

Poetry of the Embedded Primal

Attunement

Fangs, leeches into the back of neck:
purple, dark purple flowing through me:
I am a smooth whale, giant, alive.
Eyes the span of the universe, wrapping it.
I am devoured, across my rippling expanse
by tigers, leaflets, insects,
reindeer of lavender, swaying chestnuts,
spices, sicknesses, sizzling waters;
I am pouring blood;
I am walking in every garden on Earth;
All is in me, of me, around me, lashing into
me violently.

I am sitting quietly,
my chest an entangled mycelium, warm and moist
and pleasant.
Roaring into the quiet ocean,
I am endless.

Chest, Throat

Configuration: flitting

Glance glance glance no hands

Configuration: moving

Slowly through the lands.

Rigid in cheek

Rigid in cheek, rigid in tongue,
I forgot to look back at my lungs.
Words became sweet, words became sun
before words had escaped from the gun.
I held them there, enameled,
absorbed in the lives of the nun.
Then I crashed in waves by Japan,
determined to stamp out
what I had begun.

I was the Western flannel,
and I became what had never been done.

Beauty

My thighs had found the air:
eagles glid forth into the misty Sunday morning hills.
My chest stood, bedecked in fronds, on an ancient temple
in thick jungle, towering.
My shoulders spread flat, like the thinning spindle
of a late afternoon fruit buffet, on a simple table
in the Mediterranean,
gushed into by the serene, delicate waist
of my heaven.
My hips, unadulterated creature embedded
into me, bounds and gallops
across the wide earth, plains and rain,
thunderstorms as it roars across echoing distance:
corded as steel
by my legs, bastion of the last legacy,
into the world's heavy eternity.

Fingers and feet remind me I'm an empire,
thronging, fractured, Godly, embedded:

And the flows:
the momentary eternities of everything I know and feel
tender, mountainous, thick with urgent water and slow caresses:
these tendrils of the Universe sighing inside me
convulse in Beauty.

Schubert's Soul

From quiet water in a brook
Slammed into rhythm:

stick, whip, stack, and steep
in tea for which you stripped.

Some of them want to be abused...

Slip, track winds in trees
You stop and stare at knees
Tripping. Fleas tackle into tricks
whipped, you skipped into ticks
fleshing into rips twenty sweet skins -
yours. It is the nest, in which, blessed,
thirty teens burrowed teeth
and ate you alive, burning slowly.
Rhythm, rhythm
you've lost a sway -
sitting,
bobbing,
throbbing,
pumped for sobbing cash
tick, tick, tick
rhythmic flesh undone
hairpins holding you slowly aflame
splayed,
on a screaming table
losing the juice of your living blood.

[silence.]

[Schubert's piano.]

The pillar is ripped away.
There follows the quietest of falls
caressed smoothly by moss, on the temple, forehead,
softly along the falling chest and abdomen
falling out of the rigid into osmosis of a universe of trickling waters,
the endless caves of softly lit sweeps of quiet
and you a swallow softly perched, slowly dancing
across the friendly eternity of your soul, that is also mine
and Schubert's, and everyone's, and through us,
the majestic weight of time.

Symphonies of the Shoulder

Thread

Penetrated by its own finality,
the human creature
explored itself:
and found lies,
dissolving in the slow movements
of the unadulterated crane.

Discovery

In a fractal and fragmented unfurling,
I slobbered and grappled a slimy wet trail
that dangled in the confused tropical winds
from an ancient oak:
and from the ancestors trickled, then flooded
the wisdom of the crane.

Consummation

From bubbling swamps,
two human creatures
 dripping mud into fetid quicksands
arose, shining, with muscles softening
nerves fluffy and whisked, and
kneaded each other into magma,
origin of life:

my shoulder,
carrying the weight of the West,
spreading its unbearable bulk and shearing joys
into every unplowed seed
until it pumps filtered blood -

my shoulder,
contraption,
lie,
mental dragon -

disappeared, for a moment,

beneath the sideways fruits of Eastern civilization
and the hands of God.

