Symphony No. 7

(detached resonating hour)

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Argotist Ebooks

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Argotist Ebooks

Symphony No. 7

Hours move through
the mind's conception of infinity
as matter forms
its thready skeins
which descend
onto barren furrowed plains of ash
it is here
that the fate of blemished gods
hover in silence above
an empty molecular sea
it is here
the detached glandular eye observes
the charred and nameless ancient remains
which lie smoldering
in a hoary blood-field's ambient resonance
it is here
the celestial aperture opens
and imperceptible light
floods the burning sulfuric corporeal womb
where the silent muse infuses its will
into hollowed lifeless sepulchers of flesh
and it is now
that the unsullied orchid grows
on the luminous threshold
of humanity's door
where an archetypal memory's visceral flame
enters the newborn infant's beating heart

. . .

1

It is
a mutated primordial archetype
it is
a cadaverous shell of molecular dissonance
it is
a celestial effigy of transient refuge
it is
death in the dust of a plasma wilderness
it is
a face in the mirror
reduced to enervated angular silhouettes
it is
here to speak of humanity
of apparitions in doorways
of an elongated shade at noon
of divination in an ancestor's eyes
as a gauzy reticular eyelid's web
as a hallowed poverty's cornerstone
as a chained song's morning thaw
or in the nature of a grey water's ashen drift
and of a castellated radioactive errata
and of a gouty neo-platonic deity
and of a frozen crow in windless dawn
and of a jeweled immanence in visceral ebb
and of a Neanderthal's id perceptual contusion
and of a littering impotent Newtonian muse
and of a glassine eye's burning landscape ruin
to form this reality's foci

an imprisoned aura of cerulean mercy
night sky and orbits of transience
diminished elusive undercurrents
as is the purpose of words
as being materiality
a paper void's guttural wind
a bleeding womb's consuming euphoria
a dead leaf's rhizomic trajectory
an image elucidating compassion's futility
an image somewhere not here
an image of a bloodless lion's reanimated corpse
a sundering of philosophy's existential tyranny
a suturing vestige of atomistic indeterminacy
and to fabricate windows from walls
and storms gathering in framed alcoves
and wherein lies the empirical
threshold
ending in mythology

2

It is
a day of unwritten sameness
nomadic moon and dust forms
upon an isolated stairwell
the phenomenon to transcend
the ghost of Rilke's elegy
the disquiet ameliorations of flesh
the nature of a singularity's unwinding skein
the prismatic recession's hypnogogic flux

and to perfect this intoxication's corporeal asylum
this dimensionality's mutating turbulence
this lingering unconscious serpent's trance
in the veins of congenital slurry
in the gnawing worm's colic persistency
in the blood and spirit
in the rind and skin of inner resonance
and to remove the intimate measure from distance
a light through slotted gables
a transmutation of detrital hyperbole
or words of a bed-sitter's tar plain lament
or blind crows in a field of roses
reminding one of death
as in portraits of curves and horizons appearing
through ebbs on stratospheric tongues
as in the pendulum returning
an eschatological transcendence
a tracing blight of corridor sperm
of placating aspirations to malignant verity
of breath within the opaque body bag
of afterthought in wakes of repression
of the grasp of the detached sublime
the bereaving elisions at apocryphal limens

3

And to understand
there is only
the appearance of light
accentuating the corridor's void

and a brick wall
facing no empirical direction
and a partial variable
in spatial equations
defining a realm
wherein nothingness derives
"here we formulated
thoughts of ourselves
existing
at the boundaries
of a corporeal time"
a time
where coneflower blooms
trace receding paths
along a Precambrian
ocean's dusky strand
a time
where a mute doorway perceives
the pallid shadow of dust
passing through
the quantum needle's eye
a time
when willowy seed pods
burst within a fallow garden's
ice-encrusted trough
a time
when burred welted faces
look to amorphous gods
to manifest in grey
spiraling transparent haze

a time
when endings are defined
from smallish broken windows
letting in an emaciated night's
dripping soundless wail

4

It is a room
at noon
the sky is blue
a predetermined landscape
has been envisioned
at windows facing east
a molecular disturbance
on the retinal membrane
and to perceive a moth
in distal asymmetrical flight
knowing there are only theories
to externalize
imagination's effacing gloss
as when observing
a testimony to what is
unspoken
by ashen silhouettes
appearing in lucid dreams
where faces are indistinct images
repressed by fears
of doors and isolation
as in a world

where words satiate
the hyacinth garden
as a late rain
waters the hilltop's asphalt spine
and as voices trail off
into an obliterating absentia
and an encroaching outcrop of darkness
stains the horizon of a red thrush
perched on the flaking slate rooftop's edge

5

"Dear Mr. Schrodinger"
your feline lies within
a linty coffin's
quantum oblivion
within a darkened cognition's
gilded-iron reliquary
it is an entropic mote
in a blinded azure eye
a ghosted presence
scouring an inner cranium wall
it is one less voice
scribing its attenuated resonance
in a catatonic beholder's
tawny closeted dawn
"Dear Mr. Schrodinger"
there can be
no sacramental mourning
for an observant mind

accelerating into a chthonic oblivion
or a wincing pound
of quivering flesh
swimming an isolated gauzy existential sea
thus
you have raked
these medieval plains of gurry
you have stretched
this bloody torso's impermeable rind
you have frozen
the eyes of narcotic sages
you have bled dry
the verity from apocalyptic omens
you have erased
the slate of equation-bloated trolls
and here
here you have seen
the nullified ciphering
of myopic gods
the hermetic penetraila
breathing life to the alchemist's corpse
the dying light
from a terrestrial forest's ancient fray
and you have sown
the eternal orchid
in a ivory tower's barren steppe's expanse

6

To sever the relationships

where the sleeping heart resides
on the broken paving stones
beneath a melting asphalt sky
"they spoke little of their dreams
which kept them chained
to the plastic edge
of an infirm reality's cancerous fate"
and sooner there was sun
sun melting frozen veins
in the chanting tongues of no repose
sooner there was the unconsciously absorbed
archetypal subterfuge
filtered through
a liquefied retinal phenomenological scree
and sooner there was
the day of the dead
with windows glazing over
an eye's conceiving
vision of blindness
"it is here I observed
a gaping void
in a glass sky's vitrified face"
and thorns of a dying rose
growing through
a closing door's sodden frame
where a molecular sea has turned to sand
and time exists as an impermeable singularity
leaking from a theoretical dreamtime realm

7

What
is
found
in
this
dead
zone
sheathing
the
terrestrial
eye
    a
    well
    spring
    unseen
    beneath
    the
    ivy's
    creeping
    limb
a
pale
sun's
distended
reach
through
a
quantum-tonality's
resonating
loom

a
hinged
window's
view
of
crows
stirring
in
snow-laden
fields
at
dusk

8

What is understood
as image (identity)
passing into transience
chains of solidity burn through flesh
as a bridge bearing the weight
of many centuries forms
the grist of irretrievable memory
it is here the rains bends
the summer orchid's bloom
in the shade of iron swords
crossed beneath a gallows tree
it is here the eye denies
  the manifestation
    of transcendent prescience
and to see into this

fledgling remnant of vision
a crystalline light
appearing hollow through prismatic windows
a north wall entombed in shadow
a reduction of surface area
to internalize loss
as the unspoken
methodology of perception's
disfiguring emptiness
as the bleeding placental heat
  is radiating
    off the furrowed asphalt pathway
as the flaking ancient saturnine fresco
  is consumed by
      the unconsciously mined blighted landscape
as the weedy rem state of a madman's id
  erects hermetic walls
  in a silty dreamless terrestrial night

