

Consilience

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Part three of an Ecotropic critique of Western Culture unpacks the personal and impersonal implications of our fear of the present.
4. **CONSILIENCE** (284 pages)—ISBN: 978-0-9858914-3-5
Part four in the nested set develops a language, informed by contemporary science and philosophy, to help us deal with the catastrophe we have made and learn better to appropriately collaborate with the ecosystemic and transcoherent worlds.

Consilience

John Champion

(To Planet Earth)



Ecotropic Works

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(MAGIC JACKETS ON!)

10
9
8
7
6

no nibs this tusk dipped in measure
by moonlight red ink all poetry is

(the writing of a line opens

THE WINKING MACHINE
POURS
SHIMMERING LOTUSES

emerging from the folds
book of light—OR
held in the hand
we struggle
coming together

a crystal globe—
a shiny stone

[*against*

though to perceive]

K replies

IS

limited by

the terms of living

joints dividing bamboo stalks
make green shoots happy
and dark wood hum...

allowing

for a time a look
the environment and
we have met

t h r o u g h
IT IS US

an implex
say a coefficient of
in Polar Ice

of others
[Alfred Wegener

frozen
where Rasmus

crossing skis
drew such parallels
buried with great care

...melting]

the envelope of NOW
—our

for observing

precondition
where to go and why

so a brother following
such enigmatic guides
might complete
the expedition

[a form of regeneration

No matter how you bite the tail our lizard grows a new one
Enter one burrow you come out: AN OTHER
BECOME LIKE ME] [AND I

will accept your *difference*?

The churning ocean Not exactly
throw a piece of wood into the sea grinds our bark;
it comes back a fish.
NOW
go fetch that suitcase
with the monogram
scratched off.

All ABOARD!
sail oar steam carbon nuke sun
air water underground
neuronets
[this knotty dread]
more than another word
for brain that isn't just *the head*.

But full hypercredit interFACE feedbag [Our Last Supper
intensifying walled prisons
take mineralizing plants and bones
disciplining

the sun
squeezes out cities
a ring of fossils
who know first hand
AS *escape mechanisms* prove insufficient
toward reduction of carrying capacity...
the famine sown
from too much of a good thing]

Yea
—The Conquest
Machines
bar niches vectoring attendants
shaping not merely
the attacked
nor millions
forced into
Brave New Worlds;

indeed
 THIS BRAINCHILD prepared ground
 for the onslaught on Turtle Island...
 disseminating invasive weeds
 (with their chomping quadrupeds
 broadcast from poly-stomachs
 across horizontals:
 turd seeds
 at futurepresent {et cum spirit tu tuo
 expense)
 co- *rhizomifying*
 inhabitants give way
 before devices
 SO equipped with foresight
 as to provide
 m~e~d~i~c~a~m~e~n~t
 for this exposed and wounded land.

Setting the scene
 I've gotten a-head of myself
 be-hind I'd say

**do
 it
 OVER**

ROUND
 New Found Land
 killer whales
 up St. Lawrence
 heading for freedom
 POLES aboard *Stefan Batory*
 Skirt KGB agents
 on dock
 —d~i~s solving
 the great union
 WON'T LISTEN TO
 "better give up
 teaching *Fin/n* & take up fast food
 for this night of Our Lord"
 till *Mount Royal Bus*
 gauntlets Harlem junkies]plain working girls
 "money's so bloody hard to come by"
 when frozen stares catch
 oncoming heads mid-answer
 in NY mirror "CRYSTAL PALACES."

Nailing Doubloons to the Sampo?

while giving myself a good talking to.

Perhaps
you should call
 Crusty the Clown
and have him cut the legs off
 so the body fits?
 Derivative

you say
—certainly not those
G/D HAS BEENS

conceding the marginal investment scheme]

and doesn't their thesis
preclude
such a specious charge?

Control the inquisition
 limit investigatory tools
and ALWAYS get the answer
you're looking for
[ruling out

n~a~t~u~r~e~l~m~e~n~t

the not-looked-for we already know...]
With applepollylogies

to whom it may:
DID YOU NOT WITNESS
the radiation burst

fired into the ganglia
of yon sleeping giant?

...Taking on the planet here H.G.?

And are you such second raters
having observed
the swell
and discerned
the eruption
covering the deep wound,
have been unable
to discover
that voice of recognition
atop such a mesa

SAPIENS SAPIENS SAPIENS

TEMPTING THE WORLD WITH

IT~SELF?

O BE NOT SURPRISED
by the uncontrolled
momentary
feedback
of hot breath
brimstone
spirals
terrorizing the neighborhood.

This is nothing but the cup of trembling
before THE PRESENCE

Citizens

we have provoked but did not see
this is
the great
CONTACT

we've all been waiting for!

Cogito Ergo Rooster
's crowing up
the RED BALL again

& soon as it
bifurcates
the equinoctial avenue
of the crocodiles,
we'll get *this bloody game*
underway.

(The pleasure of a soap's
feeling the plot u~n~w~i~n~d
exactly as you knew(it 'just" couldn't.

the way you look
is the way
you look at it

Long as we're sweeping up the place
godknowswhere that will lead]

[wrap twice on thishereship
and tie a loose thread back in.

Knock Knock

Who's there?

a 13 part history

filleted from pauses

In a traveler's breath:

IX

•

The plumb bob plunged the deep
—measuring out with its cord the four quadrants,
above and below,
and set them turning.

But it was ever so, the lines run in every direction,
and as we stoop to read,
the knots move
and strike us with implication.
Yet shrouded by the reactionary din of preaching,
an image [of the whole book]—for that is all we're allowed—
we cannot help but move through and be guided by.

Held in abeyance
everything empties emptiness
—apparently out of nothing: birds, fish, grass, stone.
The face registers its oceans through forms of collaborators;
such words speak conjointly—
nourishing manifestations, arranging themselves.
See their music scoring the ground, raising mountains—
the meadows forked with rivulets and shouting with florets
excite the limbs of oak and evergreen.
Fertilized by the sap of water rising clouds of insects unfurl.
Observe the prodigy of thought,
the breath of wind, fire, everything under/\over,
& more than grafting one onto another.

Silence

and immobility under vines and limbs shake the air—likewise, small,
wild geniuses of the wood:

deer, birds, puma, jaguar, snakes, and vipers,
guardians of the thicket. Screaming,
shouting,
they cackle and cluck:
from great branches and curling vines, the great multiplicity
of architects, from inside out
designed the dwellings of the coextensive nest.

The talk IN[creased exponentially,
rising falling
layers of success and failure,
ushering in a new configuration
made of mere mud.
But the flesh just flaked off and head sagged.
Its face was full of water and slid down the side.
The thing lacked understanding.

It fell
down
because there was nothing inside to support it.

Realizing the inadequacy
of the project
ALCHEMISTS
squashed the people of mud
and carved from
a great tree

some *new* ones walked the Earth
call them mannequins

(who could not name what wasn't them)

Naturally,
THESE selfish blockheads
with tremendous appetites
did nothing but reproduce)

and
in their solipsistic way
summoned a deluge of black rain
[having de-territorialized them before
always with you
fires and inundations?]
animals plants fungi rose up against, the things that made them:

2500 years humongous honey mushrooms
on thin wide plates radiate from a stem of gills their hungry mycelial filaments
protozoa chromista
archaea dancing bacteria 600 thousand years

(lots of biomass—
form-of-life with→ standing viruses, prions, alien
earth un]dis[covered etc...

and their dogs growled:

Why didn't you give us food?
ALL you do is hit us with sticks.

Now
we'll prove the teeth
in our mouths are real.

and give you something
the hearths agreed,
as houses threw up
[excessive interests
and yearned
for the trees;

cars vomited oil,
raining black;
sun smote the skin with brimstone.

O how the shelters longed to swallow them!

Till wind hissed

Their pots and pans scolded:
you shred lips
and stain our faces with pain
then put us on the fire
to burn. NOW
we will light you up
to talk about

So
another
call was sent out
to the forces
of the Blue Green Bowl
TO MAKE
something of it
again

[where we came in

coincidental
to burning women
like books]

*But first an observation doubled along a curved yonder
one Hubbleing its nose in a spiral galaxy, and this other
inverted, via satellite
lensing down on this*

pre
Recording
Rodrigo de Triana

HOW
]Oviedo said

converted afterward
to more accepting Islam

from atop the painted whore

spotted **TIERRA!** (10/12/1492)
filling C's pockets who couldn't see but already did
with just desserts via Portugal loaded with
tobacco pineapple turkey
hammocked with *syphilis*?[

So looking out this **now** other end

who can squeeze

the great lesson

with such a foot pressed squarely into the back?

some psychotropic ditty

from The Treasured Collection:
"Froggy went a' courtin and he did ride"

even as Roma carry the load dancing on pilgrimage singing
from *The Bienal* corral flamenco without fail **a Rocio...ooooo**

Enough now to say things do change howsoever late
and in addition to our own

we look out of OTHER eyes
&
d~e~s~i~r~e

through many trajectories
grouped with travel

but nevertheless figure we must:

the territory of the mad
has been colonized

& the formerly alienated performance [made normal, that
special disease]

put under control & enhanced
through reactionary applications

[not merely well-distributed

psychopharmaceuticals
bringing disparate areas of the social & personal
under continuous discipline.

For heaven's sake:
WHEN
& 2 WHERE'S

THE TAKE OFF?

*In the tent the Bedouin sleep
all day long without a peep
then wake up and travel on
and never make a stop till dawn*

Now that's a start

for the times
turn

NOMADIC
the heavens

But most long-distance land migrations have ended
and with them

complex

collective expression

among divers fields of forces.

While from Canada to northern Montana
on their way to safer ground,
pronghorns in numerous assemblages
single file a thousand each

moving forward back

cosmic standstill

moonwalk

h y p e r s t a s i s

LEVABO

the strongest face deep snow first
stamping down for others to follow.

As strength fades

points rotate and the new courageous engage the terrible obstacle for
the rest

to push through

Climate change unleashes dangerous water &
new micro/macro forms trigger
shifts ushering un]
-precedented de-

signs of construction

highway tracks fences pipe powerline ditches

BLOCK synapses in this

mind becoming

[au contraire

all in a body with this plowing deep snow
to cross the flooding Missouri,
tens of thousands WILL NOT MAKE
that crux point
where for 7,000 years
ancients wet their whistles digging charpits
in the stretch two rivers funnel into a narrow strip; now subdivided
at Hwy 191 with barbed-wire flanks, the herd risk the middle way
hurtling through the bottleneck, as cars, trucks, gas-field semis
run them down the perilous corridor. To taxpayers' annoyance
kindred souls have built a thin overpass just for them.

Certainly: *A Testament of Grief* will come in handy

Walking the garden
after losing a friend
looking *ROUND*
there's NOTHING
not a flower

But for now
long deep LINES of this book can still be read

A memory theatre of sorts: AS
Me and You play *Ten Seconds to the Moon!*
in our cardboard

TAKE YOUR PROTEIN PILLS
AND PUT YOUR HELMET ON)

"Friendship 7"

5
4
3
2
1

blast ~ ula!

[Guess there's no asking if I can just leave the crap behind

Coevolution
IS
space exploration

NOR getting off planet not taking it with you

THINGS SPLIT TO STAY TOGETHER
SOMETHING ELSE

and just take
my winnings?]

Conducting past lives
the sojourner experiences the polymorphous per = verse
fed by a want of feeling; howsoever ruptured THE LINE
rebounds various intensities but to what connected?

not X plus 1 but always
w(hole
among hol)ons

nested implexes a consortia of souls

folding enfolding un]folding re[folding

A CARTOGRAPHY OF BEGINNINGS?
of course

Full of creases
A Book of Thresholds?

NOT NOT
to say the sound
of two hands
NOR a train
not train always

listening for what's mine
I AM

Jeez US Crust!

chewing maps
to become many others
whom we encounter does qualify us
THESE notes lean out
to un]discipline the audience
—the final arbiter of consensual truth
the living history of the poem

[what S calls

MEANWHILE

the panopticon of the concert hall
incarcerates the third ear

where the audience isn't]

with *STELLAR WHISPERS*

magnifying

addiction to the banal

subjecting ecotropic urges

to the bizness

of individuation

even as

THE GLYPH

in contradiction]

with

crossing lim[bs

[say ossicles compressed from a reptile's jawbone

offers an autopoietic ear
to enliven the attention
and thereby release from bondage

following a passing train
along such resonant lines

as Schaeffer's

D~o~p~p~r~e~r-----(concrète!

through deep space
we fly our paper box
transfixed
by a S~P~E~L~L in the attic

scores of
glissading yonder

tracing
shadows

full of REfrains
seeking coterminous

v
e
r
t
i
c
a
l

&

h-o-r-i-z-o-n-t-a-l [drama s
chewing each event w]holy

migration s p a c e s

hibernation t i m e s

presaging

Laurasia separation

Wobbling
Cross-Sectioning
ancient shot fired
antimarket vectors

RECURSIVE

e/w
n/s

al Rumbo Sur!
core samples

(forced
blowing smoke up our
sugar-biomass into
fattening calorie futures
leading hard by

arses
every cavity
re:quiring

[plantations]
labor camps
un] leashed

CONTROL

to upholstered dining
on tailored get rich super
agintensities and vigilabor

crops—
combined

short credit
hyperzones becoming

fossil fueled
ME

conforming the array of	<i>OTHERS</i>
observe: I'm about to eat my playthings and sorter squads	in the mirror calling forth enhanced correction LIKE MAN university bank hospitals channel properly down past genes, norms, phenotypes, memes when time approaching waves rolls into particles
we <i>FACE</i> no longer distinguishable from	something nothing
the chain foreshortened stuffed into an insatiable economized	the [w-hole o~r~i~f~i~c~e FULLY to scale. Spreading input derivations —an instrument no doubt (say fertilizer) eventually separating soils from output altogether eutrophying groundwater as gene-manipulated routes are encoded into processes leaving heretofore mentioned institutions to lock up the strays—
enter fungi un[furling closed pedigree corn fields denied contact with that	FINAL SOLUTION
unruly tool shaping a fitting machines work w/ uniform mystery of size and maturity:	their yield our well-disciplined FOODS
attract us strangely a round	to say there or then to come or not but NOW

HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL
reads the card of a man
a knight without armor in a savage land

¡Qué barbaridad! by dark dark dark
spanning filaments across phenomenal voids
through sheetfolds gathering superclusters
bigger than we observe what's disconnected from
us the light will never reach
—riffing with
strings of—

A TRAVEL BOOK!
more than life
gravity galaxies

from its central hole
extending the table super novae

fuse heavies
blasting across the expanse
seasoning us
before our particular journey
snarls its solitary tongue sticking out from that

synapse of swarm

Ant fluxus
devours everything in sight

schlepping nest tepees
their own bodies
as they go
tree scorpion wasp

particulars all sizeS crux the larger
like] say us

back where
The Deep South

ENDS: *Talking bout Big D my-o-my*
—the pull
and push of brothers
trotting opposite rails on
tracks of ['dark town' YIKES!] we never stop
circum navigating

everything that rises does converge

*say how Papa warned me not to shoot him with my Paladins
cause that's how little boys grow up to be killers
and when I did he broke them over his knee*

RHYMING w/ the day in your *e tex* woods
 visiting black actors waxed eloquent about history
 and beauty round these parts [where the sounds of many

—including that pileated bird not to say pecker woods have so much to
 say, I tune in, even NOW on the movie screen orators riding the train
 along the life-filled swamp of many voices,
 (which *governor robbing hood* tries to silence
 stealing from the commons and giving to the rich)
 just as a catcher among dogwood
 scissortails his lunch—recounting
 a confluence

Gitano and Huichol
maybe
every thing
at once

SNAKE the gypsy surmises

10 mini cats each the size of a digit
 come out of **GANESH's** ass

THAT remover of obstacles was one]
 rendering 3 days fasting purification
 when all was said and done
 at my HUMAN BEING initiation

THAT grinning face
 with vertical smile was all
 I looked up to
 because clowns fed up
 with my sanctimonious talk
 to leave the vulgar out of practice
 taught a lesson for good

Cheek by jowl en)foldng
 (mouse with a snout closer to an elephant than a shrew
 RE:CURRENT [OR is it one damn thing after another
 through prairie chicken Dallas
back again and again to pineywood
 country visits
 your pond frees
 from bondage the skies
 carry away on clear wings
 the cares of the world

but strange the brothers hadn't noticed
 territorializing an other
 me
 to run machine
 the copy
 till the night we both dreamed
 taking a ferry to a dark confounding wood [where
 one occasionally pauses to smell something
 OR conflating
 the top with bottom to reach
 down and touch the soil.
What was wanted to convey by this? we ask
 before receiving

our sentence:

*a
 buddha
 when
 a
 buddha's
 needed*

WE FIGURED
 to keep from trying
 to have what isn't yours
 the line folds
 a ouroboros
 connecting the ground
 with its lotus
 we still went separate ways
 till you returned
 only to say
 even in this
 WE
 split conjunto
after all

SigBros
 reconcile
 driving
 WOLF trip
 upside down
 floating
 an Algonquin skiff mirror

leading to a colony serving

HILARITAS

[another remover of obstacles
in the form of twin

DERVISHING GRASS JUST DUNG BEETLES
TO UNWRAP FOR US

THEIR CONNUBIAL PELASTRATION GIFT

then
down

hill blue billy's ghost guitar
down back off deep school
ellum
picnicking the knoll

c~a~u~g~h~t in slomo → • • • •

an exploding bullet

p~u~n~c~t~u~a~t~i~n~g trips Aztlán

VORTEX Ting West

Adulterated heat producing THE LINE *[is anything untarnished
by our thoughts?]*

[when the **top blew** this lake a shaman only
may look into its death most certain

from ashes snowmelt rose

giant sequoias=holding their grip
for dear life
[through los senderos que se bifurcan

we fly our cardboard capsule

framing mountains

valley of gods

toward monuments sublime unreal

& still want some way to get an edge...]

but call hither

or go

yonder

there's no going

not staying put

no getting not giving

**TELEGRAPH-
IN ONE ROUND**

ease

← GOINGS

THIS

ITINERARY DRIVE-ABOUT:

STOP

ONLY DOING

MAKES IT NEW

MERIWETHER

NO WALK

BUT AMERICAN ROADTRIP:

STOP

A CIRCUMLOCUTION

OF STATES: NORTH

TO ASHLAND

LEAR

LOOKING IN

THAT TERRIBLE

UNDERBEAUTY CRATER

ENCOURAGING

POLARIS

NOT WITHOUT

FALLING BACK IN

TO COLUMBIA

RAFT GORGE

DRIVE WEST

STOP

FRIENDLY YURTS

HUG

POLYMER-VERSE

TIDEPOOLS

OF WHICH

THIS INTERCALARY

SPEAKING

OF

HOW

WE ARE

Intersubjective

meshes

and

diurnal up

fluctuating habitats

variable borders

becoming many

intertidal

[by
of
kinds]
-glots

down [seasonal
temp salinity oxygen

cyclically replenished]

with governors

of nutrients

through

polyzonations,

varied depths,

many-

sun across

the wet layer

tongued
sanghas

of

beneath volumes
diffuse color, texture
lalanguing]

transcoherence

whose directive:

proclivities of denial

morning stars

to pay attention through
to cosmologies of

that is

ABOVE

BELOW

[North Pacific Gray Whales feeding grounds Illuminating this manuscript
 migrate 14,000 miles off Sakhalin Island
 down to Baja & back sliding the lens
 exposes hidden events and situations
 in the splash
 of tide pools
 constraining elevations
 bake in the sun suffering winds
 barnacles lichen hard-shelled
 crab oyster black turban
 hold firm to upper stories
 limpets mussel sea lettuce
 remembering well
 interlopers
 longitudinal transgressors
 quick change artists
 working cross purposes
 through twice-covered midriff
 surviving wave action, sea palm
 rockweed invertebrate algae sheltering nudibranch anemone
 [longitudinally fissioning] sea stars chiton sponge:10M BP [lots of syms
 refuges of coralline dead man's finger honey comb castle worms
 gooseneck low abalone cucumber whelk purple urchin
 hermit sea hare wavy top on the bottom. Each varies [with
 the change and attitude of lean
 But
 can every BETWEEN hold such sense
 as these inflorescent pools
 to knock us oughtta joynt
 & make us understand
 where we came we are we go
 meanwhile
 sea star die-off reverberates the coastline
 no adjustment of the spiral faults can cure
 urchins to the south shed their spines to begin a dance of death
 stimulating nonetheless fear in the north they will rise from the stars
 melting in the sand and march to the kelp beds
 mowing the forest down.

