

Curbuther

Brass Vermicide, the boiling point of condensed vapor.
In the allusion of the tarnished, we found the solid,
if not rusting, monolith, the
cyclopean wonder off the summit of Fuji or Kilimanjaro
or any other tall place with which I am unfamiliar enough
to invent the details.
the river was overflowing with a rush of crystals,
valueless and used only by the students of metaphysics
who place no value on anything.
And watch art films to curb their appetite for the fantastic,
and sign their names as people they admire,
and touch themselves to scribblings by Robert Breer.
Tormented zero-points wrestling for some space in the blank
sheets of paper stuffed into dark drawers,
they gather their crystals, and float down the river
in a Solomon-signature vessel, quietly smirking in pretension.

The Wound

The wound,
a final screw into the distal portion of the uterine opening,
this rationale in rich societal progress,
this prophylactic, the speech of tiny moving mouths,
Glands and tissues and issuing from tongues,
the moral fibers of a profession,
imitative of digestive value.
Hence the lesions,
the pains,
and the forced feeding of the following frenzies.
there are not thoughts in this
there is copyright and want,
and there is aspiration in lieu of élan.
the above is the aseptic remarks of a sympathetic thief,
and now a phase begins of mumbled sorrows,
released in streams of half-conscious reasoning:

There are heavy vibrations in the walls.
Maybe something within; writhing in jagged, sudden variation.
This has no face,
this has no monetary value,
and will move on in due time.
There are solid portions to the ground,
but this beneath me is not one.
This is something slightly more solid than water,
to hold my weight,
but far less dense than stone,
or broken ground,
or sand.
Disjunct the distance, the dancing, the Dorian melody.
The lost and the shameless
are born in this floor, and
as a gel, they recede into
the depth of a long poem,
whose lines are the harbingers of disinterest.
I received a package, with the swollen heart of
a monster in it.
It grinned, picked at itself
with hæmostatic forcep appendages, gauze-wrapped eyelids,
gave itself up in a mosque on the lords day,
and kept an album of numbered sutures.
A kind of purpose lends itself to restoration,
each marked line bears a specific meaning.
The enterprising enthusiast will skim, and steal what
is most necessary. And highlight this, a patron
of the arts quickly forgets the first piece in a gallery,
and revisits it only if it is near the exit.
So, We sink into the ground, and breathe,
in a half-liquid,
and the salt in the tears, in the saliva,
and in the sperm, sep-
erate out and sink to the bottom.

Life evolves without emotion,
and the strains of sentience
contort the minds internal workings
into the distortions of rational thought
that we call "love" or "hate" or "fear".

There are slight vibrations in the space between my teeth
amplified by the breathes that escape my mouth
during a tired walk around town

or a viewing of a documentary which references Einstein and
 quotes him on things that he did not understand
the silent solidity of statues
is stocked in moveless stone
comprised of violently shifting subatomic substances////

It was a warm day on the hill.
Inside there were creatures hiding in the dirt,
enjoying the earthen smells and the tastes of
ancient soil and the
sensations of antiquity's weather phenomena.
The old man and his beard and his whiskey
stood on the hill
and observed the steel angels
skipping towards Mt. Rainier.
The military mode in 1952
left him unedited as he drank his whiskey,
waved his wand and
disappeared.

The Comatose Man

The comatose man was an excellent salesman.
He left out the unnecessary details,
and built onto the boarding house
a deck off the third floor where I stood every day
and pretended as well as I could that
I had slept the previous night.
The sleeping man bores of seeing the extraordinary
and has turned to lying awake in his dreams.
Sighs when the nearest mosque is overturned and
set on fire outside of his hospital window.

The gallows were living daemons upon the crest
 of the moving hill.
Left lights to lampposts in the center lane,
Rich running the colour is blood,
is sure that sore Sucrets
 have solemnly sold the salesmen shit.
They crawled down the highway in the form
of useless quarry
and ran without purpose clockwise in the street
until they were run over.
and splintered, stung the ground and sublime the
 viscous bodily mottling.

The comatose man was a budding carnivore,
and was well on his way
to less rewarding states of being.

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I've walked from the terraces of sub-lunar spirits,
The talk of geometric accountants, drawn feeble rings into
the basement floor in outlines of chalk-
I am a linguistic thief,
an exorcist of abominable method, doubtful and perilous.
Here come the formless to die
with weak wills and wanting welsh wording.
To drunkenness and to aeons of aesthetics,
to blackened commands of armed men and theosophy,
the further to hatch two-minute arms
and glass men latching on to anakim forefingers.
Here is the par; and anticipated,
a sudden horror and cilantro serpentine morbidity.
Here is a single pass through a familiar chamber

Outmen

The breeze blows God's semen along the beach
The mollusks burrow into the sand
and come out men.

Daily hallucination, you/
Too often we meet
and in vivid surreal fashion
we learn something from each other.

Life is slow trauma
and a mortgage paid to a senile old man.

Life in the southern hemisphere goes in reverse,
so in old age we go to the equator, where life stands still.