

## I look away

Eat my stomach, it's full  
Say it's for God  
Forgotten profits I'm sold to the devil.  
We lost it.  
Pen out the details, cage in the details  
Cull our breath and pull rope  
On our death knells  
Hollow brass bells hallow  
Steam hell bellows.  
This bucket was designed to leak.

Fools shave my head then sell me a lock back  
Shovels deep wide with contract gangrene  
I'd've dived into my own veins.  
Instead my blood runs trick bled in ditches.  
Strong spirits guide us  
Around divots and dazed  
Strutting dizzy ways Street  
View, strange paving,  
Wrong plaudits, and deep end alveolates

Crawl in my brainstem, baby, cleave deep.  
Stick in sick spells.  
This cell's waged death escaped without a word.  
But I'm well gauged.  
Call in a sim, slip in right timed stimulations  
Hot plate pigeons are winging  
Out our depth caves  
Solo glass grave silo  
Asylums crave psychotic  
Canaries them sounding weak.

I'm bound to speak.

Dope sucked a mine now face up a silicon hack  
Steel drill a hole for booking new facts to write on  
Sorrow souls, lost in homelands.  
I put low stock in stacks and stacks and  
You know what?  
Fuck analysis, you can have it back.  
Elsewise it's pay to behave  
Get sucked and tune, harmonize

Cats out of bags sometimes die  
After harm and lies, hammer damage design  
And lit up bait imitations for life  
Limitation's enough.  
And I  
Look away.

And I  
Sit  
In a place of pure silence  
Complete  
Whole  
And mold the sound of my own noises  
And I'm begging you darling ones, blip statics to speak  
You holy pen's slipping, to scream  
Let wild human being and speaking  
Of which  
Be hallowed, Hallowed Being  
Hallowed be

## My eye is a multimillionaire

A headful of dreadful awesome awful and pain  
You know he dies. Don't you?  
Vapor drifts up from champagne  
Before the liquid disco spills off the top  
It took his whole life  
It took all the time  
Nothing to see here save violence and love and the ghosts  
Of a million past embraces  
That speak with newborn voices  
Discussing the work of Goethe  
the finer points of letting yourself go  
In this  
No holds barred  
Full Nelson my heart  
Thrash and rattle it into submission  
Slice the moon in two  
Build a treaty with cinder grime  
And press us up against it  
Take me upstairs  
Then shower me with air  
That rushes  
Up from below and rinse me  
On a brick  
On fucks sake place, whoever avenue  
My eye is a multimillionaire whose  
Crown is in the cabinet  
Behind the plastic cups.  
Did you know?  
There's only one word for kiss  
But a dozen or so for sword  
A hundred or more for snow  
The night gets lost between meanings  
What light do I shine  
A prismatic desire  
Circling colors that split heads  
You're a part of me now  
And subject to destruction.  
That's what the queen said.  
Alright  
Rend my breast and lick my heart  
Satisfy yourself with its juices  
Cram my soul with wrapped dulces

And beat me with a broomstick  
Break open my rib cages  
Leave me there on the mat surrounded  
by stiff sweetness and begging you to  
Flip the switch  
Trip and flip  
Toggle my heart to perfection  
Until this light burns out

## Blue Nirvana

I don't know who in a straight mind would  
Trust a child to their own death.  
Licking 9 volts. Tibetan cigarettes.  
Chinese spelling bees on mute in dreams and  
Dreaming of splitting the borders of better personality disorders.  
Who would throw a baby into a baby's arms  
And say this is your end, no choice but to  
protect it until. Still with amniotic fluid on my skin  
I drank in death from day one, just like we all do.  
Vicious, last victor, and together since.

When I go you come out, and speaking of  
Departures, here's one verse versus verses  
To feast on ignition and flame  
Din ashen and, I swear, someone put in gasoline.  
Tidal static's been blunter, when we fold back at five  
What we got at four and the morning turns to day  
Which is when your wounds lick a mirror like lions  
Telling a story about how one time you  
Saw an artist crying on a people mover  
At the airport; turned against the idea of flight;  
Turned against the entire concept while blanketed in bees  
Speaker mount feedback squealing across continental  
Plates and tectonics, in odd economics  
Antifreeze street running sacrament veins

Here you shout again, saying things like  
Your only refuge is a room in hell and  
There's no such thing as outside  
A blue nirvana dressing gown  
Have you heard the things they say from graves  
Like why aren't you here anymore?

In a mad ritual, where the god of desire sticks into  
Your thigh and the next morning, standing in the  
Shadow of water you wonder when did I fall  
Into a cactus?, god of madness can't  
Respond when you pull a splinter from your leg  
And a half dozen drops of wine mix with the shower  
To enter the drain. Why do we bless the dead  
But call them fools for failing while we go  
Bouncing off clouds? There are always nine  
Ways out. Count the exits. Jump without a chute

Eat life raw, no seasonal dew that pumps  
Rain down onto the dirty old fools;  
Did anyone say we deserve better than this?

Does anyone know how we get out of here?

You know what I say? you said, to be born dead  
Is best. Live and let death play against your insides  
Sage advice. When I was a kid, you're convinced, I jumped  
Off the roof in my sleep, somnambulist see;  
Climbed across the tops of swing sets but  
Was awake for that ornamenting no-body knows  
What happens to adornments. Take em out  
Screaming into the woods so they can finally be home  
I tell ya, god bless a clear and present end  
Release of art; and release of sex you asked  
What would you prefer? a simpler primate  
With simpler fears? Dear Jesus, yes.

Death hit me. At that last altar. Felt like a kiss.  
Might as well if  
Your only refuge is a room in hell and  
there's no such thing as outside  
A blue nirvana dressing gown  
Come out to whisper or howl  
Come out for one night to live  
If tomorrow there's breath on the mirror

## There is a holiness to humanity

There is a holiness to humanity  
Independent of all else holy there is  
Sacredness in being  
To live for a short time simply matches  
Immortality  
To look around and see  
Every person is a spirit in need; to  
Count yourself among them; to be  
Made whole in offering and equally in receipt;  
To have been whole from the beginning  
Hallowed be  
Hallowed be  
Hallowed be

We are born profanely yet filled already  
With what is human and unprofane  
To be born is to make a mansion from the dirt  
In this home is hope equal to despair  
Joy to suffering  
Satisfaction to desire  
Love equal to fear  
We live in this in  
The holiness of wholeness  
That which is within us  
And forever going on without  
Hallowed being  
Hallowed be

## Power lines

Her clothes are power lines and overpasses  
They crowd and ruin the landscape view  
Obstructing the earth and what it can do  
So I quickly, quietly, carefully remove  
Her from the shrouded distracted city  
Now the soil and I can form our coup  
Seeking with racing thoughts to undo  
Too many years of civilization.