dialogue whether  
it hangs together or is confused,  
by conscious practice a very  
superficial view, in composition  
finding a suitable structure,  
beyond the sex in the violence  
in its glow suddenly meaningless  
as she realizes he still loves her

### *Tin Pan Alley*

awake in our minds  
in the burrows of the night  
when there is no solution  
to the problem & love is not love  
we concede dialogue on how carefully  
time is worked out, not merely beautiful  
but incredible in whether it hangs  
together or is confused, letting go  
at just the right time to watch  
from the shadows without  
anyone knowing, kind of naïve  
but honest & sincere & beautiful,  
which is on one level true  
& on another false, a kind of disaster  
by the way it gets handled sometimes,  
but in the indefiniteness of the feeling  
the labyrinthine underground flower  
garden we find in Tin Pan Alley

## *the Council of Nicea*

the murky  
the dirty  
the impure  
the confused  
& the liked  
are brought safely to rest  
across the iambic structure  
not to dream  
but to scream  
together toward heaven  
for forgiveness  
for a lack of not  
trying hard enough  
for the necessary context  
of the ideal image  
of life-after-death  
for the continuity  
between this world  
& the next world  
for forgiveness

## *iambic*

upon the straits  
going & coming back  
seemingly at random,  
only in separation  
heard on the Aegean  
in the sound of thought,  
by divergent interpretations  
passive acquiescence  
between this world  
& the next,  
where love lives  
no longer  
beside anything more  
than the truth

*a forgetting*

as far from perfect  
as possible  
& purely optimistic  
in particular  
about me  
& about you  
& where we  
will go  
unless something is done

*the nameless way*

you  
could  
have  
chose  
a  
quiet  
life

but  
instead

you  
chose  
this

*Sufi poetry*

the chaos  
inside you  
comes out  
at night  
when every  
one else is  
a sleep

*the rose window*

they  
have  
become

    a  
waste  
of  
time.

and  
so

has  
this  
job.

so  
has  
this  
career.

so  
has  
this  
place.

so  
has  
this  
town.

so  
has  
this  
life.

*letter sequences*

soft & effeminate  
he is  
a new kind of boy,  
a different  
kind of toy  
for you,  
for her,  
for him,  
for every  
one with the  
right kind of money

*the lesser mysteries*

somewhat ambiguous  
& reluctant  
& strictly legal  
we are somewhat similar  
in a soft  
& effeminate way  
old & young,  
not allowed to happen

*second best*

in this way,  
on them alone,  
we are free & united  
in love, in hate,  
in passion, in ecstasy,  
at nothing else  
if not in  
insurrection

*the brush dance*

now & then  
i forget myself  
& where i am  
when i am  
with you

*pine cone*

jobs  
don't  
mean  
a thing.  
only  
what is  
inside  
your heart  
matters.

*Virgil*

free & united,  
decadent & corrupt,  
East & West,  
Ways & Means,  
love & hate,  
depth & width,  
first & second,  
April & May,  
deeper & deeper,  
less & less

### *guiding Angels*

removed from sex  
finally by both  
the living & the dead  
the problem of love  
is solved for me in the forces  
of silence, death & thought  
owing to timidity,  
the fauns & the satyrs  
neither suppressed nor released  
in the ambiguity or uncertainty  
of esoteric thinking,  
or moral intelligence

### *purple & red*

deep into contemplation,  
controlled breathing,  
a sense  
    of time passing,  
        visions,  
light, energy,  
the stillness,  
    the Vedas,  
        the Rishis,  
        the Sufis

### *blowing mist*

hardly anyone  
knows me anymore  
    and it is  
        my fault

### *Dr. Mabuse*

for you & yours  
& his & hers  
& theirs & there  
    over there  
by the window  
on the ledge  
    next to  
the Veranda  
    for you

### *the language of the birds*

death is not the end.  
it is just. the beginning.  
of a new. poem.  
in a pyramid.  
of light. descending.  
from the sky.  
before the separation.  
of the earth. & the sun.

