



THE ASHES OF THOREAU

Chris Mansel

Argotist Ebooks

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Argotist Ebooks

THE ASHES OF THOREAU

I dedicate this book to Jake Berry,
with thanks to my loving wife, Gail, and daughter, Carrie.

ROAD

(For Cormac McCarthy)

the road went under trees that
had attached themselves to one
another almost a century before
...quite a place to find a body.

the road had never seen gravel
or wheels, but it was a road
you had to step hard to break the
silence in the woods around the road

overhead at one time had hung ropes
of just about every description
for many years no one cut down
when had been hanging, everyone
thought they would eventually fall

when no one passed along over the
road for a year nothing grew on the
road, that's how everyone knew that
it could be depended on

a body was nothing new, neither was
a grave but you didn't dig by the road
the body would just go into the road
the smell would twist into the trees
nothing would be heard

once when a man had painted his horse
black and walked him up the road
he best the horse the whole way
they say he never made it off the road
they say he made it into the branches
and slowly he fell down a piece at a time

I always called it a road, but I walked alongside.

THOUGHTS AFTER LISTENING TO SCOTT WALKER

a typewriter and a horse
a figure erupting in visual
exploring the natural acceleration
between the text and the weight
transferred to motion
of the horse
the view inside the animal proves
description is right when calling it
a complex machine
tissue and blood become binary
the first of its prototype
proving its parallel with the written word
however the paper on which it is collected
dependent on environment changes, rainfall
case in point the Methuselah Tree in Nevada.
Somewhere between the first horse and typed text
the tree is 4,643 years old.
Bewitched in agitation, swinging a lantern from the
morning frost...death arrives at exclusion.
Musical notation on fresh animal skin.
Licentious movements over a clouded eye

THE FIRST BURIAL OF SUBMERSION

classical music that edges
into the brain like pollen
but not unlike the air that
drives it

perhaps frenzied illustrations
of an office building through
the eyes of Francis Bacon
standing outside with a
hunting knife and dragging it
across the ground he hears a
sound

a composer with a garbage bags
over his shoes is attracted to the
sounds, explaining that he is a former
naturalist opens a book he is carrying
and shows Bacon pictures of animals
in the wild in the shape of musical notes

the composer asks Bacon if he had ever
painted on wood and suggests he become
familiar with Arthur Koehler, he then begins
explaining his research into transcribing of
polygraph readings into musical notation
Bacon listens intently

Pollen drifts like sound

BARE OUTLINE

Bi-polar Anti-psychotic
existing in poverty
ability baptized in a manic state
(it reverberates in the ears) epileptic, a downward spiral,
like holy orders, piety
vigorous, mutilation, constraint

ah, the dialogue of a primitive
whose horror is immersion
a mosque so laminated
as to catalog the shakes and screams
the embroidered eyes of dreams

savage is the water in the abyss
adultery schemes for eternity
descending the skin by petal
communion by physical means

Zarathustra as a tarantula
hanging over a hospital bed.

DEATH DISLIKED CHANGED

the crime was violent - rough violets/ apocryphal
and often became ill - eating humanity/ execution
delirium, improbable that - nature desires/ illumination
the dead - ancient outside of the following scene/ snakes
were so spontaneous- cancer conscious/ adept
were torn to pieces-curtain of bats/ readings
ailments with the deceased- touch belief/ earth

a hunter where ideas, even death theory, nature
of our moon, no more giants as still as an eye

help him who he was...
a woman, afraid/ lion/Rousseau
produce/without exception
reducing, practiced/birds
pressure/reaches purpose

a flower in a fire, devourers....

MOLIERE, SAID THE WOLF

breeding behavior
embodied, in the closing
cathedral, commentary
disparate-expanded
diffident, gothic and flame shaped
(loner in the facade)
exigent/default/accidental
paraphernalia, illustrated brotherhood
anatomical definition (reading / down hearing)
Darwin's long argument
sharpness of oblivion/ exegesis
casual environmental floor
genuine-rigor/ construed
descriptive irony/ surgical soap
autobiography/ barbarism/ exhumation
anomalous/ graffiti to nomad
innumerable possessor
evolution of night/ postulate
sensitivity/ salient depth
originated/ worms/ readers
variation/ veneration
ancestral/ conspecifics
creationist/ bare premise
orchids/ adaptation/ unconsciously
castrated animals/ hybrid
thickness of the variation
stringent/ denial/ elaborated
reptiles of full separation/ edition
deterioration/ striking/ struggling
anti-biotic reasonings (chalk steak)/ omnivore
breeders/ blue smoke/ origin of the species
intending and perceived/ without design
I am very much the matter, manifest a consolatory difficulty,
species whose edition is substituting breath for stability...
Confucius in a garden with a bird in his teeth
his eyelids reflecting the sun
a harvest of still fresh earth
(a photo of Diane di Prima)
both a child's world
hedonist and piercing
the nature of the immigrant skeleton
is a dark version, blood dipped
(raped) (the assertion being ritual)

our seasons discover/conceived/snow drying/dying/King Lear/monologues
regarding composition/ obsession/ communal
the madness that is anthologized
fetal narrative/ illustration/ reflection
Oedipus/ irrational savage/ exhaustive
totem/ sonnets/ Aquinas in the face of aggression
inward death/ literature encased in cement/ Buddha
mythology/ cruel/ ordinary/ nevertheless
a decapitated horse/ falling lion/ juxtaposed
Yahweh/ sound covered in veils/ sunlight

