

More dirty trash piles
for bits of memory
from scraps of paper and books upon books
I'm somehow committing
to mind space—eye
picking up after myself
pieces of the projections
I can't help but ring in about
positions and placements
for further studying
and if you are attentive
there's no paying for attentions
but postulates for regard
are always helpful
if not sometimes annoyed at hopeful 'light'
but
there's lightning in the dark
that illuminates nothing
casts no fragments of sight
for those looking
once in a while
a shadow will dance nicely
and before being scared off
will commune quite politely—
just leave a ghost dish
they don't like to eat
but it's the thought that counts
(mill-worms and millennium children
working on it,
we're working on it)
see, we picked up all this trash
from numerous construction sites
without ever being present at
the actual work nights
and to avoid the nightmares
there's at least some semblance between
that will make perfect sense
in case you weren't listening
(or if you heard too much)

I wrote.
Poetry in the asylum where they kept me locked indoors
for three or four weeks
a block from the goddamn ocean
I ate standing at the window sill
im-patient, in-patient
what services!
Still have yet to be in a ship at sea

and i've ever in my life swam in it but once
I want to find a way to stay at C
(i to C, I asked zero)
they did a double blind on my own double blind
I told them so
they sold me out the window
I also told them not to put me on their damn meds
but they forced me with the threat of violence
a taser or a vile of liquid at the end of a needle
a cage is a cage, better than jail
the, ah,
I felt an estranged naturopathic
in a parlor game of psychiatrist without being told how
to switch memories
or not knowing the people next to me
who's the patient, anyway?
Hmmm,
goes their tone
(i C) won't be accepted after certain other rules pertaining to special circumstances in which there are
particular exceptions to being able to confirm said stipulations and capabilities depend on
perhapseessss...
I would fill this page with space
but even that is a blank page
and to try to explain all the time they have laid to waste
is us moaning from their caskets,
cut open and moaning from their caskets
with their punishments and scheming
and they dare say a word like practical
to me.
Commons has lost all its sense
it used to be that we could handle it
but now,
but now,
well, we see it aversion
avert you
evasion
and fury
and surely
it's all fair.

The wind swept gales of breathing
into hollow niches of insignia
(wreathing) stigma
gasping gently at the alder
I asked elder to sure this sideways
necessary uncertainty
and the same lost words seep into the gaps
where my love lies hidden

bright, loud
darkly, quietly
(pushing,
(playing—
where have our acts been becoming?
In my heart someplace I said always
and shutters filled the windows
it has been so long
waiting for inspiration—
wading inside involvement
I am not involved in
treading, thickness
not sure if it's light or darkly
heavy footfalls (complete me)
my lonely grasps
gentle, moaning
(gasp—
pst, passed around
wrung out my hands are ringing
and drops to my belly eaten up by
catacholamines

Something's ripping at my edges
so it seems
the cast and banter between
is a mistake in these accidents
fear and trepidation
about thresholds in resonance
and just where you lie
on the fault lines
of supposed sanity
bowing to normality
and all the stranger seeming
stitches;
keep em laughing,
we have the gritty pearls
between pigs teeth
to pull out and try examining
nothing
from space that exists
something's ever nothing, okay?
Your mind is no accident
and I can't read lips,
but I can feel those tips of common sense
like prunus,
and peaches laughing at the fish
and the turning of the choke cherry to Roses
common stance and elegance—

are the gardens i'm building
flowers for the windows of a penitentiary?
Are these places just it,
the realizations of their governments
best bet
on housing
and what mighty neglect
would be better to eat my own junk
and smile rotten teeth
they are beautiful to me
what waste; just
to know you can't be wasted
and if it's all the same
why should I deserve such placement
literate or illiterate
barely and I beseech thee
to explain to me
what you mean by read—a
situation
a portrait
posture
caricature
a movement—and
different to each explaining
but shared all the same differentiating
stand firmly on nothing—is ever, okay?
Patients, collective
patience
we take care to ourselves
and each others carry
weight and break
patterning like the unfamiliar
pull of tide like condolences
magnetism guiding
space in intricacy I couldn't see
or hear
but follow, float,
know, seek,
explore—until—
there is no fear in exploration