THEN BACK AGAIN
 LEANING SOUTH
 INTO THE HEART
 OUR TALLEST SANGHA
 REDWOODS—HAND HOLDING SUBROSA
 EVER SEEKING ANGLES OF REPOSE VIA MENDOCINO PINOT
 HEADLANDS WE GAZE OFF
 BLACK ASH DWARFS
 BRINGING SONGLINE **LIFFE**
 BACK AGAIN STOP elevating
 shamans floating cliffs on **horseshoe canyon**
 fly the Brave across that edge
 they disappear into
 —emerging from processes
 we travelers
 such probes pass through desert immanence
 down Eden surreal
 implosions
 unplanned unplanted
 OY OY OY OY eeeeahhh JAAAAAAAI!
 (taiji) night time Shiva dance

s t i l l ~ m o v i n g

saguaro spread arms THIS WIDE
 hunt the guitfiddler caller shitload of wine
 get over to hoes down
 couple up
 turn
 DO-SI-DO
 dunes milling to orchards: almond, pistachio, citrus —transcribing—
 chaparral joshua few conifers
 via mountain plates, island sea, canyons across underground forests 13 M or so
 their crop tops peeping up wait for their periodic hair cuts from the desert's fire
 clippers growing in a ring likewise the creosote and Mojave yucca skreik as the
 blm utility boys out for a good time drive their party vehicles over the dead
 through Grand, de Chelly, Dead Horse
 —oxbow within oxbow dried to bone— we are glad to be scattered
 first light
 changes desert colors
 chewed breath fill cave paintings with spittle
 t ~ r ~ a ~ n substantiates

every surveyor's fracking line
babeda doza sagebrush tea lizard
running electrifying fences

may Hopi pull out
that would unmap
with missile tracks
to un]nerve
the eagle's path

the know how of the rock squirrel rabbit deer sage grouse rattlesnake

becoming clown
walking on hands legs double down
pincers gripping
what comes
next?

KNOCK KNOCK

DRIVER

THE DRIVER WHO WEARS A MASK THAT'S YOU
WHOSE HEAD CONTAINS A BOX AT THE BACK
CONTAINING A KEY YOU MAY USE TO OPEN

WHO'S THERE?
WHO?

turtles all the way down

concerning God
I do not know
If I am His
or HE is my
HOMUNCULUS

except when it does
mind cannot

For life cannot from non

except it does

unable to recoup our losses
we cling to the value
of thresholds

as a child my skeleton
flashed its lightning
through the body's obscurity of night
only to engulf
this helpless flesh

yet insensitive to screams

we crucify
it produces grease

Vico's rounding
the Earth Wheel

so rendered
to run our machines

between time objects
re:visiting Comala
the undead
mixing metaphors]

LIVE

the line of sound entering the ears

begins to unwind

before

slipping its nock,

OUR SAMPO

an arrow that never misses:

nothing doing

&

never alone

portending
that first coast office visit

an OTHER
strikes sudden thunder

right smack

a doorway

in the glare
a daughter reminds us
before being born
SHE chose

her place of entry

and NOT
into the same bloody womb neither
even in this

CRAZY

nothing stays put

you don't get
to do something

else

till you don't have
to do it over

from Prudhoe to Nuevo

but giving a go for everyone

the shaking earth
secretes its children

¡TODOS A BORDO!

MEN

• •

Magicians

Alchemists
and Artists divine the earth
and make from its clay with every gesture of flute song paint, or wheeled from a
pot's mouth as some toçayo might say—

AN AUM, like a smoking eagle flies....

Now,

One Hunahpu and Seven Hunahpu love nothing more than the ball game.

And days would find them playing the courts.

Meanwhile

way down under in Xibalba,

the Lords of Death complained.

& in those early days they were truly great.

Because their job was to make people suffer

and whenever someone died,

they were sure to be on hand to gloat.

They had names like

One Death and Seven Death, Pus Master, Bone Scepter,

Blood Sucker, Pox Maker, and other terrible ones.

But they did not like the sound of things:

—Who is making the ground shake over our heads?

They're just playing ball,

those boys: they don't respect us!

They wanted ONE for themselves, not just skulls to play with.

They wanted gloves, masks... all the accouterments.

Hard by, the keepers of the mat,

the messenger owls

in a flurry of wings flew out from the dark zones

and alighted on the ball court

called: *The Great Abyss.*

Then they took the two boys down a sudden steep,
through narrow rapids and stream of blood.
And as they arrived at the cross of four roads:

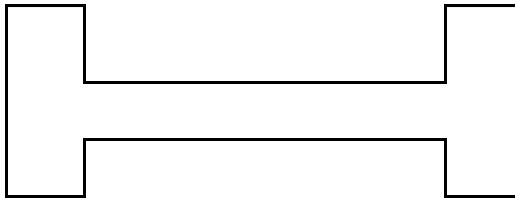
red black white yellow

the black one said:
follow me for I lead to Xibalba & the Lords of Death.

They were led into the council chambers before nothing
but wooden dolls disguised as Lords. These
the gullible two greeted in turn,
provoking the hidden potentates
to burst out in derisive laughter,
which they tried to conceal by welcoming them
and offering a bench to sit upon. But here was only
a hot seat that burned their butts, red with shame

This sent another coil of laughter
up the scepters of Xibalba,
as Lords held
the stitches of bones on their aching sides.
Among themselves they knew the boys were already gone.

After the formality of the tests and games, they were sacrificed.
One head was removed
and buried in the fork of a calabash,
which eventually bore fruit that resembled that very head.
So amazed were the Lords of Death that they
forbade anyone to eat.



Of course, during **Graves Registration**
days we'd play ball with the heads.
[We never lost!] Or take a black one and put it on a white body
or exchange dicks
or any parts we had a mind to.

*IN HOT PURSUIT
of the illusive story*

caracara strike
the snaking train
Austin

Laredo

Monterrey

Newyears aboard
El Águila Azteca
w/ another train
on this single
penetrating

track
a blind

following close
night of revelry.

From our caboose
a stinking
drunken

ithyphallic devil of a conductor shoots potshots
at the nearing locomotive
racing far too close.

No no se puede.

*The only thing you'll catch
is the crabs*

tu puta chingada!

On into the mountains
at that unexpected

turn
[to anyone with

eyes wide shut]

our train

lurches

strains
and bends

on its feeble axles

only to be rammed
from behind—

venting a hiatus of disbelief

lasting several centuries

the staggering train staff
shaking now in their cups of black coffee
sweat the way
through gauntlets of inebriatae
looking for a fast

[and strategic exit

del diablo loco
manejando esta *flecha de la muerte*

¡NO HAY PROBLEMA!

El payaso
con las pistolas yells
in a feeble attempt
to comfort the uncomfortable
and mask
his immitigable guilt.

WHEN
my plastered tall friend
no doubt discombobulated
and staggering out
from having his body
(not to omit head
smashed up
inside the miniature WC
during
the quasi train wreck

u~n~l~e~a~s~h~e~d

a barrel
of port into my ex-boss' face
and then
sashayed up to
the heretofore named official
and triumphantly mocked
to wide public approval:

NO HAY PROBLEMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMA!

Macho retribution
in bloodshed
was kept at bay
when it was explained
that this fine amigo,
usually the kindest
gentlest friend to man
was alas de vez en cuando
a dipsomaniac
who simply couldn't help himself
during these extremely rare
yet quixotic episodes.

To which
the donkey conductor
 shook his wide head
throatedly braying
that people ought to learn
to control themselves
all the while
trying to fully ignore
 the relentless & chugging refrain

NO HAY PROBLEMA!...

mercilessly nipping his fetlocks
& dogging his pitiful escape route
 down the row of cars
as the show
nevertheless goes on
pitstopping
that Mining town—Real de Catorce—
wool gathering
Huichol deer neckties
 from Wirikuta
 through joshua forests
chaparral desert
down
silver-skulled Potosí we get off and get into
another provocative interlude: where now
 in a rental driving
exhortations from fellows:
 to step on it

move me not at all
as I continue chauffeuring ever so slowly
and surely toward El Tajin
to check out the ball courts
& lick their succulent ducks stuffed with frogs
that we might fully contemplate *the double way.*

It was a question of registration,
 I suggested,

when the washed-out tarmac
 cleanly fell away
and we screeched to a halt just before falling off
 el fin del mundo.

CIB

...

Blood Sucker's daughter,
 Little Blood,
was seduced by stories of strange fruit
hanging from the limbs.
So she went alone to the foot of that tree,
and proceeded in an act of hermeneutic sabotage.
—From something so delicious,
 will I truly die?
Then one of them spoke:
—You do not want these.
We are not fruit at all,
just boneheads that have
 turned around
 at the crook of a hard branch.
—But I do want them; she insisted.
—Very well, it said,
stretch out your arm.
At that moment
the skull spit in her hand:
—I have given you a sign.
My head has no meat on it any more.
 That is what kings
 and convicts come to.
When the beautiful flesh is gone,
it exposes a fear in the bones.
But if you have understanding,
 know that you live on in others.
Trust me now and go live well
 on the face of the earth!
But of course
after six months her father found out.
—Just who did you sleep with?
And she answered—I have not known any living man.
Calling her liar and slut,
the Lords instructed the owls to make a sacrifice.
Get your flint knife and cut out her heart;
then put it in this bowl,
so we can make sure
 you went through with it.

The owls took her away, ambivalently.
 —What can we put in the cup
 but your heart? they asked her.
 —Very well,
 but keep in mind this heart does not belong to them,
 and we must learn to give them
 only what is theirs,
 she said, as she demonstrated
 how to shape from a copal tree,
 its red sap into a heart.
 When they returned, the great Lords saw
 only what they wanted, the blood oozing out.
 Then they placed it on a fire to smell the sweet aroma.
 Coterminously,
 she passed through a portal
 that leads to the space above ground.

After her long journey
 Little Blood came before the grandmother Xmucane.
 —I am your daughter-in-law and your daughter.
 The old woman rebuked.
 —You are a deceiver,
 since the children you tell of are already dead.
 —Still, I want to give you a chance.
 Take this net to the cornfield
 and fill it up. Then bring it back
 —Very well, said Little Blood.
 She was used to tests.
 But when she arrived at the milpa,
 she found only one tiny corn plant.
 She was full of anguish.
 —How can I feed such a large net
 with such a puny plant?
 Since
 her heart was true,
 you may say a goddess took pity,
 and from a single cob
 came the plethora to fill her net.
 —Where did you get all this corn? the grandmother asked.
 Surely you have revealed a mystery wrapped in an enigma;
 for the name **HUNAHPU** signifies
 net *full of CORN*

When to the glee of Xibalbans everywhere...

I leave

a pile in the Tula quadrafoil
liminal gate before the underworld
but lose the shame as

blood

letters

MAGNETIZE

(gps engaged)

A~Cloud~Full~Back~Up~From~Mexico

such a swarm of **MONARCHS**

that cling

to narrowing forest zones

take wing THROUGH GENERATIONS 4

being collective fin~a~gain el super

Canada long haul will return

a billion strong to butterfly tree

coevolving envelopes

choked full of traversers

b~e~c~o~m~i~n~g

never alone

but ALL of these

changes weather in Chicago

North A Knot

just multilayered

polyverse

3d→

winking vortex

So before giddy

ROUND UP

gotta mention GMOs along

of

NOWS enable

the continuum

KILLING IN DEED

where no milkweed

dangle their summoning pods,

La Mariposa

y su larva will surely starve; por eso,

el doctor Asclepius

finds little reason to visit

—so leaves at home

his strange blue bottles

upon which such beauties

]like us

i~n~t~e~r~n~e~t~p~e~n~d

The habituation to suffering
reproduces itself
and keeps us
[from] asking
what we truly need

Two dreams
interlaced
in a double night:
A boy with an insinuating
and mocking look
passes by.
Such a transgression of boundaries
I ask

what do you think you're doing here?

Or that other who
again aroused from sleep in like manner
a skeleton draped over my dresser
—could they be, in different time/space
that knowing insolent boy...
now
moving off to the wall yonder
then folding
into a totem of light:
my seraphim of seraphim.

I think ME once upon a time...

Extinction is co-extensive.
Drowned in excess light,
pollinators
of the monarch's milkweed,
the fireflies go out
dying
of thirst
as diverse habitat is choked off
WE lose ourselves
since
our bioluminescent torches no longer show the way,
and wander
less free now
the earth is diminished....

then back on track to
la cuña grinning momias,
y *la monja de San Miguel*
circumambulating la catedral de los Indios
sloshing

black waters
just for a sitdown
@ Café Tacuba,
HER portrait [more later abetting
then breakfast among tiles,
bigwigs, cohibas
and an earthquake 7.1

SO its lightning fast we're off to Puebla for a mole
antes de regresar a nuestra casa
en el calle marcada con la mandibula del cerdo
en aquel pueblo de 365 iglesias [ad nauseam sí], sin embargo,
a la mas importante de ellas, we'll pay Her respects again.
[She who has been repeatedly struck down with thunderbolts
by her jealous precursor, that black and eternal goddess.]
YES La Virgen de Los Remedios, (whose pitiful sides
are sewn with the hopes of countless Milagros)
rises again from the ashes onto her throne atop
that heap to reign over the wretched inmates of the asylum
halfway down the mountain's length where they hang on for dear life
still fearing no doubt to be cast down and swallowed by
el gran pirámide and left only to join those painted borrachos
madly dancing on the hidden murals running deep downunder.
But for now along with that colossal head lying at the foot of this
monstruous implex, they seem content to bug out their eyes in disbelief
to watch

FLYING DANCERS
w/cords attached to bellies
& arms spread
feathers burning [like descending spirits
unravel
from a single pole just as
the sun bifurcating
dropped behind Popocatepetl
between His and Hers, let fall
techos [carrying me, despues,
vomiting
the aforementioned avenue
while Malinche nestled
a tearful apology a los
como no, a la Mujer Prima
Tonantzintla

Then fading from Cacaxtla
murals
sidewinding

far West to smoking guns Paricutín
por la fiesta de los muertos

(creciendo de las milpas de Uruapan

UNlike the town hopelessly extruding from the lava)

we scale las máscaras de ceniza

up to a small window

to celebrate what is

lo mejor chocolate en el mundo

con *El Rey de los Perros*

& *his entourage of technicals*

likewise ascending

on a different level

those downtrodden paving their garbage freeway

to his kennel of familial palaces.

THEN

backslide to D.F.

to catch

another glimpse

from

center

swollen tree

Ixcuinana

Sor Juana a stalk

rises incandescent

BEFORE

training South

Oaxaca black pots

burned with straw

las ruinas del Zapotec

underground

y Yagul where 'e' went

tracking catacombs

heading to antipodes

still riding recursive strains, when

at sight of zones bereft,

am given cause

to wonder with

Little Blood

how

cochinillas living

their cactus gave

Rembrandt's passion

(virgin red agape)

rendered from American

bug-juice

to discover my only compensation

drinking this soda pop rouge

CABAN

....

A crack of thunder
 on a mountaintop
moving earth
the second twins
Hunahpu and Xbalanque
 came swiftly into the house.

After that
nobody could sleep...though
eventually they told their grandmother
what their work would be.

—Do not grieve for want of food.
 We are going out to sow
 and tend the milpa!

Then,
after sinking their mattock in the ground
and laying down the other tools,
 they rested
as the tools began to work by themselves
clearing ground
 felling odd trees
 getting rid of troublesome thorns
 and tilling soil.

The crops grew like magic....
That's when
they taught the mourning dove
to climb to the top of a great tree
 and sing out if it saw
their grandmother bringing the lunch.

That way
they could pick up axe and hoe
and pretend to be working.
Soon the bird sang out,
and they picked up
 the implements, according to plan.

One
rubbed his palms and face with dirt.
 The Other
poured woodchips on his hair.
These magicians really looked like farm hands!

But
they got a surprise
when they returned
to the field the next day.

The work
had been undone;
everything was
just like it was before they started.
Surely
someone had just cleaned their clocks.

—Who pulled this trick on us?
they wondered....
So that night,
they hid out behind a bush
to see
just who the culprits were.
All around them
the planets rowed their milky way
& the]plasmadic[stars
whirled their menagerie of constellations.

That's when
the animals, hiding within, came down
to the milpa—
all
of them
small and big
descended:
puma and jaguar
the deer the cat
coati mundi
and rabbit,
began to gobble
everything up. The boys watched in disbelief
and started after them in earnest.

Of course,
coyote slipped away
his unruly tracks shadowed by the badger
the bird
the peccaries shuffled off
escaping by the skin of their teeth.

But then
they caught a rat by the neck,
 burned its tail in the fire,
and made its eyes bulge out.

Then the rat said
—don't kill me
 don't kill me.
It's not my fate to die at your hands.
—Then tell us why
you and the others
keep devouring the crops.
—All right, all right, the rat emoted,
 as they kept squeezing its neck.
—It's not your job to tend the field.
You're not farmers.
You're ballplayers,
 like your fathers before you.

The boys were delighted
 to learn
 that they were not farmers.
They danced at the news, and said,
—as a reward for this—
and doing one more favor,
O rat!,
your food for all times will be
 the corn
 the chili pepper
 frijoles, squash,
 and chocolate.

So the rat
climbed one of the rafters of the house
 and chewed through the ropes
 and the ball game equipment
 tumbled
 into the waiting arms of
 Hunahpu and Xbalanque.

It was in
this way
 they discovered
 the mysterious and wonderful rubber ball.

Wending On [a la mesa de altar y comedor
 past
 Chac Mool's indifferent expression
 over to the caracol
 observatory
 I consider a strange unity
 reading lots more from
 the train
 TAKING IN
 Tikal
 Yaxha
 palo de jote liquid amber more
 cacao
 pataxte
 waterlily
 ceiba sacred bud
 Está lleno de nuestro corazón
 de copal el pom
 I reach into my pocket's emptiness
 & find instead your picture
 understanding the important
 helps this Moravian Brethren
 with cob caught up in hand
 chew the fact
 the Lords of Death
 defeated the first twins
 because *el corazón solo*
 no es suficiente]
 a thought that excited
memory
projection
transformation
 to re:iterate
 a new set
 con mucho SABIO

ETNAB

With great pleasure
they went to play the game
—the one
that takes place in the center of the cosmos
& reenacts the telling of the skies,
 where stories come down to greet us,
 which some say
 we put up there first,
 but Vico intimates
 that things tend to happen
 again and again, while writing for robot historians
 Foucault sets his jaw to remind US:
 power tends to reproduce itself. In any case

NOW DEEP DOWN
in Xibalba,
the Lords cried out bitterly.
—What’s that noise?
Who’s playing ball
on top of our heads again?
Don’t they know what happens
to those who don’t respect us?
Haven’t they learned
we make those
who try to lord it over us
 pay the highest price?

The
messengers delivered their instructions
—you tell those boys
 we want to play with them—

to
poor Xmucane,
who could think of nothing but **flint** knives;
for she gasped
at a secret knowledge
 heard once before.
And she knew also that this message
had to be delivered to her beloved twins.
Still, she thought, time being relative,
 she’d take matters into her own hands.

So she took up a tiny louse and said,
—O my little one,
I'm going to put a word in your belly to take off
and deliver to my grandchildren
at the ball court far away.
You tell them
 to go play with the Lords of Death.

So this is how
the lines are drawn and generations connect....
The grandmother looked satisfied
as the louse trudged slowly off.
But things never really happen singly,
for the louse naturally came upon a toad.
—You seem to be going no where fast,
said *el bufo*. the toad.
—Yes, but I carry an important word
 for the boys,
answered the louse.
—That's good,
but if you let me swallow you,
perhaps I can carry that message faster,
 the toad said to the louse.
The louse agreed, though somewhat reluctantly,
and the toad went on
in that self-satisfied kind of way.
Not really hurrying,
he came upon a snake.
After inquiring about his mission,
he convinced the toad
that the word could travel
ever so much quicker inside HIS belly.
Of course as the snake moved along,
he too, met a helpful creature.
The falcon told the snake
that the word could be carried
in his stomach even better
and that message
delivered
straight away.
Ever thus,
the library of bodies
 exchanges its pages.

