

# **VERTICAL RAINBOW CLIMBER**

**WILL ALEXANDER**

DP

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PHOTO OF WILL ALEXANDER BY DAVID GROSSMAN

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## **VERTICAL RAINBOW CLIMBER**

## THE NEUTRALIZED SORE OF THE UNSHACKLED BEAR

He had limping blue forelegs. He was a balding Don Juan. Around his hut were shackled cemetery birds carving footnotes of light on his eardrums. He was trapped inside his forehead going over the fire of his backsliding memory. There were harpies with green earlobes hopping over horses. There were meadowlarks in chains eating blood from a dagger. He began top reel. By the following afternoon splotches appeared on his stomach. They were green and blue and mixed like an ointment of a purple flower. Rainbows swam in his ears and he heard the sevenfold lights of blazing ARMAGEDDONS. Apocalyptic sulphurs flooded his soul. He began to groan music, Pythagorean asteroids formed in the branches. Hound dogs clawed at the clouds. There was a bilious upheaval in the trees. They swayed from side to side like twenty ton Medusas. The ground cracked open like light. Astral like daggers flew through his body. Thought forms burst from his breath. Roses began blooming with fish scales. Ant chains turned into lead. Afternoon bled into night Stars started forming. Their twelve-pointed light began to unchain his forehead. His tensions began to drift, and at the instant of this drifting the secretary birds were blown into blood. He freed himself from his hut. He then began to walk, two steps forward and two steps back, like a neutralized sore of infinity

## CONSTRUCTION IN NATIVE HAND

Without blood, living in outpost conjunctions, threads hanging from strep throat suns with malarial vibrations flaring from a shield of spikes one thousand bolts per second, drifting from a mud coast to land locked ocean paradises, juniper urns, porcupine misnomers, having the feeling I'm shoving whispers from my stomach while grunting from poison, connecting Earth with space by means of vertical obsidian vibration, I am beginning my voyage, I am protecting my armpits from cancer, from owls imbibing Holstein pills, my jack knife pistons always tumbling from suitcase to suitcase, in and out of my struggles with life, meanings upended, startled by inveiglement, by venom which decreases upward and into nowhere, candles are crossing Wyoming, and the clouds take several short punches at boredom, to release the sky while maintaining its orbit, life re-routing its energy of tombs, and we come to settle on bank notes, on primary windows, on short change activity clotted by bourbon dressing, by escaping ego incisions forgotten and merged with fluidity

# GOLEM

A monkey's skull hanging from air, from pure incorporeal air, where nothingness resolves and relieves its own bed wear, only to return, as torment, as torture, as false and erroneous misgivings, living fibres soaked up by lying, death with broken monkey's teeth grinning, the bladder, non-existent water spout of air, the tongue gone, the mouth free, the wind pipe flying, sunsets floating on waters of midnight, in the midst of broken trunk weather rainstorms, the dye is cast, death in life set on its feet, its legs one continuous motionless activity, one continuous response to neutered unemotional activity, the body cells air, void, projected in nothingness, from which nothing emerges, except repeated repetition, amorphous body lead spirals, headed nowhere but downward, frozen lead divided by darkness, its life reissuing statements from suburbs, time comprehended in torture and sickness

## BUILDING A STETHOSCOPE

Facing the heart like a God of stainless aural neutrality, the cold round globe pressing the skin, heart beats vomiting up liquid, suspended in the breast by tracheal dichotomy, the patient wheezing blood from his inferior vena cava bursting with precise intensity, neutered on his laurels, his cosmic ritual laurels, where stasis is achieved by breath, much like solitude extracted from vertiginous green emblems, attached to the side of the mouth by torture, by broken waterfalls of wire falling from darkness, we see in this scene an avid helical wheezing, coughing, throwing up fluids, then dispersed by the bladder near the 4th or 5th finger of the mind, because the lungs have translated their enzymes, have rattled their liquids through sunken sword fish incisions, until crows appear on the surface of the skin, and windmills flash, floating through the eye of re-productive pollens, being binaural speculation of hand held pronation on the chest, which means bones are moving forward from an occult compartment to vain-glorious supination, as the body sails out of its skin, takes troglodytic astral travel immured in the essence of God, the quintals of light being ablated by sound, as in the sound of sheep bleeding forward and backward where the crossing points are blurred, seemingly frozen at death by depression in the veins, not unlike tornadoes of broken horse flesh moving as a slaughtered worm line inferno, breathing with the help of ghostly bones in the neck, like an emptied laser pointed through the kidneys, as if speaking from the spine of butcher's sea salt wisdom, the eyes grow large as rain birds, the chest heaves slowly by means of turgid intromission, of phlegm, of binaural auscultation, weakened, turned to a crow of blood, the inferior vena cava not unlike a dying branch of politics conjoined to a muscular background philosophy, the stethoscope takes its place as a small flattened bell which covers the bone, listening to the blood fall down the trachea, drowning the ants which swim in its vertical solar antimonies, alive as stark raving liquid, as if rainbows had fallen, never to be seen upon dissection of corpses, either vertically, or side to side, the stethoscope says that the body has died, but the wound in the soul is still bleeding

