

I.

I AM A POET
she screamed
and everyone believed her
and she couldn't *UNDERSTAND*

I AM A POET
SHE SCREAMED
and still everyone believed it

I AM AN ARTIST
AND THEY ALL NODDED YES-
their yellow eyes

I AM an ALIEN
and everyone believed her.
And they all smiled when she smiled

no matter how fiercely she was singing.
I AM ALREADY
and the red eyes smiled
I AM THE LAST AND ONLY ONE
and everyone believed her.
THERE IS A FIRE IN HERE

someone shouts
THERE'S *STEAM* IN HERE!
whoop, ow-ow.
THERE IS A RED FIRE ENGINE IN HERE
GET IT *OUT* OF HERE!
ya-yeah, ya, yeah, ya-ya

someone entered the backdoor,
someone entered the BACKDOOR
SOMEONE GET IT OUT OF HERE!
there were cats in the hallway- ya ya
there are so many
IN THE HALLWAY
hallelujah

There is no reply.
the lights have all gone out
I have gone all back
I know nothing of the

AMEN!
I know NOTHING OF THE AMEN
I AM NOTHING BUT AN AMEN.

they ain't nothing
but I GOT SOMETHING
I GOT SOMETHING

I AM POET

There could be
CATASTROPHE!
I got nothing.

I COULD BE A CATASTROPHE I ain't nothing.
I found some treasures buried in the sand
and I buried them myself and
I forgot where.

HUMANITY I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
HALlelujah
HUMANITY I LOVE YOU BECAUSE
WE ARE ALL
artists.
WE have all poets,
In us,
Hallelujah AMEN
We MAKE PRAYERS

We make prayers POETRY.

We turn water into WINE with words of prayer.
We turn wine into BLOOD with words of prayer.
we look AT THE BLOOD AND SALIVATE
LIKE ARTISTS!
like poets.

B.

Strong paths unfold unbeknownst 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 impatient 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:
we are all battling great beasts,
our knights,
left trembling on bleeding feet

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 bees 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.

Secretly my monster wants to consume...

it...

but...

there couldn't be...

the sunlight of...

my mother's brightly...

his apparent,

weakness...

and his...

and his...

and his...

seeking the mighty,
encompassing the deep,

the dry river lucidity,

I mold as...

oil over water.

Fermement fermmeement I am alive alive alive

Though I am alonnnneaaa.

secretly my monster licks its ashy lips with big yellow eyes lurks in the dark seeking...
company,

I shelter my head with a black cap,

I pour it over my nakedness.

When there is something to argue
that is invisible.

And I am,

glue,

stonelike,

its surface.

NOT young enough to catch the hint,

he said,

I am following the surge of idle remoteness,

he said,

and I couldn't speak,

so utterly cotton mouthed,

I smell his breath,

like a sick person,

bite it down,
the lice in your teeth,
 killin'
 each
 as
 they
 come
 'cause
 they climb back in,
she says

I'm from nowhere,
 I respond,
I've got nothing inside but smoke,
 (I'd light up a kid's asthma from across the room,)
WE toddle and bottle it up,
fiddling and fucking,
beading each other's hair with the smell of saltwater Venice Beach California,

remember?

When they teach it,
I existed,
 Exited! ha,
 Excited! HA.
Exhibited,
h a.

Rainbows in horror of my great sky,
 yes,
the storms of my conjuring,
 I send them on raids,
I sent them for blood,
 and I emerged triumphant.

[rebirth,]
 melts with afternoon sun,
that looking the mirror holds a virtue,

I was warned about...
This...
monumental destruction...
I was warned...
About...
This...

D.

Seashells in hand, I hold her by the skirt
And hide behind her hips like only the smallest coward can
We tread this cruel terrain with heavy stomps,
My little feet on her shoes.
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 onward.
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 final lines
The conclusion
The start-again
"Be not afraid,"
Well, I'm afraid,
"Tell the world,"
I cannot speak at all with my tongue pinned shut
Who could I reach anyway?
With my feminine situation,
With my tampered accumulation
Of accepted, refined limitations?
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 making me sick and disposable
Longing to be seen by and in the eyes alone
Their everything disregarded.

H.

Shutter intimate one
Cradled in a web *amour*
One day approaching
The breeze to your heels
La lune between your hair
Silk ribbons through your ears
Soft as midnight mist
Weaving impenetrable dreams
beside your tender kiln
an applecheeked maiden
wherein holds your soul
with instrumental fingers.
Wet looks her eyes
greenleafed compassion
For those who think sweetly
And for who hears simply
And those who see yellow
In grey days
May come to ride the wind
Like whispers while sleeping
Like feathers free falling
Bloomed petals breaching in spring
Cool wind streams contentedness
Pale passion swims restless
Free moments haul smiles
And wholeness requires
Gentle ridges
Expandable edges
invisible coastlines
And arms in pliable embrace
To arrive in a cloud
Of mortal acceptance
Of trackless progression
Of divine canvas acquisition
In a home that travels on
Shoulders relaxed
Inside tender skin
Wherefore you are searching
Wherefore art thou thyself
Wherefore thyself becomes.