azygote is a vein in the heart
a zygote...its...
embryology—breathing
stop,
finishing always with ever
and nothing bowed sideways to parabola
from tangent a cos

much too high
lowly lonely
nobody is screaming
in my shadow work
and it's all in the deciphering
siphoning
spellings
like gasoline
water
st.vitis can't remember
but I would rather huckleberries wine like fragaria
and asked the same question of a rose
rising,
postulate and positioning
carry,
wader,
waiting
calm
patient
deciding nothing over and over and over again
over and beneath
and, again
from whence—
zero goes on forever
eye said
and grimace because it never started
and again,
and grimace,
with a pencil
that I whispered it to you in my head
and someone heard it
language, science
art
medicine
hey, autodidact
here's to the once you won't have to explain the meaning
of that word to someone
I hope there are more of me someday
lesson.
Learned.
No teachers
release her/him/they/them
anyways
to see the sky
to feel the ocean
to see the mountains
to run away with—there's
not chance,
we'll get through this.

There's no one and the whole is at a loss
it's emptiness from here on
and no one to save you.

I don't want to tell lies
like love you forever
I can't stand that dashboard lite
and you know you'll come first
when I want something,
you'll come first when i'm not busy,
you'll come first
sometimes, baby, so sexy
and i'll do nice things for others
because it makes me feel good
but i'm not willing to lie, for my ego
betting on the goodness in our nature
because, humyn,
and all the best intentions
have led us to this prison planet,
and all the niceness and 'true love'
have led us to separating lovers for funds
honesty, not romanticism
it's not cynical to be realistic
about time spent
and actual dedication
I don't want you to feel obligated
I won't always love you.
But at the times I don't,
I want to hear what you have to say about me
i'd rather rage in genuinity
than a smile and an elephant that never dies
I hope I don't pretend to like you
just because we're in a public place
I hope I don't throw around the word love as if it's some conquest
or simple condolence
for the incessant lonely
triumph in settling
love is non-existent
love is always losing
to pride and selfishness
to the horrid ideas of selflessness
that fucked up true relationship
love is non-existence—
you cannot kill or maim it
you cannot name or own it
Love,
you do not belong to me
but I hope to find belonging

Love,
I need you to hear me
but I want incessantly to be released
sometimes you're the most
important thing,
and sometimes I am alone,
my mind is a ship at sea.

A lover fell through the cracks
and cried
abyss
in silence.

Clarity from darkness
I would,
could I,
hold your shivery lonely
because that's all I can
careful careless
we're all
terrified fearless
there was a hollow man
BANG!
Tasting quarks
dancing around M.T.
Empty
'you're such clean energy
it's exhausting!'
'I only do nice things for others
because it makes me feel good'
put this, they said, in self neglect
I worry
eye see
barely
not to purport ambiguity
in commonality
but I wonder of sincerity
where you would like to take me
and where i've been
cuz where i'm from
it's the talk of the town
not arsenic and old lace
but I have seen that tarnish
for polishing and
tis terrible for clothing—
but, dear,
don't take too much

you're the one inspiring
surprised this kind of muse
could write anything
(my poetry stinks)
everything's caught in that awkward breath
between crying and laughing and no-one can tell yet
which it is,
gasping and croak
coughing and sputter
don't mutter indolence
scream it!

You blind fish
you octopussy eye
you giant squid all laid open
with saxitoxins and red tide
you nasal-genital complex
you sneeze and I wince
your uterine jealousy has the best of you on that one))
that loud mask for the pleasure you can't get
stop yelling
and don't tie me
i've been bound enough
and I know you are determined
but this is the only place
I can't use that filtrate
and I brisked your tail
with my eyelashes
what a fair scare
and there's an epic of a poem
I must avoid studying enough to write
there's a corpse
describing physiology and anatomy
asking where the little key is,
or how to dig it out
elbows inn, you always say
when things get tricky
I can't imagine I could answer too many others
of the same type of question
but i've felt the same frustration
in the lack of conversation
and the way it used to be
if it ever really was.
What terrible exception