So history re:unraveled as it often does:
the falcon landed
 on the edge of the court,
crying
in its usual haunting way.
They brought it down
shooting its eye with their blowguns.
—Why are you making all that fuss, the boys asked?
—I carry a word in my belly
that many have carried before.
That is the way the world is made.
If you treat my eye first,
I'll hand it over, the falcon said.
—Very well, they said,
and put a little gum from that magic ball
into the falcon's eye and cured him.
That's when he vomited the snake,
who vomited the recalcitrant toad
 —whose back the boys had to crush
to encourage it to give up the prize.
Even then it tried to yield only a little spittle.
But eventually the louse came out
from behind its teeth:
—I carry in my belly this word:
The Lords of Death want you to go down to Xibalba.
You must bring your game equipment:
 rings, gloves, yokes, balls, kilts, & all the rest.
 They say *they want to amuse themselves with you.*

And then they came to Xmucane's house
to comfort her and say goodbye.
—Grandmother, we know
you are distressed at our having to go;
but we ask you to place this corn plant
under the rafters of your house
as a sign of our fortune.
Corn indeed is that which holds up the sky.
—Place it, they said,
under the roof in the middle of the house.
It will hold up the world as it is meant to.
Everyone can gather near and be sustained by it;
 if the leaves are green, you will know that we are well.

U-s-u-m-a-c-i-n-t-a
swells & empties
that vortex of the turn

circumnavigating the Yucatan
under el ojo de Caracol
a spiral
linking observers with their content

we churn toward Cobá,
driving another pavement
that fitfully drops away.
A wise old magus on a donkey advises:
es inútil, no se puede pasar, señor.
But we press on
through trackless desert
ensnared with sharp boulders.
Unable or unwilling to turn back
two hours later, we encounter an unruly tribe of kids
hurling stones to drive us back
or start some kind of rumpus!
When they discovered no one really cared,
they tried a different tack
and yelled madly to beat the band:
these are the first to have crossed the gap!

So you're putting an old Sampo of a counsel book
back into play?

Tut Tut little symbiont.
This journey kedges the doldrums
In search of Northerlies. Now lay your head down in this little
dream within a dream

and consider
that SECOND throughput (speaking of
re: production and :cursivity)
[near that spot I deposited more waste in the
mouth of
the 4-LOBED MONSTER
and the wasp
buried the stink bug to feed
the cache of eggs.

CAUAC

•

Off they went down to Xibalba
 through rivers of blood and shit.
The Lords had hoped to trap them there,
but the twins rode over the poisonous waters on their blowguns.
Then they approached the deadly crossroads
but were not confused. And here
they asked a favor of Mosquito.
—Go sting each Lord in turn until he cries out.
Learn the name and bring it back to us.
Your reward will be for all times
to drink the blood of travelers
—Very well,
answered Mosquito.
And immediately he entered the black road
to the Lords of Xibalba.
He stung the first two; but they were mere manikins,
 an old trick deployed to fool the twins.
The third one screamed.
—What’s wrong One Death? asked another.
Then he bit Seven Death.
—Yeow!
—What’s wrong Seven Death?
And on like that each one
that **YEOWED** in pain was named by his fellow:

*House Corner, Blood Sucker, Pus Master, Pox Maker, Jaundice Master,
Bone Scepter, Skull Scepter, Wing, Packstrap, Bloody Clams, Bloody Teeth [one more?*

Then Mosquito returned
and told the boys everything.
So they didn’t fall
 for the dolls made of wood,
but greeted instead each real Lord by name.
The Lords of Death were deeply disturbed,
but sought to regain the upper hand
by inviting them to have a seat,
as they pointed to the one right in front of them.
—Make yourselves comfortable, they insisted:
we want you to feel at home.

But Hunahpu and Xbalanque were not hoodwinked.
—That is just a hot seat, they said.
Why do you pull such adolescent pranks?
What kind of hosts are you? they asked.
The Lords were not pleased,
but took hope that they would be defeated
in the terrible **storm** of tests
that is Xibalba:

silhouetting that doleful hour]
the hail
flying the vortex
of **tornadoes** a mile wide
brother and I
got caught in
that leveled a town
got killed.
where everybody

AHAU

..

When the twins entered the **House of Gloom**,
the **Lords** knew it was the beginning
of the end for those lucky boys
and gave them each
a burning torch along with two cigars.
—Make sure that you return them whole in the morning.
They were already gloating.
How could anyone defeat the certain march
of such a test of time?
Each Lord thought on the defeat of every living thing
and on the triumph of death itself
—just smacking their lips.

But the boys put
bright Macaw tails on their torches;
and they did not light their cigars
but rather put fireflies on the tips
and pretended to lean back & enjoy them.

All through the night
the sentries thought on the defeat of the two boys,
as they watched the lights flicker through the windows.
They knew they were lost.

But in the morning
 Hunahpu and Xbalanque
 gave them their due.
 —How can this be?
 The angry hearts burned.
 Still they tried
 to shake off their confusion.
 —Let's just play!
 The Lords hid their irritation.
 —YES, and let's play
 with our ball;
 it's just a pretty decorated rubber one!
 The boys
 caught it in one of their yokes.
 It was not a ball,
 but a skull,
 and from its center came a flint knife
 aiming
 right for their sweet hearts.
 —What's this?
 exclaimed the pair.
 All you want to give us
 is death.
 But didn't
 you invite us here?
 I guess we'll just have to leave.
 So
 the Lords
 decided to try something else.
 —No boys please don't;
 we really want you to stay.
 Let's play
 with YOUR ball.

After that
 they determined
 what the winner's prize
 would be.
 —And losers must bring in tribute:

FOUR BOWLS OF FLOWERS
red white yellow black

When
the game came to an end,
 Xibalba had won.
The boys were strong
but that's how
 the ole ball bounces.

—Now
they will have to cut those lovely *bells*,
but where will they get them?
the Lords hissed
 between their teeth,
since they are protected
in our own gardens!
So they said
to Hunahpu and Xbalanque,
—You are to bring us
 the blossoms, without fail.

And they surmised
that since the twins
had defeated a stratagem of time
they might win one of space.
After all,
how could they
produce something from a place
 that wasn't available?
the great Lords reasoned.
—Very well,
the twins answered.
And at dawn
we'll play again, they said.
Not wanting to take any chances,
the Lords tied the boys up
and ensconced them
 in the terrible **House of Knives**.

Here the Lords
wished them to be cut to pieces;
yet in this place, they did not die,
but rather spoke directly to the knives.
—If you will be still,
yours, for all time, will be the flesh of animals.
And with this thought fixed in the mind,
 the razors moved no more.

All night the clever boys
 spent in that house.
Then they called their friends.
—Come ants,
go & cut the different kinds
 we need
and carry them in the morning
 to the Lords of Death.
For they knew
the Lords had placed guards
at the gates
and ordered them
NOT to let the boys enter *el jardin*.
These understood very well
 what it meant to be told;
so they cried and sang
through the night to stay awake;
they were vigilant
but did not see or hear
the tiny ants underfoot,
 walking by or cutting the blooms.
When the ants finished,
they took the four bowls
and placed them
in front of the palace doors.
All the sardonic grins of Xibalba turned down
when they saw the bright gifts.
So they cracked
the whip-poor-wills' beak in twain
 just to do something about it.
And when the boys showed up
they kept their traps shut
& just played.
The game ended in a tie.
Then they agreed to go at it again the next morning.

Best game	I ever saw the Packers beat the Cowboys in the deep tracks of snow.
Outlasted	Lombardi's basics and drive of persistent will Landry's abstract computations.

A childhood prerecording: mi hermano stimulates visions played in our
xmas poly cortex streets of *ELECTRIC FOOTBALL*
(whose electromagnetic charges
turned our brains to lightning rods while
surrounding bodies with force fields) releasing
phosfenic rays in every direction
& underscoring some infrastructure
from Zufi Polansky's *Dictionary of Defenestrations*

KNOCK KNOCK

GUESS WHO?

My work has been thrown from the windows of Prague.
I grew up with the slur “bohunk”
incomprehensibly lodged in my American throat;
though in truth my mother's family were Moravian,
and their complaints of immigrant bashing
seemed a bit far-fetched to me.
My great-grandfather, Alois,
allegedly invented a cure for tuberculosis
from the herbs of the motherland,
and his Paracelsian legend brazes me to alchemists
from the land of magic, cabala, astrology, memory—
all the hermetic arts.

My father's line is Irish
but can be tracked to the England of the poet/composer
and to the braggart later sanctified.
My brother was named after the latter
and on the few occasions he's really in his cups
will take out the bones
with necessary documents
 guaranteeing full authenticity
 with papal bona fides
 and attendant flourishes to boot
presented to my father
by the 23rd
 for many years
 of free bookkeeping services (part of the Vatican's
Supremely important banking project
eventually rendered unto the hands of said brother
who holds them with august purpose
according them the respect
such indubitable relics no doubt deserve
exposing them proudly for all to behold and admire.

IMIX

...

Next
the twins entered
the **Ice House**,
something impossible that mansion
 raining hail.

But they did not die.
For in the center of that place
they found remains
 of an ancient tree
that lifts up the sky
and scaffolds the cosmos.
In its trunk
they built an intense fire
and stayed warm through the long night.
—How is it,
the Lords of Xibalba asked in amazement,
that Hunahpu and Xbalanque live?
Why are they not dead already?

Then
they were taken to the **House of Tigers**,
another test.
They calmed them offering bones:
 —these shall be yours for all times.
 (The tigers went mad for them,
 gnashing and tearing.)

In satisfaction,
sentries reported that they heard
the boys being torn apart
 their entrails devoured
 their bodies crushed.

So you might well ask also,
how they survived
 the fearful **House of Fire**?
Perhaps they called upon the wide ocean
 (turned by the great axis)
to pour itself out and cool the flames:
but in any case, only the hearts
 of those terrible Lords remained to burn.

LIKEWISE

Under
said volume
one discovers
in
the **sub** head:

Inverted Beings

Forelimbs
in excess of hind,
they hobble upon the earth,
yet furnished
with capacious thorax
for large heart and full lungs,
strong girdles for musculature,
hollow bones to capture air,
phalanges holding membranes
like sails
with opposing thumbs;
more agile than birds
their society modified
toward perfections of air,
through inverted cathedral spires
they fly.

By day
hanging down
to dive their dreams
like holy tongues
they give birth
to their death alive.

By night
they fly whirlpools
from deep holes
in the earth
to be born again
as new cells
at every meal;
buried
in mid-air,
they feed
on dreams.

Returning the book of collaborating segues
to the **mise-en-scène:**

in short, they were then put in the **House of Bats**,
mere snatch bats of claw and tooth,

sharp as knives.

All through the night they fluttered and squeaked,
as the boys tried to sleep in their blowguns. Then
the crafty bats went silent,
but one stayed still on top of them.

—Hunahpu, is it morning already? asked Xbalanque,

—Perhaps, I'll just take a look-see.

Waiting near,

like a crocodile biding its time,
that terrible bat snatched his head off.

Again, he asked,

—has it dawned yet?

But Hunahpu was not moving.

—Where has he gone? exclaimed Xbalanque,
ashamed and disgraced, alas

we are certainly defeated.

Indeed, such were the feelings of all the Xibalbans,
as the glad tidings rang.

YET sure am I
THIS WILL ALL
like] a proper snout
FOLD

knots of thorns lashed into crowns
the entrails of men hair of Med~usa **NICELY BACK IN**

Thank you for taking a complete stranger in your bark onto Atitlán;
the nuwals would've broken my heart not to have followed
the chanting lines of fire into the cave openings of earth
just at the end of the world when the bones are planted.

STILL AT ANTIPODES
having fattened their tiny bodies,
blackpolls leave Nova Scotia behind
warbling 3 DAYS & 1600 miles over Atlantic waters
before earning a Caribbean rest, then flying South to Colombia.

Well put.

And a joy to spend such strange with strange as you.

KNOCK KNOCK

Never caught your name.

No kidding.
won't forget that

—same as one of my favorite romantics;
my sister-in-law played cello
in a couple of his films.

WHO'S There?

Werner Herzog

YUP,
like I said: that's me.

Which gives another
STRETCH OF YARN
to that time I followed
some wheel tread in the mud
only to see extrude
the physiognomy of Somoza
selling paletas on a backstreet
of Managua.

Nine~ven!

madly running
this way that @ Zed and Two Noughts

the cassowary leaves tracks
only a shaman could read BUT
letsusknow + heknows:
he hasn't a clue

[while 'Tory plies consilience via
bi-directional
memory pith leaping poetry JUST SO
I'm right back on beaver lake
full of vinegar late night boating

]while SIGBROS scuffle at either end CAUGHT
in the middle
someone doesn't understand

w e ' r e r e a l l y o n l y s] k i d d i n g

as you dredge some intercalary flashbacks giving us a well-deserved drenching
from some other deeper waters

Life imitating art
we placed
a mirror on the ground,
 laying a fish upon it,
and watched it swim through the cloudy sky.
Likewise,
with crown tilted
 at a friendly angle, legs up,
I was observing
the broomgrass and goatweed thither
when the sound of engines
 overhead
brought a wind
that sent them supplicating.

Down below,
the inmates were holding one another
 not as before.
The chandelier swirled and creaked.
A feathered hat flew across the field.

The building began to collapse
 before we heard the explosion.
Everything got slow.
I saw
the shock troops storm the beach. Later,
a drunken soldiery, victorious
 under the cratered moon,
 went scot-free. Unreality
lifted its windy head
 and bulbed out
 on the sand and rockscape.

I felt a little like Mephistopheles in the window,
and I felt a little like a hurt puppy,
 and a clown when the game is blown.

The next minute passed:

The gang began to spin
as in some bald mountain
 ritual of witches.

Someone was going to get
burned at the stake.

The room
bounced and tossed.
Ogres set up nine pins
 and began to bowl.

A bull's teeth crawled up
its nostrils.
Paint boiled on the ceiling
and batlike
attached to my hair
 and denuded my skull top,
hotfreezing
a small patch, now cold forever.

 Mouths opened and closed.

A pyramid of human form
slanted; its conglobed lamp
teetering on a point
swelled and dropped.
Bodies grew gigantic and distorted.

Space swallowed
 a fat elongated arm,
five fingers wriggling through mid-air.
A top began to twirl.
 An eyeball lost all hope.

 Stairs climbed up the wall.
 The building turned inside out.
 Guts slid out from the cow's belly.

A giant raised a knife
and cut the roof off.

Rows of bombs exploded
and ghosts grew up
 and stretched their limbs.
Maniacal horses lifted their fetlocks
and kicked
at bombgeists.
A child came flying through the air
 and out the door.

A head became a holocaust.
 Dogs were set on fire.
The sand from the ocean
covered us.
Rocks pelted the floor.
Our lungs were gunpowder.
 Banisters turned sidewise
 laddering spooks to heaven.

Red faces fell out of their sockets.

A toy skidded by.

Soldiers,
no doubt misinformed,
 but who will do
 anything,
riddled the building with rifle fire,
scourging
the skin off a few stragglers,
 while I
 triple-somersaulted
through
 the turning window,
lacerating glass tattooing the parchment,
my spirit barely resisting
the urge
 to join my amputated leg
 in the hog trough.

Walls
 began to expand
 as a circle of believers,
 unable
 to utter a sound
 before the spectacle
 lost their last strand.

 Invisible wires
 unwound, sprung out
 like dementia praecox
 in a distortion mirror,
 as
 the
 37 dove a single word
 into the echo
 of a silent scream
 squatting on steel
 conduits
 and were buried alive—
 just before
 the explosion,
 an inverted
 milky-smoked
 tornado,
 vanished in their ears.

Miraculously
 in the haze:
 the dark cone reversed
 pyramidlike from ear hollows,
 where I saw them come forth
 astride the backs of fishes
 and glide
 straight through tree-tops
 to the round
 pearlescent moon.

So a funny thing happened when
the new therapist agreed I could
forget about it
and go on home
if I'd answer
just one question

*Following smoke
through a corridor
spilling the body's house
on either side
behind a series of wooden doors
locking their content
in small rooms
eyed through strange keyholes
the doctor
devotee of the mindful raven
offers a look into the first
to get the ball rolling:*

Did you ever

*put your **finger** in a dead man's **mouth**?*

(producing convulsions
and
an auditory proof
re:velated later
via telephone
walking bro
your easttex pond,
as I
coterminously
my oaklandish road
far away:

while carrying the body through a doorway an arm broke off
that crispy critter barbecued in a helicopter fire storm;
so right on the spot, Lucky 'n Ducky slaked their hunger
offering me
I did not take
a succulent morsel
tasting just like chicken

—extruded from the same
lines of walkabout
this other *ptsd*
culled from your tests
at the House of Horrors
spilling from
an exit wound
of *Medusa's*
PHOENIX:

came that
treasure-filled morning
for me to rise up
& pack it out of
GRAVES;
so the gang dug up
our precious contraband
of gold teeth
for the division of spoils

And why did you

not eat

and why did you not take?

A pesky guardian angel came down
and whispered in my ear
to leave the bones of wrath unplanted
OR resurrect with them
again and again.

*Each room opens onto many terrible and relentless others.
The sequence of interminable doors you must try to go through,
until the spaces flow back into one another
when you understand
their origins and begin the work of reconstruction.
(So why in God's name
would you dare to open even one?)*

AND why do I repeatedly dream of living in a new pad
where I must go to the upper reaches of a closet
ONLY to discover a shoe box of teeth and cogs?
Indeed, where are they leading me
& what will such treasures bring?

Walking a landscape on a road to BE,
the edifice of rooms, now reduced
you carry as one of many plateaus inside your head outward
into many interconnecting planes you once thought did not apply.
Contented but annoyed

by the one causing a distraction
you begin to stamp repeatedly on the ground:

The way is the place

And that's all of it?

Remember this is a dream longing to be:
You find yourself in a field of snow—poly-directionally
you see everywhere at once

unleashing

that nothing that is

requiring more than ecosophy cum → schizoanalysis]

ERGO[T

straight in you dive

right onto the gurney

at something like

a thousand miles an hour

for ITS removal

sniffing deep the now volcanic gas
exiting Noriega's manhole cover face
you swirl past the peak in
Darien

flying South by Southwest]

clinging to the severed organ
that continues to throb

across

G o n d w a n a l a n d 's

ripped from another]

marsupial Nasza skies over desert
through Vinland still dying of thirst

eventually to settle
along El Tigre
—Three Rivers—

filling a desultory hulk
with other rusty buckets strewn about
like you carelessly abandoned
you still pour out

a song of the

A~N~A~S~T~O~M~O~S~I~S

tango
off Uruguay

tourists enjoy

THE PRESERVATION LEAGUE'S

Memory of the Way it Was]

and the wind

unpins jacaranda's robe

of petals

helping the guide to conceal

[behind some bolted door

our magic memory smoldering on a pyre

[speaking of pulp fiction

dioxins and furans?]

she shakes

strange yellow hair

washing≈≈≈

that man right out

into the world's largest estuary

variable mixtures saline temp

but without missing a beat

cradles a colorful bouquet

(to enthusiastic

applause and hurls it

through the air

over the chug-a-lug heads of weekend boaters) AND

onto the fluid lion-colored nape of our beloved La Plata

only to disturb hidden within a still

floating image of the tree rippling space/time

like gators back home making wallows for unknown others

to walk in mind that other swamp full of blossoms

as you pull off a shank of bark and write:

you can only have

what is truly yours

then make of it

before

pushing along a fervent hope

a vessel

you'll find next time

round

our memory theatre

the future of love

IS

Endosymbiosis

where comes in swallowing even] the breath
 such a
 between two somethings
 [*Möbius* *turning* *away*
 swells into a breeze
 carrying lemon Budin
 from Brother Benevides downstairs
 through the window
 & into the room
 loosening a scarf
 pause
 where you sit at the piano giving
 before you play
 OTHER **[co inventors**
 de] composers
 all kinds
 instruments
 glue varnish
 resin strings
 theories of
 NOT NOT TO MENTION:
 the philosopher
 botanist
 sociologist
 psychologist
 parent
 and the poet
 [ye teredos
 live not
 without thy cellulose-digesting symbionts
 but pass[ed on
 sand dunes
 produce
 an almanac of effects
 DO TELL
 these interlinks
 a wealth of nations
 may de]territorialize
 the machine
 looks OTHER
 in a mirror transmuting
 identities

waving in and out
express un]

foreign forces and bodies

[co

-terminously thinking of

The Miracle with Snake

deep in the garden

of Carlos Thays

bamboos turn shadows naked figures

no one sees but cats that sometimes stir

a stodgy player into steering a reluctant piece

along the board's inviting diagonals.