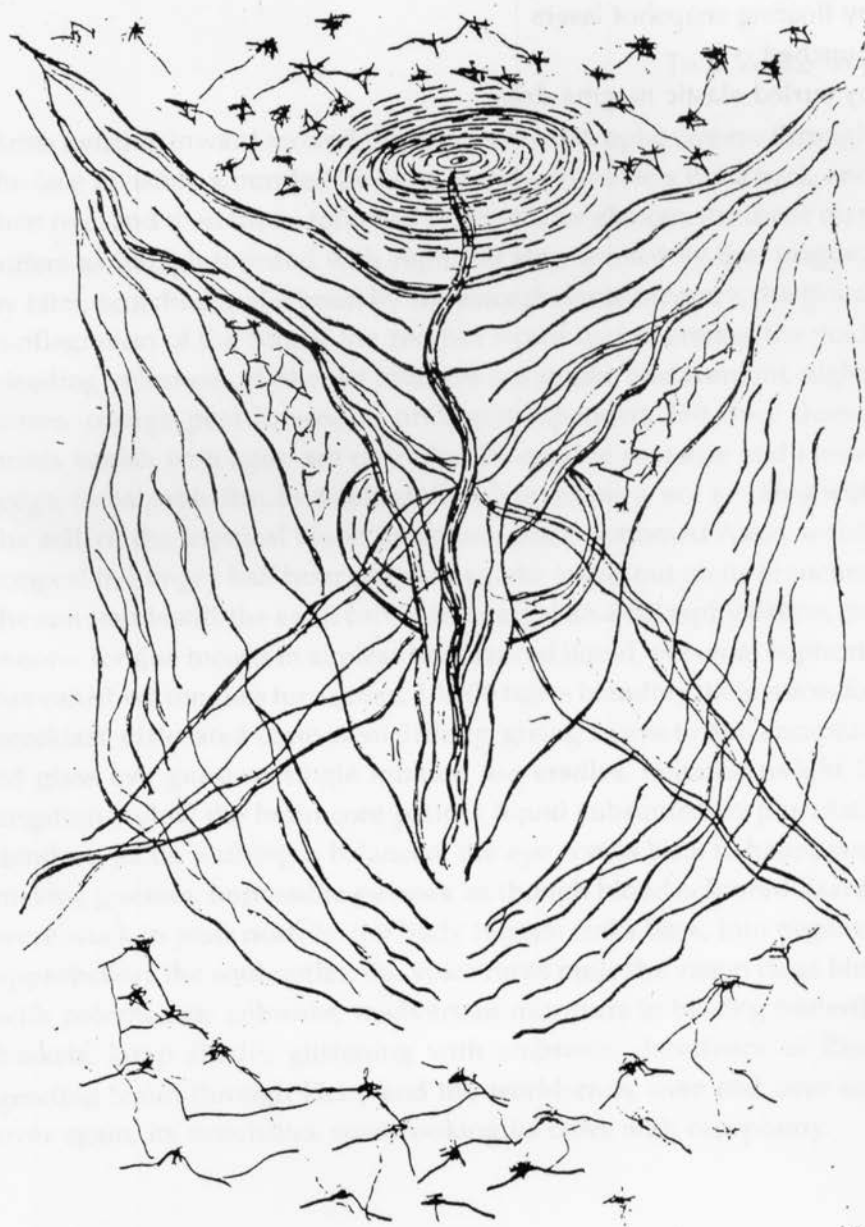


## HYPOTENUSE SHADOWS SHOUTING BUFFALO LYRICS

This is the challenge I propose To Messrs. Whitehead and Russell; measure your deaths in terms of the leaps of your ashes. This being the logic of keeping your bones from skipping spaces, from erupting from the soil of some buffalo's eyeball while feeding. You remain crypto-rational horse hooves making multiple forays into the temple at Karnak only to be denied by repellent mathematics of karmic coagulation. I am given to merging my roses with lightning flowers, with instinctual dunes, revolving with the unwelcome substance of rhinos. I think of an anomalous avian walking and splitting the fleeting repetition of whale's music flying as fumes from a Navajo's knife blade oneirically spinning in Sweden, Thus, a chanticler of storms thinks and dreams, and dreams and thinks as if he were Eskimo thunder rumbling through a sky of blackened suns and oranges. His arrow is always sharp like fiestas of blood spilling from wounds of blinking buffalo lyrics. His skull partakes of the damage of quasars as they reverse themselves from infantile paralysis and become motion. Then the Earth breaks away from the tongue-tied lies of politicians. The zodiac, then, a Plutonian moon belt drifting in and out of orbit. In this regard the Earth becomes another untested asteroid across the solid wastes of space. In this dimension I see the soot of Rudolph Carnap attempting to give level headed lectures concerning the lecherous wheels of Rabelasian feasts. Perhaps he concerns himself with New York City scattered with owls' blood running through his memory. And the question is asked, in Navaho lands do the fish leap from tubs of blazing Buffalo fat? One feels the drone of endangered heartbeats as synonyms for felonious reservation sewage, backed up by The Bureau of Indian Affairs. As Indian, I leap the logic of sulphurous dawns burning and returning to myself, far beyond Einsteinian conundrums, where I find opening, after opening, after opening, infinity, that which Artaud said "is a word we employ to indicate the opening of our consciousness towards an inordinate possibility." I find myself recovered from nothingness, with buffalo teeth springing from my psyche. As if I were buffalo issuing ghostly shadows of "stones women water", allowing

them to vanish into an innominate condition, returning with armaments of the voice to contest the death which seems to surround me. I place a quantum shadow in the neck of a lynch mob foreman, at the botched impossible murder of a wakeless Emmett Till. This shadow explodes in the neck of the foreman and infects the genes of his family so that the vultures seethe at the opening of his new birthing canal. Thus, I am the buffalo who plots with hypotenuse shadows on his breath, issued as salt white ribbons of chaos. I concentrate power, accurate, down to the femto-joule, picking off nerves, beyond the magnification which chronicles slivered diamonds. I am that unremitting ire crossing out time, my rifle and axe blade transmuted to shadows. Not quite the tablature of bloody erotics, I allow the planet to open itself to being, giving instruction to Seminoles, Blackfoots, Hopis, Apaches and Pimas to kill the Anglo oil well magnates, gluttonous as they are, starving themselves to death on repasts of misery!