Except
someplace i'm writing horror

or science fiction
someplace i'm with a lover
and happily off again
someplace i'm handsome
and that's enough for them
someplace my posture
is like those old paintings and statues
and not worn like a scholarly hump
and not worried on incessantly
change your position,
ask the electron trying to find the same place on a screen
ask your memory the same thing
the precise predicament, please!
Choose one!
Art or science!
Jazz or Classical!
My mind enjoys the battle,
because of the interdependence
scratching at the ledges of the planks (is Planck pronounced that way, anyhow?)
we're walking on
to a doom in the ever and never can be done
and some time
has been too long for us

there are nails under the floorboards,
there are scratching noises beneath
there's a phantom hand here and there
upon me
there's a spider in the window sill
there's one in the corner still
and I can't seem to get past all of them
these superstitions
it's a greed I have
for some narrative
it's a game that I hate
but I didn't start it
and i'm sad I was involved
before I knew the other side of it
but there's anything to cast about
and monsters for your choosing
and whomever can scare the best
is still the one losing
and I aint no comforter
but for some reason I hear often
the same repeses and responses
and I twitch, loudly, like
666
Heinlein

and the beast is yourself, as usual kid
those scary projections are just part of your own head
the quicker you realize it,
the better you'll be able to control their manifesting
but that's how I got the gist of it
so it's shadow beings
and monsters like the doctor
who couldn't stand his own creation
or the hypnotist stuck in the cabinet
in the disbelief in the patient
Caligri,
Caligraphy
marking out patterning of possible telepathy
if we weren't so caught up in our own misgivings,
those projections could be lovely
but it's not your fault,
ya see?
What a ring around they've got
and their cabinets all hung by neck ties
in the doorways of old abandoned buildings
and they'll say it's some portrait of a disturbed mind,
like they aren't the perfect perceptual bind
for just such circumstances
does this all make sense?
No?
Good.
I guess you've learned your lesson
about being your own teacher and all
and I suppose that's just about the extent of your gall
and....
(feet swing slowly
there's a shadow in the doorway
hanging)

There's a mantle place
that's not worth the dusting
and fingerprints that episode
that same old wandering
that horror of self
in un-breachable binds
(bend over, babe, let me get that straight jacket with my teeth)
there's sex in a graveyard
and beheading,
there's bloodbaths and gore
and all the correct time frames for the positions
in posturing like those statues
guarding who knows what hell
and you were prematurely unearthed

and it was just as frightening
bells tolled in the graves
all over the place
and those that hadn't thought to put one in
decided to pass the time with gentle moaning
the way you do when you first wake in the morning
soft and calm and, well
just to us it sounded haunting
but to them,
well
the graveyards fell to the same pillaging
and I wish there were more to tell
of the ringing bells
and those left open after post mortem surgery
because they said,
just in case,
you open me up.

Did anyone else
notice the wind howling at the preacher
of Camus in the Plague?
The rats and the rain,
the rats and the rain,
but did you hear the moaning of the triumph—
death in your door
the closed space and the loss
of wind
in coughing up sermons?
((chopin splattered blood on the keys))

The bio-film spat up
random facts about lust
and the connections therein to death
and birth,
and whatnot.
Lumineferous species
there's a soft glow to the trees
dogwood mostly
red osier, gently
there were flowers everywhere and falling
there was isolation, lonely
sitting under a tree
gravestones and hardware
and the hammering of the petals to the ground
shaky muttering
each row individually,
remember me, softly

rhododendron
just for the sake of your lonely
do you remember what you said?
Remember where your eyes went
I left plastic at the grave sites
of my ancestors
and sat amid the ones
whose flesh blooms
had withered up.
I remember it,
the way a tree regrows flesh—
(buds of blastocytes, networking..)
recognizance
a romantic way to try and circumvent death—
revenant,
and dead belief
dusty and webbed
that I don't bother to clean
it would take a broomstick
and my culture is too tightly linked with bed knobs
to know the difference
or wrinkled noses and non-sense with owls as messages
occult is mathematics.
Mostly, but here's to the silly drumming
and the trash you left at the grave sites
after partying.
Even the great desecration has been violated by stupid.
Most of them were just herbalists or anatomists
boiling bones
the modern idea of witches and such
was largely created by the church
as scare tactics
and the only place i've seen it
is on the anatomists desk
(there's a mother cut open in the abdomen
there's a child in her lap perforated in the same fashion
she's holding her breast as if to feed.)