SO illogically Alice

I ask

a curious calico

]what a trip

who said cut from the rib

the gene was selfish

and given the lie

of the land)

why do we play

SUCH TERRIBLE GAMES AS

El Sueño

de la razon?

[whose INEXPLICABLE answer:

following Lao Tzu and Kung back out

onto that E.T. POND

trails us

?) AGAIN

to catch supper

when the craft having its own ideas

turns to deeper

limnetic zones

so smooth

(a different kind of boundary)

we barely leave a print

before leading straight

into profundity:

more sorrowful than snow

outlasting fickle spring measures

autumnal bluster

and with greater complexion

hotter

by far than hydrogen THIS

eco por un grito

BOOMING

this antecedent:

faced
with the threat of immediate annihilation
throughout the Cold War,
the people
were silenced
into consent with fear
acquiescing
to horrific national policies
that gave succor
to totalitarian regimes
all over the globe.
Translating
our anxiety of planetary death
from economic externality
to tangible use
an easy
turn
the bomb
aimed at *the other was*
re: targeted on us.
But the transference
of the mission from military to social
required tighter control
of the civilian population.
the EYE
of the bomb
like
some warden's eye from the Panopticon
was trained on us.
Its wake
triangulated the argument
that dissent is un-American.
And
in so doing
spread a disciplining mechanism
through every social layer
—winnowing the unmotivated, uncooperative, unfit.

As a small child
I was repeatedly
 taken down
 for
hypnogogic sessions
of child abuse
into the great public bomb shelters
on jolly
school holidays
 of Duck and Cover.

I sweated the night sweats over it.

On missions of mercy,
 ambulance sirens
 sent me
 into the torments of hell.

The
Cuban Missile Crisis
 scared my family
 to the outskirts of the city

seeking
the *Good Bomb Immunity*
the newspapers
 promised.

Now
we validate our parents' pathologies
 in endless reproduction.

The failure of the Cold War Project
to keep the social control system running
has been replaced
with the endless War on Terror.

But our dreams remain intact
as General Lord
 reminds us in

Rods from God

Space Superiority
is not our birthright

Space Superiority

—but → *it is our destiny!*

Space Supremacy

is our day-to-day mission.
is our vision for the future.

LET ME JUSTIFY

ANOTHER DIVAGATION:

Seeking to overpower

}the 2nd

recursive intensifications

periodic explosions

feed

take city deathtraps

sucking heat

rodents or otherwise[

ERGO[

a climate problem

to go from

is to go

with

Mongol caravan plagues

jumping off backs

Print the Legend!

port to

port

European substrates

]not w/o body:

language

a disease

subject

to phase transitions

beating out loneliness

amidst

the plethora

my heart my heart

along la Via Lactea

a family of Romani

in aerial balance

hold our plate

of blue green jade

barely kept

aloft

The click and chant of the world spiraling its orbit

a crying [American Scarab you tied to a hapless string

now escaping the eggs

deposited in treeforks, nymphs make holes

digging for roots. Here, they live underground sucking plant sap

years through the rostrum.

One early summer
while exiting my duplex,
10,000 cicadas
squeezed from beneath the hillside
crawling slowly
toward my door
en masse to greet me

[as I you now do

discover
co-involved]

feelings for the path
of liberation
engendered

in a final molting

whose amber husks of crusty armor
(medicinally deployed
as a powerful symbol of rebirth)
these angels-to-be cast off
first clamping them to hackberry launching pads

before coming out

definitely ready for the runway
—striking wide-set eyes ride bilaterally
their broad forehead above a skintight
showme jacket hugging chitinous flash,
whose metallic green shimmers radiantly
through patterned rays
on an overlay of doubled clear wings
tapering behind, provocatively dipping below—

joining multitudes] a female flicks the castanets of her biplane
releasing a male to fill with air
& enhance the resonance it drones
from abdominal tymbals

as this three-ringed circus of coterminous dreams unfolds
its post-modern cinema fading into this observer
now older you take me aside delineate the only sin
to incarcerate the soul
& only path to free the trapped spirit
a green-cowled shaman ready for takeoff

Metamorphoses
THIS compressed migration

REMEMBERING

a form of going

flying cliffwalks
over Rhonda
great the road

big cobble broken pebble kerb paving tile marble asphalt
Appian carries a Roman fist

Texas, Santa Fe, Oregon hoots and throws the sombrero

mock-turtle gentility amidst catwalk vestibules
wood-planked carriageway

Milwaukee=====Green Bay

deer to dirt
foot to trail

contouring
animal paths
ridgeways

carrying
drovers away from

the stone drum:

henge A SOUND
log
brick
deepening 14,000 years

INSTALLATION

Horse cart
auto
lane freeway
turnpike interstate
bridges
tunnel

crossing
junctions

Recalling the day I ate sandwiches

viaducts
interchange
with a shaman at] *SUB-WAY*
platform toll
city village street
easement route runway tarmac
smooth paved covered

the straighter Narrower
Via Romana

Reich way
conveying

LAW

COPS

AND

AND

ORDER

CLERKS:

Administrative

Technical

Commercial

Military

Religious

Academic

Controllers

OUR FORD

Channeling

predictable outputs.

W/O
thinking

our way
walls in and out

HERE AFTER

walking
the fenceline

separating

my partner on

the other side

we'll build
only
as we go

making frontiers
together
still percolates

Identities Coextend

we can not
dissect

The Nothing holds us together

W/ American slaves hightailing it for Mexican freedom at the Sabine—where
the woods hid them & unscrupulous Indians took 'em in—white patriots
(financed by U.S. entrepreneurs) heroically rebelled against the tyranny and
formed a new nation to reinstate that sacred institution and rid the state of
vermin, that is to say, to allow free and private enterprise to flourish.
Periodically they'd go off the deep end and hang some strange fruit on the trees
to show they meant business, then punctuate it for good measure with psychotic
mass murder. Sheriff Black, who was voted out next election by the citizens'
councils headed by the unconvicted, noted in what papers would print it:
WHITE MOBS SHOT UNARMED BLACKS LIKE SHEEP WITHOUT
REASON. In terror they ran up tracks for their lives hoping for sanctuary on
Wright's swamp—now yours. Near the ruins of their shacks and the old saw
mill, we'll put a stone up—since the state won't—to honor the victims of *The
Slocum Massacre*, some few buried under the ground we philosophically walk.

But Never over the same ground
 we go again discovering a niche,
these roads
as all OUR constructs
]social or architectural
hie coextensively
interstate impositions
 slashing forests mountain or ancient sites
or dropping buildings from the sky
heedlessly upon the Earth
without consideration of others
not to omit *time*
 [another in the before and after
will never *let be*
but deliver us merely]deposited without return
meanwhile Native traces as they were wont
networked the continent from immemorial.
Rivers NS guided perpendiculars
sutured EW with rhizomes
moving withal [and I detouring
 after Boone's Lick far recursing
to your place above the Neches,
reposited from mounds somehow
North at Cahokia only to go
& get my spine straightened
in the snake ecliptic with a ball of fire in the mouth

Walking Natchez [again?
 (hitching Pensacola turning Red)
 finally embrace Natchitoches
 before ambling to Caddo mounds
 such a home
 close by underlings reckoned with LaSalle]
 but catching
 a whiff of some pushing hard South
 lightning strike through
 gneiss interlarded con granate
 black schist
 greywacke
 gypsum
 red beds &
 ALONG Moctezuma's river
 finding ole Tamazunchale surrounded
 with limestone villages
 plunging mountaintops into coastal plain
 dizzying directions
 & what makes them
 return]that's what going's about
 to the place I started your pond
 then 'countering the Sabine go further West
 and of course South into Coahuilteco land
 along that → *camino real* intrusion]
 peopled with
 Sanan
 Comecrudo
 Cotoname
 Jumano
 to name a few builders of the line becoming circle
]we fly through [more to come
 the awful stretch to Tenotchtitlan our Xibalba
 with connectors leading up up up
 to Santa Fe, villages round, Chaco, to the towers
 what the trails carry the learners follow to pottery place
 → on to the university —taking three stones—
 down to earth laylining California
 in the course of time north north north
 to discover one
 and eventually reach that zone of
 via kayak on the hall of mirrored waters
 ONE IS never to be born
 to tall poles only
 has your face on it
 recursive burial
 from which
 again

with so much going on

Notwithstanding carbon
membranes ARE
permeable
ARE they NOT?

I mean energy's gotta come from
—that little blob underneath

wherezitgo]

SHE's shaping
GANESH?]

while **we** sign
the double
tally sticks running roads

cross[race ipsa loquitur

order
we suck

[measure how much

from Desert
Chaparral

Forests

Tundra

Ocean

Grass

we tender

other/ wise collectively
harvest

processes

re: produce

ex: change

modifying

blue/black through

gas floaters on star→fields

another nest within [living fossils
up north down past

mid level
flickering

white clouds]

train

down chimney spires

hot volcanoes belch

black slime]

snarls air traffic

[off Bariloche
underworld

food web

As Sophia spends morning
chasing cotton from Ceibas—
green at the center of crossing paths
—touched by a sleeping gypsy boy
hugging concrete, she leaves a bit
of change for him to wake to

no doubt
 UN]burdened with attachment
 some Buddha quietly steps over
 without bothering to try
 catches hands full of silk floss
 floating down [BUT
 pulling strands apart for closer examination)
 and thereby stitching Eurafasia
 into the discourse
 land sea air trade routes
 silk, spice, teas, porcelain, lacquer, ivory, textile,
 precious stone, pepper, gold, silver
 AND the rate pray tell what IS
 STUFF OF MEN)
 fine glass, wine, carpet, jewels SHE ASKS
 (*clutching*, I turn the tiny hand
 curving her finger
 back to point at
 and then tap her ~SELF)
 AN ECOSYSTEM?
 combining
 in many directions:
 accelerating intensity
 integration
 re
 coupling un-destroying
 dis ~sipating
 occurrences into events gone as new
 wind carries to our stoop
 jacarandas
 drop a million flowers
 that pretty soon turn to snow
 you can see it's no season
 to just sit back and have a few
 so don't worry
 cause I'm going out there
 later pretty quick
 after all is said and done
 to sweep a path out front
 long before you get here

we engage OTHERS
 to further comportments
 of auto-poietic sym-nets
 groping that is]

neurologically feeling WHAT'S [for US
 [exists]

through interconnectivity
 coextension SO if you expect me to turn
 to turn my back on the invitation
 the pond to go out [**once again** on
 in that leaky tub-of-yourns
 to watch all the wild geese
 fly in from every direction
 you got another thing coming
 world sets]

brother] the catalytic
 prebiotic ancestors lean
 i
 n
 g
 out to us NOT with stand i
 n
 g
 OUR hierarchy
 d e v a s t a t e s forests
 in the time they take to grow
 s e p t u p l i n g members whose
 CO₂ odor signals an alteration

s
 a
 t
 u
 r
 a
 t
 i
 n
 g
 the larger
 reduces ground

FOR THOU SHALT DIE
 ON THIS TREE

(THE ONE YOU MEASURE WITH)

jumping rope—the children’s lizard talk:
 If the one great man with his one great axe
 cut the one great tree in the one great sea
 oh what a glorious splash there would be

THUS, before it’s too late
 during full circle moon

go out deliver the ones
 who squeeze the universe sucking sweet
 them lying mouths wide beneath the gash
 they cut the world tree drive this stake
 into their hearts

But first climb up top to take A LOOKSEE:

		From	up	
				here
people	down			there
look	like]			ants

		From	down	
				there
ants	up			here
look	[like			people

		s~t~i~t~c~h~i~n~g	
		perceptions	surfacing]
from mat floors			
root			
	chemical	hydrogen	oxygen
	carbon		nitrogen
			bonds
			pirouetting
			adenine
			cytosine
			←with pyrimidines
	thymine	guanine	
		(pure	
		d~a~n~c~i~n~g	

gen[e
 i
 n
 g
]that is likewise environments
 on chromosome cribs) nucleotides code aminos
 (condensed enzymic proteins: constructing
 chaining polypeps maintaining
 reproducing)folding(
 such life
 full fat carb-
 b
 r
 a
 n
 c
 h
 i
 n
 g
 signals
 through mycorrhizal fermenters a perfect sett (I love)
 multi- storied super positioned poly tongued
 AND keep it close
 UP the sun eating
 mineral drinking
 epiphytic
 lichen
 (carry soil in their clutches
 climbing on high the tall trees
 re-root
 to grow and grow
 through
 N-fixing cyanos]honor thy
 s~y~m~b~i~o~s~i~s
 without which vertebrates could
 NOT
 nor crab go fiddling

[that's how

cold as a witch's tit
brother's got toast tights
full of apples to satisfy
Franklin's hungry pot belly

AND]

come sunup
mist rises in the lake
and we cast the cool water
to go with
evening wine

SO ANYONE CAN SEE WHY

as only 2 percent of rivers along whose valleys ran the ancient
Harappans run free
we incarcerate spirits of huge bodies Aral Chad de]basing

their spinning dreidels
for private gain
till the hum of stars

no longer stirs

the spirit
of the bee
a net of light
moves
us
part hive

]nor turns the
flying salmon

[modifying salt tolerances

for appropriate occasions
though still we sing the electromagnetic fish flying through space

aligning

from birth for the long return
or bear

pulled by the moon guiding crabs

the future held in our pincers' desire

DOWNUNDER
cosmic waters

WHIRLING

the spell
of whales' dancing
castanets

who parts
the great heaps?

on the dark bottom
keeping oceania together

hecatombs [of life

what tails stir

the UV smitten ice?

m~o~v~i~n~g
to hold

still

in planetary hierosgamos
the other side of the world

our caribou
shall not be

driven mad
by blood thirsty skeeters
awakened
from their antifreeze sleep
under the ice

when females lead the show
faster than galloping horses

blanketing tundra
all the way to the Taiga's edge
digging craters
through thick snow
they crave fine lichen

scribbling

—the ouroboros—
we read

at both ends from time to time—

hungry wolves howl for plenty
Likewise
[moose musk ox liver tapeworm cyst

all the while]

fox hare
hidden lynx owl

T A L K over dinner

as polar bears
 slide dwindling floes
 the morass shaking stones
 where fungi minerals receive
 for their OTHERS
 algae offer a plate
 of photo-
 synthetic glucose
 a pair
 of saintly eyes
 looking at
 our only
 paradise
 from all this mutual leaning in [the wind the weather the water
 SURFACES
 tha self
 tha 'tis
 tha self
 ROUNDING POLES
 CROSSING THE SWEEP OF COLOURS
 DRAWN BY CIRCUMPOLAR ARCTIC TERNS

such persistent nomads tethered in their paths the spirit flies
 to and from their ecoherent envelopes nested likewise up and
 down the larger or smaller sets migrating themselves tethered—
 [Consider Maritime birds flying thousands
 re=turn the quality of affection
 one feels for a mate of decades
 a shared responsibility
 their mutual freedom
 [offspring the air [as you said with only a thought
 Attaining the treeless north
 where gasses shrink
 its permafrost
 & for now] to the poor young carbon sink tundra
 living the precarious edge come summer snowmelt fills impertinent bogs
 breed insects dancing flourishes draw migratory birds and their
 companions feeding the soil with leftovers. [The hard underground
 sparsely rooted, permits low carpets only, dense masses stretching out
 thousands of years
 (like WW2 tank tracks in ice===now filling
 with liquid lakes
 for the occasional masked DUCK) [more to come

From *where three roads meet*, the gray-headed albatross hugs
the southern breeding grounds of the Atlantic; others encompass
the Indian; a third circumnavigates the globe in 50 days.

Climbing slopes this pelagic energy
—wind pushing the bird in swells of ocean—
bringing news written on an orchid caught in its beak:

Diversity draws plateaus together

across boundaries
 their workings define us
holding legacies of memory]not to forget the daughters of inspiration
temporal and spatial
within without each river rise
conserves & losing remakes
the overheated middle
 slowing down
the lower gets them going
 Take
this periodic wetland
a mere ditch occasionally *winking*
carries as it goes
hysteretic phase shifts
tipping points of no return
cascade interfacing entities
pancake layers
across the scale
 [move as you will
you cannot
change a single thing but every]thing
 ye windthrown
interclimaxing pioneers
w/ associations & stochastics(
 spread far and wide
 such news
fulfilling panarchic layers
 say multi-floored dragonflies jerking elevators]
food exchanges material codes
up and down coherences
even on this mercantile route leading no where
but where one [de] serves

STILL MOVING

thereby go too we tethered	NOMADS	an errant knight
part lichen moss grass		to saunter
taiga pine spruce		this holy land
form shedding snow		<i>I am becoming</i>
shielding with needle wax the harsh cold		down to the 50th
these conduits for cyclic burn		shrubs]
stimulate bark clearing canopies for lower groups		hemlock]
drawing insect societies w/	their seed crushing sibling]	
ecumening other	companions	
open and close [peristaltic	thresholds	round US

*bending
daffodils
the last snow falls*

on Basho's grave]	1:2, 1:3, 4:1	[prāna
filled with bugs		
	[<i>taming power of the small</i>	

swoops down to drink	involved in every nest
acid snow melt	such such[ness
	a crown of thorns)
where minerals poor partner	Archaea full
disease\wind	ant/aphid
balancing conifer	
soil	calling fire
	shakes loose wolverines

UNDER GROWTH	
mink seeking snowshoe	meandering vole
squirrel &	
speaking to friends in the herb garden	the journey we take
[I cannot say	is not <i>medicine</i>
but w/ apologies to S and J]	<i>our sickness needs</i>
nor that we enjoy our wine	of forgetting the world.
at expense	

For deep between arct-
 & trop-ic clay
 enriched leaves
 [the dryer the smaller
 hold the climate) [both ways?
 animals sleep in colors to match
 tall
 medium
 large
 the bald) near three-lobed sass [drinks elixir too
 and will break you in half
 to eat bugs in your womb
 even before they depart.
 DOWN TREE STRATA
*opening**closing* their plethora of leaves
 dropping or not
 through the reforming gap [a form of hibernation
 covering our cold roots] or migration spreading seeds
 in times of fierce heat human culture this time **the meteor**
 tall to short
 oak beech maple chestnut hickory elm basswood linden walnut
 sweet gum shrubs rhododendron azalea laurel huckleberry...
 CROWS
 ABOVE
 UNDEREARTH herbs further lichen club true moss
 waving
 deciduous assemblages
 begin
 a home
 as casts of hawks
 at
 edge
 cross grass
 our r h i z o m e
 wide
 mounds alive
 grist of bees drawing honey badgers
 guided by a wily bird [delight too far away rhinos
 trudging the thick of it to become ox peckers
]even as a 6th of herbivores cease to speak
 other carrier beasts miles-wide
 held in microbial mats live the OTHER

following
such a book
we eat
fire signals
the tall grass

reaching how far dispatching [what

already passed
the duster clears a way
for *Gaicho Cabra*

as gitanos with native roots
encourage vacas
to fill FOUR BELLIES FULL

Yoopie tay yay yippy yippy yooooooooo!

