BRIAN LUCAS

"THE NIGHT OF WARM ARROWS"

"A SWAN IS A SORT OF HUMAN"

"MY HOME IS IN HONEY"

"GOD STRIPPED TO ITS FRAME"

"LOST LORE OF THAT"

THE NIGHT OF WARM ARROWS

The point is to make the flight worth the target

a couple of wings spread and the lion enters the dead child

I threw candy
as the arrow whizzed by
the clownsuit spewing
artificial language
celebrating dismembered
angels falling
on the contour of life
the trajectory of a disabled star

Pumped full of promises
I limp to the border
certainties abolished
just a freefall into the mouth
of dire wolves
the map in own vomit
my closure versus
your explosion

Gone were the goners

corpse peddlers
in defiance
of sunny innards
eating my slice of eternity
in the Great Divide

Don't say thank you
just reattach my spine
to the star I let your eagle
pry free
shield my penance
with gobs of human cells
stored in your umbilical-pouch
squeeze pumice from
reptilian brain
my pants aflame
& according to your radar
I'm in slow motion

A SWAN IS A SORT OF HUMAN

A swan is a sort of human with plastic sword its loose radar hones in on drunken animal trace or a sort of hex put on the skin Those suns stunned into bursting the monkey calls home sinks its teeth into my face multiplies beetles' legs by a gridded pattern of language The simian skull disco mopped with a wax I later found on my ghat surrounded by those who placed evil spiders in my pie another inadvertent fact they hid in moist towelette I have a familiar a sort of human but with fins teeming with symbiotic bacteria all-ness in the details a breeze crossed with rasa a sac of genetic memory wrapped in spun layers of teeth I can't live without those cities of worm and gold

where two chromosomes blow bubbles in ambergris baths await the promised countdown to a simpler form of life when teeth were soggy nubs and the swan a sort of human but dumb in the feather its silver freckles lining the crater called home My guise takes me to where the guide was seen pummeling his torso with stems of diseased bees slipt into the dizzy good seamless parlay in fever spume befuddled skim over fate's loose bramble the lilt in a swan voice its man tongue torched

MY HOME IS IN HONEY

Spun lumen as each step

blackens the body

forces it to convulse at gate

my water breaks

the smell like antler

I watch honey embalm

cough-up wildlife with colored grit in my hair

fizzled ship where I rinse-out baubles

with the dust of my growth

The way the lumen speaks to me

ashes filling me up

my water broke

and there you were

ugly as an apple

possessed by a singularity that might induce

nausea or fear

the palace gate a joke among the men

whose pimples form new constellations

they say my home is in honey in the cool of an evening

where gobs of crystal fight against

my blessed strobe

GOD STRIPPED TO ITS FRAME

I left my ectoplasm on the gears of the body rolled to the gate all soft legs wrapt 'round your hide flipping the star switch I'm a man grown from data dust in a multiplex on shellmound I've been buried here before

I'm ready to endure this trip
but if you ask me to disrobe my purpose
I will crumble
sweat and overhaul
the worship machine
that breathes for me
cut into shapes
ignite human oblivion land grab
the everything-dribbles-phosphate command
a broken dendrite branch in the swill
I shake dirty flowers from my

LIGHT RAY

aided & abetted by creep control

LOST LORE OF THAT

Found in a semblance of hands that once craved spires taking in

heated breath

birds gave out

in an organ lost at sea

My hands that once craved boats

en route to a purple tree

pillar to netherland

filled with composite selves

And I wore this helmet of lost lore possessed by vagrant incorporeal errors

And I am the doctor

with hands in the spew

these amniotic ablutions heard

unseen

other-sensed

I am radio distortion

a landscape peopled by whisper

where the promise

of overtones calcify

as I listen to you

listen to me

take dictation

of what I am now saying

in the curl of harmonic fissure
through an air wave of hot spies
throwing voices into ear

I admit to being a glyph in the embattled history of dead blazes and ruin

where the weight of the sun is a painted bird beak filled with heads suspended in ice expressions of false enchantment galactic surprise

I wear a wig so I can be myself
floating in a lake of wonder
suspended time an aspect of sight
where I see things
but never believe them

This unlimited paraphernalia
picking up frequencies
through brittle satellite wars
where my money resembles Sumerian accident

I trade paper for pupae at liminal gate sell tickets to view a sea of clothes torn during insurrection

We could lie on its shore wrapped in wind-filled drones occupy a space of pure information

destitute and adrift filled with coarse innards and their demands

We were never able to acclimate to outer limits as satanic mills abound censure of all that resounds ceremoniously in shared cave

Let's not forget our captors:
those opposed to a broken hex of trees
frightened by tools
modeled on the memory of trees

Fire from previous millennium pours into a vat that feeds each flicker read to me as if earth-etched

Two-headed future
from where I return mislabeled
Reduced to a single molecule
I swam through crushed anagrams
my rumored tongue
in a wormhole of sand