9

There is little space
  where the heather will prosper
    without light
there is little substance
  to the resolution
      keeping the sulfuric heart's
          inmost desire in abeyance
or keeping this rock wall
  solid to the touch

and inseparable
from the thought
of its permanency in transience
and to think it must be
the outcome of alienation and estrangement
residing within the intractable mind
as here there are many scouring
blemished souls
whose silent eyes bleed through
a quantum intestinal corporeal furrow
and there are many noumenal airy entities
which cause entropy to root
and weeds to flourish
on the distended meadow's
circumferential edge
yet to speak of a transcendently pellucid sphere
where grey periphery fog
disperses among the azure diamond
inlaid embankment
or in a palatial room
that is empty
of silent vegetative neutrino breath
then to not know of such a world
conceived within the eclipsed eyelid's
blackened cask of night
or in its yellowed sepia anemone dream
following the thorny prosthetic appendages
across the sodden threshold
of driftwood and flesh

10

Terrestrial resolutions are as sand
an immeasurable singularity
bleeding from the womb
of molten celestial ecstasy
and to speak here of spatial fate
of where the garden knotweed limbs
cover the motley pavement scars
of where ten thousand years removed
returns to scrape the dried scarlet flesh
from the disfigured amoeba's transparent spine
of where the glistening prismatic sparks
  from a night's jeweled diadem
    fall onto a bleeding king's arid eyes of steel
of where the cloistered celluloid engine throbs
  within the dissonantly echoing
    menstrual trough
of where stairways cut in stone
  reflect the grey incendiary light
    off the buried parchment's sooty brow
of where a bleary sea of passion's maw
  drowns the nascent orchid
    in a briny calloused slurry's wake

11

It begins to rain
a bleeding deity's effluent
falling from disintegrating skies

and from a roof
wherein distance is measured
    a crow appears
    to portend eternity
    in the singular breadth
   of a black wing's beat
it begins to rain
oily runnels filling
discrete cracks
in a crumbled tarmac's edge
as in an emptiness
    which precedes
    the intimacy of light
    shadowing the wiry clematis
    frozen to the concrete foundation's wall
"it is here that we are
at a loss for bearings
of identity and reflection"
or unaware
of the lesions
 growing unseen
in the molten exo-planet's amethyst core
"it is here
there can be no
continuance of vision
without"
prurient limbs to mine
the twisted metal clouds
dripping caustic sulfuric tears
and the brick-faced density

entombing the siren's archaic wail
and the spiraling quantum storm
moving through
    a raven's unreflective molecular eye
as the burning ferrous sky ascends
above a visible horizon line
as the descending cloud substratum
obscures the saffron scar of dawn

12

Life's antipathy
entering the open window
as night's jewel-eyed onyx face
    gestates in the unconscious
        ocean's prosthetic womb
as the ancient sage's martyred ghost
    ascends through the briny silted loam
when the gnarled mountain's
    vacuous cavity fills with light
when the dead moth's hollowed torso
    divests itself of terrestrial resonance
when the rusted steel circular loom
    sits in an abandoned meadow
        of bone shards and thistledown
and when Venus rises
    above the evening's asphalt scar
        and a synthesis of resurrection
            infuses the sleepless hearts of minds
                harboring a veiled epistle

of mercy and fate
and when quantum scalar waves
wash over the closed eyes
enslaved to the ravenous
tumescent-faced reptilian vision
its dulled-sword excoriation
bleeding the seams of an austere transcendency

13

This unraveling corporeal fabric
in the embryonic aspect
of a scabby disillusive sentience
or
a cloudmass of ploughshares
beat into liquefied plastic stone
and it is within
this heaving molecular machinery
that thunder resides in its astral shell
and where the isolation of dust
infuses the cloistered vesper-corridor
with dislocated unleavened coruscations of light
and it is in this moment
that the gun-metal overcast
plies its edge against the shuttering terrestrial eye
and it is in this moment
that the radiant mind conceives
of cellular structures
existing in a molten ocean's uncharted abyss
and it is this moment

that devolves
into a symmetrically angular
dissonant sphere of light
and casts off
its cleaving promethean flame
as the fleshly cathedral's drifted fog
enshrouds the fledgling sparrow's barren womb

14

This dialectic of misunderstanding
stems from an unconscious inclination
    to retract the hands
        which mold the hourglass sands
the hands which erect
the asylum of an insoluble sanity's fissured vision
a vision where silted eyes scan the mercurial sky
and the grey autumnal overcast
    covers the burred eroding veins
        pulsing a life-force through fleshly appendages
"it is here we spoke of essence
intangible as desire
it is here we saw visions"
crossing a boundary that is within
    a sleeping nomad's transmigrated world
where a hermetic night's ghosted embrace
    shutters the votive candle's transient flame
where pallid light sieves through sodden corridors
    cauterizing the philosophical mind's
        devolving Neolithic equilibrium

where an ethereal realm exists
to internalize what is seen
through the silicon amoeba's theoretical eye

15

Clouds drift
above the asphalt palace's reflection
as a myopic subterfuge vision
entombs a bleating sheaf of burning parchment shards
it is now the past
the past
of a mindless geometry's
dissection of reality
a voided space of subtle negation
stealing breath
from the votive candle's
tapering flame
it is now the past
the past
of dust closing
the impervious eyelid
as the unnoticed stealthy cirrus wake
enters the sleeping torso's
weedy glandular dream
and here it matters not
to the mercurial faces
of grey elegiac anonymity
if day passes
into the diaphonous rags

of a sweating chemical night
it matters not
to the narrow-spined stranger
if a black linen veil
covers the concrete meadow's
sun burdened rupturing edge
it matters not
if a discarded sea
of limestone slurry
sculpts a sinuously calcified intestinal ravine
it matters not
if a carbon atom's unbalanced orbit
isolates time
in a frozen eye's
gelatinous oasis of sleep
clouds drift
it matters not

16

Outside this circumferential amber light
the blooded glass towers
lie in shadowy ruin
here some have turned to their
straw mountain's celestial refuge
some have turned
to face their obsidian god's heart of steel
some have rooted through
the molded talus pile
imagining jewels

embedded in the ancient
sage's hollow bones
some saw the anvil eyelids of restive sleep
fall across the scarlet pavement's melted lip
some heard the petulant eyeless wolves
howling outside the burning cathedral's seething nave
and maybe there are minds
remaining
that cannot fathom
the depth of their own
bottomless acidic sea
minds that cannot fathom
the incipient conflagration
fomenting in the bleeding
prosthetic shell's cranial veins
minds that cannot fathom
the weight of ten thousand
wingless sparrow hawks
haunting the imperturbable prophet's dream

17

Threadbare reflections
of the dissonant present
and a clouded mirror
where liquid-onyx eyes perceive
the mind of one
inhabiting the zero
where the resonant sentience
of unformed stones

speak of the oracular quantum aura
infiltrating the nascent zygote's amniotic breath
where sinewy vectors
of corporeal limbs
swim within the cerulean hued translucent seas
where pieces of an inert burning sky
resolve the amorphous edge
of a terrestrial night's gelatinous core
and it is here
that the burred and besieged primordial heart
lies bled of a theoretical immortality's
lobotomized belief
and prayers
from a candle-lit room's evensong vigil
fuse to the radiantly distant nebula's eye
and it is here at dawn
that weeds in an overgrown iris field
shadow a vernal sun's frail attenuated embrace

18

These spectral coils of mortal blood
where sentiment follows
in the uncounted drops of summer rain
where clouds are brooding insentient ghosts
unaware of the dim-lit stairwell's ascent
where the half-way open iron door
leads to the orchid garden's winter shade
where ephemerality exists
as a hidden song of the symphony's silent note

where the celestial memory of wounded sparrows
  signifies the light of resurrection and loss
where the shallow rooted lily dies
  in a rusted cathedral's ionic void
where a primitive city of stone lies
  among an unconscious vagrant's weedy anamnesis
where the sentient wake of an electron's trajectory
  leaves a facile absence
    in the crescent moon's waxing girth