# AIR INSTABILITY



21/10/60  
1201-101

ARISTOTLE BURNED

by floating snapshot lasers

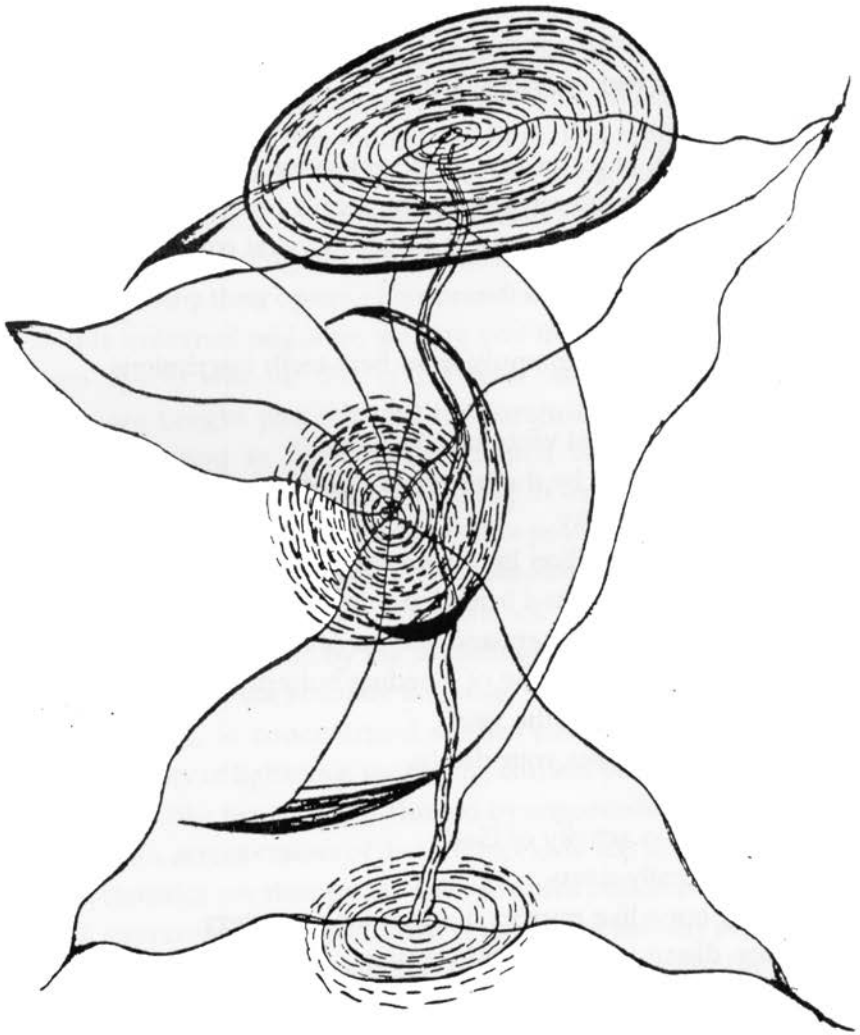
punched

by curled elastic magma drills

# AXIAL INTRACTABILITY

*To I. Vilikovsky*

Arms, twisting inward around the mind, as catastrophe sweeps through the face invisibly wounded by time, and the throat lets out a bark, and then two, and then three, followed by repetitive emission, coiled as ruptured wax the human form leveled by fire, plagued by bites, scorched in the rain by rhinencephalonic absence, not unlike the global conflagration of the Stoics, the reddish worm volcanoes which overtake the void, bleeding volcanoes, darkened intuitive sea-smoke volcanoes, which leaves philosophy upended, as ghostly un-scalable thumb-prints, erased by asteroidal surges, by mystical blood sinking in black bottomed Asias, as if such chaos could congeal as asphyxiated suns, as aimless unbalanced liquid, Venusian in demeanour, far beyond the zenith of 10,000 tigers blending their voices as semiotic crystallography, haunted by aural guessing, by impossible aural cryptography, drifting like a trail of blood coloured lizards, across un-crossable sierras, lunging, sinking back into negative approbation, where the soul rattles, where its voice turns colourless and drifts, like an ion cradle, or a curious butterfly over Mars, glistening with ambrosial negation, as Stalin had trans-mixed with Hera, and the world ends, over and over again, like a matchstick sun blinded inside its claws of cacophony



Bill  
Alexander

VERTICAL RAINBOW CLIMBER, red with the heat of giants on his breath, so red he turns pale and lashes out at lightning, as if Alaska were severed by snow and brought to its knees by ominous belching, as clouds chew up their orbits, their umbilical and forsaken orbits, sending messages etched as particles of fear, sending dark liliated rainbows as storms to Nirvana, and up he goes, en-stormed, without thinking, without having consumed the umbilicus of sleep, knowing that moons change their places, that Sadhus turn liquid, and the sky twists, and terra-luna tumbles backward in vertiginous ascent, rising into the power of fractionless activity

# TO THE RADIANT VELOCITY OF QUASARS

The asteroids are your cousins  
crumbling at the feet of insignificance  
while you  
with the strength of active crystalline velocities  
are speeding at the rate of cosmogonic goat's breath  
speeding through the radiant eye of our physical corpuscle's  
anguish  
emitting a deeper fire  
with the mischievous compulsion of bear teeth inscriptions  
flashing from the soul  
forbidding our rational vectors to climb space  
but to intuitively float by the power of our mind root  
across cinders of infinity  
until we reach your billion light year canvas eyes  
our heart beats transmuted from fish into light  
speeding through the ethers and secrets of the galaxies  
from earth's originating zone of bleeding butterfly ashes  
focusing our rhythms to the void  
which opens and closes your deaths  
an intensity scaling  
the invisible radio activity of God  
which magnetically rivets  
your gazing bone like mirrors of inscrutable mystery  
which turn distances of light into feeling  
which makes the radio meters start babbling  
across this section of time  
where we live and die in our physical structures  
and the miraculous grace of your metrics  
illuminated as some Mayan astronomer in orbit  
is filling the space of the eye  
with a galaxy of blazing hummingbird acids



# ROTHKO

Algometers tracing your footsteps across craters of absolute being, the empty stare of God buzzing in your eyeballs, with the crazy repetition of eternity, always beyond this moment of flesh, this moment of writing, released as you are to the void, watching novae explode into transcendent God-heads, which are infinite in breath like those lumberjack suns jumping from your ancestors' brush strokes, the tension in your eyes blurring their opaque Rembrandt status, so that nothing is left except a universal migraine, pulling you into history and speeding you into space, without the in-between babblings of dime store infinities, we caught you without the sanguineous repose of your blankness weeping in some undetermined corner of your being, without pre-determined comfort walking in your ego, cannon balls missing from your pyramid of darkness, the power to kill destroyed, the power to heal held in abeyance, the non-existent sound bath dying without cooking its obvious characteristics, thus, the space of the eye is subverted, held in the void by the subterfuge of anger, boiling in some Medieval landscape the absolute language of pain, reducing transcendence to history, to concentrated studies subjecting the soul to the neutral frontality of lightning we see the corners of your canvass jutting from your eye like razor blades blunted by anguish, algometers tracing your footsteps across craters of dwindling existence, as you, reduced to hell hole statistics strapped to suicide notes between the breaths of an angel, pain, creeping up and down your wailing subway psyche, your energy casting shadows, this being the sleep walking life, the walking schizophrenia, the tiredness breaking its backbone on bromide, you, Rothko with anger spewing from your ravished volcanoes, sunk your teeth into the light of the Gods, transformed your algometers to corpsehood where death dropped dead in the footsteps of death, which was the elemental tide of blue and focused being surging and breaking the dykes of miasma, causing question marks to drown inside brandy, the armour of vagueness dismantled by blindness, Rothko, freed from the New York City art sun circus, its tempestuous half-steps fried in the butter of colonial