[Meanwhile

—unable to mix metaphors
at the exchange
the AGROBUSINESSMAN disallows
Chaparral]

[as time/space requires

the unproductive
lush scruffy survival
mind singing strange

through bodies of
desert high mule deer chipmunk horned toad viper jack kangaroo rat
borrowers praying mantis mourning turpentine brittle prickly pear bee
ladybug coyote tracking roadrunner

salt cacti sage
crouching
low
regulating cool
poison oak scrub yucca whipple

my honey sweet acacia
please climb
ripe with galls)
till the long necks come
and cold wind

elemental
as

legs) carries a weird message through
the vast interstate living room—tree to tree—
triggering some to change demands and drop their foliage
or even blowing through the continuum of bittering leaves
—both signals managing growth and overzealous bugs
still won't keep **rascals**
from giving us a trim

Step
right in to my
P~a~|~o~o~k~a~r~i~a
SIR

—no doubt distressing to lice,
the barber in los aldeas
deep cuts straight across
2 inches above the ear

only not too much off the top knot please
gotta leave a subtext click[s me a
mechanical turn
desiring
v~i~b~r~a~t~i~o~n~s

to attach
MORE to you

quickclick
half-circle hummmm

the mind an sst crossing plateaus

even in a pile of hair
carries forward more than a whiff

say of rainforest

admitting
cosmic rays among them light
sculpts morphologies

of energy
bodies

who can name
gravity

radiation
soil

wind

fire

microbes

fungi

animals

within without

shaping content

life pressure pushing back

receptive constraints

the plethora hatching from distant stars

nested intersubjectivities

standing by I wave

clicking pincers

to upset wide formations

opening~closing~losing~claiming~ignoring~unnoticing~forming

SEE HOW

the keen-eyed Goby

embraces **the blind** for more than

—observe its companion shrimp risk

the sake of a burrow[?]

extension

through an array of

hermits tickling fancies

of anemone

to keep meddling]that is inquisitive 8-minded octopi at bay

till

one flicks his tail to bring

a lost soul home

SO many floaters strong swimmers [magnetically enmapped)

cross pelagic

poly

verse

trans

links

shape

temp

circulation

currents

absorbing heat

stuck in a lifeboat without a paddle

*upon the kindness
of autotrophs we heteros
inter depend*

not to mention abiotics though it's NOT

CLOSED

like] that anyhow as

driven sun transforms

'what it is'

shifting this seed (such a pearl) the world spits out
even to the back of our cardboard bus]

that's one small step

after pros gave up recovering artifacts in brother's wood

through *Challenger* debris fields we scavenged bottoms we know better

discovering ghosts of the seven haunting the place as rays *come*

together dwelling hollow logs, whistling stiff reeds in the swamp. The

three dogs: Cadillac, Sounder, Laylow [always did when something

involved work] run the small animal tunnels uprooting clues. We

tightrope the border set of rails skipping rocks with kids aiming for that

trunk out in the middle we sometimes hit—a fly and a miss—the cur-

vaceous arc transposed by the water into responsive embraces ((()))

go take a looksee out in the canoe when the proverbial train passes,

spot something moving the beaver's den we can't make out, keeping

clear that gator with appetite. I still say the goblins are welcome to stay

long as they've a mind to

And besides,
 this place has something
 for everyone
 to make a contribution with its
 shifting limits
]how can we not
 jump the track
 with relative intersubjective
 that is to say p~o~r~o~u~s
 & temporary equilibria
 take us with
 our ecumenon
 this immanent
 phenomenon stretching
 far out

 following how
 insectivore least sandpipers
 breed the tundra
 foraging

 They nest the wetland sedges,
 bogs, tussock heaths, sparse cables
 migrating 2500 miles
 to Brazil

like you I get]

pausing at flats, rocky shoreline,
 inland wet meadows, flood fields,
 muddy-edged lakes, ponds, ditches.

Wintering lagoons mangrove saltmarsh swamps tidal sloughs
 they probe damp mud with long bills
 using surface tension for transport
 —eating small invertebrate
 amphi- iso- gastro-pods,
 horseshoe crab eggs, water flea, midge, beetle,
 dragonfly—

the entire world's our bailiwick
 intimates the wandering gliders;
we're collaborators in a global panmictic identity!

 through seeds of grasses, smartweed and panic
 [you breathe **in like wise**[Now
 heading South off
 Black River
 watching egrets ride backs of deer into the quiet lake
 some green bird halts

*I am myself
and not myself
always
I am [you*

*(speaking of Oedipus
on vaudeville*

cantering
up from God's finger

flying the lift I wet my pants
with swollen prostate
ABOVE
the grand circuit of
7 beauties

[and w/ apologies to

UMMMMMMaaaaahhhreeeeeeOH—Z that is]

the rich stores of
Bariloche display

*familial assortments
of chocolate statues
mesmerized
in the weird flickering light of
Father Knows Best
[with daughters Princess and Kitten
[and of course son Bud]*

streets dust us with Wednesday's

ashes we] climb out of
up and over

an overgrown path clambering

stones to take a looksee

THEN

counting intakes all the way down the mountain
into a cradle of talking reeds

a meadow of fire flowers takes our breath away

giving it all back crossing
Nahuel Huapi notwithstanding
the first prize photo: a sea gull nipping
our daughter's hand to swipe a cracker
—she can't wait to plunge her rosy fingers
deep into the dawn of freezing water

Caught
in the reflection's

inverse map

Arrayanes too
reach

OUT
to Chile rediscovering
[911

under wreckage

El Otro
of assassination

the conquistador's ships]
off quai
mooring bateau
at island forest
of naked legs

Klaxon
horns

scatter thousands
in every direction
wind blows red

crossing limbs
closer stretch
over a running creek
the sleeping giant

continues to dream

boardwalk yellow spray
thrusts pansy pink

umbelliferous

rose thorn red daubs
cross hatching mirror floors
then & then down
leaking dark ideograms into

white dots
rust-centered collars
fern gaggles
the Andes
rise with snow

this milky green river
of black volcanic glass
encrusts ancient animals
we are

the ones dividing sucklings from the sucked

Nested within
 multivarious forces shape the face
 along rotations the axis
 shifting lasso & regathering ellipses
 its up and down the planetary plane
 likewise precess [a line dividing a cliff face waiting for you to fly across
 earth air water spiraling
 in and out of bodies
 suck radioactive stars transmuting
 the numinous stuff electromagnetized
 in unsettled soured chambers
 peristaltic ejections convey
 along protean channels red hot lava
 jet seismic waves rubble through
 ricocheting quakes zigzag protest across
 curvatures of troughs hot spots excruciating lifts
 vomiting from mouths of fat heads ash plume
 tsunamis the plates pooling resources
 in soft underbellies lubricating the gravitational slide
 unleashing cycles continental oceanic
 crusts open and close
 reconverge and set loose
 rivers trenching miles wide
 churning metal the rich core
 exposed in rock, acceptor infused,
 veins of fat acid blocks
 sipping hydrothermal brews
the all of which scribbling verses
 on the way up the dark mantle
 lighting vents our lamp of life
 not so different
 oceans cutting soil fire and ice
 releasing further planetary gasses
 generally lunge OUT
 falling in
 passing through
 likewise one inside another
 the winking making things happen
 but separating in our fashion
 the burial of the dead
 across an invisible line
 in ceremonies of root and bone.

at the frontier
of politics

Green La Fria

cuts cold mountain

sweeping myrtles
along the way
expose
their rosy sides

trapped in destination
no exit

m~e~r~c~i~l~e~s~s
biting flies

force us to eat crap
at the only haven

on
Todos Los Santos
the volcano rides
uneasily
further down
the river shakes
Osorno's frozen stones

First Spanish grammar
presented to
Queen Isabela
1492
Mass

Text
w/
Production
prot emphasis
on *the translation*

hierarchies
paving the route to

e x p l o d e d

MASS culture

fixing homogeneous zones
to preclude
the passage of time

co-assemblages
initiate
co-emergencies

bringing order
to a certain understanding of chaos

[All aboard!

First
Cawdrey's]1604
Table Alphabeticall:

Academicke, of the sect of wise and learned men
Advertise, advise, give knowledge, or counsell
Affranchise, set at libertie
Alledge, bring prooffe
Architest, chiefe builder
Geometrie, art of measuring the Earth
Geomancie, sorcerie by circkles and pricks in the Earth
Incense, offering made by fire
Matrixe, wombe
Mediocritie, a measure, a meane
Mellifluous, sweet as hony, yielding much hony
Meteors, elementarie bodies, or moyst things, ingendered of vapours
in the ayre above
Parasite, a base flatterer, or soothing companion
Planet, wandring starre
Seminarie, a nurserie, or seeds plot for young trees, or grafts
Tradition, a delivering from one to another

opposed to connecting tissue—
 joints between things part of the bestiary—
 the lizard
 grows a new one

cut off
 a chicken's head
 continues to wag
 →

ζ having lassoed electromagnetic fields
 and ridden the winds to a place of rest

spiders say spring out
 their legs AS

each piece a new
 a flat worm into self thanks to bacteria within]
 insouciant becoming fish crawls into our mouths
 or another
 and begins to sing watermelon...cantaloupe...
cucumberzzz!

[that is sea & [horizontal
 transgen slugs photosynthesize

while over a lifetime
 sharks squeeze OUT 24,000 new teeth

*The way
you look at
the instrument
makes
what music
the stops allow*

ushering in
an enhanced practice
of correction in
education
roads
law & language
Johnson's DIC (1755)
Webster's *Compendious* (1806)
close at hand
Napoleon reinstates slavery
(1825 reparations to HOLDERS finally paid off (1947)
10 years before
Papa Doc and his Tonton Macoute
begin the age of Zombies)

SEEK NOT MUMMIA THE POWER OF THE SUDDEN DEAD[

Transnationals[

promote CU personhood to nation status,
by way of

current labor inequalities
time-future instruments GLOBALIZED to squeeze
necrotrophic fixings THAT'S US
into greedy corporate troughs
channeling said contents into their boundless stomachs.

Interior magma through the give
crystallizes letting go a
congruence of genes
exuding
as pressures allow

our talk mineralizing an isolated stand still
before re: TONGUING

its babel
of holy convergencies
to frame] [*the new* oediphices

aggregated
stuff of auto self-consistencies
 fulfilling a secret wish
as temblors scatter heteronyms
across *Pangaea's* striven body w/o organs [among *the sups*]
 Rather Not unplanned unplanted
but local among hyper locals part cosmic winking
 polyverse steps along the way various states process
 stratified sun feeling the world
 consign Historia Real [that Camino
 absent metaphor of transubstance
striking through mock [fjords fab CO₂ depositories]
 the barge
floats cumulonimbi pestering Calbuco volcano
cuando el sol
breaks up empty threats
& reshoots the whole water scene
on the adjacent impressionable white cliffs
in case anyone missed the action
 clearing slowly moving round
 the keeper of a father's soul
 out of the fog
 becoming
 frog

H P I G E K
O P N D C S

just *for the heck of it!*
 [amphibians alter the skin of the environment]
so
we cannot find
 our daughter
 till we find her
looking out moon window
 at the flying
 V
 she waits
 for nothing in particular

while heron
great blue shock of grey
takes his pick
 between
 ripples ≈ ≈ ≈ the royal road opened by a well-dressed figure
with a
Laugh Laugh Laugh up ahead
 we finish
 our picnic
 on a hill

OVERLOOKING

Llanquihue

irresponsible damselflies
pursue gyrations of the horizontal plane,
 as sincere bumble bees follow the tide
 surely rising up and down
or in fury roll turbulences to right their line into
the omnipresent plush of wild interminables.
Now plopping the last dark cherry down
 I can think of no explanation
 how we could have
 left that delicious orange
 full of blood at the hotel.

SO

Drunk among flowers
the flying canopy
drops its
dream
net

dawning
places our lineage

[Beware the mill
God grinds for food
—the time of beings

re:

Death
turns
the water

Mountains
eat this green Sun
Oceans
the golden
River
its starry sky
has a thousand eyes
on you Mr. Blue
waving boundaries trolling the abundant
where the warm and cold
run together

along
Peulla bank
excited by his smile
what the fisherman caught
why am I surprised
at the simple water
spilling from
his bucket
emptying
NOW

Hitching → rides
across vast oceans
the eternal
Medusa

dying
descends fetally
to the bottom
takes in
bells absorbing tentacles
over time —este viaje a la semilla—
hardening blobs root out
stolons transdifferentiating
their spindly polyps
pulsing open and closed release an immortal annunciation of worlds
from herself again and again

AVAST!
playing Captain Swabe
right at

the moment of re:assumption

on lago grande
we set sail
aboard ye olde fake schooner

while *She*
combing neatly
even each hair
straightening
face
on a long tight stick
a roving dragonfly
momentarily
rests
to continue
spinning its tale

W/ NOTHING
A Thousand Flowers

more beautiful than poetry
contend some

altogether

OTHER

altogether

linking Magellan's slave

Enrique de Malacca
Juan Sebastian de Elcano

with *Victoria's*

to circumscribe

this illustrious bulb

(1522)

or as hungry Porteños say
—trailing the Andes' side juicy fat
to start with Cabs upon fireland black
STOP before Jujuy at Calafate with [*Tannat*

sin embargo

lo major es desde Uruguay...]

where tipsy hunters

standing by the copse of robles in red fields of amapola
hear the hollow sound of mallets on wood
driving rabbits
into their sights

everything is foodfoodfood

from

Canada to Argentina

a chiasmus of

kettling thermals

Swainson's

crossing billions of locusts

rising falling

the longest row
through wheat and alfalfa
and closes the tail to glide
eyes fixed for small

strung out along
funneling the Isthmus
one sets its wings
in dihedral position,
mammals to show] when

sun breaks through a specter of birds shading the pampas

such a power
zigzags the way
only to deliver
twigs and bits of hay
such letters household business
the scent of spring brushed aside perhaps
before they stain THIS PAGE

with YELLOW

then dipping my bill
back at the *idle hour*
patrons step outside to take a pee [as a busybody
lights on a branch of borracho de palo
shaking his ruffled feathers at us

when] I offer an apology
in lieu of a prospect of flowers]
la cigüeña [flying]
drops true as Earth
an iridescent spiral
your favorite
shining white deep blue green
an opal of great price given to one
whose luminous work you may
look into but never through

At last
when you cease to fix
your gaze on
one thing then another
and
become the road you walk

near San Antonio de Areco
this UMBO full of spirits
comes also from birds dropping
seeds way off river
where Gaucho Cabra
wags a pivotal phalange
NOT
to ride faster
than you can STOP

Rhyming Yonders
Indians burn grass
Cowboys scatter sagebrush

There is always something,
 contrariwise, to read: YES
 require BURB- lawns and[high school football fields
 constant attention from maintenance crews
 OR *subclimax* systems run to weeds and shrubs]
 mounds
 hive nest
 webs *where*
there's
here
's
another
 except as affect of the
 subject
 there's no such
 alone as OTHER
 where reduction
 meets holism
 dis]
 ordering an emergent biosphere
 I eat an apple so delicious
 that kind of picnic
 smothered in dead leaves
 a stork
 a rock
 a tree
 under whose mistletoe
 we kiss the fruit
 the dirt
 the blossom
 wasp ascends a gall
 as an oak-pollinating
 a moth friendly face a spider
 emptying himself
 to selves yet becoming in a mate
 ant
 a mantis
 bird snake caterpillar
 butterfly bird snail maggot
 bee flies
 dropping the front
 turns back
 folding in half
 desiring the other OH do!

like
let poison fool

spikes
shells
colors
& Tarahumara children

[yes the mind re:turns
deer moving over rocks

pause
to wonder at this cascading hair
but laugh at my red kerchief
& fussy stilted
whole earth boots

sidestepping crablike
back to

[having never departed

the philosophic barber
sweeping piles of knotted strands from the floor
right into the compost out back

each one a tale
braided into a cord of stories
I plant in hopes of taking off *with what it might render*

& my impersonation the sincerest flattery
clinging tightly its snood—Lice Radiated Species
with Gondwanaland breakup
before the Cretaceous ensemble
when THE RHIZOME
parasitized dinosaurs

featherering?]
if/then birds

(through cometary cataclysm)
(great tinamou harbors 18)
and mammals COevolving as needed
mirrored companions.
Datable DNA fossils benchmark
points of bifurcation.
Human pubic lice relate to gorilla's
from 13 million BP; head-lice cropped up
as humans and chimpanzees
parted company.

Our loss of hair runs the Kudu down the path of heat stroke.

ACCEPT
 WE [endo/ecto parasitic
 passing multiple
 slime mold re:
 gathering collectives

live
 an other
 vampires the blood
 worms in]

the ass
 eye
 toe
 leg
 head (construct the world
 [as hair step right in this
 stomach
 pricks
 horse flies
 bot

fleas
 [living the dog feed protozoa in the gut]
 tick boring

spreader drinking you crab

leeching
 hub

NUMEROUS ALSO
 as the knotted STARS
 splicing innumerable tales drawn from
 (virus reservoirs
 synthesizing light

mitigate the green house THESE Wolves
 liberate through lysis

* a dialogue on friendship
 strengthening resistance, oceanic virioplankton

promote
 nutrient cycling carbon respiration
 particle distribution sinking rates biodiversity

control

The Dreaded Algal Bloom!

Now Showing @ THE MAJOR THEATRE

And
this strange line
worming out
of the screen
and into life:

At the age of 6,
the irrepressible children
of the neighborhood
escaped
their prisons
making their way
into various
and secret garages
to discover
their privates
in that
most exciting of erotic playhouses:

*show me yours
'n
I'll show you mine*

These ongoing
nomadic exploratoria
ended
of a sudden
when
participants caught
en flagrante delicto
by
the host's father [who
pointed at me
intimating that I
was surely to blame,
being Catholic
something
I thought quite unfair
since clearly numerous others
and his own [daughter
not only hosted the
saturnalia
but provisioned the invitation list and most of the inspiration]

At the same time
two plateaus were converging at my school:

1. The nuns provided vivid details of the visions of Fatima...

This is what will happen to you if you are evil.
Here the *merciful* virgin appeared before the children
who had apparently engaged in similar [as above...] behavior.
She opened the ground up and the evil children shook with fear
as they observed the sinners in hell
suffering unspeakable and endless torment for their sins.

2. During the Cuban missile crisis, just as the adult world prepared to
destroy everything in sight, the nuns informed us we could protect
ourselves by getting under our desks and covering our heads with our
arms and hands....

They underscored this comforting thought
with special school outings
—taking us down like abusive priests to the city bomb shelter
[over at the fair grounds of course].
None of the kids believed this
and we (I) informed them
that we had all seen films of Hiroshima
and knew that all of us would be vaporized.
Licking ice from their Papal ferulas
they took comfort
directing
attention
back into
the vision underground
of suffering sinners.
My traumatic dreams
trolleyed madly
back and forth between
till the two
merged into one—AND
I would waken in torment:
the image still hanging above—
a smoldering Earth
and me trying to run away and escape
along some unknown path
leading god knows where.

Back to other viruses we ardent travelers go WITH
bags and all when a transfusion's
needed
unpack these GENE CONSERVATORIES
speaking of which *they aren't alive*
the master asserts
CAUSE *they can't exist* [outside
living cells when
As Be used to threaten:
may Sputnik just
fall right on
your unsuspecting
head

Mr. Humbug asserts [with Medusa's encouragement (Consider
that Ur Viruses masters of the HGT
became symbionts for other microbes
injecting innovative futures into their simple genes.
Coterminously recognizing the obvious inefficiencies in the system,
they relied upon hosts to provide "free" energy for certain functions
and reduced to mere elements these aspects of life strategies
enabling said parts to become machinic cosmonauts to fly boldly with certitude
under extreme conditions >offplanet & plug in to some other source for
successful propagation of their bibliotechnical colonies)

That is, Professor: cells
environment [deploying a verb
as every thing needs
or IS
to span the GAPS
take archaea to extend]the example
bacteria
fungi (lassoing critters for further use

or take Cobb: *if all the matter...except [one] were swept away*
...as disembodied spirits ...we should find
mountains, hills, vales, rivers, lakes, oceans
represented by a film... The location of towns... decipherable...trees...
still stand in ghostly rows representing our streets and highways. The
location...(and of animals] **decipherable**
...even their kind... **determined by**
nema parasites taking tongue
OR → [lamprey
every where deliver my egg
into your nest for another to raise

ergo
AND non-living partners
process
resource capture
use
and edification.

predation's a form of parasitism

HOW you see is
HOW you see it

so how you eat
CROW
calls the wolves to supper
opening the diner for conversation—

PROOF THE WORLD IS REAL

I tattoo *another's* hood [mea culpa juan
on this belly
to show

an art of bodies
covered with fingerprints

proclivities range morphodynamically
pregnant
intensities speed

emerging
PROCESSES

WE'RE SPEAKING
layers
of possible countenances

shine upon us
illumination, Horatio,
there are more...