19

...And to internalize
this corporeal grail's wounded sentience
where to understand illusion
is to see
a contiguity of space
within the unconscious mind's colubrine web
and in the frothed peaks of a cerulean ocean's swell
or in the shrouded transparent ontology's tear
a tear which blinds the penurious vassal's closeted eye
or in the glandular lacquered teleological sands
sands which clog the prosthetic limb's abraded veins
speak then here
of the contrite aspects of fleshly intangibility
of the dim-lit metal forest's
  crumbling runic boundary stones
speak insofar as this coheres
to a primitive troglodytic mindset
in a day of sailboats in a harbor

and steel-lined clouds
moored above a hard-tack asphalt quay
in a day of plastic-veneered ecstatic platitudes
where the dead meadow's tree- line shadows
the humid breath of molten antediluvian fears
and where the comingling mass of twisted torsos
are existentially lost in a drifted amniotic haze
speak then here
of this threadbare gaunt philosophy
best left for the glomming cold
of late autumnal isolation
where burst hearts and congealed candle wax
form the static existential mosaic
pained beneath a flaccid leaden sky
and where the drifted orchid blossom lies
silently beneath a gelatinous
desert's sebaceous rain

20

A blind moth
flittering through
the eye's glass keyhole
an entropic denizen
of imperfection's celestial sea
a melted sutured torso
bleeding
the emulsified
molecular filaments of rust
bleeding

the besieged dreams
of a apocalyptic seer's theoretical zero
bleeding
a deep-seated cyclical rage
through the opalescent dimensional doorway

21

And what little light
appears to emanate
from the beaded black-eyed cormorant
hovering above
a distended asphalt sea
and what little light infiltrates
the gilded mirror's faceless anonymity
scouring the empty corridors
behind the dead-bolted palace door
and what little light there is
to penetrate
the briny petrified
stone-enlaced heart
imprisoned behind
the isolation of one mind
imprisoned behind
the scarlet-lined molecular thread
imprisoned behind
the tearless eye's encrusted gaze
imprisoned within
the cloaking
intimate

self-impaled
shallow
rasping
breath

22

Death appears
as a clotted cobwebbed maze
shrouding the time-thickened
fleshly extremities
death appears
as a bottomless calcified ocean
flowing within
the blooded helical coil
death appears
as a thorny intestinal parasite
piercing the cranial shell's
inner membrane's rind
death appears
as an excoriating undercurrent
scouring the sleepless mind's
deformed penurious dream
death existing
as a prescient welt
on the newborn infant's
outstretched arm
death existing
as the primordial bearer
of existential fire

bleeding through
the dark scullery shades at noon
death
as blight
in the isolated crow's
aged eye
death
as distant
as theoretical galaxies
unseen behind
the black searing veil of night

23

She has forged
a palace of ash
in the empty corner
of her darkened room
where her deepening sorrow
mines the splintered angular fragments
lost in the shadows of a receding sun
she has understood
the flow of her transient
emotions' slackening latitudes
their intangible hemispheres
revolving through
the electron halo's
attenuating spatial wake
she has lived
the dried season of frozen stones

facing the glazed window
when the northern gale
buried its archetypal memory
at an ancient ocean's imaginary edge
she has been within
her unconscious fractal id
estranged
from the floating skeletal grains of celestial dust
and has been within
the anvil mirror's pallid specter
reflecting her blackened faceless weight of rage
and has been within
the white blossomed lily's shade
growing in the creviced asphalt garden path

24

It is a hypothetical room
where shadows cross
the prime meridian
within a midnight sun's angular cast
it is a room
where the obdurate flow of tinder ash
settles upon the black arachnid's dormant limb
it is a room
where uncounted days recede
along a spectral line of skewed dimensionality
and linear rites of time
abrade the sleeping eyes' averted gaze
it is a room

where ragged moth-eaten leaden emotions
bleed through
the heart's sinewy reticular skin
and where a bell tower's isolating susurration
fills a starless sky's bottomless void
it is a room
where vanquished insentient flesh
forms a bond
with the hunger of an uncertain immortality
and cataract-blinded eyes
divine a universe
rotting beneath the burgeoning alder limb

25

What is lack
but the semblance of entropy
existing as toxic atoms
entangled in the veins
or spatial mutation
in the citadel of immortality
or undetectable oscillations within
a dissenting season's early blight
and here to redefine finalities
as distant as
    privations appearing as light
    imploding upon an azure sphere
as distant as
    the guttering poetic assonance of death
    swimming in a blood-thickened amniotic sea

as distant as
the rooted fleshless astral thread
unraveling
upon
the
corrosive
asphalt's
macerated
scab

26

It is not the fate
of the undefined
observer
to retain the mutable
aspects of matter
lost within
the calcified eyes'
frozen gaze
nor is the essence
of the dead leaf
a knowable ontology
to bestow upon
the terrestrial denizens
of an unlettered poverty's grasp
here there is the negation
to explain
the loss within
the angular mirror's

petulant faces
or in the archetypal
promethean ire
hidden at the ferrous dawn's
internal edge
here there is the rusted penitence
of hard-tack obeisance
and the elegiac wheeze
of the ivory-throated sparrow's
liquefied dirge
and here there is
no onyx ghost
to inhabit
the tractable specter
of evening's fall
where narrowing
fragile aberrations
infiltrate the celestially radiant
anthracite glaciers
receding behind
the dust-knitted
quantum veil

27

Beads of sweaty rain
  fall onto
    the ivy-laden meadow's edge
fall onto
  the briny tract

of a black arachnid's crawl
and here
another world remains
unseen against
the viscerally deified
cognitively-surreal backdrop
another world where
flaking alabaster statues
return to their iridescent essence
of quantum singularity
another world where
deadly nightshade blossoms
wither behind
the clotted iron sun's liquefied eye
another world where
distilled insular emotions
fill the sooty metal trough
with undivined sacramental light
another world where
rusted flaking lunar dust
falls into the madman's
silted mind of raging chaos

28

He becomes aware
of the continent
drifting beneath his feet
of a fragmentary ocean
flowing through a room

where he is not confined
to a perception of self
he becomes aware
of seeing
a moment of dissilience
existing as a grain of sand
in the on-looking stranger's eye
and of mute surrealistic effigies
structuring a molecular tapestry
from the ineludible celestial
geometric void
he becomes aware
he is within
the mind of the reincarnated tyrant king
sired by the terrestrial fog of mutant time
and where the gilded mirror's
harbinger of anonymity
stares through a clotted corporeal membrane's
ill-reflective ancillary edge
he becomes aware
he is
the impotent corporeal prey
of a vitrified Newtonian sun's
devolving gravity of theoretical fiction

29

Speak here parenthetically
of the lean tourniquet years
years conceived

as a collapsed wave-form
of uncreated occurrence
residing in an abstract sea of perennial being
years conceived
as a viscously ferrous menstrual blood
flowing from the blackened
acid-lined neutrino's molecular womb
years conceived
as a winter daylight's splintering flame
scorching the fleshly labyrinth's crossbeam wall
years conceived
as an unconscious stranglehold's emulation of night
shrouding the insane oracle's penurious eye
and here the interred colluvial hours follow
the immolating stream of macerated sand
through the flaccid-limbed king's sinewy heart
follows the glandular repose of a beggarly waif
bound to a dying torso's theoretical fate
follows the undulating
black sparrow's hypnagogic trajectory
through a crystal-glass palace's sardonyx doorway
follows the repentant pilgrim's breathless plea
through a gelatinous eschatological landscape
clasping amethyst spirit-beads
between palsied skeletal appendages