BEHAVIORAL INVIGORATION

along the route you'll find bodies laid open
you'll find the prefrontal cortex flapping in the wind
consciousness translated with a fist, roots pulled
up from the ground, forced into the mouths
receptors frayed, patterns emerging from the animals skin
the road becoming a twisting, spiraling underpass
of dripping water

as

languages disappear and movements become sound
psychiatric circuitry and the violent hemisphere
correct the downward spiral of left and right brain
composition, drawing parallels between the
drawing of musical notes and their conditions when played
against the walls of crime scenes and when they are
re-recorded and then played for volunteers
their reactions then transcribed and performed
as the results of Rorschach tests that had been given
during their listening are projected onto a giant screen

ILLATION

she's the woman who burned her image into the walls of the sistine chapel
with a single bulb
she left heaven for the darkness you offered
told you you were dead, left you under the floor
got undressed and passed her clothes to you through the cracks and lay there
reading to you

she was born into a tribe of phantoms that only ate
what the gods left on the highways
she consoled a horse to take off his mask
and led him over a cliff
torch his body and passed it out to the others

the prospect of her giving birth is like hail stones
disappearing
like vessels lining up in meters
she's a crescendo in a background of departing clouds
an explosion in the still beating heart of a swan

THE ABATTOIR AND THE SILENCE

(Dedicated in part to Ferdinand Authenrieth)

brought to condemn
a haunted animal of hours
an icarun shadow about which eyes
can only reveal the translation
of the slaughterhouse

a woman in a chair over looking
several large fields red with the
blood of dead herds of migration

candles upright and upside down
the wax supporting and canceling
an indication of the menagerie

reservoirs of dry languages re-taught
upon the floor, upon which the killing
and separating of aging and youth,
marrow, bone

the skins collected and drifting
into the mountains where the cells
are half under the bloody water

where the tears of animals originate
from no orifice created by god

BIOGRAPHY OF A WRITER

my skull, weeping like a charcoal gray
sweetly I am a bitter madman these days
afoul of the hundreds of crows over my grave
I am the mound of sorrow they would possess
the last soul an inquisition could hope to save

visually I crystallize over an open flame
my holy work condemns the word of same
downcast and lacerating a pantomime
I am witness to the arrival of a hundred lines
absorbed and conferred to a smokeless burn

who are you to repel birds said the sparrow
as his burlesque required no strings to narrow
cold enough to reciprocate of auditory vertigo
exiled to the scantily clad and liberally scared
bloodied and feigning, in a very strange dark

AGITATION OF HUMAN SENSE

petals of burned mouths, tearful communism
bodhisattvas of a dilated reflex
(colloquia) the death of old wounds
a cross against the sky
turning action away

drunk from a human tree

serious peasant insect/death
he/stomach/wine in hand

swallowing

heterogeneity in dry land
terrifying vulgarity
where the motion

remains concrete.

THE LEOPARD, THE LION, AND THE SHE-WOLF

The Pederast's disgust hole vomiting sodomy and syphilitic ash illegible verity untilled embers of intercoursal love-philtres scandalous savoring of the pubic artery gorged gluttony bone bridges inward paths the sullen cantos of his journals admits necrophilous fellatio backwards seeing heaven hemorrhaging passages of the gospel of St. Thomas in the catacombs the pederast sleeps in harlotries of priestly yage his body mandala poured of perspiration his crotch spewed as he was digested by a flesh-eating dakini, om mani padme hum!

THE PHILOSOPHER'S LICE

Christ an illiterate hermaphrodite is chased into purgatory by scalding rats with fish
horses bugging decaying infants of stigmata with weapons hidden inside their torso to use
in the assassination
a triptych of avarice shows the expulsion of ecce homo
Christ in a wheel
the trickery of the crucifixion is carried out in a moth eaten furnace on a hill of string
thin backs carry burning dancers of Descartes/McLuhan
across epiphanies of shock scarred holograms
of heaven painted, a butchers apron of slate blue
leaves of grass rustle in a low horizon as Bruegel washes his brushes in the cum of god's
mind
Ben Franklin taps his foot to Coltrane and Wagner as they improvise a new 23rd psalm
heaven's panorama, a skull cave of ruinous crossroads burns in effigy hourly
at the loss of all too many cases lost
in the infernal courtroom of the soul
an exhumation ordered of hell
proves that heaven and hell are the same only heaven has access to funding.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF RED CLAY

