

Omni Horizon

Planetary Harvester

And like the chatter of butterflies,
I stay kneeling to my shadow
symbiotic to my planet.

I am an avatar of carbon,
transmitting engrams of death
and contemplation,
with an anagogic helmet
deflecting radiation and asteroids:

the gatekeeper of dreams
with nylon hands of
tangible stimulus,
and an oxygen tank
keeping me tethered to
my sacred pylons:
my body, a transceiver
and pulley of rising voltage:

But not through telepathy.
Or the combustion of a cauldron.
Or the holograms of sun-doors.
But by two dynamos cranked by my hands.

Two hands that are dynamic and airborne
like stones
split through
fertilization
flushing fields of fossilized roots:
With calluses lanky
like canals
stretching out and
reshaping the skin around pores:
my hands grappling brains of instruments:

And because I'm of osmosis,
I absorb and reshape pulses and
none can stop my moving rituals of sweat and transfiguration:
my sorcery, the flaring of wheat hammers and blueprints.

Omni Horizon

For I am the shepherd
of shapeshifting climates:
an exiled pilgrim of imagination,
banished to tactile signatures
and solar excavation

swinging my scythe by
mantra and neural projection
so I can tillage the sun's terrain
and extract its elder prana
flourishing portals down
my planet's cracked meridian.

My planet, estranged, cockeyed tilting and floating away from its mother star, a red giant of
bare-faced inertia and bloated kelvins: my planet, a tundra of 111°, spinning

sideways,
through zigzags
of directionless
 space,
And
commandeering comets to

Batter and
compress
my planet's
volcanoes
into glaciers.
their spired tips
detonate plumes of ice.
their shatters shade the sun:

a pebble
blinking ozone
like a match sealed in a candle.

And like a beetle hatching,
I remain kneeling to my shadow,
gazing down at my shadow,
my gaze, a panorama
locating a hexagon wound
scratched by my crescent blade:

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under the planet's permafrost,
I place my nylon glove
onto the planet's wound
and listen to its loud afflictions:

Do you remember the planet?

*The planet that's a green stone of oxygen
that's flossed by misty rivers
etching out clouds--simmering--
crowding out the sun and moon
and the clouds would rain and they
would cling to and dampen your hair
and your bodies would glimmer and they*

*Stunk with the reams of your shredded hay.
So you would press your skin underneath
a red sky, soaking in sighs of horizons:
their photon-typhoons of a ribless
inferno that would torch inside
your throats and empty out,
with scraps of tomes, stagnant to my breath:*

can.

you.

feel.

it?

*My paternal thrust that endures all;
My 12 billion years of existence
That turns every lineage you hold
As only dusty air of my annals:*

Can.

You.

Feel.

It?

*The weak throttle of your being,
The weak throttle of your hands,*

Omni Horizon

*An assortment of my molting epochs.
An arbitrary rousing of my elements.*

*Feel the waywardness of my orbit;
Feel the screeching of my magnetic poles,
Feel all my haphazard bearings like
A phantom trawler fishing a blackhole.*

*And here you amass yourself--
The hazy mass of a fuming sentience
That splits its axis upon my rocks.*

My planet once
screeching charged staccatos of life
swarming landmass,
grappling air,
and hiking oceans,
Now a battered glow pouncing onto
23 hours of shadow--

And nearing its behemoth heart,
my hand probes
my planet's wound
and whispers softly to its chest:

"My hunting is a surgery:
my scythe will soften your glaciers
and will fissure apart all
the frozen nerves of your equator.

And my scythe's flame will ignite
the sigils of igneous rocks
with a birthmark that'll stagger off,
mirroring my blade's incision:

Soon my kindling will know purpose
Soon it'll rise like an undead lantern
Soon I'll lacerate my metallic flame
Across your stagger;
Across your arid flora and fauna!"

Shepherd of Shape-Shifting Climates

And like a praying-mantis, my hands are poised
grappling my scythe, symbiotic to its grasp
Waiting...

Waiting...

Waiting...

To catch the sprinting beams

of a dusty sun that can

charge my scythe that can

catch an hour of sunlight

that can sever the air

That can unfreeze lakes

That can snag up oxygen

That can stop.

air--

comets with turquoise tails sewn to skipping

That can stop the hailings of comets with graupel

tails--

that crinkle

that crumble

that unlatch their

icy shells

sliced

apart by jittery quivers of an unfolding sun

suspending the bodies of comets

in mid saunter

And The Sun--

blazes the polar

bodies of comets

puffing up dusty clouds

fogging my helmet

with downy speckles

of melting blues

and crackling reds--

crystal cones

beaming reds and blues of

peaked photons

beaming

beryls and scarlets

beaming

burnt teals and teary maroons

And lava dolphins--

And snowflake crabs--

And seas of thrusting horizons--

red like a motor-red-like-an-engine-red-like-a-tunnel's-entrance

red like the waist of a lampshade, red like the slamming hinges of a glass door

of the sun's orbit I scurry towards.

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Running Running Running Running

towards a red sky of quarks

Running Running Running Running

towards burning snow

Running

Running towards columns of tossed plasma Running
Running

detonating inundated geysers of methane monoxide

that shed stacked magnitudes, sloshing topsoils of wheeling fires

that scatter that bolt that chirp, springing infrared beacons throwing up

mazes of thermal tephra, molting and exalting--

voltaic, igneous shells and cores--

that shatter that ignite

and their

shatters,

barrel over unfolded wings of the sun's disk, caught to glaciers of volcanoes.