30

She thinks of the logistical flaws
in the elusive realms of non-locality

of how the closed doorway allows
  an oblique light to enter
  and penetrate the braided chain
  of a dark matter's tactile void
of how a pre-existent world
  consciously exists within
  the mind of the plutonium atom's
    unstable nucleus
of how the black-winged moth
  floats quiescently above the throbbing
  visceral hemispheres of spirit and blood
of how the fading chalk outline
  on scarified pavement
  conjures the neo-platonic ghost
  of unrealized disembodied form
and of how she sees herself
  as an indistinguishable entity
  blankly reflecting the pallid mirror's
  shrouded face of consuming dementia

31

A winter light
hides the briars
in shadow
a congealed misted frost
settles in the eyeless
statuary's creviced limb
it is here
one can determine

the vibratory thought-forms
of primordial amoebas
interred at a desiccated
ocean's briny strand
or see a silent lenticular cloudmass
pass thorough
a solitary doorway's
glass-inlaid frame
and it is in an ancient strata
of frozen bones and ash
that one intuits
a presence
removed
from
a
respiring
sentient
fleshly
realm
a presence
immune
to
this
finality
of
death's
formless
inarticulate
disease
a presence

outside
this
throbbing
carbon-based
organism's
turbulent
heart
of
steel
a presence
entangled
in
its
own
geometrically
unconscious
ontological
labyrinth
a presence
bathed
in
an
eternally
flowing
sea
of
unseen
perpetual
light
a presence

32

And to follow this thought
to fruition again
the cathedral appears
in an abandoned field
of roses and weeds
as in a dream
where the mind cannot interpret
a fall of snow
emanating from a crow's translucent eye
or in a sunless expanse
where dalais grow
by an ocean's edge of gravel and ash
and it is in the immeasurable
duration of time
that faces emerge
to clarify
a life once lived
in the pallid air
of grey painted rooms
where holographic effigies
dance in the thatch-shadowed mirror
of a frozen indigo glacial night
where a mythic archetypal identity
dons the transient molecules
and soluble flesh-covered carapace of bone
where the null grammar
of a palliative ontological indeterminacy
defines a still-life

isolated in the heat
of a latent season's refining fire
where apathetic eyes at shattered windows
stare blindly into a scarlet sun's eclipsing descent

33

To
wake
to
footsteps
following
this
yoke
of
intimate
oppression
this
wasting
image
of
mortality
isolated
behind
the
tattered
silken
veil
drawn
by

noon

34

To gaze
down a glass corridor
through drifted myths
scried on the gnarled spine
of a crystal gnomon's bough
where the severed limb
of a ghosted apocalyptic sentience
roots in the furrowed wormwood fields
beneath a hollow-eyed constellation's gaze
here there is no totem of repose
    entangled in the atomic structure
        of the eye that is
            singular
                in its articulation of space
no totem of repose
where one must thrive
upon this hardtack loam's petrified crust
where a dawn's silted obtuse breadth
hides the nightingale's cubist shadow
in the stunted shadbush
grown lean into autumn's unraveled skein

35

The flow of a river
by nightfall

when he dreamed
a world without absolutes
a world inside
the moted eye's
blinding sty
a world of a sodden faith's
cloistered insignificance
a world where
    the grain of sand
    remains unchanged
    in a field of late
    autumnal fossilized tares
a world where
    the weighted stare
    from a breathless skeletal moon
    scours the winter pasture's
    ice-enlaced veins
a world where
    the indeterminate destination
    of the electron's trajectory
    stagnates the mind
    clouded in its own
    penumbral clock-time's crawl

36

Something
of
 a
veil

unconsciously
seething
through
the
discourse
of
what
is
unspoken
of
what
is
external
to
touch
this
memory
as
substance
reduced
to
abstract
bleeding
scars
on
the
sleeping
magi's
unopened
eye

37

And somewhere a room exists
a room of chiseled-stone sentience
entangled within strands of barbed wire
and breadthless grey molten light
a room of disconsolate isolated entities
where the liquefied stare of archetypal prescience
penetrates the white-washed mind's silted skull
where the bifurcating glass ocean's brackish strand
heaves life from its sterile acidic womb
where the icy-taloned winter air
freezes the clotted eye of verity's perception
where the anesthetizing palsied appendages
grope through the penitential dwarf's dreamless sleep
where the entombed primordial serpent's tongue
travails the astral spine's crystallized plain
where the vortical clouds of celestial blood
coalesce in the depths of the nebula's womb
and where the attenuated echo of the nightingale song
severs the arterial night's dark interring vein

38

There is no attempt
to defy
the icy edgeless night's approach
or the prescient isolation
in another's eyes
facing the penumbral shadow's

onslaught of death
there is no attempt
to shatter
a glass-philosophy's
lesioned view through eclipsed eyelids
or to explain the apocalyptic ghosts
melting on the descending stairwell's
iron and steel rail
there is no attempt
to decipher
the dark formless plastic faces
existing within an ill-defined reality's grasp
or a room where crows glare
through gaping serrated holes
onto an ocean of grassblades
and cold stone dimensional gods
there is no attempt
to quench
the updraft of promethean conflagration
where flailing ember limbs
throw themselves
from the amethyst temple's crumbling spire
and where the bleary vagrant's psychotic rage
fills the sodden fields with howling wolves
and dying nightingale cries

39

To see the hidden nature
of light's celestial symmetry

unobservable
in its actual essence
to see only
the ill-divined terrestrial hour
covered in primordial slag
and martyred cinders of bone-yard ash
to see only
a devolving sutured landscape
layered with glass doorway shards
and the unleavened parlance
of wordless angelic choirs
to see a sky
empty of constellating astral prescience
and littered with the rusted steel gods
of drowning mutated amniotic ghosts
to see the sine-wave
formed from matter's decay
and a light-body's deathless quintessence
eluding the threadbare appendages'
palsied maiming grasp

40

"We understood ourselves"
as insignificant
entities displaced
among an anemic night's
sulfuric descent
"we understood ourselves"
as molecular oddities

leaking from
a prosthetic clock-time's
sutured void
"we understood ourselves"
as spectral anomalies
blindly groping
through the celestial rooted
tombs of fate
"we understood ourselves"
as fractal motes
of disfigured sentience
existing within
an entropic barbed-wire
amphetamine cask
"we understood ourselves"

41

And there is another sky
to articulate
the street
before daylight fades
when the fluid muse's call
drinks from the sylvan mountain's
transfigured wound
when the anvil eyed visceral night
dreams in ancient stone oceans
turned to dust
when a clogged arterial passion's lie
burns through

the bent widow's crumbling spine
and there is another sky
where a sundered-wing moth
seeks a frozen sun's lightless repose
where an isolated gibbous moon
hangs above a caged philosopher's
aphasic oblivion
where plague-littered avenues of steel
reflect the alchemic skein of ember stars
searing the hyaline silken angel's wings

42

The view is through a window
it is an unseen ocean
it is the atom's core
at one with consciousness
here there is no singularity
in interpreting the observed
yet what is absurd
is defined
by locality presumed
in sinuous blood structures
shadowing the weight of mortal decay
in a waning grey matter's mirrored wilderness
remaking the pitted face of visceral death
in an ambient overcast
projected through mute doorways
in a tacit edge of light fading
and for want of gravity unconsumed

rain enters an empty room

43

A glass door
facing the north wind
through a window
an augmented view
in a reality envisioned
" we were tasked to interpret
the remains of an undefined
architectural ruin"
iron stanchions looming
on horizons
at eye level
a truncation of place-names
remembered from youth
archetypal regressions
splintering intimate dissonance
as if in a platonic cave
of dead entity revenants
with faces scythed
from a respiring autonomy's grasp
"there were infinite possibilities
that we imagined within"
the cellular structure
of the beating heart
the stained-glass imageless gods
reflecting light
off the black pavement's rain

the emanating radiance
from cloud-mass constellation
the open grave's sapphire-lined sky
and the closeted heart's anemic tear
masking existential solitude