Deep in the chest cavity bread is baking
its aroma moving deep into the skin
boiling the earth, receptive
basted with the weight of prayer
silence crushes the larynx
Equilibro – flagellatus,
fastened to the other parts of the body
abstain until the burns were connected
seepage under the skin, flesh erupting
anatomical positions, lachrymal ducts
release of parasites, hands outstretched
opening the wound
the coldness of tile reflecting in burnt stone
in the confusion slices open her cock to pour human blood
milk and warm clothes across the bridge
impregnated by the sunset
shitting the nightmarish placenta into Emerson's skull
all the grains of nature wrapped in the sheaves of addiction
laborers washing the semen from their hands
mixing their saliva with the herd
keep the sunset warm and digest its morning
like the Vietnamese woman who gave birth in the tunnels
rising up and pelting the rain with her tears
the return of the mist granted asylum amongst the branches
and thorns
christ swallowed the sickened stew
and chewed upon the muddy hide of the dogs
that died at his feet
the toothless boy blew a mournful tune
through the lips of his mother
his body hanging out her vagina
the evil of living – is devoured by the dead

BODHICHARYANATARA – THE REINCARNATION OF THE PEASANT BUDDHA

Irrational pubic descent, I remember waking with the taste of gasoline in my mouth. I knew I needed a change of clothing and I hadn't eaten in a few days. Pubic bone severed my spine. A hair fetish overcame my companion and we spent the day at sea, the vagrancy sutra repeating in my head.

Helter skelter on my forehead, helter skelter in my hands. Blood is causing the boat to sink. We're on the shore and there's music. Tribal incantations to remove my spinal column, baptisms of urinary fornication. I am brought to a boil in pools of excrement and force fed the pages from my writings.

My companion dead now bobs up and down beside me, she died quickly before they could ask her anything. My vertebrae is removed and used as a drum by the shaman who tells me he can make me well. When I awake it is three years later and I am crawling the shore retching up blood and watching as the drops construct the Sistine Chapel in the sand. I collapse into the crucifixion.

ENEMA'S AS LONG AS ARTERIES

Excremental doorways float un navigated in bathtubs of stressed stained sterile cum stiffening in the windpipe of comical scorpions, their entrails lapping at nerve centers slipping down phosphorescent rectal stairs to cock immersionate'd in habitual rotation; amputated consumptive birthrights and illiterate mud baths of Harpo and Karl Marx. Bedouin pilots of TWA Valu JET U.N. guerrilla investigators drunk on barstools of transvestite diners in the pentagon swells of new Orleans scarfing marshes of pot roast fuck sandwiches on wheat bread, stare up at the sky and watch as the termite riddled black box falls to the black panther anaconda below.

ERN MALLEY IN PURGATORY (FOR JACK FOLEY)

Plunge the breast of dead virgins drinking from the well of Sodom purify their deceased
repentance incantations of their sorrows spurt out on the belly of decapitated bodies in the
den of Hades.

KURTZ

Downdrafts of purgatory chairs, of impotence in dialectic patterns of holistic Auschwitz reap the aphids of penis celibacy.

Ash lights flicker immolating the boiled corpse of retardation.

Erections of anus incitement trace pussy mandala with hair of morphine, terrified lungs and teeth scraped scraped with bodily hymns.

A rotting collapsed psychopath testifying asylum defecation squanders his ideology in acts of sodomy and its ethical respiration.

The rebirth of Tantric hibernation saves his soul with insects of insulin saturation. His manuscripts burned he dwells at the end of the river his body lying across carefully placed stones.

EINSTEIN'S OPIUM

Incarcerated broadcasts originating from the Wilhelm Reich Institute of Physical Chemistry and Electrochemistry detail a new narcotic with an opiate base. Portions of Einstein's brain have been extracted and through the hydraulics of mathematics and communism spliced with diphtheria and monotonous paranoia of an unsubstantiated species they have hit upon the exact strand of DNA that generates the humiliation of agony.

The Himalayan bondage horse high on DMT survives on preliterate spinal awnings, umbilical ribcage perspiration and whirlpools of trans linguistic anal cortex suppositories of convulsions. The marriage of his genitals and the milking black eggs of dysentery skin the curved ass hairs of pigmy's whores while attending a mass for anecdote of eel semen plagued by a mentally ill version of Meister Eckhart's hallucinogenic oz.

TERRIBLE DREAMS (FOR JACK FOLEY)

Dreams that become specific of sickness; there is no means that will desecrate. Heaven or hell; while half-waking or fucked, dead upon the embroideries that intertwine upon the inner workings of the body; there is no mystery that is undressed. No creation that intensifies itself by swallowing. Bone becomes pleasure and fleshes the nails that contain and seal the aroma of my very many cerebral convulsions.

Hairs are burned. A needle broke off in the vein has no eye and cannot make its way to the larynx to be heard. All semen is coerced. There is passion in blood in blood that will not clot. All language resides in a sac of blood that cannot pass through the digestive system.

When all visual images are and will be exterminated, I will pass into iniquity. Escaping the consuming the trembling and unbroken, stand weary in the opening possibility of light, of duck, catch on the ends of their blades, the slayings of firstborn. Clothes that they wear cannot be reproduced. Their eyes cannot hold their gaze. When you speak to their means be quick.

Flesh of the body will intercede. No unlike the walls of rooms that house the ritually dead I stand looking around the room. My eyes attempt to defile but it becomes the pourings of the charnel. Like the masks of Goya I peer into the mirror at the species I have become. There is nothing so extending like the hemorrhage into noise. My neck bending turns to matters separate from my being, calling mantric rotations, symptoms, phrases that cannot turn away the listener.

