

Girls

On a woman drowns ocean salt, mud sun dry, the coat of the bloodened wild boar, stone in the moon, stone in the sun, soft wilted grass, and the leaden weight of clouds mercurial. I often wonder: which of these climes is best? The salt, the stone, the mud, the plain, the sky, or the boar? As a studied philosopher, I begin from a false premise. Ought I to shelter on the salt, the stone, the mud, the plain, the sky, or the boar? No. Desire seeks not stable ground. As salt she feeds my thirst; as stone she molds and binds; as mud she traps; as plain she tumbles. Of sky and boar I can only say that the fragile body of modern man everywhere seeks pulverization by Nature's distilled forces. Echoes of the first men who grow and wilt as blades of grass and yet are called brave. So I ask you, bro, what am I to do when she presses hard upon my chest with the stone in the sun?

A true story of 21st century jazz

I once got on the train at 125th street by the old Apollo theater that runs express to Columbus Circle (a ten-minute ride). A man walks on just as the doors are closing. Like every building in Harlem, he's dressed in about seven different decades. The social consternation of a century of accumulated history brings with it an equally rotten taste in fashion. Amidst the fuschias and scarlets and faded yellows, I hardly noticed he was holding a mint-condition pure gold saxophone.

As the train leaves the station he begins playing a chaotic series of tones. A dilettante's Mahler it is 'rough' and 'spontaneous.' Really, ran ricocheted hostile forces in the shuddering metal can 'til your vital forces (brain and flesh) were reduced to a punchcard.

The man stopped playing and pronounced to his captives:

I AM AN ALIEN

"I am from outer space and YOU cannot know ME! Give me money or I will hurt your ears!"

.....an intermission
choleric rod-iron consequences
sutured concatenated consequences
coincidence descended consequences
putsch axe saber ritz consequences
spurious clandestine consequences
castled tsarina's consequences
inconsequential consequences



Walking from Arizona to Texas, I spot in the desert the most horrid human skull! 🦴 Do you see it? Cracked and with ghastly eye sockets—I want it. 😍 I wander off the road to where it rests in the dead brush. When I pick it up, under it is... a turtle! 🐢 🤔

Seven Dogs

I had spent all night and all morning, 15 hours in total, reading all the pronouncements of all the prophets of the human psyche. Though my eyes were shot through with blood, having just learned the secrets of the seven fundamental human types, I was utterly unable to sleep. A gaming addict full of desperate energy I braved the heat of the noon sun in search of replenishing juices. Needless to say, my newly enlightened mind was dazed to the point of unrecognizable and extreme mental retardation.

So dazed was my mental state that it began to seem to me that the figures passing on the sidewalk were not people at all, but merely the same mannequin burst through the abandoned shop window and come to stroll by. As my mind contemplated the movement of the stars and their subtle interactions with our chemical interstice which form the seven varieties of man, I was unable to identify any one of them in the passing faces.

It was in this indolent haze that my starved organs began to stir.

Liver. Ruled by fire where the sun beats, naked paws and a hairless body pound the concrete and spread the dirt. Old and wrinkled skin dry in the sun. How does it not turn red as a lobster where the sun beats? Kidney. A regular work horse. Thick fur and a long snout for biting and snapping at the passerby and a tongue to lick his man in a uniform. Stomach. The Wiener Dog. Lung. I long to run my fingers through curled down of a child. Springy and tall, the tail and the wagged finger: united breeze of my childhood fantasy and adult nightmare. Intestine. Pound pounds the concrete, up the park stairs, gold under glint of the heat of the sun do mind the position of Jupiter in the sky. Pancreas. She's the old matron still covered in expensive rouge. When the kidney snaps at her, she shrinks coyly and flutters the eyes. *Consider investing in stocks this morning.* How many hours did her hair-do take? Spleen. If I touch each long hair, it will wither to dust and sprinkle the concrete and spread the dirt up the park steps. Waddling... waddling... and still waddling. Most old people come to resemble skeletons, but he was fat and round and hard. Hard as a stone, it would have been an embarrassment if the fat fell out of its old cistern. I imagined this was what trash looked like all molded at the bottom of the fancy new compressor bins powered where the sun beats.

What was missing from the dull mass of human faces I found in the drooling mugs of these wonderful dogs! And by rope and silver ring all were connected to You.

At that moment, I felt within me all the pronouncements of all the prophets bundle up for one last youthful spring. A vice grip on the present. I drew a thick branch from a nearby stone and, possessed by some ancient shot-putter, hurled the boon to the road. The seven dogs sprang to life! As one unit, one giant machine, they bound down the park's stone steps in pursuit of the prize.

Poems in Prose

Down the stairs you tumbled, broken bones and teeth in flight. Whirlwind of beauty and blood shot through with the rays of the noon sun, I worship you! O joy... O bliss of the taxidermist!

That you are the New Man!