

The Possession Corridor

**The “possession corridor” in Saganaga Lake
is a channel that runs NS in which it is legal to “possess,”
but not use, an outboard motor larger than 25
horsepower, the top size allowed on Saganaga, a
Boundary Waters lake.**

as I lie in the tent before sleep
I see an 100' tidal wave
sweep, gray and cold
toward our campsite
up The Possession Corridor
from the big Christian camp
on Hook Island in Seagull Lake
using Orpheus power
I stop it

Then I am in a room
with black and white
splatter painting walls
dancing like the Krell power source
in *Forbidden Planet*
“No one looks at the face of the Gorgon and lives”
warns Dr. Morbius in the film

I am watching an *X Files* episode
on a big screen TV
the TV shows the same room
with the same Jackson Pollock
splatter paint walls
and the name of the episode
is “The Prophecy of Ellie”

a small gray man
maybe a Whitley Strieber alien
walks through the wall
at the end of the room
just like Ellie Arroway’s “dad”
appears in Ellie’s painting

of a Pensacola beach in *Contact*

A small gray man
walks through the face of the Gorgon wall
at the end of the room
on the big screen TV
just like the Vegan
who looks just like Ellie's dad
walks through the screen memory of Florida
downloaded from Ellie's brain

a small gray man
walks through the wall
at the end of the room
toward the foot of the bed
where I am lying
not feeling very brave
or very good

"Where's the Ellie?" he demands
as he reaches out his small gray wand
to touch my foot
so I see a 2000' tall tidal wave
caused by an asteroid
sweeping untoward the east coast
"What have you done with the Ellie?"

I wake then
pain shooting through my foot
remembering there is another "Ellie"
pronounced just like Ellie
spelled "ELE"
an Extinction Level Event

where is it?
headed back up the corridor
towards Hook Island
where it came from

Eurydice's Revenge

I lay down to sleep
dressed like Eurydice
I had on high heeled leather boots
 that laced up
I had on panties soft as tulip petal
I had on Eye of the Doe makeup
I had on a wet dream dress
hot enough to tempt a Cardinal
or a president

I was gonna walk the streets
I was gonna stand on the corner
of Bishop Berkeley and Kant
and lift a rhymed couplet
just enough for a glimpse
 of my lyre

I was gonna smile and bat my quiff
at the editors and senators
who cruised the Sirloin District
in their Hellraiser cars
I was gonna absolutely ruin
anyone who touched me
and then claimed "amnesia"

first
the resignation of Nixon
 came blubbing up
raising its crippled "V"
 the resquiescat of Reagan came next
not remembering its name
 or its wife
then the apology of the Catholic Church
 whimpered out
"Too late motherfucker!"
I shouted
forcing the priest's eyeballs back in

so he could see
all the dark fatherings

Emergency

I do not remember
if I walked here
or fell
in blood and flames
I must have walked
across Somerville
down Kirkland
to Cambridge City Hospital
but I do not remember it

I sit in the brightly lit
antiseptic waiting room
terrified I do not remember the last half hour
but I don't
what I remember
is the werewolf raping that guy
in the hall of my college dorm

can they see I am mad
crazy?
can they see the terrible dark walk down the tunnel
below Cemetery Island
to come abort this fetus of Frankenstein?
can they see
the rumpled wings of flames
like huge horrible Hieronymus Bosh paintings
on my back?

I sit very still
on the plastic chair
there is a drunk guy next to me
and someone is coughing
it does not look like a stable
the one with no roof, say
with shepherds and Magi
there are angels in white doctor suits though

I sit very still
because the thing inside
whatever it is
the bomb with wings of hell panels
of vast, horrible Sistines
in its hump
its Quasimodo hump
is hooked up
to....everything!

to churches, to governments, to the stock market
if I move too fast
if I startle
if I laugh or cry
it might go off
right here in the bright fluorescent light
spurting alizarin crimson
bat music
and the Dies Irae
across the world

Meeting God

only one shepherd came --
the young psychiatrist
who had prescribed stelazine
to stop Eurydice's screaming
I Invited him
to the end of ignorance
because it hurt so much to meet God
because the beginning of knowledge is fear
and the end of knowledge in the bottom of the lake
and in between
they don't tell you what kind of penis
comes AIDs
assassinations
John Wayne Gacy's basement
Wrath in earthquake faults
and that
you, like it or not, are its Mary

no one else came
to meet God that night
no angels
no Magi
no kings
I was in a glass cage
having a sex change
in the back seat
of the Godfather's
big, black
Toccata and Fugue in D
while my poor psychiatrist
skated like a fairy
on stelazine ice
ten thousand miles above me

The Howl

This thing in my mouth does not fit
this bloody tongue
which arrived in a basket
on the stoop of my dreams
this bloody chunk of grief
beneath the blue blankie
it makes my mouth sore and wet this morning
like I bit my tongue all night
to make it shut up

I don't know what it wants to say
I do not feel a poem
on the tip of it
what is "poetic" about Muses
who drill sex holes in peoples' dreams
to pour inspirations
for Hitler
for Stalin
for Dante in?
what is "poetic" about angels
who rouse Adam in the dust
caress up an erection
to they can fuck the corpse
to get knocked up
with the Easter Bunny of Chernobyl?

what's "funny" about the Divine Comedy
which cuts the tongue out of Orpheus's mouth
because it speaks for Eurydice in hell?
raped by every Pope's
Darth Vader shadow?

these are not pretty words
they do not rhyme
rhyme is for poets
decorating Christmas trees

with new visions
of the Twelve Steps for forgetting poetry's murder
poetry is for lambs
who cannot remember being castrated
so "God" might set his bloody gifts
beneath the tree
"poetry"
is the Church of our absence