

Oh My Gwawd

Ghost hands the singularity anon.
The ghost horsepower at the wheel
The a/nanopower when the vapour drives
the trojan du champ ion therianthropically
all hotwired and al Dante.
Floor it and the speedometer zodiacs
the Ouija swerves a séance of lost selves
and Zeno's radar is pressed for living proof
so we're one zillion in fines.
Mowing down the maw we get meta crime
startle hitched and opposed to thumbs.
So if, as Hegel says, the owl of Minerva
flies only at dusk, then
the road is closed so let's ride
black hole ventriloquy in absentia
haunt lucidly venous hostile takeover
or wind up voidstepping to some
not-so-remote apothecary in Amygdala
where idiopathy is the new awake
and we're off the hook forever dealing
solely in soul proprietorship
so sophistic aided mystic thusness
their fore giving up the ghost for no one.

Sir Cuss

Once upon a God spitting on all the faeries
at a ghoulish trade show I saw an all-vacuum
fortune telling device leaking infinite
grief into a cemetery for elegies –
this is how the hunchback's vatic spine is sprung
..if he haunches much further over
the world will surely capsize.

We say *time* and therefore mean sublimation of terror.
When I talk about It, I'm talking about
the 5,000-year-old wound in yr skull
that leaks some eternal autistic humming
as the minutes work painstakingly inside you
knowing silence won't shoulder
the responsibility of the event
sketching approximations of the approximate
so your mind undresses itself and waits
for a pause to cling to forever as the origin
yawns its own birthright and you are the ghost writer
of the unauthorised biography
of God.

director's cut

the scene could be anything usually your body waiting
for you to become the protagonist of it the portrayed standing
in for yourself think "The Seventh Seal" with animus vs anima
as chess opponents negotiating echoes of the unconscious
into adapted screenplay with muses atop every second
lacing the soundtrack with invocations of lipstick & parallax
city corners backlit by a sad African sun.. cut.. make that moon
call them both Rimbaudian outtakes neither will do preferably
something from the cutting room floor of memory's more
insignificant miracles.. say, a girl framed in a silence signalling
the end of silences the darkest and brightest part of the foreground
always between the eyes of her legs typical neu-noir approach
think "Alphaville" where $E=hf$ equals cum is slang for god
somehow overtones of infinity refusing to shoulder responsibility of the
whole production now suddenly the auteur have the actors sack
the film cue mythopoesis of boredom hire a triple disjunctive syllogism to
screenwrite itself into the narrative shaping infinitesimally awkward
meta-silences in between lines like "this sentence is true.. this
sentence is false.. " a homeless person inventing a new philosophy
while picking up a cigarette butt is a good plot device as is playing
murder in the dark with your shadow a *mis en scène* of none-
suchness is a revolutionary example of how to leave first positions
unattended while still present an anarch(ronolog)ist gluing an
elephant beneath a contradictory table with anti-theorem while
despair reads an umbrella outside is a gripping action scene
the climax of course being when the re-calibrated eclipse of the
thaumaturgist's eye winks at an angel just before she tracks the
devil down to his last hiding spot in the back of a black cab in berlin

hale O

if it's not one thing it's 10,000

witnesses

denatured by the handsome clock

or the multiplicity of it sit

eras

invariably, the myth recalls the host

and the shadow play of the orbit's hoopla

sextant aria are we there yet? the sky is scrying

in legions of blue dharma rama

and the saint of marionettes

fell from the shelf

down a stairwell in my throat

to the dungeon door in my head

which guards a loom of eyes that stitches ravens to the light

I keep meaning to ride that raven in absentia

and hammer the light with less traditional endowments

of opposable thumbs

and penises

but I made the mistake of making a cat noise

when I was born

so the rest of the world was divided into

rats & dogs

it was a vast morning full of itself

I pulled my tongue out

and hummed an era

waiting for cards to fall from the sky

containing contracts and antidotes to suicide

I couldn't decide whether to walk outside
as a misplaced beachcomber
or a magician mummified in scarves
so the three of us go together
only we cannot resolve it geographically
meaning, we are indefinitely crystallised
we get around like this for days
until the streets are a soundtrack we notate
in time signatures
we dug up from a cemetery
"puttin' it down", slang for "rise oh"
scaling networks of heroines
phrenograstic barber shop hop
when I talk about life I'm talking about the 5,000-year-old wound
in
your skull that leaks lullabies made of ghostanium
it's late last century now
and at 2pm you will lift a jug and
disappear
through the floor then crawl back up
my throat
I will throw up and dance feverishly like a buddhist
reincarnated 10 times in one minute
then get down on all fours and
bark a god
there's only one pure minute for every thousand inhabitants
no-one knows walking has become redundant
or that the shortest distance between two lost verbs is a hyphen-
ated split infinity of holding
hands with our eyes
catalogued in a non-alphabetised constellation

beneath your dress

so best not to never discuss or be sanctified hymnless nouns

and we'll be safe begging for dog-eat-dog-eating-dogs

safer than time

as the minutes work inside of you

knowing silence won't shoulder the responsibility

of rearing infinity's child

with its incessant autistic humming

Your Greatest Trick

And then there's that thing you do where
you swing by a rope from a tree
and magically disappear
without announcing if you will reappear
or not, and everyone left standing
asks, "Where's Ben?", some claiming
there's nobody by that name in our databases,
then suddenly you're on display in a box
in a strange room filled with solemn organs
and everyone is bringing you flowers.

So we're left wandering around from place
to place thinking if a glass is raised that somehow
you'll rise up through the floor or start
laughing at us from behind a curtain.
Of course, this never happens but we find ourselves
on tenterhooks, thinking we've caught a glimpse
of you.. lucidly there.. hazily not here.

We keep trying to replace the glaze between us
with trappings fastened in some typical gesture
by the more traditional endowments of opposable thumbs
but mostly they seem to signal the end of
the end is nigh, and while it's safe to say
we'll be ok praying for less significant miracles,
every day is so vast and empty
we really don't know how to fill it.