I wipe away the ash of comets clogging my visor and ready my oscillating scythe,
galvanized,

steered, throttled

towards the sun's dynamo:

a screeching conveyor belt

synthesizing hydrogen into helium,

with despondent masers and convection currents of supergranules.

seeping thin, mother star with an unbridled corona. Squelched luminosity

straddling apart my planet's perpetual gegenschein

with rhizomes of zodiacal light.

Its dotless infinite. unfettered pulse, a new counter glow

that thrashes and evinces

rapid synaptic sparks of biophotons:

No longer manacled by margins of sulfur blizzards,

No longer left to expire and break themselves apart in a non-absence.

They spurt.

They swat, sizzling niveous winds, scalding--

raining magma steam like reeling tires

and

falling

metal--

tinting my planet's atmosphere with the sacred chimes of beetles.

Their antennas vibrate the spine of my scythe by bristles of solar audios.

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Sun's Breath as Terraformed Epigraph

And I am tied to the sun's sound—
And I am tied to the sun's breath—
And I am tied to its panting rapture
that's multiplying,
that's expanding, that's dying.
And I pin the sun's crowning to a beetle's gestation
as dragging satellites beamed out oort clouds.
And I mark the sun as my new Polaris
and I imbibe it with the staggering
of my crescent blade.

My crescent blade that tries to emulate
its aura,
Its matter,
its particles,
its progenitor elements,
its chronicled chemicals,
Automatic, kinetic energy manifested,
automatic, kinetic energy that's a portable horizon—
tied to the sky like exhales bouncing between two personas:

as my planet quakes and quabbles
from having its nerves ripped apart,
I sit, prostrated upon its equator—
underneath the sun's untethered gazing.
And my body, of flesh and motorized neurons
becomes a conduit for the sun to
dispense its perennial raylets across every
contour and hue of my shadow.
My shadow vanishes through the pores of my body
becoming seven activated portals
thrumming my capsule with their emulations of the sun.

And I name the sun Ra
And I name the sun Utu
And I name the sun Aton
And I name the sun Mitra
And I name the sun Helios
And I name the sun Yan-Di
And I name the sun Tonatiuh
And I name the sun Shamash

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And I name the sun Khvarenah
And I name the sun a flame, fire
spark,

daisy,

carbon,

light,

love,

life,

star,

prana,

breath,

energy,

ampersand,

gliding salamander,

hope-preserver,

a mass of protons,

amassed photons,

hydrogen-brawler,

flower-feeder,

murals of dreams,

dream-weaver,

eclectical rerenderings,

a stationary jazz of skylarks,

sutras of ionized quiverings,

mandalas of unsplit symmetry,

a tree's glowing halo—

The sun asks why I steal its breath, tethering it to dead lineages

And I tell the sun, "At my root, I am all that has come before me;

The heart of the universe beats in itself to augment

Itself within my body as if it's my body, turned

Out to cocoon whims of totality—hunkered

Leaves of grass toss their tumbles, kissing,

Stimulating these knotted grooves of my spine like

The song of a songstress echoing throughout my hurt emblems.

With these callus hands, I build, rebuild, create and destroy climates

And I graft my image to everything that flows with or without me

In a constant procession of my flaring anthems

Gleaming new life to that that's thought departed

But not in an attempt to circumvent the universe's eventual entropy

Or as an attempt to soften or to lay stilted my own advancing demise:

I harness your energy and adopt it as my own to embolden all external stimuli:

Not a panacea to cure lingering death or a made sidereal to stop being forgotten

But the accumulation of everything before me burgeoning through my present labor."

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Child of Carbon, Child of Osmosis

And here on my planet,
I pin my spacesuit
to my rocket
like a shipwreck of
an archived sailor.
And here on my planet, I dig

Digging into shales of ice--
Digging into volcano snow--
Digging up fossilized roots--
Digging up tombs of a prodigal spring:

My daily equinox suspended through
reams of memories:
My daily equinox fertilized by
a nursery of thought:
My daily equinox
with a lifespan shorter than flies:
My daily equinox
installed by a young harvest
yanked and furnished
by the necromancy of these hands.

And my planet tells me
that my alchemy is blasphemy:
Accusing me of being an
embellishment of a poked brain
that thinks itself as being
more than the walls of its matter:

*Aimlessly you scrape your tinted mirror across
Wombs of death in meaningless gestures:
A chimera clawing apart seams of its shadow.*

And I tell my planet that I am:
"A quark of light
changing climates
so horizons can rest tired wings
and be blessed by
my hands tillaging
the gardens of a distant sun

Omni Horizon

emitting photons to travel lungs
that are neither steel or
reinforced tin or aluminum
or the silent chimings of protons

but are lungs with spongy muscles
that contract
that expand that launch
carbon out my charged mouth, glazing
manes of flowers
with names that further
ignite the thrashing pace of an orbit
thrusting a swaying anthem
held to a panting heart
churning air without valves
or mirrors on gloves showing vitals:

I brandish a radium visor.
I brandish a plasma scythe.
I brandish a thorium shovel
and seeds eating dawn like a bee carries pollen.

And I will continue to plant these nude reflections
of my laboring image, defying death!
For I am the unshakeable mover with a spacesuit
welded from the torn ducts of overalls!"