

lava lamp pictures

witness
the sublime poetry
of my body,
my legs
like timeless Grecian arches,
my hands
like nimble
Himalayan valleys,
my feet
the roots
of celestial birches,
my clothes
the foliage of seasons

and how many people
have a face
 like *this*?

we won't be here
for very long,
I'm trying to tell you –

a soliloquy life:
a secret so well-whispered
no one heard,
a gem so well-hidden
no one saw

a soliloquy life:
rare birds
flown too high to see,
a golden day
wasting patiently under the clouds

a soliloquy life:
no audience
to boast of my ironies,
no avid crowd
to praise the print
of my fleeting cause

a soliloquy life:
small tumbling stones in the valley
no one noticed

“Downtown”

Here in the downtown red
eternity gleams her beautiful strange every second;
 moonlight reflections obstruct my raw flow of
 thoughts,
she gets in my eyes, I can't see either end of the thing,
 mad naked Chinese appetites confound me
 also, I wish to get drunk and put it off.
When can I get drunk? The moon peeps at me
 behind her cloudy fan, I wouldn't mind getting
 laid also,
whatever chops the chicken – I wish I could afford
 vegetables.

When can I get drunk? I can't rely on my looks,
 deserving things is hard work.
The soup kitchens move around at night – I've been
 smelling chicken since 9, where are they hiding,
 Toronto? What did I do to make you hide your
 chickens from me?
Your silly sewer grate gnome dreams aren't much
 help.
Get a job No one's hiring Find a way I wish I
 had parents like yours, I wish you would get
 drunk with me,
I'm sick of masturbating lonesome harmonica
 eulogies in empty public restrooms.
Where are the happy toes, the peaches? I read the
 daily tragedy (some “*news*” – it's always the same),
 your countenance unnerves me, is that your
 intention? Your checkered plaits are alienating, I
 refuse to fit the design.

The pond in central park looks so picture perfect it
 must be painted on, I haven't seen a frog in there
 for years, kids can't play hockey there in winter
 anymore – I guess they want it looking good for
 tourists;
how much do you pay to have the garbage picked out?
 I could use a similar service, my lawn is spotted.

Will this stock broker's wet dream ever climax?
Let's just say our pigeons know they're singing, it's
 an awkward ensemble;
our artists & politicians are busy on the payroll putting
 up posters – reeds by the roadside unaffected by the
 breeze, contriving to their own bending;
our back-water radio jingle scene is an empty Italian patio
 with plastic chairs – nobody stomps their feet to these
 propagandist anthems.

Toronto is unsure if I still exist – for God's sake, I'm
 standing right here! Helloooo! Her concern is only
 superficial. My pisscorner rambles are junkmail.
For what do these vain skyscrapers compensate?

Pundit tabloid tongues line the causeways, undulating
 useless dirges of bland knowledge;
signboards plastered on the walls make for much speech and
 little speaking...
The only message on these manifold lips is communion.

Where are we coming from? To what end to we serve?
 This bread-and-circus whirl is old hat.

Downtown the passage of time is a cold serpent's skin
 searching for warmth, vines climbing tenement walls
 to get at the sun, when can I get drunk?
Yesterday I assumed the park bench and I had found a
 home together in a brandy bottle with cheap rent
 but the morning was stoneless, I hadn't really arrived
 anywhere (I never really do), there I go and here I
 come, time's current is strong, I can't grab a hold of
 anything, I must've left my backbones at the ranch.
Spineless gobs of flesh, these gloop-glooping jellyfish
 people, O where art thou headed, homeless fish? To
 what end do you serve the ocean that insists on
 birthing you? Why does your Mother absolve and
 resolve you, what makes you tick, who turns the knobs
 for this thing, anyway?

In the luminous streets narcissistic kicks ebb from an
ancient lake, Nature's babes drown in solid-
seeming reflections; what is the wind which laid
this concrete here, what fills these balloons?
Whence comes my questioning, my perceptions?
Electric boogaloo seeps from the universal heart – it is
ours, Toronto; these sidewalks are a symbiosis.
Union Station breathes our paisley rooftop
terracotta emotions, potted doorpost ferns explode
cellular wisdom, refracting internal nebulas –
let's get it together cosmos, let's get in tune, why
won't you talk to me?

Toronto I've seen your stars in the T.V. and they are
leading me nowhere, I've got nowhere else to go, I'm
bloated.

Your toothsome street vendor faces are unfriendly to me
in the morning, will you make it right? Please keep in
touch with me, I don't want to lose you, I don't want
us to disappear, this waiting is a migraine.

Toronto will you get drunk with me and sing until the
moon is a peeping clarity in the restless backdrop of
our starry mind?

“(How I saw) The Banyan Tree”

Out at sea the shoreline shifts
according to the ocean’s lift;
behind the drama, back on land
trees remain unmoved in sand

10,000 things seen and gone
solid as a mountain’s song;
Nature’s spring, a twinkling field –
Time’s Eternal stone revealed

pages swimming through the sun
melt together into one;
endless drops, a single rain
smeared like paint on moving trains

cosmic lustre of a pearl
scarce contains its little worlds;
snowflake drizzle on the pane
never to return again

immortal mind forever shaped
in Maya mama’s liquid drape;
dreams and faces flying strange –
what’s real is what doesn’t change

dragon spirits sliding past,
glen and meadow not to last;
see the years like Autumn leaves
falling from the Banyan tree?

wood bursts
through the panel flooring
of this old hut

melting into the brookside
of a painter's portrait
warm June evening

streams trickling from
the old abandoned spring
lead back home

the dog, too,
leans into the firelock
to keep warm

blackbird noise
within the deep forest
woosh!

droplets on a leaf
flow back into the stem
after it rains

freedom does exist
in this starry trapping
for a clever old fish

a globe within
a dewdrop globe – where
could I disappear?

outside my tent
the scathing wilderness
casts no shadow

this old dog has
no mind for life's trifles
scratch scratch scratch

smoke and ash remain
from fires long consumed
at the palace temple

the breeze at dawn
whisked away the leaves
left from yesterday

subtle reptiles
crawl towards the heated
summer street corner

the marble wine jars
lying empty and dormant
between festivals

cloud shrouded night
I reach vainly to clasp
the fleeting moon