Incarnation

A slicing vortex curls upwards
And around, cutting into tender
Meat predominating the precarious discontinuities.

On a ladder, trembling, waited
My oozing liver, dancing
To you.

Unfolding its wings,
An eagle opened its single eye
And swallowed the universe.

Swirling amongst the intertwining stairs,
Ghosts ate themselves raw
Penetrating into a point, twisting
Itself across the stars in a leap of breath -

In the rising pantheons of mist,
My chest is liquid steel
Pouring across your forehead's grace.

What was once a contraption
Spikes apart, swooping twists of burning birds
Streaking cheeks:

In the glowing silence of the eternal end,
We became the primal, dancing with itself.

O quiet stone

O quiet stone
O universe,
your smell hangs deep in walls:
my nose recounts a story,
babbled through by cars.

An endless ring
of oxygen. I loved and laughed
playing chess.
A birded cannon shattered through a church window,
flew to my lap with a punch
regurgitated a take-away meal
and proceeded to sulk without requisite pants.
I laughed in pain
and jumbled,
strident on a camel's back
with postered leprechaun abyss
my ever-severed guide.
dripping fangs from on a stool
sat a bird-dressed father,
confused, wrapped in plastic chains
as pieces of the thick stone roof
tumbled down.
Moss glazed the walls,
drawing glances of fear
from the only onlookers to remain without bread.

Wide-open, wide-open greenery
threads against my plastic teeth
and calls itself a riot.
other painful projectiles
are pierced by growing fronds,
spraying blood and bottled hope
on timber walls.

To resist a temptation
the magicians now began a spider spell
as handcuffs grew 'top hairy feet
and webbed them all for swamp.
Space dissolved;
and in its darkly purple tracks

a pagoda by the river dwelt.

Under a Bridge

Tenacity, my boy.

Narratives are fluctuant birds
Inside of themselves like a pit.
Words are creeping inside of you, sniffing
For massive delusion. And you
Are merely standing there.

Interpenetrated: sticks on a hanging wire, is all.
Conversations lost their manicure
Multiple androgynies ago. Don't
Beat them so. Don't dredge them. Don't
Keep eating them so, my boy.
Flinging itself in an arc from my back
Across the brow that shattered into a forest:
A frog's scream, bulging from the depths,
Such fullness, so beyond
My vocal chords' simplicities of brick.

Traveling:
In a caravan:
There are no deserts, not
In the books. We are lines.
I miss the forest,
I miss its vines, I miss
Out of line. To remind is
Never to kiss. And I want to be kissed.

Why use numbers for this?
They crash in the sand, spinning.
I felt them dissolving into the infinite ether
As manifolds emerged from the mist
Like Titans entering Olympus.

Numbers fell out of a massive God, many layers below its angels
Onto the empty grass fields by a village:
They reproduced,
multiplying,
Until their twisted hands
Held us by our nipples in their grip
And worship of Mathematics,
God of the animate, always-flowing world,
Was beheaded by a snarling 10 with a flaming percent.

Ode to Men

A gorilla, bared teeth, chest *large*.

Deep well of silence, sunk into the Earth's core. Stillness.

Moon-roaring insanity, spittle flying. Gazelle dies and vision is born into Stone.

Triple-vision resolves into Man.

Flow

A jaguar slinking, close to the ground, its padded feet moving smoothly in one unbroken motion. As a vortex, its body rotates as it moves forward, until its legs, now lengthened into pinpoints front and back, are above it, and its head has fused with its body into a single fluid wisp, that now is pulled upwards. Its lithe twisting and bending guides the wisp organically along invisible terrain, smooth and steep curves. Once it hits a flat area, it stretches itself out into a circle, thickening. Its center unfurls and peels back to form the foundations of a grand building, from within arises a blunt cone which in turn unfurls and peels back, and so on many times until an ancient Japanese temple, towering large and proud, grows towards the heavens. Its wide eaves provide motherly protection to a flourishing copse of small trees.