### *Mount Meru*

both in life  
& after death  
hidden in the forests  
is an after-death experience  
that knows how to dream  
consciously/& visit other  
people/in their dreams  
by the act  
of leaving the body  
by floating  
out of the body  
in sleep  
in certain promptings  
in an alternate  
state of consciousness

***dull red hair***

she is  
difficult to interpret  
if you are trying  
too hard  
or over-analyzing  
the thought  
behind what she  
is saying

***mornings, afternoons & evenings***

equally important,  
in living memory,  
suffered in silence,  
a mental exercise  
performed in solitude  
which is difficult  
to interpret  
plagues me  
harder, faster, longer  
into the stars  
written behind  
the spirits  
of the dead

***baying at the moon***

consumed by the darkness  
that overwhelms us  
when we are sleeping  
in the seven grades  
of initiate school  
detached from  
the sensory perceptions  
of the body

### ***Dover Beach***

she creeps  
in at the margins  
of life  
to tell you  
to love her  
back if you  
want to  
keep her

### ***blind moth***

in the sound  
of music  
the revolving  
two-petalled lotus  
tells the story  
of life  
out of date  
to make a point  
that all love,  
if it is true love,  
involves  
a letting go

### ***a bird & a flower***

equally important  
therefore necessary  
until after  
them  
nothing else  
breaks out  
by bridging  
the next  
step taken  
to an ending  
as far  
from perfect  
as possible

*saying nothing*

laughing  
at  
fools  
like  
me  
who  
waste  
their  
time  
studying  
&  
writing  
poetry

*play on*

sometimes referred  
to as the status quo  
in the sense of absence  
inside you  
in principle  
& becoming less & less  
afraid or likely  
to go from me to you  
for a lack of progress  
in love

*unnamed star*

in recanting  
the success  
of you  
from me  
to you  
for me  
to you  
in the emerging  
necessary tension  
among us after  
learning the truth

*all that was & can not be*

the truth  
about ourselves  
exploring  
the  
many  
different  
possibilities  
in  
poetry  
and  
realizing  
you  
are  
one  
of  
them

*3<sup>rd</sup> person reading*

even now  
until now  
indifferent  
of the  
reassuring  
neutral  
compromise  
inside all  
of us

*everest green*

conditionally suspended  
in the interests  
of poetry  
& sometimes  
referred to as  
the status quo  
in poetry  
for the  
preservation of poetry  
in the  
sale of poetry

*long unread*

just  
these  
few  
lines  
to  
express  
how  
i  
feel  
and  
how  
sorry  
i  
am  
about  
falling  
out  
of  
love  
with  
you

*the gates*

in principle  
demonstrably untrue  
after death  
the natural emergent  
descent thru  
the next incarnation,  
substantially less  
than forging  
a conscience  
for the next life  
of sin  
you will lead

*open body*

hidden  
in plain view  
& dissipating  
& detaching  
itself from  
the dry abstract  
existential  
darkness  
that consumes  
you  
in the ambiguities  
that remain

*into the street*

life after death  
only after  
confessing  
all your sins  
and asking for  
forgiveness

*the druids*

when  
it  
is  
necessary  
to  
think  
in  
an  
upside  
down  
kind  
of  
way  
just  
to  
make  
it  
thru  
the  
day

*mother love*

covering her body  
in a substantially  
less way  
than usual  
she lets him  
dream a dreamless  
sleep of her  
on a dry  
abstract  
piecemeal  
existential  
ascent  
inside  
her

*of deep sensuousness*

from me  
to you  
in conscious  
participation  
outside  
the fauns  
& the satyrs  
amongst  
the neutrals  
in the land  
of the dead

*half Cherokee, half Cheyenne*

beginning to end  
in which it  
first gives itself  
a reason to  
not care anymore  
the practical madness  
in her imagination  
considers you  
by accident,  
against mediocrity  
out of recognition,  
under pressure,  
proven false,  
to date  
blocked out,  
a little further on  
indulged in  
carrying it off,  
turning back,  
remaining faithful  
to itself  
first & foremost

*after dark*

nothing since  
any suggestion of love  
last September  
does not read well  
in her imagination,  
& has not yet  
been revealed  
under an integrated  
& irresponsible  
illusion  
of herself  
in secret,  
devious,  
neutral,  
blacked out,  
new & more careful,  
but still running  
in the wrong  
direction

