

Dogtime

I testify, it's what I came to feel when swelling pools of anger
Resonant like spring notes and from their wombs burst songs
Like fire, love, stand with me,
I grope for the next, another day of miracles, and I glide through them as if I weren't a spirit
I found it,
What shouldn't be truer than what I've found, something in my pocket
That I carry
When I'm around there's question about it, the outstanding that swells like pools of anger

I came here willingly, and stay free from that Kantian homelife

Gone great strength of snail, yonder farms are fearful yet
And I cannot find one going around this forlorn town
And I'll sit here and sweat like a thorny mongrel without a master
Whatever comes, if it comes, from down there, and from where?
I understand fear, ground-like rites of passage, like rightful heirs
Forever from youthful grinning, humble swords will fly.

Jaunty men in streets of yellow hounds before the moon
Devour girls like wolves, in a night, their hunger takes what's sweet
And girls who thirst for love affairs can't help but gasp and swoon,
I find their quest dull, forming eyes I find that there is nothing succulent about what's come

From therefore on we stay to dance in white cloth shirts and denim pants
Our grandmother's rings adorned our precious limbs

G.

The bright red sun imbedded
Deep behind my vertebrae
Grove, glop
 burry.

The dog is black on the sky.
Imperial likeness to the patterns of my neighbors
Satirical hidden hypo-satanic-psy-pothy.

suh-lice

I see it now clear as crystal
I drown in my empty jaunt
And nothing in soddenness
 Suddenly
 Shit!
 I'm gone; I'm gone.
 The yellow tangles of childhood swimming

"When I was too blue to recall my own laughter"
Well ha!
 I'm blue again.
Harlequin dancers are cynical-
Your search for yellow lanterns
 for synesthesia that you find so-

 Fascinating:
People don't even read books anymore

Banal

And through the throat clearing
Awakening
Choking on allergies
And dreams
No matter how dark and far away
My eyes did not wish to leave it
A world made
Colored only by what I could
not categorize
And the lightness
Of waking
Is too easy
Latent and
underdeveloped
Forwardly helpless
Yearning for the complexity
Of
sub consciousness
And layers like pages
To

dive into
The deep end of imaginary
And the seams of
memory
On the cusp of
desire
the Alarm Blares Me Out Of IT!

b.

Strong paths unfold unbenounced to my distracted eyes searching for one which cannot exist.
The world calls its name desperately-
her small lamb feet tread as light as clouds over it
and over it
and over it

she gasps for breath
and gasps and

dreamy young fawns in a fairy meadow wet and damp,
a welcoming golden sun piercing the leaves;
illuminating an idea;
with braids in their red red beards
the druid masquerade of birds and bugs
return as innocently as sentiment.

Happiness tickled in my despair,
she twists and smelled and pet my hair,
She pat my head and touched my chin,
forgave my lucid bubbly whim.

And Sadness touched her with a nudge,
So Happy freed her gripping hug
then pulled me in to taste their breath
to suck and choke whatever's left.

For when I'm sad I'm most afraid
of Happy's evil blinding gaze
and Sadness holds with strong embrace
to keep me out of mindless haste-

the soldier encompasses his passion for something strong and meaningful:

Moon peers at Earth with great round eye
angels swoop and glide and,
Fly
and angels loop and harmonize
and angels fall
and angels hide

And Angels manage to survive
and Angels rise from blackened ashes
an Angel's birth,
an Angel hatches

The grey wind rattling afternoon
the company of insects alone-

sunshine discovers an epoch and forgets about it

and doubt, with time, grows more fantastic

and in being so,
how,
distant?
it becomes

Following the hands of a clock in cycles,
urging quiet limbs to remain lean
maybe only with well-behaved eyes.

Beware.

Remember the sometimes.

The greens becoming as distinguishable as they have always been
in their hazy summer throngs
beckoning small seconds to be had,

Beware.

Remember the sometimes.

We drip down
as impatient as puppies
for an affection seeming long and far off
I slip into skin more comfortable
Demon Earth cries away,

regretting the softness of a body
hollow from maintenance
allowing it all to slide
between the cracks
furrowed brows in angry clouds
have more on their mind than a love story.

More on their mind than a naked compassion
far from the noisy contentions waxing her gentle grounds.

We speak as we always have
with little return
with helpful light,
my slow burning sensation
allows a freedom extending ignorance.

Remind the hallows of nothing more than their acute fondness for
shadowy images in the darkening rapture.

It cannot sink.
It will not rest.

We come in masses.
Remember the sometimes.

c.

I'm forgetting the gore I caused when I entered the world,
I'm picking at the Flesh colored coating that they poured over me at birth
so that underneath I can see the prime decoration of my essence,
Something that we are trained to forget,
that skin is alive,
and each time I think about it like that-
I begin to itch all over,
And I want to squeeze out of it like toothpaste,
And hang it out in the sun,
and beat the dirt off of it.
I am trapped, I am laminated.
I can feel clawing at the stitching,
a pulsing desperation,
my mind's swirling variegation concealed.

The tint of my internality exists in its own right.
It was the spark of friction of fertilization:
It burst from the splitting of my first two cells.
It will never dull, nor brighten, nor will it change in any detail,
Those honest eyes, the goodliest windows of stained glass,
are only expressive-
and silent.

My brain is royal blue and uncontaminated yellow and my hands are bright red red.
I cannot see what shade your hands are.
Because when you were born,
they painted you with artificial colors too.
And I think
about how I'll look on you forever
This way

D.

Seashells in hand, I hold her by the skirt
And hide behind her hips like only a coward can
We tread this cruel path with heavy stomps,
My little feet on her toes.
Through mud terrain of brainy hours.
Youth comes naturally,
speak up loud as if it were a piece of you:
This soul bears a net
It's loosening
It tightens.
Drooping yellow ears filled with truth tyrants
Commanding a wall and a wall and a wall and a wall.
Demanding a shrinking gaze onwards
Feeble hearts turn a page with spit fingers
Grow in their gardens
Like seed people.
Far from it we tore up the faces
And visions of pocketed all-too-oftens
So-called rebellions in the home
Flee the high-way sign
"This way to escape."
Mollusk tongues whisper
In crowds much like this one
In haste to reach the fatal line
The conclusion
The start-again
"Be not afraid,"
Well, I'm afraid,
"Tell the world,"
I cannot speak at all with my tongue pinned down
Who could I reach anyway?
With my feminine situation,
With my tampered accumulation
Of accepted, refined womanly limitation?
Who could I reach?
With so feeble an arm?
With the body forced unknowingly on itself through the panting drooling undressing in their heads
Each one makes me sick and disposable
Longing to be seen by and in the eyes alone
Her everything disregarded.