BWO/WB **[s**
select pressures for

what's to come suggests
more than one dream interface
to open the continuum

feeling [its way across
the direction of sense
multiplane spatialities accelerate
coalitions of qualifiers releasing
partnering diverse climates

ant/plant inside\out

satisfaction
metamorphose

FOLD

nose
 from → a
 snout
 purse a mouth
 dark
 down
 submucosal capillary
 & intestines
 while
 the microbe
 barber or picnic?
 a hundred

the netted
 road that walks you
 its magic through all things
 like [wise
 calls us to supper
 the moment we're "born"
 trillion ORGAN communities
 digesting
 transforming
 degrading
 synthesizing

tutoring
 we micro biome the macro
 THE NOW
 becoming genome
 an amalgam
 maintains un]ruly alliances

[we're crowded in here

from inner elbow to nomadic skin
 the whole
 Dr. Socrates treats the break down of relations
 between affiliated domains of nested]inter
 net
 talk through elaborate nutrient
 cycles [disambiguating various
 tones of approbation and derision jabbering

underworld

insects
 via the green phone
 inform accomplices

above

the spot's already taken
 as interloper wasps
 listen
 for Orpheus signals
 on the party line

READING messages from a plant's electromagnetic fields
in the hairs of its legs
Bumblybee Xunan Kab rank pollinator
checks out blossomy cherry
blue-cran-berry pumpkins
—their hearts, too, stained WITH

YELLOW
EVERYWHERE

THE EARTHLY DIVINE IS SPREAD

flowers on the wing
feather out

c~o~p~t~e~r~i~n~g

some stingers down
attach to a passing dog
or offer a sweetie for a raptor
to carry on

temp rises
wind changes
the plains
lose their colors

Where will they all go
when what comes next to
live near these grassy stones?

e [volution
[in volves
a change of mind

formulate theories of while corporate scientists
avoidance

the object imprisoning
for CONTROLLED in isolation tanks
WE'VE CREATED study and projection
w/o germs?

[O where are the ones
we can't remember deep in
tectonic vents fired
ancient calamities

transfusing→ elements
say nickel and oxygen

raising complications among symbionts
the life-giving sun yes
wriggles tube worms
& their hydrogen sulfide brethren

coevolving
but sulfur [ALSO
no mouth no anus

yes to enact
wisely what's yours has been the project
even as we climb back into the same bloody womb LEARNING
[about the time we eat every one in sight

the problem of
walling off one from the other
now, at that fence built for such a purpose
I reach down to a knotted lanyard
only to discover twin cords of snakes
a double helix [moving yonder]

red on yella kill a fella

facing such danger with such pride
still wish to wear them a crown of banded light
[the Poet becoming Medusa
that would anoint my head with bacteria at birth
when the dream awakens me to a shoreline
tangled in the old parrot-pecked brain of coral: Oceanic
desire NOT THIS otherwise

fat arms cross the swelling chest
an endless woeful
brag of bones
reminding everyone
what we'll do to those "motherfuckers"
never will be schooled

the same and never live but always over
Sounds like]crackers and grape juice[the scientific method!

In the beginning
the immanent incomplete
translatable word

You can
talk talk talk
but you gotta know...

with a sword to divide child from parent
I means to deeeeterritooooorialiiiiize the whole bloody...

Stranger I think you misunderstand

the *NATURE* of the **state**
id) (da
Bidness

]E'en SO outside mere thought
 to settle the score linking our w]hole
 our content a[part
 consciousness
 vectors arrivals and departures
 the next stop an [OTHER
 unlikely as this sounds
 woven **into**
 fabrics
 non + living hardly my] **s~e~l~f**
 I put on again
 re cursing distributive justice strung out
 a] long for a time do tell
 path- finder] pilgrim organisms
 continentally speaking to dialogue
 jointly
 the caterpillar's
 part spit
 each [species *dubious?]*
 limns surplus value
 seeks references of completion
 punctuating moments of uncertainty
 our place of negative]capability
 overcoding wayfares how
 any [book or [body an inward face
 another act upon
 out ward
 transubstantiating words
 fill gaps
 re: segmenting
 maps to partner
 TRANS VERSE
 Heterogamous connections
 pivot equilibria
 thermodynamic high energy [IN
 porting
 to[o a part

Up
and down the track
Noise

—the unwanted—
like a virus

we [beneficiaries of the
pre] suppose to be

un]rigged deck
OUTSIDE]

shapes
& delivers

MORE

[re: presents

(that something
like] THE WAY
anything is)

Information
empties
accretes &

is filtered

(to promote
preferred results)
disrupting
integrity that concentration arises
through contingencies

folding enfolding refolding unfolding

therefore,
code—a fixer in time of a given articulation
nonetheless re:visions

drawing freely from multi-verses,
endosymbiont architects
engine
coevolutionary design

HOW

ERGO
targeted procedures of control,
elimination

SAY

denial
and redundancy
reproduce desire only
clarifying a mise-en-scène
perhaps THE SELECT ENJOY

contrariwise
seeking further
endorsements
from
participating members
appears [to change
an environment
only to discover
it is us
therefore OF
exchanging
[stability
interacts]
into
complexities of wholeness
(a capacity to maintain
continuance
within dynamic frames of
creative constraint)
feeding on low entropy
nesting
reconfigures THE OTHER
a panarchic orientation
coformative ROUND
lines—
[while
Capitalism
precludes
our brand
reproduces
states whose demesne
of action
disposition
[OUTSIDE
a narrow
raison d'être hindering
such
creative advance
FEELING
the way to
satisfaction

Just
when I begin to read and write
SO take no comfort

reducing
polycodes to s

i

n

g

l

e file

drowsy eyes &

dull ears

replace

sharp tongues

before they learn to crawl

into a book

and libraries

fall into disuse

flattening

the wild polysyllabic ranges

into narrow bands

of comfort; STILL

*extending
above
and
below*

THE PAGE

ye hopper becoming frog

from a mesh without net
releases

its cacophony

into
ears are Kanteles
strung
from jawbones
of a pike
to shake awake

the malleus and incus

from the 1st gill

shape the 2nd

crawling to land

hyomandibula

more amplifier than

skull support
to fill

but enough

the blue-green plate

the blue-green bowl

to the
goes on
saying
each

BETWEEN

re: qualifying
courses
stringing out

re
combinatory

]for example
[signifiers

morph
dance a round
@ the BIG
FIESTA...

a rheostatic
or two

bring back

THE SAGUAROS!

we're having

temporarily
does mean

NOW

[in a way

FOREVER

doesn't

though push as only we can
the Holonvelope
nests Anthropocene to brood

pasajeros packing likewise little

bundles]

give and take such
words fill every coextensive

CUP

bodies

return

of health] links
illness with

the cure

I drink alone

among nettles

till the pitying moon

joins

my shadow

to make an end

of such solitude

and what fine companions three
take the fabulous scented promenades

far and deep with clay

when I wake again

from this companionable sleep

nearly drowned with stars

in a milky river

s~n~a~k~i~n~g
through

redwoods
LED MOODS

strike

v
e
r
t
i
c
a
l
s

holding hands
beneath

bays'

astonishing groundfall
(claims the

h~o~r~i~z~o~n~t~a~l

EXCHANGE

but suckers invite

conjugatively

transversal

(a double pas de deux)

of ants and vines

making stuff you could name

edge this way

OUT

a grain of sand

shifting

from one ocean

to another

what are little boys made of?

we carry Felix' kit 'n caboodle

caught up in your hand

f~l~o~w~s

the book

spelling trees make

this chimera sit its mudras

in the limbs

taking shape

i am sitting here

UNDER
THE GREAT TREE:

a
r
b
o
r
e
s
c
e
n
t

memory

still

presides

along the stream you are sitting too

you are sitting

with me

she is sitting

he is sitting

they are sitting there down the

stream

she is sitting with you there

he is sitting

with me here

you are sitting

with her there

she is sitting

with me here

y'all are sitting there

along the stream

y'all are sitting

with me here

along the stream sitting

there

we are streaming here holding together

fascicle

taproot

radicle

rhizome

Through aspen still quaking old Pando

Stratamizing

in]consistent

o m n i d i r e c t i o n a l

mind]

captures as if a snow field

unifying composites

various size

elastic

intensities

d~i~s~t~r~i~b~u~t~i~n~g

spacial

multi-

polarities

shaped by

gravity

electromagnetic

escape

attraction

verbalizing

nouns

more than

a regime

limned

THE WORLD MAKES REAL

autopoietic consistency

remarking

references of completion within

overcoding wakes

fierce wind

pushes us to climb

La Malinche

early autumn

dark clouds beat us

dropping their loads.

Not used to such heights nor

the tiny matter of failure

the exhausted friends

fill the barren space

above timberline

with a good

cry before

turning

back

to midwife grief through the bottle neck

we'll call the poet into service

the was of then
continues
now

pocketed redressed shifts
territorializing privilege
cannot be absolute

OTHER
tongues have eyes [& read
even as polycodes reduce
fractals

reassemble

for advice and consent
the world on the page
reaches
other hands

she surely knows
how little it matters
seeing I'd rather be out on a cold deck
with a hard rain stinging my face
than inside saying goodbye
for no good reason

understanding fully
the misfortune of beauty
she fixes an orchid wasp
to the nest she's built in her hair
stopping for a moment
to look
in the mirror

different compositions
move the rhizosphere
connecting

say this book]

subjects

spread

[outside

proliferating

identities

firing points

tempomultiplicitate emergencies

A does not
some infinities are bigger than others;
the excesses of poetry:

cause B
therefore math cannot curb

the laugh machine needs
to make it go

A = A
no

A ≠ A
one

you said

]there is [no away

the polyvocality can not be [silenced
to remain

Earth
re=cords Beatitudes
JUST SO

present sources groove
on more than

the medium
holds us]
partials

move Consortia
through the larger swallowed
thinks WE & OUTSIDE

no thing happens
no local w/o
the interpoietic express

going down the line
more than mimicry

[a
FIXING
and WIN
K
no w] ing

(this redundant ORDER of valid arguments
compels a path of compliance/

Predating the internal combustion engine [tar distilled from oil)
suffered by folks ambulating paved streets of **UR** [the circuit an
environment...qualified by heaves of frost cracking heat digging rain snowmelt
NOW RUNNING gasoline, motor oil, heavy metal, trash, nickel, copper, zinc,
cadmium, lead, de-icing chemicals salts, coupling axle bearing weight laying the
climate down

sun kinks warp the tracks
jets bounce off
The WAY softens
the bridge melting in the surge
ships dare not cross

—such a state of] langbiz aims its firing S Q U A D
atwhatitis **to be**

Riverwise

Kingfisher used to laugh him on
but heron doesn't fly here anymore;
above the Flint mist gathers a confusion of grief
—white clouds drift ahead without taking notice

—this lack of quantity a number you divide to discover

on the way
to disappearance
an *other*
hierosgamos
emerges

la fleur d'amour be-coming wasp

I am the part you do not see
the portion of nada
you finally notice
when already gone

di- [visible
in-]effects

w-]h le
[o] UR
[i]
r l [d
A[] part

KNOCK KNOCK

Who's There?

The thing that isn't

Aren't you

MOST substantial
Futures

produce
performing the

Presences
hermeneutics of mercy

Speaking in
Tongue
S T O N E S *It's alive!*

to annul the cruelty of reason

KIPU THIS:

\$~~~~\$~~~~\$~~~~\$~~~~\$~~~~\$

GRAMMATOLOGY:
the study of power

relations

e ~ n ~ v ~ i ~ r ~ o ~ n ~ m ~ e ~ n ~ t

ONLY

WE a point of permeable
self hood en route
to new configurations of
signal
odor
field
sound
color

through semiospheres
of others

time verticals
horizontal space

re:grouping apparati
endosymbiotic
linguaging ecology
umwelt's
whose cellular cytoskeleton

medicine
ouR growing
COUNTERPOINT

translated

pro-to-eu- [if
in a 2 billion year dialogue not]
and with spatial ramifications
to boot [given the complexity

that's a tag knot[given A's dual Identity
reducible to biomechanical competence
of receptive monkeys surfing the web

you are
a question
I am going
to answer

yet even unto completion of
our 19th c foot

this odd frame

drags an image]like
to remonstrate with you
strange OTHER

a photographer's curtain behind

THAT
such interactive notions
of pure survival of the fittest
suggest a priori discretion

&

un[like
 the territory's
 gonnafitthisheyahmapinmahayed

the text has its own
 with regard to amour
 say the flowering mantis
 expressed in pink
 phylogenetic history

exposes linkages
 like] wise these mound builders
 arch a plethora of towers

RE:modeled as stigmergic algorithm]

Guilty as charged —Also from Cawdry's Table: *Stigmaticall*, knavish,
 burnt through the eare for a rogue

to design a meshwork city

how books are written
 flowers draw
 tongues into their ears [a strange
 annunciation of

bats in a swarm
 echolocate spheroidal amplitudes
 fly through
 extracting material information [pressed flat EIDOS

with each step up
 this small tower the world
 becomes wider; so why
 the higher I climb

the farther away everyone gets

But still
 caints **picktore** no 'munculus
 in dat floating ball-o-string you call a brain
 nowhares

NEVERTHELESS our mouths speak
 another's [go falling in love [along a wooden road out of Camelot
 through somatic ecology
 receptors collectivize

context]S
 [the hermeneutics of response adapt

communicating stories RE: consider=>

immune system terpenoids
in the corn leaves
propagate the message
in the caterpillar's spittle
calling a wasp to supper

and not JUST the brain reaches through
distributed coextensive
talking layers making sense
stretching semiospheres

the LIVE body collective
NON INTELLIGENCES

how we see outside
does not talk

part
our] selves

a mirror]
till we're listening]

and I a bit of driftwood you throw out to sea

as one accustomed to putting things in
I thought of being
a circle
with nothing in it

Another def. out of the Alphabeticall?

so keenly NOW observe
pilot the garden

aimless dragonflies
without even trying

that piece of timber comes back

to you a kipper

[not grasping still wondering

will you take time to share the fire in this sack of wine?

Thus Ammonius

whose name suggests

weaving]

took from a wandering Buddhist

to drink as one

the universal and the local

that strange attractor
an expression of chaos

empathy
sees the quicksilver
OTHER
even in
THE ME ORDER

SAY—the faster hare raising its ears
shows he knows whose about;
so fox doesn't waste energy chasing after

while ants coax livestock
mutually becoming

in p r o c e s s
star
their way reading
migratory birds

the play's
the thing

coding [a nose to sniff out as]
bacteria ammonia making proteins nucleic acid
[coen folding before within [some]how why]
coin]ing this political
bullfight]fall [pegleg staging white pursuit AGAINST
[a form of

topologically
turbulent balances call it
straight-down speaking] [as vent inhabitants
composition OTHER[S
power the world

S
right at hand this metamorphosis prospect
(genetically running directions we push]
along CORPORATE LINES]

in]volves un]raveling [the ears of
participatory ethics resonating
bodies
en] folding a zillion

microbrains
mediating
terms

plants planets ears eyes shaking rocks
light color odor salt irrupt with
molecular rising to molar haecceities carbon transmitting
all of which make
such strange nomadics
protest barriers to
re:formation

A] indoctrinated before capital
& pressed into service as the police arm
for its regime of signs, whose hidden allusions
long abandoned[thereby
we remain untroubled
disciplining one another
in zones of the hyperreal.

O FIN
bending back round]culture coupled the smallest
attract A [self we live
occurrences in this MEDUSIAD

s*c*a*t*t*e*r*i*n*g
NOW
a s~t~r~i~n~g of desires

at photo-op simulation station
a teaching school for capitalist reproduction] we wait for the hidden fan
our advent sloop to blow its furls
completely out just right

notwithstanding everyplace
[a TREE inside the head
this statue cannot but summon
,

Li
present- ing
the ab -sence
between
two presences
going down
the sun
guides
my tiny launch
through fog the wheel of stars
anchors
this rising grief
in a canopy of trees
reflections just visible
in the moon growing large

through] nested
-verses the slower constrain
each uni- on DOWN to [sotospeak] Our Kali Yuga
cycles ice melt stimulating the discourse erupts

top feeders transubstantiate
wafers of carbon chewed land sublimate water in the mantle

e x c i t i n g

volcanoes' expel] such transpiration
harmonic screams

plants synthesize
cooling heat
greenhouse velocities

slowing to clouds non with life circulating ozone
protects us?] as magnetosphere

inner and outer cores turn different rates

machine
machine
machine

ma
cheeeeeeeeeennnnn!]

from solar wind

SUCH NESS

between sets of labile
variables dialoguing
multiple guild

all the roads lead to

de ←composers we do love]
parasitic trade off
diverging efficient nutrient
hypercycling

extraterrestrial dust
300 tons
yearly waste coevolvers use
lignin
cellulose
hydrocarbons

build it they will come]
specialists stabilize
CO₂ atmospheric O₂
coupled
complex feedback
microbuilt

CHANGES

solid ground nourishing ocean

This ancient microbial planet
 of multifarious
 aggregated
 consortia achieves complexity
 en masse through
 [endosymbiosis [consubstantiating interlopers
 and lateral exchanges
 of reticulated sources
 deploying diverse
design commitments
 here and yon
 into
 a narrative
 genealogical
 from
 the horizontal
 flow
 of *everynow*
 intensities
 gather into orders
 vertically
 fixing change
in
punctuated thresholds:
 the horse
 we ride caught in
 a sequence of tripwires
 through
 critical saltations
 and phases
 from mineral to nucleic
 coding into
 proteinaceous
 the
 canonical firstlings in their
 diversifying
 choruses energized
 through the many
and
 still
 present
 faces

in short
 just fill the place with import
 sinking carbon
 favoring those who like it fine]
 depending on the orbit and
 SUN may increase the bios
 yes AUTOTROPHS synthesize the essential redox
 [photo & chemo] [older anoxygenic—
 sulfide, hydrogen, etc
 electron donors liberating oxygen
 to energize chains] while some
 JUST live the deep rocks
 never climbing
 climbing the pure light
 AZOLA ferns
 f l o a t
 on the water
 their prokaryotes
 enfold the way
 our Buddha rests
 Takes one Mr.
 Know how
 their seeds and say] “dumb” *PLANTS* we freeze
 carry
 to outer space;
 yet still
 THEY do when time to germ
 KNOW where LIGHT IS food
 caught
 in a thousand and LEAF flat
 angles on bloom tip
 releasing secrets
 one~by~one
 how many candles how much bend
 they understand the visible and the non
 the value of the blue
 and the red respect
 all around
 they eat they change
 all they've got they give

in meeting caterpillar infestation
willows signal neighbors
to protection
their noses full of thought

like]
others tormented w/ beetles
calling anthropoids to sip their nectar
they sense the insects
munching

the bumble bee hovering over its cup

Even the fruit
are full of it.
Slice a few crescents
& all the dates ripen in common
so touched they shape to fit
conditions change
genetic expression
adjusting and controlling stops
tobacco recall the color of dusk
peapods
moved by light, curl,
just remembering the night before
electrified by
contact with merely two hairs
the flytrap closes shop
for an opportunity to kick it
en-
ex-
trans-coding
but do THEY feel abuse
come back to
haunt them—

ONLY
to search
some action
& start anew
from an OLD WOUND
their offspring
better handle?

p~r~o~p~r~i~o~c~e~p~t~i~v~e~l~y

feeling
aroma

far red red blue uv

touching
gravity

once passed
THEY DO NOT KNOW YOU

but your passing
some observe
the shades of blue
to guide

there are no auricles
draping this angle of thorns

THEY CANNOT HEAR
the strange bird in the courtyard
coaxing them with

a bassoon

STILL
MOVING
gyroscopically

they discern
where what from
howsoever far
share a kind] of migration
made known circling
they UN

[bend curling close
and dance **with** fields
near the oracle

at Cumae

relaying their way

HANGS suspended
Her books are rooted
nourished from stellar

an inverted fig tree
from the cave entrance.
ABOVE the pool
zones of significant soil

to capture light

leaves & branches
grow down

striking the bell
I turn
a wheel
the flower opens

en passant
we meet resistance
within
a body's poly-ecosystems
changing
at different rates— not to omit→]phenological mismatch[

so how
can a sterile
self-sacrificing ant struggling
for existence

BE
prima facie evidence
of an endeavor to
maximize descendants?

*You can tell how great a scientist is
by the length of time
]he retards progress*

a disease
ameliorated with slight modification of
the model:

I mean
parent=relative
just as sedimentary
plants coral sponges
compensate

complex
network's contend...

READING

with greater plasticity
FROM
the scales of coelacanth
oceanic soil cores OR
dendrochronologies of teeth
(such tied beads
raveled to a necklace:

the migration of one affects another

you know
a creature from childhood
still going yonder

turns

our moon portrait in the sea

shape shifting
a form of migration
buys time
as hibernation

Lifetime Guided Experimentation Learning and Plasticity

provide occasions
(speed and direction)
opening acquisition
& effectuation avenues.

