

Paloma Negra

...the labyrinth grows between us,
so let us make ourselves
in the image of cats
image of silence
image of barnyard food.

Let us grow into trees

the rain burns indeed

and let there be no secrets between us.

Together let us wash in the footfalls of summer
together the world is no more
together the cold from our cosmic shoulders

forever,

better yours...

A Hedonist's Prayer

My own lonesome labyrinth
key and riddle of my eye?
I believe so.
I say it for two reasons,
the first being that I,
when faced with Silence,
give my soul for anything but.
If it's an orgy at necropolis,
or fights with hungry succubi, so be it!

Call it adventure.

That second is vanity.
You see (whoever the hell you are),
I'm most Adonic when worms finger my spine.
Imagine the binge-fueled rapture, then
(hail the great Dionysus), which
cuddles like clouds of opium.
Should you die in that vagina,
the world will be exposed...
and nothing will remain
but shadow.

...

Amen!

Hail the Great God of Wine

When the great god of wine throws down,
he takes the form of an owl
and peeks, cheeks a-dimpled,
on all his honorable work:
horny satyrs wide-erect (bows and arrows flung),
with ganja-smoking gnomes make poetry,
and alabaster nymphs nibble on bark
as the Minotaur humps his throne.
Hel takes Adonis deep in her mouth,
elephants stretch their wings,
and silver-pawed cats,
plump and urbane,
talk over cigarettes and licorice:
'Which of you knows the hallowed tale
of the doomed Captain Rojas,
that patriarch of Franco's heyday?
The way they tell it, the bastard Spaniard
lives in the form of a husk...'
Sudden as that, Horus and libertines of glass
dance to voodoo, summoning, I think,
a new platoon of blunderbuss-bearing wraiths.
A manticore naps at the foot of a tree,
Baudelaire strums a weathervane,
as I of the bedlam, naked and blue,
howl the great god's name.

Evening Song (Decadencia)

What will we do with you?

You crawled from the brink
drunk with cunnilingus,
my mandibles loose and at home:
'Have you nothing better, you ingrate?
I want sleep, yet now you strangle me...'

But you danced, pranced and
chortled at my begging.

And why not?

Were my name gilded in shadow
I'd ooze from the gallows too,
noosing the world with my fingers.

So I won't blame you.

Instead I'll do the old
humble munificence,
and I'll practice it by saying that
besides your monstrous bent
(your lust for Anubis's worm),
you're a nightlife
blow-boning libertine.

That's right, my friend.

You sing the glow of gluttony,
of drink in tribute to bliss,
of dens overflowing with wormwood...
and I wish I knew your secret
'cause whenever you're around,
minutes turn to days,
days into centuries and rum to hopeless
lithium.

...

What will we eat,
oh blithe Melancholia?

Here's our language of gossamer.

Of three hundred beers, bluing and lunar,
tufts of succulent grape.

Of apple-gagged pigs,
fresh-cured fish and
peacocks brined for the filling.

Of books, bread, Gutenberg's press
and larvae.

Science Experiment

God's had enough of it.

No matter how she formulates
the clay, the world
crumples like paper.

'In the end,' she sings,
'the end is only the beginning
of this experiment...'
...so she makes of us dust
with the tip of her cigarette,
starting our stories
anew...