

## Shirat Ha Kotharot

Ti amo Ma'at

lips aquatic  
fire, divine  
in your scales  
a history  
a clay far older than mine  
bonds itself with  
beasts, ambassadors  
of the Powers that be  
none are remembered by men  
but women staring into webs  
stretching from the abyss of Oceanus  
into the seas of human hearts sowing  
shut the eyes of isles molding  
gleaming still below the black  
like the golden age of  
Titans, godly paradise  
until infected by  
a virus far smarter than us  
a calamity  
across your flesh  
two serpents  
wings electric

## Deluge by Dawn

We bathe in fire  
but blue and cold  
humans torches we  
burst from ourselves  
like seeds stretching  
our roots flickering  
in the soils below  
the trees, an isle  
in a form of faces — the  
lips we kiss with — a shore  
of words wet as the sea of  
nymphs when sky is veiled,  
the day a tapestry, and ancient song  
repeats, its notes floating like flames  
the shadows a boy might chase if demons  
sang more like Muses, like the entertainers  
of the dead, the secrets we share  
when we sleep, lovers of Sol, bare  
eyes telling of today and tomorrow  
a great conflagration, oceans burn

Monkey politics: a spectator sport

*(Modeling the poetic form and style of Marty Watt, actor and poet of poems)*

a game of measuring fruits  
that grow from trees like testes  
each curve a  
flick and slip  
of phrase more Aryan than erotic  
Sanskrit symbols swaying in ether  
my eyes swim in my skull like snakes  
squeezing hollowed words like prey  
one-eyed shrimp  
devoid of flavour  
from the cookbook of capital primacy  
recipes to ruin all cooking forever  
until the words reassemble themselves  
unified as the songs of poets, a chorus:  
remember all that came before apes  
chiseled marble or mobile phones  
the chards, a plastic covering  
flesh that falls like molten clay  
out of this kitchen — a poetry  
an alchemy of three deities  
a Mt. Rushmore minus one  
three faces laughing, erect

Ras Melqart  
(Or "Heraclea Minoa," c.f. Gaza)

It is strange that  
finding Sicilians amidst the ruins  
Minoans would have killed them

Blaspheming the land they tilled  
the goddess shrines they built  
still asleep beneath the bedrock

O, you witless, passive Crusaders!  
how azul you stride across the field  
so reddened

so whitened  
knowing only who is Amalek today  
why he is nowhere and everywhere

Death becomes your mid-point  
as you try at being less than human  
when Earth has called for heart

I am her message: *malak mi mayim*  
*mayim min nahar, nahar min yamu*

*(an angel from the waters,  
the waters from the River,  
the River from the Sea)*

## Subterraneus

### I.

A clamoring, jabbering frenzy.  
A hushed, hushed silent ascent.  
Where are they all going but up?

It's a water holed  
worthy of India.  
The steam from the trams  
and the refuse from the streets.  
Ignore the data inside  
and do what bodies do  
then rinse, repeat, and move on.

Synchronized.  
Synchronized?  
Synchronized to what? I am stuck  
on everything in passing.

In your wallet you'll find a card.  
That card is both entry and passage.  
Don't stop or give it to others.  
It is yours until it is lost  
or expired, or torn.  
Is it fair or fare, or *faire, Monsieur?*

### II.

It is a dazzling combination of technologies.  
Some are archeology for tomorrow.  
Some are more hopeful and illuminating.

Only look until you see what you want  
then turn to the next and whisper some  
Anglo-Saxon French  
or Hispano-Romance  
if you're feeling more pickled than picante.

Is it your color or your cry that sets you apart  
when you ride in the mobile chorus?

### III.

Ladies and gentlemen, please

do not strap down for this ride.  
Remember, this is express  
and we will not be making any stops for anyone.  
If you look to your right  
and your left and ahead  
you'll see the other passengers.

Do not feed or talk to these passengers  
or you may trip and fall.  
Your ride having been cautioned.

IV.

I look at a man and I ask  
could I be this man in thirty years?  
You couldn't, I hear  
simply because you're ages apart  
forever separated by some interval  
—some tastes accumulated.  
You can never know how he knows  
just as you can never be  
as he is, was, or will be.  
Neither can he  
nor anyone watching.

Zeno must be  
consulted alongside Herakleitos.  
Race the tortoise and the hare  
in a river that meanders onto land  
and then back out to sea  
I see a child, blonde hair, eyes blue  
and I think I was that babe  
on my voyage through the Abzu.