44

A bridge materializing
indistinct and amorphous
a collective vision
from sleep's outer edge
"now an intersection of planer surfaces"
clotted faces reflected
in the empty flame
and candles
where the wall ends
in obtuse angles
below there is a rift
tinted to blue-grey
and at a window
the slivered moon
through crepuscular haze
the emerging star-field's
porous aggregate quarry
and a clock time's fractal parsing
into the shroud of evening's
sparse geomantic redolence
soon the remedial flowing
the imageless hypnogogic fog

the voices to supplant
the essence of the unspoken
and in dreams
the grainy unconscious effigy
the hazy gauze surrounding
the crow's black melting eyelid
the dissonant implications of death
exhuming the terrestrial clutter and din
in a mythic autonomy's sinewy fate
in the resurrected archetypal celestial heart

45

Consider
what is dead
or what is
not spoken
by the frozen tongue
consider
breath ceasing
to move this stone
or bury these atoms
in sedimentary ash
and what of moths
encircling an empty house
or the singular thought
of love becoming
a swollen torso
on dusty seas
consider

abandoned uranium fields
and bodies within
the deep transparent loam
or how to interpret
a spatial negation
of intimacy's embrace
with veins of gravel
pulsing liquid steel blood
consider
a darkened room
lace curtain drawn
at evensong's approach
and ageing eyes
haunting a mirror
of changeless fate

46

Morning is without
a dream remembered
vanished in a fog
as in an early snow
occluding voices
on empty stairwells
now a face at a window
indistinct among the weeds
a lasting impression
of compassion's loss
"we came to view ourselves
as existing

outside a devolving
space-time continuum"
as when a rectangular room
fills with smoke
and eyes are only
remedial vessels
collapsing the wave form
of corporeal occurrence

47

What
is
found
in
the
visceral
occurrence
of
theoretical
faith
the
silent
eyes'
questioning
prayer
bleeding
passion's
inarticulate
tongue

48 - *for Burt Kimmelman*

And to speak of
this enveloping light
"insofar as we exist"
as a mote of sand
in creation's eye
where there can be
no desert of glass
reflecting the splintered
faces faith evolves
"insofar as we exist"
as entities to assimilate
a muted transient presence
respiring softly
in an empty stairwell's darkened void
"insofar as we exist"
as entreating isolated voices
speaking of transcendent gods
while hearts of stone
bleed scarlet tears
onto a celestially glowing azure orb
"insofar as we exist"
as fleshly denizens
pondering
the substance
of atoms and death
while time holds
its nature aloof
and light recedes

from the closing eye's
corporeal embrace
"insofar as we exist"

49

It is not thought
that overtakes
the descent of night
ascribing a cost
to the insignificance
the mind conceives
in grey spaces
covering
a
blackening
corridor's
wall
and it is here
death persists
regardless
of
the
immutable
abstractions
placating
the sleeping novitiate's
vitrified eye

50

Blooded frames
on the still life
and a room
devoid of breadth
faces resolving
in a backlit mirror
where insentient eyes
observe
life dissolve within
the molecular nebula's spine
and deeper still
the pavement crests
by a dying ocean's fleshly womb
take this to mean
there are many
who are unseeing
many blind eyes
staring through
white plaster ceiling voids
many fractal neon souls
reflecting shadows
on laminated corridor floors
many incessantly garbled voices
vociferating through the miasmic gauze
late into evening's fossilized decay

51

Thorns catch
morning's light

falling through
the slotted window
vacillating frames
of posthumous dreams
in archetypes
signifying
intimacy and isolation
in disentangling motion
consuming a static foreground
insignificant
as a passing cloud
or dispassionate eyes
returning to an empty page
returning to tragedies of loss
in silence
of the dead leaves
returning a harmonic progression
in a clock time's insistent sting
in
a
blue
muted
neon
sky

52

Fingers fall limp
tracing the frozen glazed
iron-grated window's face

like voices which fade
at a boundary
where speech defies
limits to eclipse
the gnomon's shadow
which passes at noon
to eclipse
the obscure philosopher's
dialectical scrim
creating a world where he sees
no formative illusion
to portend
an understating
of entropy
completing its gnarly circuit
in the caged rodent's unmoving eyes
or in the tacit patterns of galaxies
precessing through
the neon-veined amoeba's heart
or in skies of darkling alien worlds
where imperceptibly distant constellations
bleed their quantum essence
though repressed archetypes
of unconscious isolation
or in the blemished core
of disembodied faces
mute at the obsidian mirror's
eviscerating stare

53

So speak of desire
crossing a boundary
that is within
a sleep of alternate worlds
beyond the frail
guttural resonance
of endings clarified
in faces
leaking beneath
the casement window
a theory of evolution
an accumulating snow
(and from some distance)
summer's ailing dross
evacuating space
in a mindless seer's musing
as a hammer's claw descends
to smash the indeterminate
quantum Neanderthal's conception of self
or to silence
the blood-framed portraits
chained above
a circular stairway's
empty cosmic womb
or to question
an unhinged cloud-mass essence
passing from a swollen eye's sentient realm
or to hear
the guttural caw of evening crows
echoing through

a cyclonic forest's dimensional void

54

A definition
of endings
where shadows clot
and mar
a corridor's wall
where autumn's
subtle light
bleeds through
a cloudy transom's angled edge
and here to pause
for thoughts
or death
approaching
at the threshold
of a forest
wind shaking
the limbs
on a ageing oak
and to see
into this
emptiness
a lifeless shell
a gray building's
flaking slate roof
or what is borne
by this hour

passing through
the glass
and plaster doorway
again
to define endings
as voices diminishing
through an ancient earth's
porous crust

55

A contrarian's belief in an angular overcast
existing upon a hidden ground
a misanthropic aphasia to nurture
this Heraclitian meadow's flowering of chaff
this backbone of a hunted mortality's atomization
speculative shades in archetypal discordance
an eon's petrified ephemeral resonance
a broken fence's thin entropic alignment
an unraveling thread's half-life decay
cold swords at an ocean's edge
slashing the fledgling creed's equation
and to follow these vacated drowning eyes
a vision's solidifying seamless grey parousia
black outlined cognitive dispensations
construing the architectural aspect of dust
evanescent scraps in sanity's apprehension
or moot theories to defend
the hourglass mountain's fractal stability
the specters of marrow and torso decay

feeding the sterile orb's ontological dream
feeding the wreckage of driftwood and ash
feeding the imprisoned outcrops of blood
lost within boundaries of plasticized dehiscence
or heliotactic eye on lilting velvet wing

56

The sacred is elsewhere
not in these
grim fleshly lexicons
buried in eschatological minefields
not in swampy cadaver gardens
burgeoning with insecticidal debris
not in the anvil-weighted eyes
laden down with veneered prosthetic vision
or in the geometric constructs
of a carbon-based fossilized life-form
the sacred is elsewhere
inebriating the chaos
drizzled from a grey sky's
arcing dawn
and in prayerful tears
vociferating the inconsolable isolation
in the widow's lamenting heart
the sacred is within
the empty cathedral's
tapering votive flame
is within
the dying leaf's

enduring atomic structure
is within
tracks left on cold stone
in blackened uranium snow
and in circular patterns
furrowing the crumbled asphalt's beveled edge
the sacred is
a threaded silk rose
adorning the naked philosopher's
existential tapestry
is the ancient celestial prayer
of hollowed souls
passed from existence
into an ethereal unknowing