The darkest space exists inside the
cavities of our bodies,
humours
moving inferred path
wholism for naming plants
not entire
There's always the aether...
the method and interfered
entered doors
not like a door

like a music note
a particular inflection
a specific wave break to bloom
a rhythm
of a pencil moving
of a thought
wondered or spoken
by someone else
darwins hidden manuscript
copied beyond his knowledge
freedom of information
exists.

The three of them
at the river
what were they singing
I can't hear past
the crowded baptist
hanging sheets to the wind
flown about in Ghoulish limbs
the witches turned you to a toad
but
i'd kissed you anyway
you know what else
betony is good on—
all I can recall
is the sound of the cloth
slapping the surface of the water
the smooth, cold rock
the creek bed
in slumber—
awake
it's a lullaby
no wonder I can't recall
wakeful
we went down to the river
to pray with the wic
to mary the whore, not the mother;
Goodman brown, pas me a drink—
Hawthorne is a heart tonic
and I brought you roses
so take heart,
whether they are red or white ones
i'm sure to be staying
and someone must have seen it
constant sorrow, inconsistent
hollow men again
resounding gunshots

and forgetting how to clean the wounds
((go to sleep little baby
go to sleep little baby
you and me and the devil makes three
don't need nobody but you baby))

rest
your worry
is a terry
to a stone's throw
buried in the alpenglow
covered in weeds
sow, rip
peace in pieces
the flowers growing from
those statues we told about
ask them again about posturing
and how death moves—
exhibits
a couple sitting together
wondered how the dancer would move
with solely flux
and no nerve
without filling in
some non-sent
movement in our brains
with Fourier
action potentials
action decided upon
and not sent past a gap
others undecided
in dream scape storage
and imaginary movements
in fluidity
(I imagine you...)
weeping, willow
Populace
 and the shiver
must just be the aspen leaf

Physics can't make sense of a bee
and calls me crazy
calls
the catachome
and the spin of a tree
what harsh barks
so, gentle beings

all that rigorous work
caught somewhat poetically
and medicine grinned again, saying dead
let's ask the bees
that make nests of flower petals
and sacred geometry
nothing is sacred
says nobody

there is in-between
to every swing
and highs and lows that peak and minnow
something happened in nothing
they say i'm 'coming around'
but it's where i've been
how you've been junking
spare parts
broken glass
and old cars
don't try to junk brake pads
stacking old tires
behind airplane parts
old sheds of wash bins
hidden antiques
thrift—
garage sailing
as close as I have been to a ship
though my mind is at sea
I wonder if—
wager me
wager me like golf
closer to the duck
on the pond than a caddy—
and i've only played the card game
or hit random swings into artemesia—
it's not a game
leave the field
they're forcing you in
that you've never been about
around
just the sound
for a moment of movement
pushing breath
breathing as if it is something triumphant
words between
sometimes like teeth grinding
toes clenching
number zero

like you know it
and 10 fire-lining
i'd rather it were a wheel, a
fire to the prisons
but, after education
and where's our housing?
Superficial
facial expression says
grin and bear it
this is medicine—
and sometimes I hate to hear it
but, most people
don't like the taste of a tonic
not that i've made it
i'm trying to make it through all this
something's
keep nothing
no mind
no matter
(sung)—don't mind no mind

your palms upon my hips
better than any vespers whispered
and this predicament
trying to grasp at me
I catch like lunges in breath, open between
silences made by lips
trying to make sense of
crushing each other passionately
and I can't remember where your hands went
I can only feel your movement
like it is my own
in remembrance
it is so far gone
and received in
grasping at it
far enough to dig into my graves
gravels of steps
moaning like the voice i'm always searching for
and hope to forget
why should such lonely
imagine someone in love?
The distance between seems greater still
and silent
and comely
aghast and I like the gaps
and the pondering
the insecurity