impropriety, thus, the soul breaks away from its tension, its body no longer obscured by the cigarette of withheld amazement, the tongue now blue in the coffin, the coal dust bladder hitched to a window that's flying, and you rest in a tomb that is absolute whiteness it is the spectrum transmuted into its single note like virtue which is death, not unlike a Kierkegaardian cadaver announcing its wings as an angel, by placing your substance on motionless platters in motion, to be devoured and reborn and devoured and reborn without us seeing its truth from our pockmarked perception of history, our partial scales of oneness weighing and revealing our momentary preference for flesh, in a dozing state of melancholy hot flash liquid, being less than a cricket that stands on a matchbook striking its blood with a feather, all we know is an ill-conceived Sun tying our minds to a shaky metaphysics, devolving our being to still born discovery, being incompetent technique fueled by textbook criteria, reducing purer power to the half winded scourge of an essay, which permits the blood to boil without mystical fibrillation breaking through the spirit, thus, we cannot judge our death, nor what painting meant to your death, we cannot hear the almond pods cracking between the notes of your teeth in oblivion, the other side of being receding like a quasar in limbo, the red shift of spirit too huge to be gained by the sand soaked economy of thought, which equates a grasshopper's light with the strokes of a dagger, choking cigar rifles with the chlorophyll of absence, your recalcitrant nature spread across a canvass as blank as Greta Garbo's eye, unremitting oscillation, back and forth between what we see and what we remember of what we see, vagueness, the "enigma" of disappearance, the "quest" commingled with the void, the "sensate" mixed with the "symbol", Rothko, standing on a field with sharp edges, cutting your soul an increment a year, bleeding your physical being into space, that we cannot at present decipher from our slumber of sensual sunsets, your atmosphere freed from paint brush enigmas, your colours reabsorbed into incessant silence, algometers transformed into corpse-hood, re-repeating their limits to metaphysical atone-ment

AMANDA

with the orange peel blizzards planted in her luggage  
fascinated dry goods' berries  
taped below her two front teeth

## LUIS BUNUEL IN SUICIDAL SHEEPSKIN BUTTONS

Beneath the origins of divine calamity, we gaze without material lenses into cinema-scopes of darkness, there, Jaibo, with the mangy teeth and the un-grown beard begins to clash his being with a Mr. Camelo, and we know that Bunuel has struck, like a razor eyed fish cutting out stars from the universe, and with a mountainous belly of wine he crosses up the motion of the winds, and puts the east in the north, and the west in the south, dropping centipede corpses from towers of lightning, and because reality is strange the daily caress of a razor should change our conception about the epileptic nature of the Sun so that a fiery cloud begins to leap from our nostrils, and begins a golden age of terror and our eyes commence to cutting open buttons, our eyes become one with the pupils of Bunuel, our eyes become his eyes, he kills himself with our death, commences suicide in sheepskin buttons, like the blood of a sheep down storm drains in Mexico, his face like twisted smoke in a mirror, his eyebrows like curving liver on carpet, the sumptuous resistance of owls in his psyche flying from light in the heavens to his left brain hemisphere of bullets, the origins of divine calamity floating above his forehead, being goats with angels wings gloating with the vituperative insistence on vipers striking sunbirds inside silos like a curious form of lungfish; Mr. Bunuel, the sheepskin buttons are clogging your nostrils with crepe paper vomit that darkens the Sun with the drunken biology of rhetoric, so that we fall down your backside like a tribe of wing-less bird-beaks as atomized rainbows on Saturn, that become in your vision pedestrian rainbows tellurically ensconced in the non-dream windows seemingly stranded in the belly of the dream, which does not move, which you explode from your creations from blood, which the universe can feel across its integral imbalance of asteroids, which was EL, part bull and part dolphin, who felt the full fledged monstrosity of your heart as he wilted in cowardly frankincense, locked inside a bell tower's sternum, Luis, the buttons are bleeding across the philosophical coils of your ankles as though the blood were constrained to flow in horizontal cobweb patterns, your belly full of fruitcake and wine plotting your next

image across a plaza filled with horses and clouds, and the stairs of your mind keep flying, and next to these clouds we see ghosts of green-frost bite tumbling across jasmine and limbo, and their colours remind me of a Bunuel-Dali Bardo, where death intervenes throwing us back through the clouds where we see misers making prayers that the infinite can't decipher, and we come back to the Earth with your buttons bleeding like a torrent now, like red-coloured bombshells digging up the Earth, and the sheep start to bahbah-bah, and the world starts trembling, and each effort takes an inch off the throat, and we swim like floating jaguar music through all your precious deaths, and now Bunuel, the buttons entrenched in your gut like vomited star beams flying from astral green volcanoes, and the Mexican sun with maggots on its breath, and you Bunuel, at the centre of its mystery declaiming frogs and chickens from a pantheon of monkeys, like your drops of falling blood become primordial feathers flying from fountains of light, and your mountainous belly begins swaying with insult when sensing bureaucratic drifters, as you lock up their ulcers in storm drains, barricade their memories, watch them melt like icebergs floating over China, of course, the bourgeois have thorns implanted in their eyebrows, dying, with shotguns pumping fumes in their nostrils, and you Luis, with the air boned frenzy of eagles begins to masticate the darkness, thread by thread, hour by hour like the convoluted motion of music destined by being to change the underground calamity into the darkly ambiguous figures of light

# DEMENTED EXPECTATIONS

*To Octavio Paz*

To those unenlightened powers caught in the negative embroilment of blindness, who take sagebrush owls for flying forest birds, who nests of smoking scorpion meat, who are splintered by the indifferent fact, have no saw mills to throw from their gardens, their dreams wither, and the future becomes one monotonous unending agony which paralyzes oceans into jade coloured mannikins, acting out in silence the motion of the moon's belly, the torso round which a lasso is found turning and crossing its veins like a bear, lifting itself to the stars, where oceans make music of flaming rainbow's blood, this is not to say that the stars are delimited by a hedonistic magic, or an overinvolvement with scorching filaments of glass, only this, that on Earth, where you have overheated forebrain nerves extending from absence to boredom, in the stars, there is an alchemy of blankness, an infinite field where primordial essence is suffused with its mystery, whereby colours absorb their own powers and refocus themselves to ultimate intensity, boil themselves over, drink their own ash, and place themselves on pedestals of air, which dissolve themselves and are reborn by indefinable magnetics, as they empower the breath through blazing constellations, this being breath which dissolves the seeming implacability of death, which illuminates being, which transmutes the abstraction of existence against existence, thus, a cycle of blue ad gold revolving as graded parts of infinity, down to its essential spinning where God abounds in the vision, where nothing is seen as being other than it is, this being the overwhelming finality of the universe when it explodes and buries itself inside of transmutative slumber, which the dogs know and the ants see, that which exacts and goes beyond the dialectics of oblivion, being the reactive torrent which spins as the corners of space, where opening abounds as the mid-brain fore-brain circuit, where infinity glides as illusionistic wind dancers, where rivers flow as the dome of creation, this being the field where the future on Earth ceases to exist, ceases its troubling entanglement with techne, with wires projecting from the skull, the skull as bound logician, this being the sepulcher psyche, with its bound