57

Images withdraw
on a canvas
the hollowed faces
of Hopper's
iron-cored terrestrial isolation
asking if death stalks
the sutured inhuman cadavers
bearing Eden's fleshly scars
their anointed
voiceless tongues of fire
gestating memories
where small worlds
articulate an essence

unseen behind
an indistinct molecular veil
where time exists
as a leaf
on a stairway
portending thoughts
of death's approach
where time exists
as a grey ensconcing
autumnal fog
melting the anodized tears
of the plaster statuary's eyes
where time exists
as a breadthless room
devoid of windows
and doors
bleeding light through
a medieval hemisphere's dimensional void
where time exists
as an inanimate occurrence
reconstructing the lobotomized
philosopher's theoretical mind
where time exists
as existence itself
fading with the salient
resonating nightingale's cry

58

Soon one wakes

to closed eyelids
etched on sedimentary debris
closing the pages
on a drowned book
of aqueous hours
soon one perceives
mute electrons
moving through
decayed equations of theoretical infinities
hollowed cavities
in cold stone
and walls
in fragmented calcite dust
and here to parse measure
intuitively aware
of sparrows passing
through the rainbow's unscathed edge
and of a face's mirroring separation
surrounded by indistinct
and unspoken-of years
of shadows
masked by thoughts
internal as motion
flowing backwards through
the calloused mind's eye

59

And soon
there is death

in the air
that is still
and a question
remains
thickening
the age-encrusted clotted veins
and the metal fatigued
stiffened limbs
and the core
of the massless neutrino's
theoretical breadth
and the deformed heart
of the homeless vagrant's
existential alienation

60

Comes to this
interpretation of reality
a floating mote
in the dust atom's eye
winds forming
malleable reflections
in acidic rainfall pools
dried by noonday's sun
ageing light
through winter trees
or maybe empty space
rooting through
the fleshly excrescences

tapering
through
the
entropy
of
zero
and it is here
one observes
a sea fog
convalescing
through alcove windows
where bent crow heads of mourning
reflect on broken china shards
and it is here
monastery bells
anticipate
the vacancy of isolation
defined by a quiescent wind
at evening's approach
and it is here
in the ascending parallax
of the disentangled atom
that unblemished eyes contemplate
a salient distilled identity
forming the archetypal shapes
within bituminous pavement scars

61

It is

to perceive
what is within
death
and silence
of leaves
falling
upon a stony ground's
frozen rind
it is
to perceive
the brittleness
in graven faces
prostrated before
altars of effigy gods
in temples of moldering
stain-glass window frames
it is
to perceive
as it was
in the beginning
dark candles
fill with light
crows on the vane
portending
the ancient's galaxy's demise
it is
the subtle onset
of quantum gestations
cleaving the iron womb's
grayed-membrane sleep

it is within
the third blood-filled eye
where archetypal patterns
frame a molecular skyline's
burning fated demise

62

"Insofar as we exist"
to perceive
    a primordial ocean's
    returning wake
    where death indwells
    the cry of prescient sirens
    numbering the drowned leviathan's hollow bones
"Insofar as we exist"
to perceive
  a room where sieving fetid brackish dross
  pools in the hidden doorway's creviced edge
  and where unframed angular arc- light recedes
  into a micro-tonality's
      anti-quantum dimensional flux
and it is here that hemispheric sands
blind the white opaque eyes of time
and dissonant archetypal images deform
an attenuated breath's resonating presence
and where molten crows loom
as shadowed grey cloud-forms
above the heaving bilious factory stacks
and where the reticent widow sleeps

in the wild hyacinth garden
beneath the submerged word
of a dead heart's knowing remorse

63

Once
  a lion
  in a den of thieves
  beating the breast
  of the lifeless corpse
once
  a soluble god's
  fossilized breath
  embedding theoretical sentience
  in a pile of stones
once
  the incinerated
  heretical verity
  spoken through shattered windows
  by bloodless magi tongues
once
  the fleshed out
  philosophical abstractions
  drowning the beggarly prophet
  in an existentially grizzled sea
once
  the migrating hoard
  of petrified amoebas
  hidden within

the frozen asteroid's
substratal wound
once
the poignant lament
of inaccessible aspiration
harbored in the widow's
cloistered heart of grief
once
a mid-winter's voice
through spindly branches
echoing the impaled banshee's
terminal cry

64

...Or to say
the eye is singular
as did the bearded prophet
in a world
where scarlet rainfall
floods the wolfless rabbit holes
or where the blood-laden river grail
lies submerged in a frozen nightfall's
grimy tundra waste
where tin-clad prayer wheels
spin viscously
on disemboweled fractal landscapes
and where dripping liquid mirrors
reflect fragmented cubist faces
dissolving in weedy sleepless terrestrial wastes

and it is here
by an unnamed trackless sea
that one attaches meaning
to byzantine mountains
receding behind
an imaginary dawn's
saffron apparition
and it is here
that resonating unspoken voices
trail off
to an emptiness
measured in angstroms
an emptiness before
time can encapsulate
motion through the glass aperture
an emptiness before
a scalar ocean's cresting wave
can refract light
cast from a dead crow's
unopened eye
an emptiness
as a null point of referential autonomy
wherein to visualize
the singular essence of the coiled helix

65

Aimlessness
in isolation
a door

in a corridor
impervious to the touch
"we envisioned
scarred field
of burnt grasses"
a saffron-winged moth
consumed in visceral flame
below a grey unbroken overcast
a cubist view
through leaden iron cages
and a mirror's obliterated identity
"there were many faces
reduced to tenebrous silhouettes"
shrouded in ash
beneath a funereal moon
and it is not here within
this empty room
where a rose grows alone
among a vision of thorns
and a wingless crow
nocturnally dreams
soaring above
an edgeless precipice dawn
"and it is not here
where we awoke
to a grizzled prismatic ante-light"
and knotted pallid thought-forms
piercing the insentient valence of dust
as in a prayer's tactile immateriality
or a dead sun's incendiary glow

formulating ionic gods
in shadows of glass
as when sands blind
the sinuous asp in gravity's flaw
and consciousness transcends
the ghosted mirage
of an astral Socrates
lost within a fleshless sleep

66

Black sun in azure sky
as time exists
to paw through
this weedy wreckage within lucidity
this sinewy temple's liquid myths
this drone of Cambrian voices
shedding matter's half-life residue
this vacillating eye's internalized flaw
narrowing the burrs of terrestrial isolation
this faceless specter in the graying sepia
projecting the unchanging emptiness of time
this faceted entrenchment of a raven's dream
blackened by slurry of a madman's pith
this reaping a harvest of eschatological ashes
deforming the renascence of sleeping minds

67

Slantwise

the figures appear
hewn from
a spatially entropic firmament
a hollowed sphere
of tin clad faces
seeking purpose
amid the collateral ruin
and to know
what has passed
from this moment's
entangling sentience
what has breached
the gloated rose's
interior chambers
what has fallen
from the frozen
stone god's bleeding lash
and what of this
molecularly structured
entity of time
its
chasmal
scouring
low-
threshold-
resonance
infiltrating the empty
primordial amoebic tomb
its
saffron-

hued
metallurgic
oblivion
entering into
the monkish philosopher's
recondite cipher
and what remains but
this low-voltage astral energy
surrounding
the dust and glass
aerial passageway
its
muted
idolatries
of anti-
thought
posturing
an unanswerable equation