*inimical eyes*

worst of all,  
she is seeing  
someone new  
who looks  
just like you

*better said*

as last as tomorrow  
in complete indifference  
for ourselves  
we will wait too long  
to tell each other  
how we feel about  
one another

*on show*

wrapped up  
inside a welter  
of words  
& unable  
to express  
myself  
i tell  
you how  
i feel  
about you  
& why  
i want  
to spend  
the rest  
of my life  
with you

*under the pines*

i  
can  
not  
help  
thinking  
of  
the  
events  
of  
my  
life  
&  
regretting  
most  
of  
them

*sun dials*

born of intense  
& unyielding love  
& deliberately  
disrupted  
by the deep  
anxiety  
& remorse  
in a kind of way  
in which  
a new  
empty space  
brings  
it closer  
to the inner  
failure  
for what  
is beautiful,  
for what  
is simple,  
& for what  
is gentle

*decembering*

she is  
aware  
that  
she is  
different.  
& she  
persists.  
regardless.

*maybe later*

traced out for us  
in our individual lives  
by somebody else  
living in stoned isolation  
as subjectively as possible  
& not wanting to go back  
ever again into the life  
of the imagination  
in the initiation

*wild rose*

she  
lives in  
isolation  
because  
it is  
easier  
that  
way

*sloppy handwriting*

no where near  
the life  
of the  
imagination  
when she picks up  
a pen to write  
another poem

*the end of the rainbow*

in the very depths  
of his spirit  
& his imagination  
in the midst  
of a bright flashing light  
for what is beautiful  
& for what is gentle  
there is no suggestion  
too holistic  
or too unequal,  
slender, neutral,  
drawn out of him  
by him  
for her,  
when the spirit  
leaves the body  
in the gathering darkness  
in an unprecedented way,  
in an intimate way,  
in a new way,  
to roll back boundaries  
of consciousness  
one, last, time

*run-ons*

beset by delusions  
thinking & feeling  
i am supposed  
to be somewhere else,  
anywhere else,  
but here  
with you  
fighting  
again

### *fluorescent*

waiting until tomorrow  
at this crossroads  
in my life  
it goes both ways  
as a variation  
on this level of consciousness  
thinking & feeling  
i am trapped  
inside a private delusion  
of myself

### *after long*

gods, angels and spirits  
and the seven major  
archetypes of the  
collective unconscious  
as they move  
from one mind  
to another  
in love, sex and sleep  
in & around their bodies,  
her body,  
covered in stars,  
words, and poems

### *nectar*

she sits down  
and works out  
what to do  
and what to say  
in her head  
thinking and feeling  
no more  
because that  
makes her weak  
whenever  
he shows up

*or to her body*

inside the  
process of  
being lost  
in the  
tradition  
of the gypsies  
marked  
for something  
different

*pen-in-hand*

walking  
down  
a  
road  
that  
leads  
straight  
to  
hell

*the cry of the wilderness*

seventy seven times  
born again in  
the healing powers  
of esoteric  
philosophy  
enduring the  
different stages  
of the different  
patterns of the  
different  
colors

### *here & now*

pulling him out of the coffin  
by the tradition of the gypsies  
inside the process of being lost  
before the earth and the sun and the moon  
become separated and lose consciousness  
travelling down a long series of chambers  
thru a symbolic sacrifice on pain of death  
that leads straight to the lunatic asylum

### *left over*

losing all consciousness  
by the different patterns  
of the different colors  
in a tavern at the end of the world  
on the second floor  
buying second hand healing powers  
having neither beginnings nor ends  
in the tradition of the gypsies

### *Ravenscroft*

he  
knows,  
in  
his  
heart  
of  
hearts,  
that  
he  
does  
not  
love  
her  
any  
more

## *The Ru*

believing  
what we want  
to believe  
about the first  
trick in history  
and the descent  
into the darkness  
in a crude  
or trivial sense  
as if it holds  
the very secret  
of life to the  
transfiguration  
of the material  
body of humanity  
to a turning  
point in consciousness  
for a terrible  
sincerity believing  
what we want  
to believe  
even among  
the judgment  
of the dead