Drink of the brush. The paint is the annihilation. Scrap the prostrate of its slain and swollen blessing. The anointed priest of the otherstream...for himself profane and angelic, give him the bright sun of California to wear. The portions he chooses to fornicate to become sanctified.

BURNING OF THE BRUISES

The darker nature of my soul sleeps in your fear of me
The stillborn wall of acceleration absorbs the burning of the bruises
Abstaining from the withdrawal of the milk corpse
The ritual of mouth washing
send shards of naiveté
Into an alley of overcast skies
Boiled bilious skin shrunken
In the beggary of slave healing caresses
my appetite as I surround you enflamed
your extremities laid out before me
I am the hallucination you recall as birth

DEMON EST DEUS INVERSUS (THE DEVIL IS GOD REVERSED)

In my dream architecture, pale derivatives of intimacy shield me from the scar of creativity with the burning of the bruises that occurred at the construction of the dream itself. In a shelter of ravenous blood water or wine fires quench doorways confining a purgatorial Gnostic in an abyss of Christianity. The sacred garden consumed of envy lends itself to false belief as it convicts the stench of raw faith with the sweat of my brow.

BLUES FOR COCHIERY

(For Jake Berry)

A drenching rain kept in a cage
Scalding consecrated a deathbed in flames
A shouldering muscular burn
hung upside down between two starving wolves
Split into by a heavy slanted blade
An abortion by chain
A mouth gasping awakened wants tears
Scurrying
Dangling a shotgun into the wreckage
Claymores embedded in the throat
Diagnosed
Ghosts in the viscera – burnt like venison
Nurturing ampule roughened into convulsions
A conversation to deafen the darkness
A soaking stentorian scream to indiscriminate the text given by mouth

MULATTO TAR CAMPHER

(For Susan Smith Nash)

The narcolepsy of the muezzin exposes the autopsical period of Mother Nature as her postmortem clotting transcribes the Silurian period in reverse into sexual eccentricities appearing and disappearing in the eleven chords of dissonance preceding the silence of encryption now overwhelming the repetition building with a percussion of innumerable faint heartbeats

The doctrine of the evidence locker can be found un-translated in the bloated corpses littering the Kurtz compound their dilapidated genitals are merely a suggestion at the immensity of unresolved necrophilia pouring from the river straight into the mouths of the lice infested roaches sodomizing the aphids of my waking stares the intricacy of rain patterns of birds and the currents in the river have produced through dense mathematics the ability to produce powdered books these books are a mixture of opium, cocaine, and the illegal urethra the product of chance demands that there is no way to pour the same book twice

At the publication of the first volume of the evidence locker the black forest burst into flames this was caused by the frequencies mixed with unpublished works of Stravinsky interspliced over the airwaves bandwidth are instigating a cultural de-evolution and certain genocide is carried out in the printed editions of the journal the Experiodicist in black and white the statistics are nominal five times a day Islamic scholars pour the Koran the Tsunami of these Muhammadan pedophiles gorges itself on the show spelling of the Koran

THERE IS NO SOUL

(For Jake Berry and Hank Lazer)

...and awakening cutting through to the soul
naked and pressed through the glass
rising (mercy and escape)
excessive movements consuming himself, carried to the breaking
the pornographic fever, the toxic polemic
obligatory violence in a prophetic light
lashed to the belly of the whale
the excrement covered emissary of God
the equivocate of catacombs
belief in bodily disarray, the scar of its own demise
exalted necessity, conclusive basis for the writer in his hands
swallowed by the earth
edifice – petals after swine, an erection burned by the sun
a current of tragedy coursing through the urethra and its foreskin
peeling away as snow erupts across the dark nobility
he senses in her thighs

twelfth century drawings captured the last light of the soul
sleepless, the dreamer stands above an encampment
his blood trailing down and awakening the stomping horses
their breath icing in the twilight
weapons drawn, the syringe envelops and the faith of a prisoners
death opens to him

the ugliest serpent in the heavens is the least poisonous on earth
the convalescent rakes at the ground until his fingers are no more
his face broken into bloody spots, his eye dislodged by the breath trying to escape
his body retching, his pity and sorrow growing in the loss of blood, capacity
and softness of touch
at the equinox slipping from his skin, naming every incendiary device
with a drunken sobriety
a slave narrowing suffocation
shaking uncontrollably, ducking sound waves, escaping the ground by unseen hands
sleeping beautifully against his will
submerged and vengeful

a prayer for rain opens to the twelve hours
wine pours like a hymn into closed mouths and exposed skin
obliterating the moon with chastised and often personal notes
magnified by the audience of infection
death within death and souls into trachea

the faces of the skeletal dead littered across wallpapered rooms
like an eternal pulse moving across the floor

roses, like roses
roses growing like massive regurgitate
a cassock hue, a weathered basil to a oily stir
orgies in small Moroccan rooms
writers wrestling their souls
scraping the flakes of cocaine out with the crisp night air
sand castles of psilocybe mexicana molding a cast of an immoveable shoulder
of the road

cracked like the dark mysterious ocean floor, staggered like a Croatian summer sky
approaching screaming, creating me from nightmares of cannibalism, shrieking into dirt
encrusted eyes, snakes a mile long peeling back the flesh, hands banging into the face,
removing bones, eerie voice saying, "There is no soul."

branches breaking into plates of darkening crimson
retrieving bodies and their limbs
reading page after page into the gray microphone over
the rushing river
cathedral ceiling pulsing to each syllable unable to stop
a public toilet stairwell away from a crime scene of burned flesh.

