

Brooding in an abundance of Kafkas

I'll tell you something,
Close reader—
I visit often the library
After luncheon
To find gregarious living,
And drift breathily
Through the woodland shelves—
A name came to mind
K-k-k-
Kafka!
I went from the Ss,
I went from the eyes to the jays
K-k-k-
Kafka...
Here, his complete works.
I read him once
In another library,
Another book—
A few pages of Amerika—
As black and dense as his eyebrows
And intense like his eyes.
Kafkafkafkafkafkafkafkafka
-a kind of cutting-biting-
Oh! To have a name like that!
I saw him last night on the computer screen,
He did not quite look at me,
Staring deeply into something else.
Was he thinking what I was
(thinking)?
Brooding into space-
I couldn't contain equanimity—
The world too much a mystery.
That I shall read and think and
Write and read—
What for?
The wholes in my heart,
These lacking starving Wholes,
At night I hear them thin again
And chant kafkafkafkafkafkafkafkafka.

Violet

The olive trees are growing,
Her olive skin is showing.
The elegant lines of her muscles traced by the fingers of god.
She turned to me
(Smiled with bending moon eyes
And it made me so happy)
and said
Isn't today beautiful?
The sky painted with a thousand periwinkles blue
And the air smells nice with the scent of you.

The death of Poetry

She lies on the table asleep,
Warm and naked.
The surgeon approaches with his
Stencils, knives, camera and notepad.
Air still—
And then,

The cutting begins.
Her vessels flow like the rivers of her country
Long and and thick and full, like poetry
Yes, the intestines are pink,
Her nails are blue,
eyelashes flutter, she winced at the blood,
Which trickled eerily on the steel
The skin is cracked, the toes are apart.
She is pinned with flags with the
Names of the regions, O glorious map.

White uniformed, plaid ties, penny-loafered men
They took notes religiously. Took in the science.
TAKE the notes! Extrapolate from her anatomy
So you will be beautiful too!

The next morning they handed in
Their reports
And **caused** the death of Sylvia Millae.

Eye Floater joy

To drink up the sky-
See eagles fly in clear rings-
Above, My circus.

Attraction is a tug of war

Inside— all assemble
At opposite ends—
They blow a silver horn
And force breaks thru—
Pulls me to
Directions and dimensions
And back again

In volatile strengths,
Drags me from a carriage like Hector
Running on muddy consciousness
Around, straight on
Till friction part-s me
Above me— crimson sky—
A familiar face, it appears
Hello, my puppeteer!
What's that tear
Struck to your eye?

Gesturing me to touch my face—
To feel I have but
The same sour mark.
You took your elusive, skilful hands
And pointed to my heart.

Do you miss your hometown?

I asked my mother when we were in her office—
No.
Why?
There's no-one left that I miss.

Quick sand

The moment I see a life better than mine
That bleached fantasy dream

I see through a screen
I sink into nature
I buy my woes
I consume it like a cigarette
I am dying like a ghost

Some friends I know

In my room, in my underwear, in my lousy loose nightgown-
In my own mind-
In this styrofoam prison for my thoughts.
It's getting stuffy,
Isn't it?
My small bed is too small
for all my friends to sit on
Their knees brush against the wall, reminding me of malicious ivy that hug on red bricks-
They are all in their nightshirts also, faces dim, obsidian eyes, and sweat covered minds.
All talking and I see their mouths open and close, a pretty dance of teeth and tongue-
And the vibration of the noise hit me in the face it didn't bounce back.
Mumbling continuously about heaven or the news, Sontag or some dudes -
They ask me what I think-
I can't tell, with them, I don't sync-
My friends' voices fall into each other like silver waves,
Shifting so much for my bed would break-
What is there to do, what is there to amuse-
What will become
Of the girl who drowned half asleep...