## *staying the night*

lost to her  
believing what  
she wants  
to believe  
about him  
and how  
he looks  
when he  
tells her  
he loves her  
  
and nobody else

*changing the order of the letters*

made to feel  
the tragedy  
of his own life  
the 42 judges  
of the dead  
tell him what  
it felt like  
to be there  
in the highest  
and the deepest  
moral discipline  
as a series  
of fractions  
living on only  
in the collective  
imagination

*in the Congo*

aware that she  
is different,  
special,  
unique,  
she loses  
consciousness  
in a stone circle  
in the face of beauty  
from now on  
scattered,  
high,  
deep,  
barely alive

*sex & sin*

living  
on only  
in the  
collective  
imagination  
she has  
created  
for herself  
she comes  
to life  
harder  
when she  
writes  
about  
what she  
feels,  
sees,  
thinks

*dim soul*

the one  
who  
knows  
nothing  
else  
is the  
one  
who  
holds  
the key  
to  
the  
door  
you  
are  
looking  
for

*on my way home*

having neither  
beginnings of nights  
nor beginnings  
of days  
the hand  
of the shades  
trace  
the fall  
of Jericho  
in the highest  
and the deepest  
of judgements  
into the next stage  
of the evolution  
of consciousness

*to Paz*

she withdraws  
deeper  
& deeper  
into a maze  
of words  
to hide,  
& to write,  
her poetry

*the soliloquies*

feeling guilty  
for feeling beautiful  
for being beautiful  
the cherubim  
glows in the imagination  
as the embodiment  
of Christ  
in a beautiful gentle  
growth of the way  
back home

*strangers again*

he has  
a moral discipline  
that is hard to maintain  
& hard to accept  
in any relationship

*poplar in the wind*

in search of God  
i come across you,  
beautiful son.  
everything for you,  
from now on,  
beautiful son.  
until the day i die.

*in the autumn*

trapped inside his head  
he dreams of her, for her,  
loves her, hopes for her,  
prays for her, lives for her,  
lies for her

*non-resisters*

strange and solitary  
i have come to accept  
how i am  
and what i represent,  
no longer afraid  
and no longer holding back  
for the sake of you  
or anyone else  
ever again

*wind & rain*

i can't see.  
i can't feel.  
i can't love anymore.

*the stoics*

the obscurity & loneliness  
is killing me,  
draining me,  
sucking me dry  
& leaving me  
with nothing  
to live on  
anymore

*one of the editors*

purple & red  
& strange & solitary  
i am, i am  
myself for myself  
by myself, unable  
to tell myself  
the truth  
about myself  
any more

*Lilith*

rolled with rope,  
hog-tied, balled  
and gagged, unable  
to breathe, safe  
word or no safe  
word, coming harder,  
harder, harder

*Wednesday or Thursday of next week*

she heals  
the sick  
& rejuvenates  
the old  
in a mathematically  
precise way  
with the tip  
of a needle,  
& patience,  
& love

## ***Endor***

i  
have  
a  
propensity  
for  
hallucinations

and  
life  
after  
death

sequences

with  
the  
witch

of  
Endor

## ***The Mystery Schools***

after initiation  
the Prince of Peace  
comes inside a spirit  
of enlightenment  
in an abstract  
mathematically precise way  
alternating between  
mystical ecstasy  
& intellectual analysis  
somewhere over the rainbow  
in the Book of Interpretation  
behind the material world,  
entering the spirit world  
just to find the path  
to understand everything

*summer in the Sierras*

i have  
an out of body  
experience  
so the spirit  
can live outside  
the body, harvest  
a soul, and  
come back harder  
in silence, unseen,  
to leave behind  
no negative intentions

*saying no*

walking inside the mysteries  
barely knowing the truth  
any more there is no  
suggestion of conscience  
inspired by the experience  
of initiation, or apart  
from you anything that  
matters any more, like this,  
like you, independent of  
perception, easy to misinterpret,  
dwelling, instinctively, in the heart,  
in the mind, in the spirit

*the mundane*

apart from you  
isn't worth it anymore,

nothing apart from you  
is worth it anymore,

i only want to be with you,  
just you,

from now on

### *yellow leaves*

worked out by  
a process of elimination  
the newly evolved consciousness  
inside you  
tells you to  
forget the past  
& not let  
the future  
scare you