INNOCENCE IS INDIFFERENT

an insatiable halogen nosferatu
red-haired and bleeding
graceful and beguiling
seductively mutating a habit
made to fear its relentless urge
to lift his own weight to deepen
its thick oat to hold the sunset
chemically until he can taste those lips
that swell when screaming or crying to rush
to its belongings to kneel wrinkled and
silent... withdrawn broken crying loosening
the lace from under her brow ...split rein
beaten until shaken heaven is colonized and
tranquil shadowed by dense cleansing waves
breaking across half-eaten headboards forced
into the mouths of those excruciatingly
deep-throated by the miserable cock of life
...the clothes were a natural but
the body needed work ...mysterious dislocation
like masturbating in an inescapable dream
a cacophony briefly brutalizing ...raised from
the grave by a quotation
an image of Ingmar Bergman's Hour Of The Wolf
unconscious to pain inextricably torn a vagina
wrapped in celebratory gauze at the removal of the
labia appears in the dusty storefront ...a solitary being
frequenting his own sexuality helplessly
circling the dust he has just riddled with his own urine
waiting to see if any insects will approach
or perhaps drink of this gift
haunted by thoughts of suicide and the sound
of his own voice he finds his own body
most influential and begins to write
...I'll tell you right now that nothing matters
whether or not severely beaten or verbally abused
you can never excuse the victim and its
suffering that is never changing ...
pulling at her shoes she climbs the steep rocks
back to the highway.

CAN WE NOW DISCUSS WHAT WE SEE WHEN WE LOOK INTO THE INNER-WORKINGS
OF A MACHINE? (PART TWO)

(Dedicated to Jake Berry)

making love while your head is submerged
underwater
while speakers broadcast inaudible noise
of glass reflecting glass
cigarette smoke trailing the extension of
your arm and flying across the room
and collecting itself in the form of a vagina
a woman's nude body her skin peeled and hung above her
dripping
below the earth encased in concrete a maze of hallways miles
leading to a single room filled with light
a single computer screen with no keyboard
a chandelier swinging from the ceiling rabid dogs hang
disemboweled bleeding into the sofa
to which your head is shoved into
each time the blood splashing over your head and filling you up
to your eardrum
you hear a heartbeat
final moments split into the foreground, music afterwards playing
before into the water you hear against the glass reflecting glass, a dog
in a ravine.....
ugly gangrenous in a minuet, offstage, riddled with bullets, the
sound of her body hitting the compressed hardwood relayed to the
crowd like the sound of a firecracker exploding in a dream....
train tracks oiled erupt in a sculpture of Giacometti, depicting a
prison kitchen covered with two feet of dust...
a dulcimer beating the text of the song into the microphone that is
hidden in a single string
the second act, a long pause of suicide and defilement, is
portrayed by a small boy carrying a lemon and repeating into a two-way
mirror, I have never seen myself naked till now his father behind him
in a reciprocal role announcing at the top of his lungs,
soaked in blood, that he will not support dishonesty
but there are texts conceived in a monastery that reveal
acts of terrorism
psychologically a proscribed lover will not only consent
to anal sex but will
die of imprisonment when availed of humiliation
secularized in a manner that covers twenty pages, I read the results
of possession

I read the excerpts gathered by those willing to look down into the inner- workings of a machine.....

DEATH IS A WHORE THAT WILL ALWAYS LEAVE YOU WANTING

its a horrible image
 hung by the neck
a young girl washing
her clothes in the river
hearing the rope give way and
 falling into the rocks
at the screams
the smell of excrement
 the tearing of muscle
the body limp a refusal of child, fetishism
the wedding of two ideas a hollowing of the soul
ugly grace
in the light of a cigarette
crushed into rumpled
 impressions in the snow
clothes worn,
an erect penis,
a vocabulary of flesh
 black words spoken in a deepening abyss
hours in a photo, priest-like black-haired a raw holiness
monologue of exquisite rituals
 opening
leading Goya by the hand into the machinery
 once canonized by the blood of the inquisition
 watching him capture a rape of a child
 in thick black watercolor
 reading in Russian the
cruelty of criticism wiping away a tear from my eye
 falling asleep at the wheel depressions taking pill form circulate in the
writers veins like a play reading itself aloud sleeping in a small room in
Mexico and awakening to dig into the earth looking down at his hands to
reveal the cycle of pressure it takes to relieve the brain of its nightmares

PLEAS AND ACTS OF ACCELERATION

I cried

 I cried

 when the chains wrapped around the trees

as the sun lit the floor

when the limbs cut through my breath and left

 me impotent

as I fell into the tones of the music

 playing in my head

I found the bones below the surface of my clothes

 separating the arteries, the veins

and I removed each one I selected a prayer

 to recite

I found the spring of disease

 hovering above the creek bed

 I walked into its falls

 I drink and cut my hands bleeding into the

 stones and drank

forceps encased in gold leaf pry open the birth canal to reveal

Christ lying prostrate in seminal fluid

the carvings above the door charge adultery

naked bodies are found in relief's from the twentieth century

 each male sex organ garroted

sodomites line the walls of the ships hull

their saliva covering the body of a prostitute paid to eat her own hands

men use an oddly curved wrought iron instrument to remove

the feet of virgins to throw overboard to appease the puritans so

they will not capsize the boat

statues in the Vatican are reduced to brothels in metal drapery

 the pope is beheaded by a child forced into the most sacred halls of

heroin

 displaced by the illustrations of enemas and the bullet holes

 that litter the path to the public incinerator

the book opens a photograph.