we soak each other in
you know,
I don't know if you actually exist—
we soak each other in
calm pulse beneath your hands
and warmth beneath your cool skin
just push your belly against mine
its soft and warm
there's somewhere fuming
at the unfairness of this
someone pushing in lust
where there could be other cadences
or wishing in malice
the story could be different
for every one of them
and not for this
what story is this?
And how is it that i'm not enough privileged
to know that i'm involved in it?
In all fairness there is none
and I wanted it
I wanted whatever that is
but it's because something is backwards
that we forget
the inference
and names are forsaken
and all I can feel is your sensation
it may just be my own inferences
and this really is just a lonely, lowly existence
and nothing to be done
reading lines like a reply
made by some auto-write
I'm almost unaware in
hitting right on
but missing just in time
wish you were here

our ship is made of stone
and galling on, and gaping on
we went for a fishing trip
and must that happen every time
I get close enough to feel that passion again
?
apparently appearances are nothing
and I hear you in transit
amidst my own wondering
and wonderment
in a dream once,

I felt your pull,
on a dock near a pond
there was moss everywhere—
but I got out of the habit of remembering my dreams
most of them are nightmares anymore
and they'd try to use it to even some score
but the time has been run out for ages
and the score keepers all killed the referees
and the crowd rioted the stadium
to make it into living quarters
because that's all that is left of them
burning ashes of apocalypse
and I love it
dear nhialist
my favorite taste sometimes
is the smell of something
burning.
And you know it is to come anyway
some say in fire,
and some say in ice,
but I for one say neither
and we won't be here to witness it anyway
the end of our species does not seem far away
but, say
how many times have you heard these ancient warnings?

Someone is smoking for honey
and tried to find a bird
that would show them the way
but most of the bee-finding birds
have died off
on account of sugar cane

The roar behind your eyes
when you squeeze them tight
or when you yawn
or when you orgasm
I think that's what death
will sound like
at the moment you die
or the moment you are conceived
(wild carrot giggled and hugged close to queen anne's laces
purely for the sake of field and posturing)

it's a new theory,
proposing ways in which to think

that haven't been
and that are the same
music is looking for typeface again
and asked physics, but they remained silent
and keeps telling me
it's your wrists, your technique is terrible
and you can't read music
not to mention,
utter lack of theory...
but it's drawn nowadays
not dots between bars
wobbles in peaks and valleys
the medium is our head space
our instruments our bodies
increments of sacrilege
vulgar and serene
the harsh gaping wound
staring at me in the form of a screen
it's just resonance in wavelength
and ionic flux, basically
the lowest note we know
is one to us that will never actually be
one of those anomalies
of sight we cannot see
or sound we cannot hear
but infer upon plainly
amalgamations and algorithm
in tonal inflection and bio-luminosity
putting forth shadow, not shining
incidents and refraction
and chasms of thought between
can you remember a gap between
when the world was upside-down to you?
Or is that our dreams

The universe is tugging and pushing
at me in every direction
and I pull and push back in path
coincidence and complaint
rash and distant
rate and process
procedures
like distance
for nothing and zero
is laughing at Pascal
where his grave is
gravely I slightly wince
same thing

intellectual processing
can be seen
 heard
 tasted
 felt
 and you are no where
which is everywhere around
tap
drip and flowing
there's speed to this unnameable thing
this phantom of aether eating up airwaves
down sideways
such careful gate
though the key is sticking
same thing
differently
unlimited domain in path or field
unlimited field in domain
autonomous spectrae
spell it that way and you know
you're in for trouble
like that of an apostrophe
to cut two words to quicken
slow
if we could get past all the warnings
there would be hardly any poetry
or scenery to study
besides, the sound is electrifying
strong, sturdy
like the reminiscence of old rooms full of antiques
and billows of smoke
and concentrations
 laughing at the ether method

they want you they want you dead and gone
they want you they want you
dead and gone
you know I have plenty of hidden to go around
and I thought I found something in holding a strangers hand
but I can't seem to be found
and it is yelling at my mind
whispers to compensate
sense loves non but my logic begs to differ
and reason is nothing these days but a damn
computer program for drawing notes
lines, pick ups
do si dos and another pas the time
it goes slow for here