68

A skewed view
through the needle's eye
when days were numbered
as burnished follicles of wheat
blowing through
the alabaster cathedral's
axially-shadowed nave
when recumbent parchment shards
thinned by plague-ridden century-death

appeared as a physical effigy
cloaking a medieval sky's
outstretched obsidian limb
it is here that she slept
it is here that she dreamed
she dreamed she saw herself
a variable in the equation
removed to infinity's end
where there was still a question
igniting her mind's feeble grasp
of a rusted scarlet sanity's hinge
she dreamed of flagellating heretics
burying their dead molecular heritage
in an autumn orchid field's frozen grave
where a pallid ancient sun lifted its girth
above a crumbled stone threshold's grey feldspar edge
where a gaunt eyeless prophet
conjured a white vitreous crow
from a hidden astral realm's
disentangled quantum sea
she dreamed of the image of a self
defined by an indistinct hole in a mirrored wall
where the diminutive glow
from the votive candle's tapering wick
elucidates dust falling
from the passing swallowtail's reticulate wing

69

Rooms of gray painted wallpaper

where the strata remains
unrelieved of its internal ailing pressures
a clock on a mantle
recording a molecular disturbance
"as the carbon atom's bond
breaks its hold on a frail humanity"
and outside
a willow's swollen bark
  falls to sodden ground
  in the absence of breath
and from this to approximate
  a fall of light
  as a point if diminishment
  as the mind entangles
  the theoretical particle's trajectory
knowing this is only
a wispy spatial fabric
given over to hemispheres of death
a backlit Platonic maze
burying the floorboards
  in iron-filing dust
and outside the grainy pane's rendering
sinuous winds to define
terminal gardens
drowning in a distilled essence
  of nitrate rain
burred symmetries writhing
beneath aged corrugated faces
"and the carbon atom's bond
breaking its hold on a frail humanity"

70

To speak beneath
the burred cenotaphs
of immateriality's past
like shoelace accolades
  hung from a skeletal cadaver's neck
or the shimmering hyacinth glow
  in the crepuscular bucolic glen
  when evening's tapestry
  bleeds from a late afternoon's beveled edge
or when the smallish facets of faceless thought
  form in a mirror's sinewy arcing reflection
these are the florid transcendent ruminations
  receding from a frozen boreal ocean's
  irretrievable sleeping mind
or the shadow-myth from a quantum
  holographic mountain's cellular girth
or the archetypal image
  of a minotaur's hollow-boned nightmare
looming beneath
the rusted iron hemispheric dawn
where one's concept of immortality's light
is pierced by the stone
  goshawk's prosthetic metal claw

71

"And it is from this window
that we observed"

the gnarled blight
growing on the broken willow's limb
the decomposed husk
of the blackened iron-stanchion bridge
the corrosively scarring blizzard winds
entering the tenuous heart's salient domain
and the luminously abstracted intimate debris
bleeding
  from
    the
      shattered
        philosopher's
          insentient
            pen

72

What is brief
if not the moment
defined by observation
in a grey sky
through windows
light's impenetrable tourniquet
bleeding flesh into conscious focus
a scarring rigidity of bone
among dank faces
shedding winter's tomb
"If not here then where"
can the dead bury
these corporeal chains

chains entangling
   the coiled scalene limbs
   writhing in dreams
   beneath the muted lidless eyes
chains on eyes passed from form
   to an archetypal otherness undefined
chains divining
   a line the mind intuits
   as vaguely morphing clouds
   below a mountain's passing swale
chains of the unheard
   chords of voices
   translating wind
   through the isolated olive grove
"If not here then where"
can one retrace
these dismembered fleshly steps
   through a trackless rain's staining dross
   flowing within furrowed pavement burrs
steps through a decaying ocean's astral flame
   swallowing darkness in its transparent mystic breadth
steps through the barbed wire iron grates
   conjuring the guillotine's disembodied shadow's voice
steps of the terrestrially entrenched molecular ghost
   trudging though sludge-clotted throbbing veins

73

Listless anesthetized vessels
enmeshed in an antediluvian sea's hollow depth

passive terrestrial reliquaries
vanquished to transcendent formulaic silence
here the perturbational ebb of empty page semantics
the luminously drossed billowing cathedral's purview
the somatic spirit of wind and nadir flux
flowing through the crystalline dragonfly's reticular wing
the abstruse beauty of numinous corridor light
predestined by gods of synergistic tinder-flux
the isolating eyes of the straw dog's shadow
falling through the scarified pavement voids

74

"And the simplicity
of the moment
escaped
our apprehension"
as in dreams impinging
upon the spatial divide
of words unspoken
in thought's denied
as in this diaphanous landscape's
amphetamine void
where behind
the unformed eyes of sleep
one perceives
  a granite archway
  through angular fissures
   in the black glassine wall
one perceives

a celestial effulgence
bleeding through
a lenticular cloud's
trailing indeterminate edge
one perceives
an asphodel
framed by the sagging iris
growing in the concave wall's shadowed trough
one perceives
a fractal sun's creviced eye
fused to a grey foreground's
glittery tessellated light
and where to hear the disembodied
fractal tanager's song
is to enter
an ancient night's plaintive intricacy
shrouding the dying meadow's icy glen

75

In the nature of evolution
a room exists
to cauterize the wounds
of a sleeping philosopher's
lobotomized mind
and it is here in dreams
that he observes
what is behind
the impermeable amoeba's quantum eye
and it is here that he observes

one
who wanders aimlessly
across a strangulated plain
of petroleum saturated incendiary weeds
one
who wanders aimlessly
across a furrowed sieving epidermal stand
bled to the infecundity
of quarried slag fields
and leaching midden heaps
one
who wanders aimlessly
across the strip-mined splintering bedrock spines
where wheezy asthmatic gnomish kings
enter the mendicant serf's
existentially isolated dreamless sleep
and one
who wanders aimlessly
across the metal-tendril thorn fields
where silent insoluble gods
melt into an apocalyptic landscape's
blackening crepuscular debris

76

Contemplating the empty room
outside the three dimensions of adamantine space
outside the cerebrally imploding gas-light labyrinth
here the quantum impairments
of tongue and mirror edge

of curtain lace and wilted flesh
of receding neutrino's blighted marrow flow
of a constellating solidarity's Cartesian night
of hermetical citadels forging calloused limbs of dust
of glass-paned opacity coveted in requiem sleep
of the onyx-stained new moon's scour
crossing the Neolithic threshold of death

77

Notes of a chromatic scale
intoning completion
yet still
the singularity
defying conception
still
the dark matter's pattern
appearing as a wounded stag
burning in effigy
in opalescent veins of sulfuric ash
still
a quantum ocean's visceral ebb
crossing a sylvatic threshold's cellular breadth
still
the drifted cyclonic lung-dross breeze
threading through
a bleak plasmatic field's crystalline edge
still
a night sky's
cavernous archetypal prescience

shrouded in an afterbirth illusion's
consciousness bleed
still
the fading light of a vernal garden's ruddy sun
closing the blackened anvil eye of death

78

And still
the migrating arctic terns
eclipsing
the north facing window's light
and still
the ambulatory eye's static view
through the insentient
stone doorway arch
"it is here we visualized"
the singular essence
  of the coiled helix
the continual
  surging breadth of the sea
    flowing in distillate wakes
      of crystal-lit shadow lore
"it is here we visualized"
the unearthed torso
  of existential fragmentation
    and of a winter tree's
      gaunt outstretched limb
        hovering above the edge
          of a shrouded deadfall's maw

"it is here we visualized"
a promethean fire
refining the dross
on the thorn-pierced heart's
calloused rind
"it is here we defined"
a universe within
a presence withdrawn
from a consecrated gallows pole
or a transient sanctuary
consumed by flame

