

I`███░███
SALVO, IN SECRET
I`███░███

COWER THE CROWS

Below moonbeams
Bellow the bold
Whose cries signal
Omens untold.

Beneath sunlight
Cower the crows
Whose eyes bespeak
Stories of old.

Until daybreak
Orphic and roan
The quick uplift
Hymns to the cold.

Until nightfall
Cower the crows;
Only at night
Shall truth dare grow.



INSTRUCTIONS

To see,
we need only:
 Gather the loess,
 Loom the loam,
 Draw the soils into fibers
 Onto Gaussian spools of Boolean,
And weave them into tapestries that {
 eclipse the public static void,
 crunch && compile && create anew,
 orchestrate and program like one of Babbage's broken
dreams,
 transubstantiate
}
Though the banal be already divine.
when earthenware becomes our software,
Matter itself is thus but a set of instructions
Comprising only language and intent,
Like Lewitt
Let !bound, and
Run.



Hibernaculum

An easy-living Kyushu metropolis as a first snow fight site...
It seemed a funny, distant fortune—a *kōan* from Tyche herself

Whither maudlin hindsight may point, whether howe or hill or dell or dale
It remains a soul kissed [zen]ith withered behind manifold mistakes.

Cold can be kept at bay when portentous dreams strip vestal vestiges
Body heat on train platforms barely heed barley-spirit *obake*

Promises kept on a windswept bay, enchantment behind bright red gates
The moon looked bluer then, and then obligations were somehow fewer.

If I could only retire to the clouds of smoke and mountainous dreams
Perhaps once more I could wake with purpose to walk among neon shadows

The cold here is bitter—a solstice away from the warmth of what was
If I could, I'd weather life where I fell with the snow, where she—we—once slept.



What to Protect Above All Else

We have arrogated all we call all ours
Treated as sacrosanct what is convenient
We abrogate our own culpability
For we are too cowardly to abdicate
Our pleasures and comforts and indulgences

Make no mistake, there is truth but no riposte in our collective guilt.

I have aggressed upon what I shame to want
Encroached upon liberties possessed by lust
Sought to break the buttons which hide the holy
For I am too borne of dependence to fight
My hunger and covetousness and sehnsucht

Make no mistake, there is neither pride nor safety in our collective failure.

They obfuscate their wishes like colonels
Tell stark untruths to hide their vapid shallows
Claim to treasure the unseen until they see
For I may not refuse their trick concession
And I can be no one other than myself

Make no mistake: we all take what we want; the trick is simply to guard fiercely, to protect with absolute desperation, to under no circumstances fail to conceal the reality that

our finest heirloom, our ticket to salvation, our most treasured secret, our most hallowed relic, our most brilliant gem, our grail and ark and covenant, our lushest and safest and most palatial paradise shall perish—unless it remains immutable and inerrant that

nobody wants what they say they want.



In Plane View

I feel impelled to move,
To compel a stagnant, brackish self into vim and vector.
It is my ablutionary abstinence from insularity:
From here, the topology is geomancy,
For I see truth rendered fractal and crystalline.

The cities suggest the synapses which suggest their own begotten circuitry;
The nerves, the network, this conveyance,
A secular analog of Ishikoridome's mirror which reflects the truth:
The macro mimics the micro which mimics the macro again, and
The higher I rise, the more deeply I dig.

And thus, I arrive at my mantic core,
To find little else but a beast of antiquity;
Soul-searching thus punished like sedition
When you realize you ought have stayed perfectly still
Because you regret what you have found.

The cities, the circuitry, and the self...
Upon reflection, they manifest more like flesh both blighted and ablated,
Rotted and blistered,
Scarred and covered in vermillion rash,
And the meanders that purl and snarl are little more than trickles of tears or puss or blood.

In modern times, Charon pilots a ferrous flying ferry, and
As I am hailed by the enchanted diodes and the incandescent beacons
 That demarcate our pestilent human sprawl,
 That reflect the truth in me like iridescent meridians,
This familiarly ugly NPC escorts me both far away from and deep into myself.

Numismatically agnostic, he graciously accepts me
 And my plastic prognosticating promises
 And my tin titian tokens.
But, I may never have noticed the striking similarity between us,
For one may only infer certain truths
 (Like the curvature of space)
 (Like the constant of light)
 (Like latent love and loathing)
When there is unqualified kineticism, and
When we have dared to be our own Player One.

Without deltas in space and time,
To make sense of all these pieces,
 This dull dearth of diegetic phronesis,
 This odd mirth borne of whispered secrets,
Lies and compromise would be the only answers.

And thus, I walk, and I
Stalk, and I
Scurry, and I
Scuttle, and I
Hasten, and I
Float, and I
Fly, and I
Warp, and I
Flicker, and I
Disappear, and even if I must crawl, I
Forge ahead, and I
Remain rooted.

I must honor this prophetic ritual,
I must heed this hailing,
Or else:
There is no mirror, and
There is no truth, and
There is no me—only
A choke, and
A denial, and
A vestigial shell of a life lived like
... it might have meant something.