

Five Epigrams Covering a Number of Topics.

I. My chest is a waterballoon filling with the *least* viscous thoughts, recoiling from culture. Only an empty roller coaster is supposed to shake this violently, but I am a philosopher. This is the tremor of the terrible science: the spy spat, angrily snapping at every tiny record and catalog. (*But the laces of **this** causality are double tied: time is running... and pressure from **these** eyes shall tense shoulders...*)

II. Now pink is peaking on the caps of clouds, windblown cross the freeway... (*Where is this? where is home? nowhere or anywhere, when you're all alone...*) I am alone, not lonely. Home for me is not a place, but all I experience. The experience of a ditch holding this car: a great womb, *wounding* in its newness, all being again crystallized as the memory of traces.

III. Native tongue: that is, no words, but thoughts; a tongue taught (*and tasting the deep*) with no life lines, and the sleep of my woman, and the reach of my mind. But I'm wandering, wondering: I find my chest is pressing glass. Where *is* that moony woman which I love? Psychically auto-mate me baby: it can be hard not to hold to oneself. (*Plus, my two lunar-lungs are drying at my desk: thus I pour wax from this candle to her mantle at dusk...*)

IV. I am picturing the great sigh of my visions: she is incandescent, sweet tobacco color, scent of rain, draped in rose, wearing transcendent beads of her mothers, dreaming of me... (*A red velvet ribbon, twirled by my one finger: rivers of her...*)

V. Surprise: sunrise is done. Midmorning typical must come. The would-be poppy seed of my inquiries is caught between the molars and lacquered faces, beneath suburbia-kingdom-america and saying silently, quite distantly: "Compassion is not *only* a ringing of the ears! The Sun is not yellow, it is the original color! Madness in men **refuses** to fold!" (*For her I practice the cymbals and the origami of the spirit.*) So tell your highly vaulted brow to peel itself of all language, so your naked organs can... come find me? or are you *my* responsibility?... **[Laughter]**

Full of Emptiness.

walmart: home of the suburban blank stare
with intentional scuffs lining the tread-path
and the place is surrounded by so many of the same bricks
and directed formulas which yield specific results
which obviously were meticulously calculated
that *everyone* there asks if you can find what you need
AND MOST CAN'T
most employees bring a buttered slice for lunch and
never cry over nothing, which is dumb
plus they work at this rat trap to stack their pad up
with television and what friends already have
out of fear

so sick from soda and this hefty heffer heaves super sized
doughnuts to the face and buzzes from private
energy shots
he found what he needed and beat his brother there on his
scooter
now where's the public shooter?

go next door to the bargain 80 percent discount
sweatshop retail fashion
get your wrestling federation attire
if you *love* metallica
or FUBU if you gangsta
there's no culture where I live
sing along to my sharon

Technique.

I pour out art into the cracks, fissures and cradles
of existence

It hardens there like water of Alaskan winters
Letters of the next line are becoming my mind
my mind

And if I wish to improvise, the mother winds of
the north

Would pat my head like that proud puppy
of youth

The silhouette of what comes next blossoms
In the extreme depth of the artistic stroke
But postures and poses expose the most candid
reflex of the coward

But if I were to write faster, my spelling would
wonder where to go
and yet

Many more scribbles are present, which cannot be
typed or spoken

Yes, they are related

Just one moment and their thoughts will come
to me

Shards.

I.

*In the morning rain, the lucid nap of security
folds in, reverberates echoes, and feeds-back.*

II.

In the mirror: the eyes never move.

III.

*Shooters want hope but scratch at the door
of epilepsy: special noises of the common man.*

IV.

Elementary sentiments seduce drug users.

V.

This pen has a secret singing voice.

VI.

*With a pick in one hand and a drill in the other,
the babysitter flattered her compatriots, and all while
wearing a bathrobe.*

VII.

Walking ciphers, jealous of silence.

VIII.

The philosopher has no friends but knows everyone.

IX.

*The surfaces act out geometry while consciousness
forgets itself.*

X.

*My stomach withered to the size of an acorn but my
pantry is packed with candy.*

XI.

*That man "puts on" his death-- like a necktie:
his dawn breaks with the skulls of sidewalks.*

XII.

Sculpture is spirit given stance and posture.

XIII.

*Her yawning whispered emerald longings, which
tickled my ear.*

Advice for the Tentative Poets.

Sometimes, write a shitty poem.

Later on that evening you'll find

That the harmonic ring,

 the humming

 of that mood

Just before sleep

 keeps the shitty poem

 spread eagle

 on the brainstem

Which is beneficial for future

 reflexive exercises.

Then you know

That those nerves strove

To be consumed in the gesture

 of compulsion...

To compose a new form of lyric conjuration...

To let rhyme refract in nature and off

 the textures of the consciousness...

To become a prolific poet is to think in poetry

 and one does not even aspire to this:

One catches oneself wrapping red cellophane

 over thoughts of the daily order.