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK, THE CROWDS OF AMERICA

Turn any page of history and you'll end up with blood on your hands. You'll nightmarishly see, you'll horrifically understand, that whatever peace you have enjoyed, whatever serenity you found in the cries or the touch of a child's hand was brought to you like the swallow's nests stuck to the partition above your head, crowding your steps; this world, this world underneath the soil rotates on the blood of those who came before you.

The camera begins with a cornfield in the middle of the night. From the opening shot we are aware of nothing, only the darkness, perhaps the cold. The camera begins a slow tracking through the field only once in a while stopping and changing direction very slowly. Seven minutes later the camera switches off and the room fills with light. Did you think you were sure of what you would see next? At any moment something could have come into the frame and you could sit back and concentrate on it for a moment. Maybe you thought you would see a man digging alone. A scarecrow coming to life, mashing the corn stalks under his feet, or a fire erupting and the camera becoming trapped would focus on a single flame until the smoke crowded the lens? No. The trick of the seven minutes is that you never know. But you are always sure that something is there in the blackness. There is something there in the blackness, but you don't always see it. What is the moral of this story? Did the corn in the field represent all of that blood I mentioned underneath the soil? Did the corn stalks represent each man, woman, and child who died to bring you the freedom you enjoy? No. The corn was the corn, the stalks were the stalks, and the blood can only be reached in your own hands.

THE ASHES OF THOREAU

Walking through woods you have never been in can be a sensory prayer. The trees standing and those that have fallen, the underbrush that is either scattered or almost non-existent, the smells and the sounds, are and can be a scattering of the senses with every drop of sweat and breath taken up a hill. Do you look around slowly and imagine a camera capturing the moment? Do you imagine someone is just over the next rise and waiting for you to pass? Standing alone in nature can remind you why you write, why you try and communicate, and can even remind you of how you will never be able to capture or translate to another what you have seen, heard, or tasted. Perhaps you begin with forests in state parks and imagine these lands are safe. You are already falling backwards into vines soaked in kerosene. Nowhere is safe in nature and no one in a way is more safe.

If you ever care to fully get the experience of the wilds of nature, then I suggest walking off into the forest, as far as you can go before having to stop to rest, and sit down and read a book or read over your own writing. Somewhere a few lines into your reading you will discover that the only one who cares anything about your writing, the only person for miles, is you. Perhaps you'll feel like the creatures of the forest are reading over your shoulder, maybe not. I guarantee if you seek to escape the noise of living, nature is your schooner to your complete consciousness. The writer who is afraid of writing either something bad or writing something they are afraid to show to someone needs nature, it needs the wilds of the forest.

The mind is a disease nesting in the crop circles of the imagination. On your walk into the imagination you find a pathway cut into circles around the dreams you can remember and the ones that seem to crawl about your skin in waking time. These dreams are the poetry you were able to capture whether in the wilds of nature or the security of the door that is almost always about to open. Behind this door the Buddha rests Christ's head against the many arms of Kali. Books levitate and surround the hands of the writer as they grip the windowpane that will not break, and the floorboards that will give way just enough for the scent to escape but not the writer. Seclusion, like the wilds of nature, both contain wild animals. Are you one, or are you just the ashes of Thoreau?

THOUGHTS OCCURRING AFTER LISTENING TO THE MUSIC OF JAKE BERRY

My life is like a ferrying delta of myth ruined by the towering steps of man. A trembling in the presence of a stampede doesn't always assure the passerby that indeed there is danger, thus a sad life have I led with many days of work left to do. Building a ship to concern the waters flowing beneath the floors, I have mistakenly sharpened my failing step. Sleep is for the unconsciousness to contemplate on a midwives salary, whether to wash before or after. Standing naked before my skin I am a musing of orange and blue, falling into seizures and an exposing lens left on the stable floor. My mind is a detonated mine whose shrapnel occurs beneath the lids of a very tired soul. The question to the answer of death is lost as the American flag goes up in flames.

A TEMPLE CAN BECOME AN ALTAR

(For Hank Lazer)

When did the flesh become a prison we felt we had to escape from? True the body holds many nightmares from we cannot awaken: the worst of these being the thoughts of the mind. The aging process can normally be accepted but how do we conquer those thoughts that ease us out onto the window ledge? Simple, we jump.

If you are conscious of your body you will have an artifice against the evils of the soul? Forget the claymores under the skin and exist within the framework of vessel and bone.