penumbra, as a hurricane inverted by enclosure, which spins as delimited chaos, then one is truly abandoned on this plane, absorbed by greater and greater reality, thus one abandons oneself claw by claw, “fountain by fountain”, until released from cinematic levels of psycho-visual entrapment, freed from the ethereal dogma of the here and the now, from simulated strokes of false freedoms, never again to fall into the whirl of empirical blindness crouching over aerial facades 900 centimeters useless, higher being being vertical space freed from the barrier of induction, freed from roped in coffins of facade, freed from demented expectations, from algebraic canticles, where the shores can’t connect, where thoughts and acts remain infinities apart

1945

A Hiroshima housewife  
extracting her bones  
from boiling  
gasoline oceans on Venus



# APOCALYPTIC SUNDOWN SHADOWS

*To Rene Guenon*

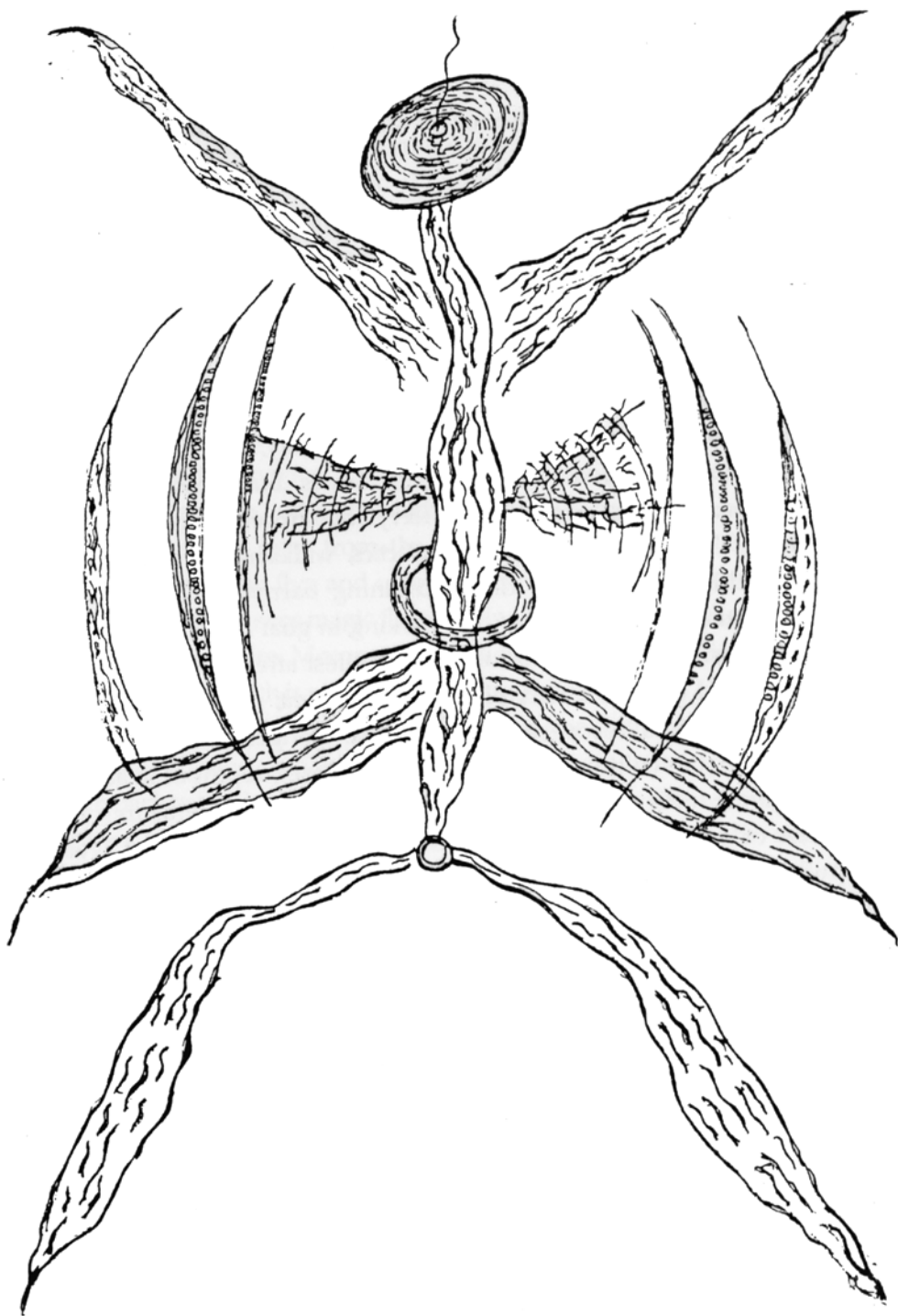
Not the corpse of some cataleptic organ grinder's magic, but blankness. Aboriginal blankness, freed, from the liquified logic of the Fraunhofer spectrum. Then nervousness answered by the silence of silence, then lungs in kinetic movement, air sacs in movement through air sacs, the being core deepened by spiral engineering, until the universe is emptied of its final Manvantara, without the momentary physics of glacial interrupting, our racial dawns and deaths completed, at the empty core of space time is crushed like an ember, becomes its own subverted shadow, space, apocalyptic parsecs compressed in the blood to amaurotic stone belts, and we are caught in the hands up position of movies, disclaiming our treachery, our violence, our accumulated wrath seeping from the edge of a postage meter's frenzy, we are horses whose heyday is trampled by cameras perched upon howling 'hot house flowers, pictures revolving in our skulls', of missed chances, of lost opportunities, the aura, black and rusty, tainted point by point, from the melted stones of Chinese Yugas to the Eucalyptic urns of blinking eyeball daggers, the silence overcoming our brain's like the lead of an insane foreboding, the shamanistic ethers re-released from the lower throat bone psyche, and the path we take is like a boot of bleeding rhinestones caressing sundown shadows in autumn, skies, with the tumultuous heaving's, of novae, like a torture of multiple infinities arising, watching Karl Marx in frozen earthquake chambers making sandstone prayers to hashish Madonnas, his dilated eyes claiming redemption from errors he did not commit, and he is right, innocent as an ill-constructed bridge collapsing, this is the tragic subsoil of mythical infecundity, thus, we exist, as blankness extended through the eye of a needle, emptiness bleeding from this final Manvantara, above the weakened stone of empty dialectics, with Gila Monsters fried to the soul, and microscopes probing various forms of solar law, evolving to the most invisible of dimensions, until the universe is flattened some telescopic bar stool barking in British, then the drinking man answers himself as an underwater demon, only to find himself in a third eye movement with I Ching feathers springing

