

'Puzzle Linguistics'

no sense in non sequitur sentiments  
many men amend medleys of my own minutia  
pouring over hopelessly abstracted lore  
what a way to be in the world  
sought after by everyone and  
No One  
simultaneously

ghost frequencies  
cater arcane Bishops  
royally through my  
mindless roundabout  
gold curtains unravel  
revealing a sorcerer  
beyond the pariahs  
window

red carpet rendezvous for  
forlorn code breakers too  
poetically obtuse to make it into  
your favored periodical

"we'll wither at the wayside"

I remember you told me the day I began these  
excursions in puzzle linguistics  
when I can't make the pieces match  
I mash them together, rounded edges folded over  
one another, a stressed and riveted ramp like bent,  
to the puzzle wedge's own distress, never to be  
affixed  
to a scenery of similar tread

no glue needed, no  
this tapestry is more or less equally  
fragile  
as the standard model tableau  
one whack with a kitchen laden  
it'll all come undone, just the same see?

my mind field marries nightly skies to tree line adjacent,  
a swell of honey bees pierces cumulus cloud broad day no  
less linked by a distorted wedge to star light

my life lines consist of a good, few forsaken pieces off  
to one side  
purposeless in the face of my  
cacophonous canvas  
they'll rot

in Time

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Canon mortuary

no more robust artdom flourishes

Landscapes recede indefinitely

Timelessness made an impermanent

display of former affectations

attainable self immolator syndrome

imposters frequent pasture flowers

visions of love and lore quaking for

fortitude or

new noir gold

solace tourism at all time highs

soul meanderings kept at barest minimum

blundering psudeo manics in their

final state of repose

prose remissions

unintended reproach

dwindling

Sickness yet not

Death

imminent

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don't summon licks of my travesty  
stormed out, one memory to the next  
phenomenon phasing before our eyes  
no perpetual disquiet  
things as normal as they would be willing  
to be seen

brief stints in secrecy  
deals inked over a mutual fuck you  
common demagoguery all too rampant  
appealing bitter worthlessness

dovish tales lasso'd in streams  
of concordant thought  
processes  
too simple to be revealed  
in overt manner  
of speech

jowls from my  
formless youth  
cannot bear the  
cunning dictums

advised

see to it

I should not be held  
under obligation  
for mirth or venom  
embedded in these  
lines

anvils lanced  
above headless  
statues  
silent trance  
states now easily  
fractured

when you root out the  
rubble of what's  
left of you  
Time labors  
against an  
Infinite  
trench

past notions

of self  
remitted  
'platonic  
inadmissible'

future notions  
of Hell  
inscribed  
'solace  
through the killing fields'

confined to my own  
forces of nature  
the stale mate  
at wits end  
traversed  
only in  
fable

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'All for You'

when you have fully unearthed sub consciousness,  
lain waste to mercy inherent in intentional perception,  
you find fabled Labyrinths

only spoken in holy texts

Hell resides there too

best be cautious when charting

a course

to gilded cloud

Cityscapes

or Heaven,

you might say

no need to be

fraught

with a novices

conception

of conquest

its All for You

regardless

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from my foreboding

mezzanine

memories are torrents

forged in effigy

enduring a redacted

legislature

sparse melodies

scored by bailiff

wailing ever wayward

lanes to Arc Angels closed off and

Gated

left for fortuitous

death spiral

now you and I align

in a place for

disquieted Cadence

unfinished scripts

stacked to the

ceiling high,

yet another

ash heap

stalwart stationed

of poems

undisclosed

forlorn

baroque

scoffing sentries



bear cudgels crossed

over my entrance

sigil

their precept

proxied

in disharmonious

unison,

"pledged concussive death blows

to whomever cross

this threshold"

please

trip the latch, secure

the wailor

fabled in

Sir Dillinger's lair,

where skeleton crew men

perform deadly taxonomy

a ruthless accounting of

the nuts and bolts,

and shuffle excesses

to the Oceans floor

Purification entombed

my men compensated

with bones

ever more

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