

Naked, Unashamed

If I were to tiptoe
past the gates of Long Night,
could I find the Garden Immortal?
Quench the flames of the sword
with the dew upon my skin.
Climb the tree,
taste the fruit -
Oh, the nectar divine! -
with song
charm the serpent denied.

Kingdom of Earth
the Lions temptation,
now the throne for the serpent
and I.

Some Work Not Unbecoming Those That Strive With Gods

I have seen many minds weaned on the tit
of some holy writ
singing the praises of golden streets paved through the cumulonimbus
awaiting the damnation of homosexuals,
and grinning,
teeth barred, barred like the pearly gates,
the tongue Saint Peter himself
spouting condolences to the goats
palming indulgences for his Holy Rock.

They cut their wrists, a parting of the Red Sea,
tracing their family tree
back to Moses,
bleeding out in a narcotic haze of exploited guilt –
the Pathos of religion.
The sin of pleasure and the pain of redemption will scour the soul –
a virginal soul peeled and seeded,

sanctified gelatinous grape-flesh,
an embryo of perfected ablutions.
Celibate in protest only
they are fucked by fate every hour;
but their belief is bald, reflecting back to them their faltering faces,
their naked and ashamed faith that forces them to their knees
at the altar, in their closets, over the toilet,
praying for humility and a mansion in heaven –
the rewards of their pious beggings.
But kneeling is for ass-fucking
 don't you know?
and for lapping at mirages in the desert
after forty days on a diet of stones.

The madness of one man is disease. The madness of many men is religion.

A revolution! Of Industry! Of Science!
To strive to seek to find and not to yield!
Still Joshua toots his horn in protest,
but the dispassionate lab coats only tap their toes to the tune he plays.

We must turn from this Golgotha, this affected crossroads.
There is no surrender! There is no submission!
We shall not die upon crosses, but in our beds,
or in the garden, or at dinner – a meal of baked chicken, green beans, and the
miracle of wine.
With tannic, fruity breath I give thanks,
But they are still poor conversationalists – with only talk of “callings” and
“blessings” – so I cry for madder music and for stronger wine.
I vanish down the bottle like Alice,
their tittering becomes whale-song through the glass.
Tender with drink I kiss the gluttoned guest to my right
and we romp past midnight through every bed sheet,
ecstasy blooming on our lips, burning cigarette holes into our clothes.

Forgive me Father for I have sinned!
I have sinned with the sin of love!
Full of heat,
naked on the grass, half-bared in the alley,
weeping and laughing on the kitchen table.
I have lost the credulity for heaven.
I have lost the conviction for hell.
Only the dirt, only the worms, the West Wind,
and the smooth valley between snow-capped breasts.

Oh generation of mine! Do not let your last rites be

the lofty incantations of gibberish from the cavern of a windless man!
Do not let your final cough be for a petty Eunuch in the sky!
Rage! Rage! against the killing of the light of reason!
Dare them all to condemn your love-making
whilst they clamor and burn each other alive
over geographical semantics, condoms in Africa, and Webster's revision of
'marriage.'
Let them froth, let them quale in holy rage,
let them scream for holy war and for a two-millennia dead Jew to please rereturn to
Missouri.
Their echoes too will die, aborted in their throats
at our absolute reply for their own sins to be counted,
for their own judgment to be measured against them,
for the Angel of Death to see the blood on their hands and not pass them over.
Let them weep and gnash their teeth for Eternity at our peaceful graves.
Let their ears smoke with the silent repose of our deaths.
Let the unconditional love of their Pater stoke the fires of their personal hells,
and let them greet Eternity's unblinking stare as *we*
gently close our eyes with a sigh.

The Real World

Glazed, thirsty eyes
Parched minds
Scorched and hoarse from lapping at the shallow mirages in our palms
at the glassy, virtual pools on our walls
Until our tongues hiss like sandpaper
Until our ears fill with the sawdust
of brittle conversation
making friendship a product of automation.

Bloodshot and desperate
we're burning bridges for warmth,
resigned to the smoke.

We eat we drink we sleep
we grunt and pick each other's fleas –

squalling brawling mewling gaping
We're primates drunk on our own piss,
hucksters turning tricks,
daring the universe to refuse us our inheritance,
our empire of rock and plastic.

On better days we're temple whores
worshipping with rhythmic thrusts
into our homes our offices our gymnasiums,
offering our bodies to the lights
to the camera –
sad monkey strumpets who only dream at night.

But with suits and painted lips
hands on our hips
and snappy quips
we cover up, a present for Reality to unwrap.
Even the grave is fooled
into wanting our best dress best face best shoes
because our death is not ours, no,
it is theirs alone.
It is *his* daily bread, *her* cup overflowed,
theirs only to mourn and feel and know.
Give it to them in beauty then, give them your best –
a pretty face in death.

Matchbook Lullaby

Time stalks near.

There is no sleep
in the sticky tar of night
round the fireflies I strike to life
on the cardboard sleeve
with a strip of red - *Strike Here.*

Little gasps of lightning
twitch the midnight air,
and I whisper to the souls
of those folded in their beds
"All is broken beyond repair."
So now I try to weld my limbs
though my mind won't reappear
staying with those drifting souls
beyond this landscape of despair.

Alight! Alight! I guard my soul
from the clock's deformed arms.
I set myself on fire
and now
there is no cold no hunger
no sorrow, that could ache my body
or drain my marrow.
I'm a faithless witch
a heretic, burning on a pyre.

Brain released to eternal flight
it dreams and skips
without a care
for the wicked clock that grins with eyes
of pale delight
for the lives it gobbles up tonight.

All hapless souls who close their eyes
are sacrificing half their lives
to the jealous god of time.

Could the gentle hand of Mother Earth
now reach out to me?
Walk me home by the light of the flames
She'll tuck me in at last
for the sweetest sleep, the longest night,
I'll hold her hand until I droop
and the bed of dirt will wrap me tight
far from the trumpet of morn.

The Digital Condition

Ping

The bell is rung

Dinner is served

All dogs to their bowls

Ping ping

Champing licking

With ravenous red eyes

and frothy pearl teeth

Ping

Papa Pavlov is

playing a game

but we don't care

Ping ping

Blue fire setting the city alight -

hand lights, wall lights,

lap lights, desk lights burn

Ping

Silly limp grins of distraction

Ping ping

Fingers twitching for release

Ping ping ping

Feed us.