### *any cause*

to return  
to your body  
at night  
in the dark  
in the red light  
reaching for you  
feeling for you  
washing away the pain  
and the stress  
and the tension

### *timbrels*

interpreted  
in a variety of ways  
in its breadth & depth  
in its next reincarnation  
into a living philosophy  
in abstract logic  
in the decades following  
    the death of Jesus Christ  
in rapture  
in the parallels between  
    the spheres of Heaven & Hell  
in different orders  
    of Angels and Archangels  
in an esoteric sense of poetry

*going bare*

isolated inside its own  
isolation it  
re-emerges into  
the moving spirit  
of the universe  
for the love of God  
& the childlike simplicity  
you get  
when you  
let go  
enough to believe

*the sequins*

when asked  
i do not  
know what  
to say  
so i lie  
& make  
the rest up

*like mathematics*

eyes  
like the sun  
& the moon  
on a river  
in the night  
making love

*cut & posed*

working in the imagination  
for peanuts  
for love  
for poetry  
& nothing else  
for ever  
for you  
for love  
for thought  
for wind  
for rain  
for music  
for literature  
for examination  
for hope  
for chance  
for better

*to Lucy*

following the footsteps  
of Osiris  
by descending into hell  
& where the living  
& the dead  
walk together  
hand in hand  
at the place  
of skulls,  
in choosing  
life over death  
failing, trying,  
resisting

### *creative & consuming*

divinely inspired  
as an independent  
center of consciousness  
between two worlds  
a new kind of love  
below free will  
finds itself gently playing  
down the opening  
of the seven seals  
in the ancient  
& secret philosophy  
described in Revelation  
in the next reincarnation  
by the process of elimination

### *talking back*

acting out of love  
& devotion  
she uses a world  
    between the worlds  
to show you  
the key tenets  
of the Christian faith,  
    an alternative state of consciousness,  
& how to love  
yourself   again

### *this version of America*

i can't do this anymore.  
i can't keep living like this.  
something has to give.  
something has to change.  
if i am going to survive this.

*about contradiction*

educated  
to be blind  
to it  
a second creation  
below the threshold  
    of consciousness  
achieves an alternative  
state by process  
    of repetition,  
    isolated existence,  
unmediated influx of spirit,  
    partly to tell the truth,  
partly to lie to you  
and to manipulate you,  
    to choose you,  
    to test you,  
    to fail you

*negative capability*

enveloping her in love  
in choosing love  
for another kind  
of love  
in isolation  
by a process of repetition  
treading on sacred ground  
according to the laws  
of probability, chance  
& luck

*trouble sleeping*

achieving  
altered  
states  
with  
out  
the  
use  
of  
drugs  
or alcohol

*right after*

raised  
to the Third/  
Heaven  
in her  
innermost/  
Soul  
casting out/  
Demons  
& raising the/  
Dead

*summer grass*

a bright  
light  
seen with  
the mysteries  
of the soul  
in the founding  
of the city  
of God  
by a systematic  
approach  
only she  
can see,  
feel,  
tell

*some kind of cure*

upside down  
& inside out  
in a blocking  
out of the senses  
something much more  
subversive coming/from  
below/the lower limitations  
of abstract thought  
journeys thru/the darkness  
in a nameless way  
as unimpaired  
as possible  
in the different bodies  
of the individual  
for a flower  
on the tree  
in another way  
of looking/at it

*any less real*

the extremes  
of both  
good & evil  
in a marriage  
of the sun  
& the moon  
beyond the grave  
at the four corners  
of the world

*free trade*

startlingly beautiful  
and a little different  
the blue water lily  
kisses you and tells  
you to not  
give away  
her secret

***at last***

they are  
watching us  
to see  
how we  
interact  
with each  
other and  
to see  
how we  
respond to  
the threat  
of being  
separated  
from one  
another

***the void***

living  
in a disenchanted  
world  
where evil  
always triumphs  
over the good  
for the benefit  
and sacrifice  
of the innocent

***fun, again***

never let  
the future  
scare you  
or prevent you  
from following  
your dreams,  
Malikai