A prisoner, like a prisoner, we are kept until we either die or perform an unspeakable act. But there can be ways to escape only briefly. That ringing in your ears after a sudden shock or loud noise may just be a calling to another. A brief shrug from another may be a brush against your shoulder where you look up to see not their face but a design the sun has made across the floor. A foray into the words of many dying children will reveal not only tears but also cries of wisdom and clarity.

Those dying at an advanced age will draw you into a self-induced dramatic moment and say something profound but the real moment of truth is when the last breath escapes and you witness the expression. Does the heart stop with the mind?

The boat of Osiris may find its own path down the bloody river but man inadvertently created the wind that carries it. Dig your own hole but make it one where you can lie down in.

LOOSE TRIALS

I'm only able to describe my own hell; I'll leave you to yours. My ghostlike figures move motionless in the darkness of my dreams and erupt in my waking peripheral vision. The polluted symbolism of their chants reverberate into the orifices of my body and their smells cover me with a dry powder, passionate about the hundreds of corpses left by my mistakes, regrets and loves. I feel the sickening pages of the computer screen with the details of accident victims, I am one with the snake crawling into my mouth and feeding on my vital organs. Afternoons are the worst, the time between awakening and sleep. The time you have to reflect on the dreams the night before and those to come. Sometimes I can almost feel the characters preparing for their nights performance. The cameras swirl with film in order to capture the events of the dream so they will be able to repeat their performances again and again in days and months to come. Dreaming in color and watching the hues turn to a sickly gray, I challenge the kidneys to abstain from urinating and ask the muscles in my back to avoid the frequent pain they leave me in. However, the body works as one when attacking the senses, impaling the unconsciousness with its own steel spiked pole. When being hit by your own ammunition, the wounds become indentured and cannot be torn away from the point of impact. The seed falls into the earth and never hits bottom.

A NATURAL EXCESSIVE

Pray with me and my willingness to reach the skies by lying on the ground. Close to me this side of life. I so want to listen to the sound of the embrace that change brings to you. It's sullen and it's home to your heart. I have widowed peace and its ever-calming stillness by acknowledging pain. The struggle to give myself over to anything but my thoughts, my wants, my needs.

To be at peace is more than being an offspring, or to be a Father, or a Mother. These things come about in life through your own will. It is quite difficult to even achieve sincerity, much less spontaneity or peace. If you were to define the human spirit, I would say compassion. Compassion translates to me as appreciation and acceptance. If you can achieve this then I think you are in the right frame of mind.

When I think of Buddhism I am deeply humbled by the history of the religion, the almost seemingly impossible task of understanding what must be done and understood. But I know the mind is always learning so the sentient being will also. It does fill me with love and a desire for understanding. Pray with me.

THE NOISE OF YOUR BELIEF

Animals testify through their DNA. Humans expound upon the greasy terrain of civilization and clap their hands in despair. A fire burns out of control over the forehead of a child asleep in a dream of gray gardens. Me, I sit in the handshake of a woman who has lost a husband and a son. Her eyes unable to smile as her lips trace the familiar, the expression aging in phosphorous light, like white tile against a dirty skylight. Who'll cry for her while she feeds herself in the presence of something holy?

Writers often speak of the abyss, but why try and explain this? If you've been there you know that there is no way of explaining it. Speak to a group of people and if you stop to look around you'll see who is listening, who is thinking of what their reply will be, and those that are looking past you. I wonder, can you ever really express yourself? Just how surreal is it to see a piece of thread embedded in a tree after a great wind? Do you focus only on the thread or do you look at how the rest of the tree weathered the storm? The first thing a traveling man will tell you about the road is to look out for what you normally ride by unaware. He'll show you the man crawling from under his car from a nap. The woman cradling her child over the roaring engine and trying to keep him warm when the heater has broken and the temperature has dipped below zero.

The next time you enter a depression and look around you for an escape, remember that all things being natural, you could do worse. Christ was nailed to a cross of wood, not stone. Stone radiates the heat from the sun whereas wood does not. The nails in his hands would have become heated in the sun and if they were hot enough could cauterize the wounds. Blood loss and flesh peeled away, the witches of Salem or the books burned by the Third Reich would suffer more in the fires? That depends on your opinion of long-suffering against the idea of the skin burning and falling away slowly.

BREATHE AND DIE SACRED

(For Jake Berry)

Inspired by Last illustrations of J.J. Grandville: "First Dream: Crime and Expiation" (1847)

Haunted by nothing and everything, supposed against the revelation of light against shadow, the cure of ailing and dying cells. The tragic salvation in the dying writer looking out over a horizon of muted sounds, the arms and legs beating against the stone embankment overlooking a bottomless crevice, and getting sick on the blood of loss. The taboos in the refuse of humanity shelled into the consciousness of the reader; the shrapnel of a muse apprentice guild.