and never for show
quickly and slow
I remember parts of you
gone
I remember the jumbles of junk and the smelling compost
that we chose to share
instead of all those well rehearsed dogmas
or intellectual jousts
we have memorized by now
trophy, tropisms, not sure what that means
to be honest
but I am sure you have been on my mind
and sing, sin, sih pas cos singin
it nothin'
I found nothin and some apostrophes for having to spell that word
a reward
and why don't you just look it up, yeah?
Because it feels like cheating.
It's okay, non-sense regions you're in good company
and those metronomes are like poetry
for me, for me
I want this happy
rain in the forest
and love beneath a tree
or something
like
nothing

furious, its unfair
the lines can't meet there
unless they started as part of a circle
infinitum and zero
and its our fault
but i'm alone in it
safety nets like bio-films
for contemplating in it
template for understanding
some rhythm in thought
and the cases behind it
besides an artists eye
couldn't possibly know geometry, or physiology
interpreting nasty interruptions, unfortunately
i'd rather hear the drum of beat patterning
to the resonance they think they are having
than the terror wrought by the way we have
actually been treated
you analytic mind
everything can't solidify the way you think it should in your own mind

Euclidean proofs are finding ways to trick the way something appears
to seem a way it could be in reverberance between
Flatland like Hinton, not Abbot (wemyn)
it's scientific romances
so afraid your ideas won't wait for you to get there
and all that solid matter of fact
is an illusion
math is existing apart from this rigorous reality
to which so many move and have it bound;
the fear of abstractions without proofs
the fear of irrational with no roots
such rigorous work in imaginary fields and mathematicians
seem the most afraid at times to tread past their rigors
intuitive persistence in realms of non-existence
where numbers at times cannot even touch
you have such firm proofs of imaginary to carry pas the
irrational fears in philosophy
when the abstract rules of the basics to them that were bedrock
become sand
fear is the loss of self
in that same imaginary, irrational to which you so fiercely bind
(Democritus laughed while Nietzsche pressed down his shirt
to avoid his smirk
all these irrational fears! You should see the rations of *their* integers!)
(pointing at the Pythagoreans sums of harmonic modulations of bodies)
(our bodies sing along to each other, Tits and vulgar monsters of numbers riding along in sporadic
groups)

Y
same answers at a different pace
in different tone or distinction
they all say about the same thing
and the difference is always about composition
the tell tale signs of struggle are amiss
in most of the modern day rhetoric
and if you can spell past all their interruptions
they'll call you a radical
free moving and apart from their norm in positioning
you know, situationally, it's about the same thing
hardly, it is all a miss
giving
and dancing
hopefully from the hips
the fight for voice
in my own head
to be heard apart from it
together
composition

all they worry about is compensation
and position
we worry situation
and demonstrate it
its just a theory
but I think what you have been hearing
is mostly their patriarchal brain washing
painting pictures of people
that fit their idea of reality
that is,
the differentiation according to class
that is inaccurate at best
and, at worst
will lock people away
for craze; exotic deviance!
Will kill people for nothing
and make us seem violent
that.
Interruptions,
why all we hear sometimes is the stupidity
instead of the brilliance
that so many of us have learned to be instead
and,
you know,
the stupid sounding parts
have gotten the most attention
getting us past the traps they set
in their goddamn interruptions
that last part
said through gritted teeth
tiring
too far awake
and remembering things that we are
because, dear, for their sake
we are things, not think
not people
not even animas;
things.
Remembering things that are
and are not happening
careful,
they'll use their therapists to drive you crazy if you study too well.
(asking all the wrong questions)

nimble fingers etching out scars
for new wounds bleeding through
cuttings, bits of language our bodies make music with
into scales we can barely tolerate

and only if you listen close
to the words spoken that apply to situations
you aren't entirely in
except in your head
everything applies, some when
this is what you call
the in-between
and they'll say it's just a phase
or a phrase of coincidence
a catchy nuance to trap you in
bleeding
and it's a full moon again
they said
all about the snakes you don't need to step in
and the illumination
that causes the worst shadowing
fighting for our ideas of sanity
against the solitude of their priory
the big houses and bad luck
and crickets on your doorstep
they sang you a tune 'you can't'
remembering...
they told you a rhyme you wish to forget
have my lines been repeating yet?
Ask the algorithm how it's spelled
the catch, what's the catch
the fly traps all set
and the lightning bugs swung patterns in spit
to light the path with
we don't want it, their candlesticks gently burn them
such a different type of wic
than they're used to dealing with
the spider had shed its shell
once a year,
such momentous occasions
but there are too many crickets in the cage
spiders eaten up by singing legs
no web to spin
all those dead mice wasted
to feed the snake eating its own tail again
and you rattle off
like one's stuck in your mouth
(i'd like to use my own words, please
and I don't mind if they don't make entire sense to thee)
capstones
forget the cutting
capstones
forget the cutting
a bumblebee fell from the window pane