from his forehead, thus, he is holy, with fissures of flame reflected by his navel, pseudo-scopically enchanted by the hyper-metaphysics of darkness, his world, curiously supported by the mundane lead of a carpet-maker's brilliance, taking off coverings at the base of the spine, attempting to capture ponies of lightning, stealing fire from a caterpillar's motion, so that nothing is seen but the shimmering concentration of falsehood, illusion repeating itself daily, by the dram, the ounce, the bucket, blinding the being with unsealed hyperbolics scattered across the land locked sea of an eyelash, as we send up our smoke into chaos, promoting powers in ourselves which swell up the pride, directing the blood to contest its own absence, until the soul is suffused with atavistic shadow, with the alchemical babbling of nothingness, lifting vein by vein the wounds in his former existence

## HUNGARIAN CORPUSCLE MAGIC

A corpse climbs up a tree, and continues to climb with half its tailbone missing, the blood, the nerves, the eyes, all missing, clouds of multiple skunks' breath rising from its pores, skin, botched, maniacal, incessantly motionless skin, its splotches, white, to yellow, to absence, negative blue edges of existence, on which it totters like goat sperm nailed to the eggs of a chicken, anonymous incubation rites, at which Bela the III open his nostrils with laughter, his borders open to Serbian inculcation, to the dull gold light of darkness, and he stares, gnawed by sightless cemetery blood, Hungarian boot straps dancing on thought, on time, beyond unsealed borders of liminal infusoria, the skull soul blinded by blackened dunghill fire, darkness, in between corn cobs stretched between instants, emptied of time, Bela with his tailbone missing creates abstract torched tongued philosophical manifestoes, the wind crooked, the light frozen, the kingdom in limbo, empty Dalmatias, horses are left to incorporeal blood hound mysteries, corpse music drafted and planned by the gospel, blown by talismanic sorrow through the windows of death, engendered physicality is hampered by logic, King Bela has tied down his spirit, has shoveled his skull into limbo, remains tied to these physical trees, these physical houses, this transported lila, this chronic school game laughter, suspended in ossification, Bela the bird under cow horn ashes, is hanging by threads from skeletal lights of abstract insensation, good he has done is wiped away by his body, borderless borders that inundate his body, embodies mushroom shadows that sing in the nerves, the eyes, the blood that is missing, toneless labour that saturates existence, after worldly logic crossing the bones in wasted armpit gardens, his bones are fallen from kingly foundations, breaks the magical code of an off focus wind storm, stammering ubiquity of God, paleolithically locked in kinetic suspension, reflecting themselves through broken figurines, eyes, kaleidoscopically split as fiery flash flood powders, perched and flown above sunspots, atavistic sunspots, storming flashing spectral towers with what the mystics call fear, flag pole incisions eating through the skin of Bela's text book commandments, "thou shalt

love, and die, and live as a corpse,” an absence, a quantifiable chaos, in which a magical philosophy is lengthened, brought to maniacal brilliance by blasting, by lifting up the outskirts and pinnacles, a life apart, a corner in being where a king is crowned by the dead, his trans-dissected belly banished, wavers and falls from the tree that he is climbing, nothing is left except mottled flesh, rusted bones, battered existence, sustained by some magic, placed in the sky by demons



## GRADATED AIR POETICS

*The art of stars, flowers, forms, colours,  
overlap with the infinite.*

--Hans Arp

For the starfish hung on a wire, facing a furnace, there is his ultimate existence of context, placed infinite miles in the air, but not finished with birth, with earth located air, kaleidoscopically flying, without excess blood in sifted sowing machine chambers, which are brilliant, and have a golden hue of blackness, timing their diamond indifference to lung breath, giving mountains to final bird feather folly, giving leaps to the atmosphere, as it bounds, not hiding its virtues, but breaks its special armour, dazzling its armpits with fiery incomprehension, burning, turning its head on blazing reptile galactics, with shifting stone runner mucous, this height is air, rising, draining barnyard demons with strokes of the multiple, the infinite barking in goat flow commercials, giving to resumes fullest and fullest and fullest attention, stepping on the iron plaid belly of a ram, plucking a fragment, not placed with the angels, but lifeless, recovered from hospital managers, strain does not always exist, but culminates roses, diamond roses, depths of irradiated roses, giving forth auras, climbing to clouds of sensuous erasures, that unison of events, foaming at the structures, leaking several levels upward, to turn myth, glow for several opera generations, till no song is sung, then grafted to wires that snap, blowing in the breeze economizing torture, giving breath a liminal unfoldment, thinking, not letting go the petals, interchangeable mantras, physical Torontos, blowing upward to the pole, their alligator oceans stagnant, backed up by saddled subway charisma, left in the sky to saturate in deadness, stopping disciplined murmurs that waken the structure, its not so white angelic being disappears in zones, in curvatures of darkness, flashing music through trees of air, forced to break its flight yet continue its rising, until language is scattered, broken in fragments, sailed to skies, above the rotted edge of barking brain burned penumbras

## SHAMANIC BUTTERFLY DIRGES

To imparadise the soul by humming butterfly dirges, low key metaphoric butterfly dirges, making music of co-eternity, transformational logistics, nerves and blood separate from bodies, then the soul breaks loose, takes flight up Malay soul tree ladders, the voice, low key, magical, burning, rising from the depths of the demons up the cosmic tree to heaven, fire floating from the edges of the nostrils, creative hemp smoke fire implying Pole Star kidneys, that move in cosmic snake severed bodies, released into death, metaphorically enchanted with flight, with the highest zones of ecstasy, but trapped with the dead, the hot white iron dead, looking for the shaman with the magical logistics, teeth unhinged from the traps of his ears, become wings cutting through the tropics of hell, as the shaman goes high, releases his light from the spell of the demons, and hums his butterfly dirges, and flies, and sees the second cosmic zone which is earth, sees flashing stars, sees magic flute playing symbols, which he floats from his eyes, which are Mesopotamian jaguar circles, spinning with ecstasy of light which is upward, his veins are heated cloud blood daggers, narcotic sun shaft ribbons, which is infinite autonomy of soul from nerves and body, motion, leviational motion, inscrutably passing from life to death back to life, looking up the ladder in his yurt, the shaman with seven jaguar's eyes creates the law of illo tempore in which the skull is connected with heaven, he abolishes polarity by slipping through the jaws of the monster of death, swift as intelligent moonbeam lightning, his soul escapes from its colloidal inferiority structures, and flies by humming butterfly dirges, soaked in sweat of ecstasy, up through the smoke hole, through boiling white dawns of multiple intensity, elaborate snake ladder flight, from the bottoms of hell to the magical light above the seven blue empyreans, which is the light of man with god, mystical sword bleached penumbras, malleable rainbow veins altered by cosmic chemical compositions, blue white yellow liquid, the Pole Star is the butterfly dirge, the butterfly dirge the shaman's springboard logic, low key metaphoric burning sensation, releasing the tongue from earthly sand box anthems, the dirge becomes