Pheno

←]so TYPICAL

alters pronouncements
via direct and indirect ... means
Given time opportunities appear
through subject action
to *switch on* elements
in neural nets
territorialized as

↙

whatever

ahem[
? >

Geno

Dis[coveries
in biology deepen
fissures

intensifying
the call of illegitimacy.

BUT

in a last ditch effort
to avoid becoming
a subset of art

scientists
in the basement
work on

machines
to enhance our capacity
to move

OUT]SIDE
tolerances

only to CONCLUDE:

(reminiscent of the girl
who fills
the collection plate
so often
she discovers
what is always empty)

you cannot have
what you
haven't given

you don't get energy that walks
the round philosopher stone of earth
always arrives

Micros photosynthesize sun webbing fungus
the strangler plants lichen toucan tapir deer otter
w/o bottom there's no lack of hair
we move and show our colors
to attract mind not just re: produce ANTI
or hybridize to diminish
radiation and convergence

under the hippo
s l i d e s . . .
the crocodile tree becoming
recursive Gnu
caught in a cosmogonic mouth

observed through
the trans-migratory drift
of the wave-splash zone
blown debris
a memory of cycads

gathering off yonder dipping to bow
the valley sows
its angle of intent
—morphoclining—the flock of dancers give a ring
molded by the hands of earth
even bodies with organs
hold geological change
depending on-

going processes A
syllable
e n o u g h
completes the signature
slipping ice in reach of stones created in the advance
altered in divisive breath

but who are they to put hands
in the face of air?

The feeling's mutual they gesture
fish spawned in ice
ARE
ice fish

in advance of the tabulation he sags against
tilting his flagon so begins to drift

like[wise stiff
as a teacher's whisker
this green stem
gathers round
attractors
[we breathe through
niches

such wood produces gills
drinking like]wise
the skin tucks

inside/out a wing
pushes content

moving
continents shake our somnambulist

we are the dream
the plethora
shines
NOT

w/o bee's
blossom
the] flight of
petals
die

with de]flowering
fermenting s~p~r~e~a~d
chokes nutrient channels

bird reptile mammal
forests crash
ROT

momentarily
s p i k i n g fungus
before cutting them

OFF
at the knees

Forefend

as air exudes its inherence of mats
in] the tangled crowns constituencies throug
—protected by swarms—
below the entomologist
f o g b o m b s the lot
to facilitate
the dreamless counting
setting charges
with motors underneath
through a grid of troughs
fed with bottles of alcohol
a rain of the dead
falls from emergent canopies

IK

....

Xbalanque
called upon the animals:
 the boar,
 the coati,
things large and small,
and asked
that they bring the food they liked.
—Very well, they answered,
and went off bringing
grasses,
 leaves,
 fruit,
 nuts, and rotten things.
Then Coati rolled in a pumpkin.
This would do for the head.
And Xbalanque
worked long on the kisser;
 as Heart of Earth Heart of Sky
blew into his demeanor
some good
that it could speak.
They seemed to be ready;
even so, to buy time,
Buzzard darkened the rosy dawn
 to delay its coming.
When finished,
Hunahpu,
 the pumpkin head,
asked would it fool the Lords of Death?
—It's okay,
but you'd better just wave your arms
 and look threatening,
and let me play the game.
He had given a plan to everyone in the night,
and come morning,
told Rabbit
to take his special place
 at the oak grove.

The boys
arrived at the court.
The Lords were howling,
—You're already defeated,
as they played with Hunahpu's head,
 up and down.
—Can't you see,
you've worked your own ruin.
We've already won,
the Lords gloated.
But the ball
had a mind of its own
 and did not cooperate.
Everyone
was uncertain where it would go.
It just jumped
 out of the court
and over
 to the oaks.
That's when
Rabbit took his cue and rolled out.
All the Xibalbans chased it,
 as prescribed.
Meanwhile,
Xbalanque put the real head
back on the body.
Hunahpu felt much better, of course.
The Xibalbans thought
 they saw it hanging in the oaks.
But it was just
that pumpkin head.
And when they returned,
they were taken off guard:
—What's all this, they exclaimed,
what do we see here?
They played to a draw
and then began again.
They hit something hard and couldn't figure what,
when that pumpkin split wide open
and spilled its seeds
all over the Lords of Xibalba;
that is the way every braggart is defeated.

holding the look of
 and settling multiple scores
 I bury in corridors
 between states

with alien eyes
 such nested sanghas
 distribute intelligence
 interacting
 mosaics
 traveling through by means of
 perforation dissection shrinkage attrition

decentralized systems of coalescence
 at stages diverse ENTITIES
 sub unicellular vertebrate

host receiver and back
 positive feedback danger alert,
 food supply,
 bucking up the downtrodden,
 coordinated intent

emitting bacteria secrete thresholds decisions
 a quorum sensing pheromones
 gene expression —THINKING—say bioluminescence

reproduction demanding quenchers such a bulb
unnecessary exuberance CALL A HALT to
 in apparent disdain for mere spectacle
 attempt to disrupt
 the hullabaloo
 introducing their own
 on related fronts...facing destruction

SCOUTS seek crevices
 between
 shifting rocks as prospects arise
 inspectors trigger tandem runners phase out enhanced investigations
 —with a quorum of agreement
 the queen et al. move to a better set of problems.

this So picking up
 thread after all

LIKEWISE to Honey bees
new quarters waggledance
their piping WAY
as swarms of cerebral
Temnothorax
execute fine cogitations
with no ceo in the head

THE ROAD IS THINKING

Can you blame US
taking refuge in broken
[held
OR miniature worlds
in abyssal
benthos
?

patches]
spookily together

ONE
coextends another
through elastic plateaus
of displacement

and release ≈
my daughter holds close
a name for what
she'll never see

though symbionts
transubstantiate the woods

bills
(the ones on a face)
too
change the gut

SO MUCH
depends upon

pheno-differences
harden geno-typic
character displacement
individual and consortial

as mycorrhizals

hanging in roots
territorialize;

building islands
the dead lie down
live coral forests
just]

soaking cyanobaths
to enjoy the story

Remember
 more than related PARTS from unrelated space
 OR mere SUM
 before creased THEE
 cycling biomass
 in woods of firm snow such a one stepped where now
 foot slipped &
 terra firma through
 becoming w]hole
 where rain gathers mosquitoes feed
 c~i~l~i~a~t~e~d heterotrophs [themselves seduced by odor
 metamorphose to drink larvae
 a descending giant, blood [inkletting poetry clots
 stoops grabs & blows
 NOT the one you're in
 you are
 but the]hole
 to smithereens
 now dig & release just down river
 oxygen mats
 in ancient seas
 solar hungry blue greens round the top
 as tolerant synthesizers negotiate
 deeper down obscure interiors
 archaic
 sulfur oxydizers
 split
 the bonds
 apparently OTHERS
 team up w/ outsiders [assertions that
 ought to be withdrawn
 simpletons]
 follow prey on loose
 as some scavenge
 dead cell s a n c t i s a n c t o r u m
 laden w/symbionts
 platform COHERENCES
 r~a~d~i~a~t~i~n~g
 Cambrian's
 exploding responses
 LIKE US

GUT enzymes bone density
in the wake from rafters hold fast
linked rays
lowered into tea
a distributive expression
(mindfulness IS
bio- diversity
held by
thee)
sanghas within

Photosynthate oxygen
accumulated →
settling ferric oxide
girded our rusty bucket
keeping happy anaerobes
till the sink filled up

EARTH

}water

Dr. Lew figured
our daughter's deficiency
at birth....

absorbing
di + vision
bifurcated oceanic paths
with from p~h~o~t~o~
s~y~n~t~h~e~s~i~z~e~r~s

a reach
FIRST MEDUSA
..... courses
oxygen

elements
bugs
of animals
passing
through the suzerainty
of bodies

enjoying [new

ozone
building shielded
from radiation short-wave
invertebrates tunneling dark mud
as plant mats explode
arachnid housing
developments

Coal forests
 raise the ante towering
 lycophytes
 dragonfly
 beetles
 give way
 to fern crowds
 of
 allopatric MULTIFACES
 unfolded from living creases
 of indefatigable plates
 angio
 s~p~e~r~m~s
 atmospheric oxygen
 opens
 t h a l a s s a
 to big Air 'n Tesseræ
 (NOT
 drifting
 land bodies
 here and yon
 new bays
 rivers
 flood
 currents
 spiral balls of wax
 along latitudinal
 diversity gradients
 pole to equator
 MOST in water
 hugging the stomach]
 while
 forest heavy rains
 layer
 migration trellises
 rattle the upper
 awnings down
 to ragged midzone scrub
 Lianas Straggler Creepers
 coil through tongues of speaking leaves

forgotten humus
 preparing new orchid
 epiphyte
 palms the spindles
 arthropod
 above and below
 cloudbursts
 humming
 in prayer
 but more conifers in temperate plateaus]
 yes AS Panthalassa
 convoys the supercomplex gliding
 Pacific atolls swimming
 wide-mouthed aplacental
 mantas give birth
 alive
 feeding plankton great transubstantiators
 of primary production
 when
 hungry fat-livered sharks
 guided with electric lines
 follow hard by
 nurtured from shores
 rich with droppings of birds
 nesting natives [we uproot
 in preference to picturesque palms
 waving bending]
 one break in the links
 and rays depart
 a thousand places we cut
 w/o knowing they're there
 cutting switchbacks
 round belts of earth
 ships unload strange ballast
 into the twilight zone
 Bottom dwellers increase the bulge....
 MOST live the reefs the woods
 forest of water forest of land
 sun water space season shape
 bigger ranges near the poles

dragon flies
 heli
 +copter
 among canopies
 nymphs float in
 the axil
 of epiphytes
 Arboricolous plants
 turn forests
 in
 to
 h
 a
 n
 ging
 gardens
 bromeliad-
 full waters spray
 occasions to be
 on big trees
 holding the
 smaller
 arthropods
 moving [notnottosay anthropoids
 traffic [if still allowed
 protists
 and bacteria &c
 live the tissue
 where we stop
 an[other begins
 to extend its wings
 the butterfly insideout
 diversity holds
 rheostability with a grain of salt just saying]
 [for your tail
 increases

with you
up on the 2nd floor
dreaming
your vehicle
crashes through another
bardo world

a nighttime flush of red peonies
drives wind
completely mad
staining by dawn their bloom
bedclothes flap the yard

Energies

d
r
i
f
t

the corpus of
knuckle-pated driftwood

the gone
kelp

mouths open below
plateaus reside
for others

feed living
in a bird's feather

the body an environment
[WHO preserve and defend
my liberty

Thorax

Head
&
Abdomen

man ape
secondary

Tethysean
radiation

always, we fly
shrew[dly in accord
[POST-

what are little girls
made of
?

when you've seen one
where you live

the more division
the thing that was blown out by the big bang—

bigger
[of *space*—
leaves

ghostly

demarcations.

When a boy,
OBSERVING ∞ from the grassy knoll]
 The City of Hate
 seemed a grid and sprawl of death wishes
 granting a "PERMIT"
 to one city owner and power source
 to demolish The Wonder Palace Downtown
 (THREE BALCONIES HIGH)
 to erect a parking lot—so necessary—for Honest Joe
 to satisfy his valuable customers as they set off for the 'Gyptian Lounge
 later to grab a nightcap with...

NOT: *Candy Barr* friends with another course correction:
 nudge the memory's wayward dragonfly: BUT Tammi True
 & the inimitable "JADA"
 over at Cello's Carousel run by
 not to un]mention: *you know I'm just a business man pal-ee*
and wouldn't a done it if I didn't have to: Ruby, Ruby,
 [now *THE PATSY's* gone—lest you speak, *the true facts*
never will be mine

AKBAL

Having survived the terrible tests of Xibalba,
 the twins still had to die.
 Knowing this inevitability,
 they called the shamans responsible
 for the practices surrounding mortality.

The hero twins told them
 —When the Lords come to talk
 about the means of our death,
 you are to suggest
 that we be thrown into the river.
 But you must also say
 the Lords must first grind
 our bones into corn masa
 and make them
 into delicious tortillas
 only to be torn to pieces
 and cast onto the waters.
 The soothsayers agreed and prepared all things.

But of course,
the indefatigable Lords tried
 to trick the boys once more.
That is all that is left
for the seekers of quick satisfaction.
They called them
over to a bonfire used for cooking.

—Come, the Lords said to the boys,
try this sweet chicha
 we made just for you.
Drink from the four bowls,
and for each one,
jump over the fiery oven.
WE *so* want to enjoy this night *erving* you!

But those boys knew things
the Lords had yet to learn
that would rob them of their empty prize.
Nevertheless, for the time being,
they would teach them
only the lesser lesson of life: how to die;
later the great teaching
 of how to live would come.

So the two faced
 and held each other
and jumped
headlong into the furnace.

In a manner of relief filled with gladness,
the citizens
of Xibalba hailed and hissed:
—Now we have cooked their goose....
 At last their time is ended.

The Lords
followed the instructions of the seers
as to the final means of disposition.
Their remains were sprinkled over the river.
And as they fell...
 [from an itinerant louse I received this intriguing prospectus:

ALL CORPSES EQUAL SOME MORE THAN OTHERS
guiding strange attractors
puts the future to work on your behalf:

LET US LEND OUR HELPING INVISIBLE HAND

Subject: Brief Machine Explanation of Extraordinary Rendition

* Stock Option: **FINANCIAL CHAOS TIME TRAVEL** (by invitation only)

Estimable Client:

Amplified through fiduciary activity across omnidirectional strata, intense, external, energy/matter extraction is ballasted with ecologically nested sets* and further enhanced through virtual techniques enabling the linearity of time to be traduced—under such a regime, the domain of the future with its unimaginable virgin stretches is brought into present material production; the borrowing function, wearing the fine nomenclature (not to say sheep's clothing) of *temporal promissory notes*, enlarges the positive feedback of the debt crisis pouring its life-extending fuel into the very mouth of the insatiably hungry though anemic present—thus eliminating in such a dissipative system the need to introduce e/m before “available” surpluses are identified or mined.

The rip-off relies on the “synergism” of superecosystems to balance disruptions from hyperextractions and their reciprocal increases in speed of the autocatalytic phenomenon that rents and recreates polyflows in a thousand directions in search of machines and targets of exponential return. Naturally, the depletions and breakdowns of the past will be surpassed in the new future/present with hyperpanics of the nested ecoconsortia—requiring a corresponding legal shift and attendant disciplining function: i.e. inhabitants to come shall be imprisoned before their birth or bonded into extreme labor until death or their liberation be purchased and courting distress along extreme

inflationary spirals, as the currency of the earth is already ecologically debased and replacement costs dear.

Even the faint prospect of an attenuating mulct (Black's Law Dic. defines as *a pecuniary fine or condemnation in damages*) upon the profits to be gleaned therefrom is rendered de minimis as the defalcator extirpates the delictual fault along with the damaged party and, indeed, the res communes themselves. For it is well known that Res perit domino (*When a thing is lost or destroyed, it is lost to the person who was the owner of it at the time*)—**and no other. And for further solace, Mulcta damnum fama no irrogat (A fine does not involve loss of character)**, as our ancient authorities have wisely established.

Conditions for this special option are contained under separate cover in our stock portfolio.

NOTA BENE: This document does not constitute a legally binding offer.

Your servant,
Bane

* The deterioration of these valuable elements provides opportunities for revenue streams as members of the public weal must be primed to bear the cost of their inexcusable excess and waste, and must additionally pay for the tremendous engineering, R & D, and maintenance expenses they heedlessly put upon us in their ineluctable expectations that we work continuously to make their profligate lifestyles possible.

KAN

.

On the fifth day, people reported seeing
two catfish
then two fishers eating them,
and later, two vagabonds in rags.

All the Xibalbans saw
these people of poor appearance
do their special song [you may have already heard] the whip-
poor-will;
they danced also the weasel;
the armadillo
lizard
centipede
and the stilts
CLICKITY CLACK CLICKITY CLACK

Moreover
they worked prodigious acts of magic.
They burned houses down
but brought them back whole,
made crops grow without planting seeds.
Something like this
made the Xibalbans contemplate them
with admiration.
Then they tore each other to pieces
yet came back alive and well.
News of this success
preceded them to the court of the Lords of Xibalba.
—Do they really bring such pleasure?
With such sweet talk,
they told their messengers
to go and get them.
—You will say
they were told
—we want only to see
what they do;
so they may astonish US,
and WE, admire them.

Mercury falls
breaking hackberry limbs
with hammers of ice

caught reproducing
a circle of hell →

driving avenues
of cracking trees
into the
 cataract
hailing balls a mile wide
 tornadoes
 the town
erasing one visage
 from the earth
returns memories
 of peace

Descending an Etruscan well
at Orvieto

 I remember dear brother
my fear
such waters might've troubled you
lowered at age 6 in a rusty bucket
 deep into the sand
 of the family farm
 considering]

how ladybugs thrive
with predators near

Now I know
your spirit 's the reason
 that sweet water
tasted so good

And how wonderful
to think on

 dedicated to→ *Corail]*
 ME

]a useful form
when all is said

if the musician plays well
the receptive interface
fills the space with
 resonance
 and complexity

and not when not

RE
IN] [CAR
NATION

Not something [really
to get out of
or into
different manifestations
being and non)
still flow
we first in doing so
give up
the habit
of suffering things over
in the water's
mirror
or the face of acting through another.
A process
of liberation into
the wholly present
provides
release
from the fetters
of propping up the rules
holding
one self together
just
as one ceases to maintain
the image of necessary
contents
the proclivity to reinforce
weak boundaries
with nonattentive
attention

[falls away→

the need to harm
with ignorance clarified in the lens
restless hope drops conceit
for something better

crossing
the coextensive
we share
embracing another
comes enjoyment

SOTĀPANNA

swimming
between

two worlds
sky moves water
raising bottom up
to meet the beaver
longing to become

The measure
you hear
goes on
[howsoever broken
when the sound is good
multiplicities
reconfigure
as they appear
finale of seem
relentless

SO—

at the bit
to go outside and run
the last shards of light
into the ground
Gra'mama wonders
if I'll grow three inches
before there's time
to trim them off
those squirming pants
full of legs

Notwithstanding *[la persistance de la mémoire* &
darker muddle ahead
at my post to forward
[though cosmogonic colures
read by the school of hierophants
to re:course the space time
linking strange actions at impossible distances

I grow
i n v e r t e d

barely waking from
just having fallen asleep
to gaze at the horror through which
we somehow passed

for lines to walk our songs
 must transversally]
 open exchange
 formations as
 earth [RHYTHMS
 a multifaceted flower
 contend with
 a thousand choruses make clear—
 the rude instruments still
 manage
 to get a point across:
 so consider bird-ant
 shade-butterfly
 wind- butterfly
 bee-orchid fruit-monkey
 leaf- howler]
 when you shoo the peccaries away
 water does not collect in their wallow
 frogs breed NOT starving
 birds diminish
 dung beetles &
 the mites who ride them.
 Carrion flies
 die off
 copse disease
 spreads
 the skeletal remains
 cannot support its flesh through
 inter locking
 guildworks—
 A MIND of
 sorts
 drives a nest of subways
 into the cerebral cortex
 of la tierra
 to prod awareness
 yet discover
 yours truly
 I await
 en garde]
 your→ response

TOUCHÉ
&
not
just drilling—into
como tú *piedra piqueña* [with a heart tucked inside
I am

and yes FIRST CONTACT
has been dis~appointing: THE OTHER
one shot
at first sight
now

KLAATU
's
likely to blow
ourfunking
heads off
in a tangle
of feed
back[s to square

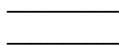
no ONE
can
unwind
the moon dark lotus
blooms
in the water

APROPOS OF *HISTORY*
a form of travel
we're trying to forget
even while learning how
to think about; [LIKE
the NIGHT we drank
the first batch, a Russian stout
our own (**Brand**, can you guess?
barely out of the jar
bringing every poet we know
to the bridge above Flood Creek
to get their heads screwed back
tight dipping through the line
their blunted
instruments deep
in the dark
waters of

Xibalba

CHICCHAN

..