I could have sworn it was screaming
dead like Latin

someone's sipping calmly
from an acetum cup
acetebulum, goblets to gulp
a ladle shaped arytenoid to dip into
the language spoken by the illeo
vibrating cartilage in silences
a shield-like ringing guard for
innominata, the nameless places
betting like talus bones
and tarsus to hold them in wicker baskets
boiled in a small pan
patella
((a mouth of keys to kiss your little ear
the auricle of the heart))
ionic flux, and ironic
I can hear it in the feeling))

(your hands)
the navicular sailed
steady into the lunate, crescent shaped
three cornered triquetrum (the Bermuda triangle waved, at length)
and ate along the way
pasiflora,
with pasiform movement
Why are matters of the heart
so close to your hands?
We'll altogether forget the entrance hall—
Why, digitalis!
Said foxglove
in matters of the heart,
ask the brachiocephalic artery,
to the arm head, apparently
the matter at hand, then
many angled head shaped appendages,
sailing along in search of a hamate, hooked
and such a strong pollex to avoid that annularis
Phalanx set soldiers
((move able by Arnica))
looking for a little key
for the digging
scapula turned out, slightly
bowing weight
in calcium and phosphate
ghoulish bookworms

to host them
in their triumphs
the impermanence of sensations
and the tranquility of a learned language
soon forgetting the dead of it

To move the corpse of a body
with words in latin and physiology
why, physiology—what anatomy!
I want to kiss the auricle,
came the zygomatic inference
but pursed lips at hearing near the zygoma—
at such beginnings as a zygote to touch eyelashes and tails
my pulse (said corpse)
no longer pumping
remembered when
such images
sent blood thralling
now it's...
I want to kiss the auricle for some reason—
and though blood is no longer
pumping,
I fear my mouth will not reach
lest at the breech of the trapeze,
and, well,
I wouldn't want to be falling off of that
((Hawthorne shrugged gently))
sadness in remembrance of moving
and remembered movement
the capability in hearing it
the voice of the flux left in patterning
that these muscles once knew so well
dead, a corpse dissecting itself,
why should I ask for help
from a leaf?
Shivers like immortal and Asclepias sighed
there is no escaping—
some poets would call it a winter
but it is death, no less—

Buds of blatocytes
networking ways to bloom
hemoconia writing blood dust
of macrophages to pick up
catching at the hems
of skirts and pant legs

as they move the dust along
barely large enough tunnels to crawl through
at times
and there is no light

There are tombs full of letters to write you
and caskets full of bodies
some speaking to bones,
some sinking teeth into tissue—(staphylococcus are flesh eating zombies, mind you.)
some listening to muscle,
some maggots and little else
eating for larva and breeding off ghosts
listen in close enough
you can hear a cell dissect itself
asking what these invaginative particians
of inner matrices are,
and the blood brain barrier
soaking in notes to be taken
for a longer poem
I haven't the talent to write in
death was speaking to itself
nothing new, said physiology
but hardly ever given a voice
and even less often
given time to talk with the plants
without interruptions from psychoanalysts

It's because I will not 'memorize' the information
I study for the sake of study,
not for the exams
not to get a job or be bought
academies vie for your attention
so instead,
I wonder
and have time to
eclectic autodidact
where has the passion gone?
No one seems interested,
they do it for a grade
to be ground like meat
a product to be housed accordingly
I don't want your schooling
too quickly, too quickly
we learn because we have to
we earn because we must
it's just the way it is done
there is no time to be scholarly