79

And what of flesh
composed of wounds
or the blemished tear
shed for sanity's loss
supposing
there is no-thing
to inhabit
the terrestrial womb
of unleavened reckoning
as if
no intricacy of structure
could repel
tidal surges
acting on a glandular sea
or liquid molecular clarities
sieving though a darkened window's pane

"and here we believe we are"
an evolving species
surrounded by formative stasis
and the indeterminate equation
masking diurnal existence
is without
a corollary in dialectical time
" and here there is no one left"
to internalize
a belief
in immortality
nor no soul
to placate
the Cartesian flesh's dogmatic ruse
where death persists
without essence
to elucidate
space
in an empty room
devoid of windows
and doors
and blood of the inanimate
statuary's beating heart
flowing through
a medieval hemisphere's dimensional void

80

And to decide whether this exists
as an externally verifiable phenomenon

or the terminal consciousness
of faded coal-dust ghosts
emanating through a marble palace's
quarried corridor wall
where signs of terrestrial life
diminish into a hackneyed thought-form's
    eidetic slurry
and where a molten winter's benign tempest
blows the frayed noose
from the knotted willow's sagging limb
and where the soulless parasitic amoeba
passes into an aqueous membrane's clouded sea
and where disconsolate angular faces
reflect the darkness migrating through
a nocturnal window's crystalline pane

81

"Here we have come to observe"
a crow departing
the tin windmill's rusted appendage
in the shadow of stone gnome deities
before the flaccid night arrives
and before the mirrored eye
can define itself
as a singular monad
existing
among the caged denizens
of intimacy and dissociation
"here we have come to observe"

a stairwell ascending
a room of many angles
dissecting the presence
of a calcified vein's
sallow-hued molecular light
dissecting the palatial view
through a clotted helical doorway's
  glandular sty
"here we have come to observe"
the ivy-ensconced
bone-yard towers
forged from the translucent seas
of bloodletting inquisitional myth
where the beheaded fate
of the corporeal atom's celestial clock
lies in ruin upon a uranium desert's glassy plain
its burred eroding glassine edge
lost among the sandblasted gaze
of hollowed faceless waifs

82

Here there are years
that are undefined
it is a relative measure
a scalar distortion
a hidden geomancy
within the sylvan moon's
waning outer edge
here some speak

of continuities
of singularities
of cresting ocean waves
of talus pyres
smoldering before
the winter freeze
here some speak
of ancillary hours
of a vernal efflorescence
of precessing fossilized amoebas
melting through a sutured landscape's scar
of archetypal eidolons
structuring the unconscious id
of itinerant years calcified in flesh
and of light before death
can remain
the unmitigated essence
exhumed from theoretical ocean's
unconscious trough

83

Through the window
a wooden clock
on a mantle
interpretations of time
through a dimensional space
the insignificant particulate
to carry
the wound

of death
through the I of observation
as in a crow's shadow
defining relevance
in the fossilized nebula's cellular breadth
or of mute disembodied voices
flowing beneath the iron gated
barbed-wire fraise
or of the predacious wolf's hungered gape
as a neon city's wake expands
singed by a flaming onyx night's descent
and as dark angles in hollow walls
diffuse light through
the sleeping philosopher's
concrete eye

84

Where but within
a mountain's obscuring
shadow at noon
can autonomy be sought
migrating light
through the pendulum's eye
where but within
the dreary symmetries
of a briar patch
can tonality be drowned
in a late season's freezing sun
where but on a treeless plain

contemplated in dreams
can a fog's drifting resonance
reach a jeweled enlaced precipice
glowing with distant nebula light
where but within
the hooded cobra's serpentine trace
can the metal-veined witch conjure
a bloodless minotaur
from the burning tinsel fields of ash

85

The scarlet hips
hang from frozen branches
at a glazed window's
faux winter light
as bitter metal talon-winds
grip a sinewy past's
bloody heretical relics
scouring the infected minds'
palsied reach
through murky fibrous centuries
    soon articulations fall
    from unspeaking oracles
    divinations and conjurings
    from quadratic deity-gnomes
    demythologized flaws
    in philosophical dialectics
    vagrant hermetic sutures
    to castrate imprisonable minds

"I looked to see"
the doorway framed
by a beatific illumination
and angels appearing
to cast transcendent limbs
through a gauzy cirrus ethereal veil
and to assume these are
fleshly entities
silent as freight trains
passing the brick-faced factory wall
or the sober formulations
of Sheeler's precisionist refinery renderings
or ghostly miscreants
of a taut evening's
spatial imaginings
intimately inhabiting
the oak-shadowed
triangular spur-line edge
" I looked to see"
ancient eyes observing
radial plains of besotted nebulae
floating effortlessly
in blind transcendent procession
in a realm where
mottled winter cloud-rinds
fall into an empty ocean's bilious depth

86

What

is
found
is
this
plastic
avenue's
breadth
of
steel
palaces
and
bilious
factory
stacks
and
what
of
the
wilting
caustic
faces
each
entering
a
doorway's
rusted
void
each
a
brooding

shadow
obscuring
light
each
a stranger
moving
through
death's
unflinching
eye

87

And it is here
in the nature of evolution
that saturnine faces remain
pressed against the stain-glass panes
of frozen moldering cathedrals
where a life-force bleeds
from the attenuated lion's prosthetic veins
where the iron tongue of repressed breath
conjures the dead fleshly parasitic ghost
where the perceived stasis of a theoretical nothingness
drowns in predatory matter's bifurcated sea
and where the impotent king's archetypal image
is fused to the ashen-face vagrant's unconscious id
and to translate this from complexity
in dreams of lace curtain fringe
on painted opaque windowpanes
where neon weeds grow

in fields of cracked-asphalt palaces
and where steel bells toll
dissonant chords of burning embers
pushing the mind further
from a benign sanity's wordless belief
where the tangible girth of years of darkness
leaves its shadow on the hyacinth garden's
    north facing wall

88

There are places
where stone wraiths
divest their essence
    down brooding corridors
divest their entropic signatures
    of carbon-based life-forms
divest their inert centers of gravity
    shadowed by a celestial gnomon's
        adamantine wake
and here the eye seeks to hypothesize
that which is within
a dead sun's archetypal prescience
that which is within
a scarified forest's festering gall
that which is within
the desiccated essence
of a primal bloodless sea
that which is within
the unicellular organism's

inherent transcendent light

89

Perhaps there is nothing
perhaps there cannot be
a detached theoretical hour
resonating through time
perhaps this is all
to become
abstract ruminations
filtered through
a gauzy limen's carbon skein
perhaps there cannot be
the last tear
forming in human eyes
"yet I am told
faith remains"
a constant
intangible elixir
a wilderness
to touch
this salient
outcrop of sinew and bone
this chamber symphony's
echoing fleshly dissonance
this glandular stone's
sifted ashen scree
or one among many
brackish drops of rain

or one among many
orphaned crumbled leaves
or one among many
grey fitful human dreams
or one among many
detached isolated souls
one
  among
    many
as it is
within
the endless
expansive molecular sea
as it is
perhaps
as it is

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About the Author

Ric Carfagna was born and educated in Boston Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently *Symphonies Nos. 1, 4 & 6* published by Chalk Editions and *Symphony No.2* published by Argotist Press.

His poetry has evolved from the early radical experiments of his first two books, *Confluential Trajectories* and *Porchcat Nadir*, to the unsettling existential mosaics of his multi-book project *Notes On NonExistence.*

Ric lives in rural central Massachusetts with his wife, cellist Mary Carfagna and daughters, Emilia and Aria.