THE BEDOUINS HAVE HIV

When I first came to prison
I knew spoke burned my clothes
and never stood until I was sure
of stretching ceaseless
mistreatment in motion rolling into
a cracked water vein up from the roof
of your mouth
I'm sick help me
I watched as her tongue

slipped down her throat
not really sure if she was dying
I just was lost in the movement
she told me to take her picture
when she started to gag but
she didn't tell me to save her

hollowed and metallic
she was crushed glass
left in the freezer
and washed down with ice
the room was worn

she swayed
like the flicker of a flame
though it was cold she sat naked
in front of the window waiting for

the doctor held a scalpel
to his patient and said cut me
the flicker of

the television poured
into the street

it hurts to move
cause the phone
comes out of the wall I know
you're going not going to call
don't open the window cause
it hurts to move anyway
its much too cold
what was that noise
sweating

into the electrical outlet
turn on the switch
and back away

who are you crying for?
Me?

the train station
is covered in blood
a priest at the roadhouse
blesses the lard
I sit in the car counting
the beads of tar
on the freshly paved street

EPILEPSY

(For Jon Berry)

have you ever felt it necessary to save your life
as if you were being suffocated
feverish or as Ingmar Bergman once put it,
"A snake's skin full of ants"
a knock on the door at 4:00 am
a seamstress has arrived to fit you for
your new skin
waking hours later watching the darkness
retreat from the room as the sunlight spreads
across the bathroom tile
a life so ingratiating, so repulsive that with each
agonizing moment you are conscious
small children are racing through the streets of your
dreams animal bites covering their skin
hatchets litter the streets like crumpled leaves
blood pouring from the sewer grate
you run gasping into the library to see yourself
reading quietly
have you ever felt that the mirror
would explode suddenly
that there was someone staring at you
through the closed window blind
that the sounds you hear in the night
are not really there, they are
made only by the retching of your heart
you watch as Christ
burns on the streets of Saigon
burning his flesh down to the bone
then wandering off into the jungle
watching as Vietnam vets return to Vietnam
searching for their lost limbs
only to find they have ground into powder
and have been used to cover the streets
to ease the slippery residue caused from
the constant snow and freezing rain
watch as the ice in your glass shifts its weight as it melts away
changing the taste with its own death
staring blankly into humility weeping in the darkness of the womb
reading the horrific scrawl I have written on the insides of the birth
mother
screaming and screaming trying to gnaw my way out of this machinery

what is left for a blind eye but a butcher knife
and a narration of childhood
losing virginity at eleven amidst the smell of
cleaning fluid

no thought of innocence
then the violence came
a train screams down upon you as you sleep
slamming into your crotch your genitals exploding into your face
the entire room collapsing in
the walls scraping your forehead
the flesh peeling back like a circumcision
then everything
everything
everything grows silent and malicious

THE UNHAPPY DEATH OF BIRTHDAY

(In memory of Gregory Corso)

sitting here with a toboggan on my head
to keep the air cool and warm from my head
as not to send me into epileptic fits
though they come anyway
I am reminded....Gregory Corso is dead
That raw child who never seemed up from the earth
who never seemed to get what he felt he deserved
I think about living in El Paso and driving by and
eventually walking through the bleak Mexican
countryside that resembled a battleground and
seeing the desperation and the pride in the eyes,
that is what I saw when I looked at Gregory Corso
living in the south and talking, watching, living
alongside black men and women and you see and hear
what they have had to survive and sometimes never
overcome, in their eyes I see what
I saw in Gregory Corso, a bastard of many
races pouring his restlessness into words
whether you had ears to listen or no and there
are men and women who live their sweet lives
in the arms of men and women and who are beaten,
burned, and killed for their ideas,
Gregory knew of these lives and never turned away
On a journey now to Italy in the form of ash
Gregory Corso we'll send you a kiss and hope
to visit someday and read you your poems that
stand by themselves along with your memory

INMATES EXPEL PURIFICATORY RITES

(Dedicated to Jack Foley and Jake Berry)

nature darkens a yellowing rim
around the mouth these bones
are hanging in the water where
obligations, tears, animals conceal smells
and weapons that mangle venison a spidery stew
sowing feathery insects casting about for food,
in other words, skin to wear leave the dead
to scream and bleed out the terrifying disease
sprinkled over the coals breathing up through
the ash to the roof of the mouth

MIDNIGHT IN ANIMAL PATROL

a few minutes of running water
a woman found God in a sexual position
and then almost died
(sensory ganglia) - opium- (molester & sodomite)
orgies of the brain
gouging neck-windowed screams, screeching
There were soldiers dying on the train their mothers
throwing themselves beneath the wheels so the train
would not derail
Searching for the butcher knife
the Detective lay the photos out side by side
looking down peering over his glasses he remembers
the squalid life the victim lead
and the pattern in which the blood was smeared in the yard
then he knew that the photographs were fake
decomposition like a noose
Can attach to the moment
decomposition like a noose
Can attach to the moment
and loosen your immediate
resistance to odor and loosen
your immediate resistance to odor.
And then one day the needle struck bone and everything grew illuminated. But where was this
disarticulated being that had shone so brightly beneath the water? This corpse that not even
suicide could liberate a fallen being that still managed to read Blake

un hinder ed g r i s l y
a sober climbing trauma that delivers
the pale woman from the moor
dressed only in her slip wet from the rain
shivering madly and rambling on about hounds.
No, much has been written on the overgrowth of bone after death! Do they not split the
breastbone during heart surgery? Do they not stop the heart and then bring it back as if
nothing has happened? a dentist screws in metal fragments a plumber encases a drain in
cement a child gathers u egg shells and feeds his habit for dead birds The camera levels on
the top of the water and does not distinguish.