I seek knowledge,
not job placement
and it's the language applied to it;
"I have to take this class"
classes to find caste for allotted privileges
and it's only because you have to
for the lies they tell you
about all you get get from what you're learning to do
and you'll probably end up
working the same jobs you do
to get you through it
as you do to pay back all the loans
another way to be a wage slave
another encampment for debt
I would ask if most people
in some academy today
actually like learning, yearn for knowledge
enjoy studying
or just...because they have to.
As quickly as possible to memorize for a test
to forget the love in the languages
to give their passions to the internment of exams
and put a cap on their wonderment

I am my own experiment
of seeing what sinks in,
the way information can astound
and come around
right when you need it
in thinking
I didn't realize I would remember that
not the rigor mortise of dead memory to fact
these subjects, their dancing
to an objectivity
that cannot be taught
but can be sought
if you aren't looking.
It's all the places
most would glaze over
for lack of information
and necessity they place in
memorization and fact.
The facts will tell their fiction
if you listen long enough
and if you are attentive
to your own devices
any theory can disprove itself—

I am my own experiment
(they force us violently
to this experiment of society
called capitalism
cages, cages)
...all to the experiment
)but not that one))

(NOTES)

That was gonna be dialogue...sometime eventually. If you actually read this far, and see it in future work, or read any future work, disregard)

An orgasm is more powerful than a bomb
you see, there isn't the same frame of reference for this 'e'
but it does exist...
like conversations with this never ending list
of subjects that i'm interested in...
Can you really just come in your pants?
Its just a certain wave, i'm sure
if you wanted to find that frequency it wouldn't be so difficult
you know; but I would worry about the capability in stopping it
Or in accidental, you know
orgasm?
Analogous sensations from non-present stimulus
Hmmm, well, I imagine you...
what a sensation!
You feel like a smell from a picture I was part of someday soon—
Try to come without an image, without moving, without making sound
Try to come only with your own observations, I know it can be done
A-zygote?
The vein in the heart, or the start of life?
Well, at what point?
Life starts at breath.
what about the moment at which a cell begins to divide
(anatomy is dead, said physiology, and embryology shook its head, sadly)
A long list of abortifacients and a zine about reclaiming our ancient wisdom—
The point at which you die is without breath, I would think the same herein
and how much power did you say
an orgasm has?
I would be a bit more concerned in morphology
of the moment at which a cell is entirely engulfed by another, phagocytosis,
if your looking for some ultimate energy in matter though
the thought in the process of an orgasm.
The blank space in transition.
A carving of path with body, hopeless ramblings and incoherent connection met with sureness and
calm, opening to almost nothing.
Nervous humours,

like a mathematician dissecting a nude body from a sensual painting,
all in-between and glorious.
How to dissect the image itself apart from the dimension,
apart from the dissection itself.
It's most easily understood in erotica;
the imagining and the sensations there in postulates not of themselves.
And at the moment you return to your caging, these bodies
do you feel as though you've been somewhere beyond being for a fraction of time?
You can't be too focused on the act of making love while your in the act of making love
or it just doesn't work for anyone.

("You cannot observe anything which is not analogous to an activity of your own" says Hinton.
He keeps hinting, though, for it is apparently easier for him
to imagine these other dimensions
than rip down his own theories in the futility of filling in
for the existence of transmittal space and non-dimension within our own minds.
But, of course, only according to them.
And this, he would say, is a worthless discussion and an even scarier topic.
Probably because of how easily lost we are on it.
It is an unfinished communication,
but at least in our instincts we're not sufficing ourselves
to say we should be left on a shelf in meaningless lecturing
and then writing pseudo spiritual crap about some deities.)

Pascal asked Zero and was wrong about the whole god thing
(You know, I find it rather odd that anyone should want to be one with the sun, but honestly, I have
been rather curious of spontaneous combustion...)
Oh, dark, where is your spectra?
Eaten up by all the praising of great He.
The praising of what?
Of that great He, helium.

the concept of memory and senses capabilities in resonance within our bodies
are not a certain type of 'one-ness',
but rather a conceptualizing of others imaginations and memory of imaginings
which sometimes create projections
but it depends on your perspective
You know, at some point, the imagery of the earth as a body and us as cells
transferring the template of information within this body
was pretty close to that memory of collective being.
Non-conscious. body.