*temporary*

the one who knows  
rests in the arms  
of his father  
dying, losing his  
ability to heal,  
his mind,  
his sense of touch,  
fading, fading, fading

*buying & selling*

able to live  
inside a  
sort of  
nimbus  
with no  
sleep  
or  
water  
and able  
to heal  
himself  
back  
to health  
after losing  
so much  
blood  
he walks  
farther  
and farther  
away  
until  
he reaches  
the haunt  
of wolves

*familiar enough*

and lovingly  
a beautiful one  
takes me  
in her arms  
and holds me  
tight  
until  
i heal,  
until  
i can  
see,  
until  
i can  
feel,  
again

*the Eightfold Path*

is it you  
or is it me?  
i can't tell  
any more.

*preoccupations & compulsions*

experiencing  
the after-  
death  
journey  
while  
still  
a live  
& not  
knowing  
how to  
write  
about it  
or talk  
about it

### *urban forest*

she exists  
on the border  
between magic  
& science, love  
& hate, preoccupations  
& compulsions, his name  
& her name, that which  
you think you know  
when praying  
no longer works  
& forgiveness  
is out of reach,  
false will  
& the light  
beyond the light,  
a deserted crossroads  
& a new way  
of thinking,  
sleep deprivation  
& abstract logic,  
The Cabala  
& The Holy Vehm,  
upside down  
& inside out,  
seeking the Seeker

### *Sierra Alta*

the whisper of a demon,  
a touch of Zen,  
a form of consciousness,  
a chapel,  
a sign,  
a mist,  
a spirit world,  
opening,  
to you

*in the summer*

a vision of the Devil  
twisting this way  
& that way  
until noticing you  
& straightening out  
to approach you  
& introduce himself

*sky & sea*

the secret soldiers  
of the night  
march thru your dreams  
& stop at a deserted crossroads  
to decide which way to go,  
west toward hope,  
east toward love,  
north toward fortune,  
or south toward family,  
either way winning  
for you, finally,  
after so many years  
of being led astray

*nothing doing*

after death,  
after life,  
trying harder,  
harder,  
harder

*the preservation of the imagination*

deep into the woods  
the walls that surround  
the New Jerusalem  
light up the imagination,  
as if by choice  
descending & breathing  
life into an empty  
abstraction, an  
approaching darkness,  
a material body  
shining in the sun,  
included but uninitiated,  
taking place in a deep  
trance in a vision  
of the Holy Grail  
on the water

*because he writes poetry*

set into the nave  
a higher form of spirit  
    comes to you  
    for you  
    by you  
to tell you  
to stop  
losing your self  
    out there  
and to come home  
and to surrender  
to what you  
    know you  
    can do if you  
just give  
your self  
the chance

*the paladins*

as if by chance  
she comes up on him  
sitting on the grass  
in a circle of paladins  
counting the stars

*off message*

part intellectual – part spiritual  
the Green One  
never treads the same path  
when looking for something  
inside the material body

*visions of Mexico*

las tres letras  
resurrecting  
the blue water lily  
in the language  
of the birds  
by the comma  
of Pythagoras,  
the lemmings,  
the second best,  
practical madness,  
forgetting,  
conscious participation

## *The Rosicrucians*

open to misinterpretation  
the circle of life's labyrinth  
follows me down/the rabbit hole  
to where appearances  
mask their opposites,  
feeling/imagining,  
understanding,  
the material body  
after death,  
in its own dimension  
in the open air  
the opening of the seals  
of a communion without words,  
never treading  
the same path  
& never experiencing  
the transformation  
of the Seraph  
who gave Francis  
the stigmata,  
the discontent,  
the pride,  
the patience,  
the every day

## *puppet*

she brings the day/  
to you/  
in a box/  
& tells you/  
to open it/

*spinning top*

falling into ruin  
again with the wrong  
kind of woman  
again thinking maybe  
she is the one

*the fifth element*

can i find you?  
will i find you?  
does it matter.  
any more?

*the dance of Jesus*

every thing  
you said/to me  
& what it  
meant/to me  
to/hear you  
say it  
a loud

*the inner failure*

tired.  
so tired.  
too tired.  
to go on.  
any. more.