

Durations

Never to be gilded without
gold that came from what made
seed. Old as this what might be, the younger
the tree the less it needs
frosting. All day,

never, these thoughts instruct
unlike my wise grandfather who loved
me enough to stick around my cupboard
and breathe in it his cardamom; apricot, I'd capitulate,
is brought to its floral essence when mixed
with cardamom;
like you—

your genius; like your mind's metallurgy—your sweet
origins. Exactly,

thoughts don't instruct, don't
say "gilded without gold." Especially, flatly...
An everywhere/nowhere shower of senses constant-
ly sensing, inherent with numbers,
without number, long

as the white plant, short
as the phrase "ye who aren't 'tended,"
or no phrase at all whatever
the lessons be—thought
behaves as much as it builds.

Out yonder in a field no longer field,
but lard, circumscribed by structure,
blue viridian whale tolls of an innermost aperture,
pitted against foreign purpose—

You are transmogrifying an old tale.
You are over and under a bridge of white roses.
You are not to be taken seriously,
but sincerely. That's closer.

Yes, I guess that's all it is. That's
all that was. Harkening for a little comeuppance.
A confidence that nothing lasts.

The Great Dynamic

She wore a yellow ribbon and had a butt for a face.
And despite her post-and-lintel pose, and
demographic of large, black pits,
the sides of which were inordinately graffitied
with a wispy pitbull language too
intricate for pitbulls—
her brain was peanuts.

Two peanuts
to be exact.

And three peanuts was just the thing
her world was looking for. Now,
keep in mind, nobody in this world knew
what a peanut was, and everybody wanted
three. Three's the charm, they would not
say, only barely think it.

Reminds me of today's Little Jennifer.
Her poor music band of rotten instruments
that stretch through any auditorium
like thin streams of jaundiced water, or flagellum.
Made not for the ears of music officinados
but for clams and elephants and specific brands of dish soap
a recent scientist brought to life for the benefit of realism.

Actually, for the benefit
of him, as he hated realists,
wanted nothing more than to shove
realism into their sponge, what he called brains.
Poor little Jennifer found no brains for a fanbase.

Which brings me to what I originally
wanted to say, Margot.
Remember how much we like John Ford?
Not his art but his asshole? Or wait, I mean, he
was an asshole. One with a complex vision!
Nowadays assholes with visions are rare.

Write that down before I forget.

Cold Carolers Scene

“Here we go through
pounds of snow back
to the bastard that bore
us.” Whatever that means. Actually,
death: a kitschy bit of sing-song, too.
And like anything else

or plain
straightforward as a chamomile
bloom. Duality-reigns
sprouting from our necks.
A carriage that oscillates, vindication
to vessel. Or who
like the one’s mother, out
any minute with his mittens,
may spark mustard-white
with its chuffed presence.

Or not! Open mirages, it
seems, harnessing nothing—
a few steps, a couple seats, self-
imposed boobytraps, all
so evidently certain as

bats. But so, plonked between
the leavened mansion up there
(warmer than here),
and those angels Timothy devoted his love to
stitched on their seat,
saying again with
hoarse voices in the morning cold
“whatever that means”—
they could jolt into flames!

Inherited Narratives

1.

I said the tree was so real it looked like fiberglass, and nearly translucent.
Even under it, I said, an old '55 Chevy let out piercing screams,
which made me think about infinity.
Or better said, convinced my thoughts,
or my ears did, about eternity.

Then after saying that even a rock is consciousness,
that we are all ancient ears seemingly anchored to a new body,
and "Prime Mover" is a shade false,
my audience turned into corn.

I mangled the plastic water bottle I was holding to mimic
the sound the tree made when I leaped
into its super real trunk—crunched and buckled
in my hand. As this was my anticipation,
though it proved plastic ever more flabby,
I became synonymous to the poison
that has, since birth, surrounded me.

Don't think my greenish skin and sacred
spotted horns, the same as my audience's unrealized ears.
At the close of my speech, I spat fireworks
of silly string, steel manufacturing, Post-it notes, and bees.

2.

Mom: listening, washing dishes, mumbling
to herself, and epitomizing rocks and shrubs
with a weighty aura extending for millions of kilometers
in every direction. And I,
behind her, at kitchen table, spurned by further visions:

3.

If Schopenhauer's were a flower... If Schopenhauer
were a flower, said flower would be made of rocks,
but then more like a tree,

barely fazed by temperature changes,
ignorant of the need of light, except,
in its exactness, a spiritual light.

4.

Being freakish and sacred is necessary
in the event of nature's reinterpretation—

a river fused with a carnal teacher.

Schopenhauer might have said:
my consciousness, my boring
succinctly forth, is less like a waterfall,
more like goose-neck kettle.

5.

“A cold, unbearable teacher he would have been, this Mr. Schopenhauer”,
replies the vast reaches that once housed my fetus.

But it might be I’m confusing Mr. Schopenhauer
with Neitzsche’s spirit-breast
of titanium rooster feathers.

“Feeling,” she continues, “we must
tap into our feelings and properly release them,
to better understand who we are.”

6.

Oh, Neitzsche... *dance, dance...*

“And a necromancer we need,” warbles something
cute from the window.

7.

That niche field of study, Nietzsche Science,
purports rooster feathers evolved naturally from rocks.
Through natural hermeneutics, their evolution is evidenced
in Yves Tanguy paintings—
simulacrums of more ancients paintings
found along the inner walls of our bodies.