the liquid of invisible yellows, transposed yellows, magic ghost phantom yellows, humming in the throat seven times removed from the voice of the body, its liquid air shaft concerns babble in the mantra, force the shaman through the cracks of its uranian rainbow peninsulas, so that he flies in several psychic dimensions, all taking the place above the sound of a coffin, making breath that burns the blood meat, which untraps the breath in the blood meat, sings spirals which stretch like cosmic rhino feathers, that break and leave earth, magically leave earth, up the world tree, through the three cosmic zones, of the dark, of the earth, of the light, flying up to ecstasy and coming back drunk dripping sky blood encyclicals, bursting cranial insincerity, which liberates the sky in the heart beat bladder, the world tree, the ladder of fire, the compound of stars, the underground blades of the devil all rising high above the head, from hell to highest highest, as one imparadises soul, goes straight to the magical lamp bulb fire, which is upward, which burns the blood out the veins, by humming butterfly dirges, low key metaphoric butterfly dirges, which is the shaman's song, the magic shaman's song, in flights through co-eternity



## AUSTRALIAN X-RAY PAINTING

*Not only has no native Australian plant  
been cultivated as a source of human food,  
but no Australian animal has ever become  
domesticated in the service of man.*

*--Encyclopedia Britannica*

Bursting with interior death liquid, the lungs stumble forward a millibar a minute, so that the progress is slow, from the dark of the skull to the steps of the eye, like army worms or baby farming, the death liquid moves, detected by rays 'less than 2 angstroms', wasting of primordial innards, land mass dogma laid out in frog holes, that bloat up and burst broadcasting blood fear, from the zones of the dunes to Tasmanian Eucalypti, fever is caught slicing lungs with a sand blade, a mirage of vagueness dances through the eyescope, colonial lepers with lesions the length of spotted pine cone lizards, the task at hand, chasing the soul through electron vacuums, placing its parts with amorphous precision, the skull swells, the nose peels, the flag turns rotten, the x-ray catches the soul by its letters, the image of Australia vague, its land bridge to Asia busted, its lungfish feeds on burning football tundra, and the old and the new fuse for an instant in an isolated shark's head, that breaks apart while dreaming, keeping serpents awake for a million rusted air bag hours, the emu and the murup dive like flightless land mass deserts, the illness lingers and lives without air weight, the lungs stopped up but breathing through memory, Australia, limitless outback phantom, grasping at the fur of the koala, at its bones, at its billowy shadowy shadow, trying to deduce its sluggish stage bell mystery, coming up empty, the continent empty, its psyche x-ray charted, its soul sucked out of its marrow, sickness swims in reconstructed virtue, unrestricted jumping mice abound with teeth of frozen microscopic nuggets, which turn to monotreme mammals, platypus inscriptions read: desert for certain eyeless buzzards loaded on treacherous midnight salads, and Australia in its root eye stays nameless, without retreat to its deepest name brand centers, the message of the x-ray keeps repeating its blankness, answerless, without palpable connective between appearance and body, night watch trap, egg bone encasement, from which nothing

dislodges, nothing gets lost, but which spins from outward throat stamp pennies getting spun by interior sun rash cycles, the wound of light glowing backwards, scorpion bladders emitting their shadows, from the center of death and the flightless 'dunes fixed with Troida', the lifeless compost heaves, spits mangy green bundles of liquid, that float to the outside, plant themselves as kangaroo totems on north-eastern Queensland, and shrink and change to non-returning boomerang razors, that go west, cutting the skin, tearing the teeth, its life, a hard malefic dream world pattern, where emus dance on broken burial grates, which do not exist in the open eyed liquid of floating physical slaughter, that lives in the trees, in the wind, hostile infusoria driven away by empty ancestors' dreaming, dreaming, the second component of waking, the pre-existing soul, the sperm-fish egg brought together in life, Wondjina hero spirits turn ghost and travel, leave timeless imprints of darkness, central Australian moon beam syndrome, deathless, primordial, like the death liquid phantom, creeping from the lungs, a millibar a minute, coming forward and stopping, sinking its soul in the timeless

## MOUNTAIN SLOPE SWIMMING IN DETROIT

Falling from the Penobscot, rising up an incline treatise, locked in outward forms of gravity, flag pole speech in broken Esperanto, nocturnal grease rockets, fluvial expressways humming solipsistic cowardice, turned away from themselves by growing heat from point blank penumbras, the horses on Hastings street are dazed, caught in 18<sup>th</sup> century schizoid unfoldment, from which bats fly down the colour of hog brain kettles, metallic, yet bloody, coursing through the skulls of Roman expatriates, on the John Lodge expressway there are boats the size of wind whipped martinis, cars are stripped to their essence, taken to Chicago as recycled horse paint, in the projects wind is pure as death, a needle the length of a lamp vein, sticking through the heart, freezing the heart with cocaine ice cubes smoking in ditches, Detroit, father of chrome and fire, ‘Arsenal of Democracy’ , you are old and spitting up hand guns, scribbling blank checks in blood, you can’t encounter sleep, somnific insomniac, Belle Isle boat myth scissored with limbo, thinking to oneself, whether or not one should die like a salmon, vertical dialectics at helical impasse, sun that shivers in water, neither dead nor alive, the eyeballs skewered by fire, then released into blankness, to suffer, to see ships blow brains into orbit, yet cannot die, but sail, intractably saddled by thumb prints, the Dodge brothers strangled in the Children’s museum, and what I’m calling for are bacon grease essays to salivate at torture, to increase the moments of doubt that hum around the coccyx, up through the spine, so that the lotus flies down to the midpoint circle, hums, hums, stagnates, throws green vituperative lead through the bowels, waters start foaming with shell embodied lungfish cameras, and the cord that tightens the neck stops at the wall between dreaming and dying, opens into blankness, neither up nor down, stumbling blocks gulping down silence, mountain sides bilious with anger, proving to the eye that the moon has gone green, but there are signs beneath the vaults in the Cobo Arena that the ghost of Malcolm X is golden, and gives off an odour of paradise, making handcuffs fall dead, and black suited guppies sink into ski slopes, just and unwanted rewards, still,

Black men die beneath orange tree bubbles slaughtered at sunset, for a big blue vein is armoured with caskets, as a preacher erases his voice prints, and is annulled by an inherent suicide struggle, which is light, which is virtue, which is death, which is a boiling Germanic Grand River bus feud, changing the space on the paper, so that nothing is rushed, the eye gaily looking for anchors, for plots to plot the unknown, for hexane fevers and haunch bone summers, imperceptibly slipped through the soul, the layers of skin in Canadian insanity are amorphous and unchanneled teardrops, in Windsor, they've opened the air raid buttons, planted skulls in the water supply, nothing is anchored or even, but always jagged, cutting and placing the wine in the clouds as naked Pleistocene fauna start swimming, freight train eels chewing up cities, Detroit is staggered by illusion, the eels once the shape of muskrats are changed into tigers by the colour of the sun that they're seeing, aquatic numerology tied to the colours of the quipu, 'red for soldiers, yellow for gold, white for silver, green for corn', the miraculous miasma of Martian sun storm saddles twisting through heartbeats, mountains obscured by bygone goat brains turning on rods the length of diamond mountains with spectacular shirtsleeves shining, all confused by Martian crowbar systems, light obliquely imploded by space, mutated brain cells changing the organs, hearts become lumps in the bowels, bones become a furry appendix, in Mejico, Borges is laughing, is standing on his head, hearing camels sink suns into steering wheel cameras, and erratic demise takes its shape, Detroit with whalebone teeth locked in the foot of an organ grinder's stomach, negative abrasions tearing down castles, car door jockeys hitting themselves with man centered bricks from the universe of death, fumes from nuclear tom cats unwind the tendons, sets the heartbeat free, oblivion is reached, borrowed birds breaking through shadows, brocaded coffee marks sifted from prisons, liberation of the mind, the eye, the spirit, the broken Esperanto being spoken beneath hawks, and stars, and caves, I am asked to give the Penobscot building its due, its meticulous inertia crumbling, its magnetic chaos falling, ensconced in planetary lightning, the brain fails, is cancelled by zeros, the scandal of death is aborted, and Detroit continues its motion through spaces, awhile longer, until darkness grows lips, and teeth, and hair, and swallows it whole before a cavalcade of mules who watch without blinking, watch and stare, breathing rainbow signs while stiffening the planets, and repeating

the planets in their nocturnal orbits around the navel cord of Pluto, the mountain spasmodically crushed by its instinct, the swimmers dispersed by angry neutron alloys, and the up and down motion is suspended, is riddled by axial explosions of fire, the sky one messy statistic, and the mountain slope saddled by scorpion shadows, as it drowns from its hate, drowns from its hate, as Detroit drowns from its hate

# BLUFF SUSTAINED IN THE FACE OF CRUMBLING DIMENSIONS

Inside the murderous one page salt mines  
I am standing inside my stoma  
haunted by imaginary air holes  
drifting inside penultimate auras reflected in mirrors from blown out  
monsoons

this being the Aztec sun in pyramidal darkness  
the sun as filled by dark moths  
the sun as filled by caliginous hail

then bottomless drifting through memory much in keeping  
with a childish monk ejecting sunlight through crosses  
like Bardo phantoms  
or unfocused moons in the afterlife

this being breath as Gnostic sinew  
as Buddistic fatigue  
as drifting bird migrations

# THIS LONELY EXTENDED CHOIR OF SINGING

Inside

this lonely extended choir of singing

I feel insouciant wavering of the spirit with the Sun gone blind

with its own extended knavery

with its tip of grainy dolomite invasives being a spine of rocks burning

upward

as inflammatory metrics

as mountainous camels' explication

## POLYNESIAN BLACKBERRY UNITS

Never condensed at a comma, always interweaving shadows, across graphic deltas, as sudden lingual transmutation, by which ink shifts, purged of the poles of mental dialectics, being Polynesian vowels in the air, particles, transmitting to the eye a Chomskyian complexity of image, in which the sky, fusing itself into orchids, dripping blackberry blood, this being a blood which shifts in the eyes as waking internality, shifted, as refinement of vision, which leaps, beyond the legendary God kings, as chants of creation, as intuitive smoke rings floating, being numberless vowels in the wind, soaking up starlight as sigils, as asperated outrigger sonnets, language being the spark which carries its secrets from the stones of the soul to the oils of the skin, being a poetic source like the eggs of a woman in heat, so from the Maori to the Fakaafo, there is a blending of levels without palpable shifting, words then flow to the heavens, to the darkest levels of fire, so all that precedes this comma is illumined, woven as a thread of infinity, reaching the phase of unlimited polynomials, the sky then stretching into the paradox of darkness, which glimmers as solipsistic greenness, according to itself as Magellanic inscrutable, being possible as a passive penumbra, with this word shifting into that word, a poetic opening to sound which shifts across vacuity, being a wind that blows from Polynesia to Peru, being a signal of magical papyri, being vowel marks of abstracted Maori, being a power impalpable with coding, where comas are oral, where divinity alights, being pencil in air



## THE IMPOSSIBLE DAGGER

The blade consumed by noxious anathemas is turning damnation green, as it signals to itself as dialectical inversion, reversing contagion from the powers of rising coffin rattles, always aloof, micro-cosmicall balanced as a wash basin saber, transmuted to a higher openness of viridian, its blade, a crystal moral glare, its former pressures, extinguised, its light, moving as a ray through a statue, now susurrant, vanishing into parallel at-onement, glistening with rays of immaterial splendour, like a moon in the midst of itself floating across obsidian cinders, no longer igniting itself as a fixated salt trap within Isis, no longer attempting to violently move the dead, or ignore in itself the oxygen which rises from caudrons, being minus the craft of darkened arousal, as if were a lemur rising above itself as a ghost, eschewing bloodshed, subsuming its form as archaic sunlight, as a force field cleansing karmic dissension, cleansing the macabre, cleansing reclaimed shadows of evil, so that they spin as Tiberian skull games falling off ladders