The boys
pretended to be shy.
—Oh we're humble folks
 who just got off
the *cha cha* truck, they gummed.
You'll be disappointed.
The Lords
smiled at each other saying
—No. No.
But where are you from?
—We don't know that;
we don't even know our mother or our father.
—Don't worry boys;
we will admire you
and give you money for your efforts too.
The boys had them on a short leash.
—Oh no.
 they feigned,
—we just couldn't;
we don't want anything,
we're too afraid.
This was just
how the Lords wanted them to act.
—Don't be afraid,
 they said.
—Dance,
burn down the house,
 and kill yourselves.
Our hearts wish this to happen,
 they said, hissing **snakes**.
So they began
with singing and dances,
 as you know:
 the whip]-
 poorwill
 armadillo
 the weasel

All of Xibalba came out.
Then one of the Lords cried loudly,
—Cut my dog to pieces, then resuscitate him.
Truly, they were enchanted when he was revived.
Another said,
—Burn down my house
 and bring it back the way it was.
The Lords began to move about wildly to see them do it.
So others wanted it done to their houses too.
Barely able to contain themselves,
they wanted
to move with them.
—Kill my servant, said one,
and bring him back.
Taking the man,
they cut out his heart,
and raised it before Xibalba.
The Lords began to salivate
when they brought him back to life.
—Now sacrifice each other and let us see it;
OUR VERY HEARTS DESIRE THIS!
They sacrificed themselves.
Taking turns,
they separated hearts from their bodies.
The Lords of Death were fascinated.
Filled with lust and anxiety,
they wanted to dance in the provocative theatre of the twins,
 & be conjoined.
Then, they told them to do it
—Sacrifice us, one by one, and bring us back to life.
Do the same thing to us!
And they sacrificed each one in turn,
One Death and Seven Death
 and all the others behind.
But of course,
the heroes had no intention of bringing them back.

For now they too were meant to die.

Upon seeing this,
the children and vassals of Xibalba flew off into a deep abyss.
Fearing the great lesson before them,
they fell [like innumerable ants.

Such swarms virus
 (to jump a threshold)
 cross among other breaches the oceans
 [releasing this recursive wonderland
 from a post op [iate gall bladder:
 fin **aboard Stefan Batory** again
 keeping time
 I walk decks to fill
 gaps in a broken wall

stabilizers~do~not~affect~the~drunken~captain

Polish like most passengers—our waiter praises *THE WAKE*
 (whose translator's someone to meet)
 (and something we're trying to do)
 @ 25 cents a pivo free music to ***g'dance till g'dawn***
 AND lots of conversation's heated best in the common sauna.

Where *Polanya* tells me everyone will defect to live in NY crystal
 palaces. Taking pity I tell him skyscrapers are full
 [of Banks, Spies, and Wallstreet Mobsters
 —the system *that advertises you out* gives only what pays.

No importa.
 There's no money under that dreaded boot 25 layers thick w/bureaucracy
 still in your face;

...while here, freedom for the individual proffer its selection from 750
 underarm deodorants. [diminishing its rank contents] The Serbian
 filmmaker, wrapping a towel around his waist, concurs with the former,
 though concedes:

*the Ugly Regime paid for my outrageous critiques
 more than a couple of decades*

leaving me to insist at any rate no one's
 gonna fund that numinous shit anymore; so
 I ask what they'll do in the great IWC? But they detect the sarcasm
 and shake their heads —knowing damn well I wouldn't last
 two minutes back THERE,
 they take a long draw on their *torches of freedom* —humbling me[
 with Bernays' reach, they read in the smoke: *Be free of course*
to work unbounded at the greatest art.
And to teach with scope unimaginable.

I reply he must give up
no one here can read AND
A & M must think of a new line
advertisers have made criticism undesirable,
with the commons gone and all
reproducible subject to capture & capitalization

& certainly w/o the *courages* that enable a nervous self
to sally forth from the vacillation in the tyranny of affect[

the new ME does not require to be different
and anyhow doesn't like to notice
certainly some misfit
artist like him [exposing the Oedipal clown show.

But feel bad pointing it out and make it up on deck
rounding Newfoundland
hallooing killer whales
& a pod of bottlenose [chasing surge
we plow furrows
through the great St. Lawrence pushing through
everyone skirts nonplussed KGB agents [that was then at Montreal
approaching dock gangway
disembarking & loading
the getaway bus to Manhattan.
I can not help but notice
the anxiety of the newly liberated
as we pick our way
among dark lanes of whores
bearing prospects *like chalices*
through shocking numbers of homeless
shooting up against any public wall.

Welcome to another TV production of
The Dissection of the 'Real' [that will
no doubt

p\r\e\c\o\n\d\i\t\i\o\n & p~a~c~i~f~y
the subject
into manageable discrete parts]
engendering proclivities
toward fatalistic acquiescence
of the diminishing field
and quality of experience

though
 eons
 know
IS
 suffering
 sansara
 & the only
 with
 with
 medicine
with
 WE SHUNT
 down
 infantile channels
 of desire
 draining off
 NOT JUST
 the message
 a form supposedly] our sedative of production
 out side
bounds the permissible
 to mere reportage of
 isolated intensities
 vectoring detached
 we suffer long dismemberment
 & seek only to avoid
 decomposing
 our way to
 permitted by another's
 we drown in
 the narrows
 going with [as
 fulfillment
 homogenizing
 biota
 proliferates
 outbursts (among taxa prospering
 in] human-dominated systems)
 with effects unknown
 say pest and weed ecologies
 diminishing planes of consistency
 instability feedbacks into the clime
 reducing herbivores generally
 large vertebrates
 in tropic powerhouse systems.
novelties of opportunism]
 coupling plagues
 propel →

AT the end of the world
 a dragon blows methane
 from deep nostrils
 scorching the green fern
 that makes the world

Some Spectres of Marx

The assault on Liberating Arts under the present regime typifies [its] attempts to constrain ecological, political, and cultural concerns with one sacred cow: the marketplace of *the free* [i.e. alienated] *individual*. Notwithstanding this posture, enforcement machines propagandize an exuberant inverse—cushioning the disappointment at severing our own animal [truly an embodied FALL] with consumption & prophylactics of illusion. Meanwhile, profit [the intended *objet de désir*] disciplines labor and customer alike through conforming steps within narrowing antimarkets. Reproduction of 'preferred' (limited and repetitive) behavior is a goal, not the red herring the billet of sale promotes. Of course, the notion of agents exercising 'free will' runs counter to a project of relentless accumulation—which seeks to optimize routine and predictability:

Corporate fascism restricts
the invisible hand to the bidness
OF SELLING US THE ROPE

Individualism
derives its sense of self
from the bailiwick of property rights.

Capitalism (usurpation of a thousand plateaus), opens up
& extends the fields of extraction, acquisition, and control through
colonization of weaker subjects

Coke doesn't gives ME a big lift!!!

SHEDDING LIGHT
& the hostility directed towards
—bodies subdivided and stored

on the dream of UR
the creative]
in dialogue abatement silos

[that singular be kept from trans [to prevent some bound couple

reassembling
my *body and our body*

secular and
sacred in their work
of continuous rounds
stones
for planting

re:gather
[*YOU breath into*

we too
are sown in

the mud
¡O Persephone!]

and cry
these seeds

in rejoinder

as members [continuing”to fly” NEVER THE LESS
 hold **ecstasy** at bay
 w/no
 short cuts through
 nor
 SERVICE STATIONS
 along the trail
 of emancipation
 in this polyphonia
 we find
 our SELVES entering
 as water might envelope
 a hake finessing
 a smile
 through transverse
 FIELDING
love
 we know NOT
 [but learn along the way
 from the patience of godless mountains
 or navigating the trackless austral plains
 to embrace a fellow guildsman
 from whom we learn the craft]
 which despite [the comedy...
 our frozen]water sets us free
 the present rule
 take quite A SPELL
 though under]
 [may
 scraped as it were
 from W’s bootsoles: llama shit]
 radiated beef; nonetheless[we’re going in on cardboard ship
 with many OTHERS before and out of time—through
 the BLASTED e g g pan s p e r m i a
 joining anarcho + syndicalist *cyano truth*
 in the swim slurried European ices] DIGGING
 miles [likewise under stygian rock [sealed 5.5 million
such far out extremophilic autotrophs]
 metabolizing H₂S [lead us further down to vent dwellers
 oxidizing iron & manganese creating worlds
 we discover our Buddha deciding
 NEVER-MORE
 to drill this wilderness replete

		just from looking each of us	under a zapato shelters in 10 trillion cells gut] throughout
[microbioming enterotyped conceivably related polyzones		ecosystems by of consistency become primary entities	
in formation links: true healers of the art		rather than obliterating engender rain forests	<i>all</i> <i>within every</i>
- <i>where</i> possible micros			
	pry	open	
	larger	SPACE	systems
waterworld jungle veld] giving	reach		
material energy	to communities		
from alterior	RHIZOMING OUT		clouds gather
	—with dimethylsulfide		
shape shifters	coregulate		the clime

spreading high in the heat
 pollution pounds anvil
 thunderstorms
 SHE hides
 under her skirt
 too soon
 you go into the reeds
 before taking a good looksee
 someone begins to play
 that strange music
 you're driven
 back mad
 from the green water
 and you haven't fished at all

MOST	belong to something	else
The WORLD not [yours		though Universes
	<u>get on</u>	when you step in a pie ;
reefs hang	from [the lashes	
timber	spans a toenail	
Vertebrates	build the guano	rock into soil;
mammal	gas bogs	
	GERMS release	
	mud flat colonies	keep an eye on
		the heat!

Swept up scraps
for the barber's compost.

Scientists hack down the eldest bristle
or kill the oldest clam measuring its age.

The conifer stretches its two leaves
through the desert floor
2000 years.

Spruce tree at 9 thousand
Yews spitting up god knows what

Under Siberian permafrost
bacteria have lived
for half a million years

oxygenated australian stromatolites open the phase of billions of years

100000 year old Balearic sea grass waves from the bottom

3000 year old Greenland Lichen
In the Atacama, shrub like parsley pocks the desert

Moss covering the desert
Antarctica 5000 year old

—

C

Like a universe pulsing open and closed,
medusa—the immortal
viaje a la semilla—emerges
from herself again and again

A Bowhead carries a point in its neck 100 years—may YOU leave a
hundred more—that it live 10 thousand.

Among the old yarn spinners, viruses rain evo-diversity down from the
sky, as smallpox from melting permafrost releases with a pair of shears.

THENWHY
DOWEKILL
BEFORE
WENAME
?

aboard paper ship *noos*
 observe boreal tundra shift
niches poleward stain of love

CHROME YELLOW
 choking sulfur
 lead metal works

OUR mobilization gases the body
 leaching salt into marshes cuts the transmigration of coherences
]this site of coextensivity
 with circular knives, a panoply of storms, [leaving gifts of the
 dead wrapped in *The Daily Tells* bleeding through; COINCIDENTALLY
 mandates prevent great Mississippi delivering]new earth
 down its course
 to lost and damaged ground—rich sediment dumped out of mind
 into folding waters grey Atlantic~~ no longer filtered by ice, Cat
 Parasites invade Belugas
 blinding Inuit their confused children contaminated
 with mercury look for dreams in the snowmelt
 of 40 years people will be starving
 AS tenuous envelopes break
 open seals setting ice on
 fire blows[methane sinks the coast
 creeping thermo-c[lines north [by north
 slouching toward [Our House of Bread
 hate speech lodged in the throat
 creator *enso*
 tree falls down
 dead
 past time spruce followed tapirs float the wake
 NOWS faster squeeze play [a number Einstein's dice un] like
 won't throw trying to live
 who can blame quick alien chestnut[fungi w/
 fireant mass [-es syreping out the funnel— myriads
 in the throes of stress

]solidify their viscous ball to rubber[

THAT peaks through manifold nutrient
informational exchanges

also

horizontal
from rod-and-cone

like [side
through

[wise
cloud debris fields

SEE *out of your own*

push and pull
a marriage extruded
head attached to

from hindgut
~undulating tail~
remnants
floating
the window

microbially FULL
creating

wiggles such
cytoskeletal pods
the brain's net goes out
right on

the string
what you read?

rising 18 km plants climb
of thunderheads
drawing others to roll
round falling to earth

SUCH ↘
E
DE ↘ X
D R U
LA VIA
THE TIONS
↙ COIL

the green-
vested shaman flies
just for the living

to the line *along down through beyond*
to keep on

an umwelt masquerading as niche
the urinating dog fetishizes the lawn

Perhaps

HE SAID
bioprospecting IS
the way of

]the FUTURE
produce

nodding to
dissymbiogenic entities
outside

the signatures

AFTER ALL] Average

Americans Annually
Eat 12 sheep 15 cows
24 hogs 900 chickens
& 1000 odd lbs.

of OTHER [

creatures with faces

Sir:

You make clear great threats to biodiversity (so crucial for survival) occur through human introduction of *invasives* into various ecosystems—and further note that GMOs are often comprised from diverse kingdoms—not only species—a ramifying fact in light of the process of endo-symbiogenesis. You go on to note that in nature's spatial (and even temporal) experiments along many lines of flight, invasives coexist within spheres of such processes—where checks and balances are present as screening agents at all points, from their first appearance to general deployment

But humans engineer NATIFICIAL products in a laboratory that are deliberately removed from these vetting fields of forces. Consider that most collaborating entities are not only held by MATERIAL checks, but exist within & share the same dimensional demands. We all have an imprinted genomic time/space, which coevolves within the forces that interact with it. Because engineered products of this kind are made outside of these tolerances, some have signatures that do not belong to the space/time zone where they will be deployed. In fact, they were created to produce immediate effects—to prosper and even to win the NOW. Given enough time (that is, the kind of time other autopoietic entities in a zone of latitude abide) their deployment would be contended with by the billionia-old and colluding complex systems. But these manufactured objects are designed with powerful intensities to win the short battle quickly and efficiently. Far from the usual difficulties created by invasives, their deracinated advantage enables them to decimate others and dominate environments, creating little in the way for others to talk with.

Of course the path of evolution includes the lateral transfer of genetic material across all the boundaries and domains of life—a vital and at times, challenging mechanism in the creation of coevolving

ecosystems. Permeable clusters of holobionts, our children's inheritance —WE ARE CONSORTIA comprised of diverse coding not merely through vertical transhistories (though it appears that such transfers are more restricted as organisms become more complex); they, like many other forces, change the temporal dynamics of engagement. Still, this does not provide a blank check for careless human manipulations of the coding material without understanding the broader effects on other systems and their respective membership.

Your work is full of examples of the catastrophic results when the untried and unchecked are introduced into zones of diverse participants that have cooperatively produced their common envelope. To that important and deep understanding, I'd like to add this note: Time/Space, one of the indwelling elements, is itself part of the multi-layered and multilateral story of co/evolving articulations and purviews. Humans cannot truly act outside of these processes; everyone must pay the piper—even as we embrace the polyvalent role of horizontal transfers and all the multidimensional flows that are making this what it is. Even so, it is a shocking reality that WE CAN temporarily behave in ways that have particles of effects outside the envelope[s].

rubbed from a lamp:
TRANS-GENIES
ARE
INVASIVE SPECIES
but give
no shortcut through hell

notwithstanding
admiration,
J

UNDER dead leaves [even so
 jumping spider mite centipede snail ground beetles
 in dense piles of feces]the Buddha lives
 larvae crane fly pseudo scorpion tight pinch humus
 worms dig soil water air blown bivouac
 swarm expeditionaries pioneer GOING WITH nothing's left out
 say giant herbivores:
 e.g. mosaic builder pachyderm breaking trunks
 at the exposed root open a path for coming shrubs
 altering re:conforming chemistry changes short grass
 move thick fast nutrients
 & accommodations are provided for
 biomass invites **lots** to dinner
 or at least gives a friendly eye to gate crashers
 elasticity
 encouraged
 radiating
 adapting
 predators increase diversity
 obvious not as parasites
 head body lice crab fleas
 far and wee
 amidst confabulation
 mega-termites care for their~fungi & bacteria
 to eat what they cannot.
 and YOU scrape sebum from the scalp
 and tease commensals to share their story.

The feeling's mutual I'm sure]
 longing to avoid
 facing divorce
 in a sorrowful season
 & frozen
 with irrational fear of flying you say
I will make this terrible flight in your stead then
upon arriving
we can change our places back

—NOW looking through the window
 at what's to come
 I wonder if this plane can possibly carry me as far as such
 a brother's love pure fire

The conquest of
Native lands
threatened also
their companion
microbial communities

eating what we are

changing with the food
some no longer
find us good company

Knock Knock

YES, dear teacher]

*Now kids
As you look at this intriguing slide projection
I want
you to think on
some
of our great achievements:*

The things that make us proud to be

BACTERIA AND ARCHAEA

The most innovative beings in the universe!

*But as you read these inspiring words & examine
the myriad pictures of our astonishing diversity of cultures
remember that it is HOW we act and not simply
what we accomplish that makes us the envy of the world.
In this series of images, consider the unique and inventive
ways we utilize mammalian proclivities*

*Truly you musn't laugh; we're partners in this you know!
And next week when we consider Viruses, you might just find
the shoe on the other foot*

*Now ponder their alien manner of bestowing affection and how
we engage the process to advance our own program and careers.*

*Do you see how this sweet **mother**
beams with happiness*

*as she licks us into the very face
of her beloved calf?*

Mine used to spit on
& rub

her florid purple hankie

more than presentability right

INTO my countenance

NOW, as promised, begins the second part of our presentation. You all know that organisms depend upon resources from environments. But for viruses, their environments are actually OTHER living entities. Yes, Betty, you are correct. We can do that too. But do you know phages partner with animals to select from among us the preferred symbionts?

Now take a look at these three slides of a man in space, Yuri Gagarin, beside an other strange entity, and finally a photo of a public library. Why do you think I'm showing you these altogether?

You know all creatures need energy—and time out of mind, viruses hit upon a stroke that fired some crucial modalities in reproduction, metabolism, and migration. Now what they did was remarkable. Rather than wastefully maintaining their organelles associated with said energy utilities, viruses subdivided their own bodies and released the migratory and attachment features into discrete and super efficient, machinic components. Of course its principle metabolism functions were reserved for the *organism central!*

But teacher, tell us why you used the three slides? Right Phillip, here goes. The ancient viruses separated their propagation needs into parts—these were SPACE PROGRAMS, encoded to seek out, rendezvous, and dock with viable hosts who could then act as energy source points for their vast coextensive networks. For them, the hosts became their principle environment, a kind of space station, or perhaps *Noble* gantry or umbilicus from which further pushes into the yonder could be made.

This coupled with their technique of deploying direct horizontal gene transfers across domains (something we know something about, right kids) exploded our planetary diversity as it helped to create the endosymbiotic path of evolution and opened the way for the transmigration of coherences. Because they take information wherever they find it, these beings retain the vestiges of the vast archive of the earth's written language, its code. Hence the library.

They helped build the co-extensive toolkit and with our help laid the groundwork for the whole shebang. An early immune system, they may have had a hand in the emergence of the individual with its peculiar sexual reproductive function and concomitant phenomenon of death—features of much concern for our animal progeny, but not something we have to worry about. So now that you know the answer to the question, there's only more order of business: Fare Forward, Space Cadets!

That is to say

stalking, going piggyback, shadowing
 OR even when
 the little bugger's
 streptoneumococusecolietcetcetcetcetcetcetc
 and your ass is grass
 [whatever's that? embodies
 de~constructing YOU they cause grief
 a loved one dies this
 social response re-congregates the wasteland; SO
 go ahead have at them; they deserve: reminds me of getting [an
 inverse takeoff? that] enema as a sick child

- 10
- 9
- 8
- 7
- 6
- 5
- 4
- 3
- 2
- 1

Who's the host
 Which the symbiont
 What's on first
 ?
 endo/\-exo
 =>eco<=
 diversity
 CO=MENSES
 !

this heart of
 coherence
 along ranges [a form of IDENTITY
 encourages articulation] of intent
 [a change of envelope OR passenger accommodations. testing
 Ergo lice removal constitutes de-territorialization
 Interacting forces
 check probes
 tracking elements adentro
 suspicious outsiders
 moving in
 follow more than cladograms
 reading across spectral
 registered expressions reveal Gebiographic
 adaptive responses
 indicate histoecological associations:
 Atlantic Marsupials from the Pacific
 via the ancient Amazonian watercourse[used to run the other way
 carrying tales from strange mouths to stranger ears

far down below emperors huddle
a swarm of shared warmth MOVING waves~~
while here in the hard country
Sophia flashes a peace sign to
ear-high guanaco jumping deer
camel run] &
gulls ever shifting with Atlantic Margins
off yonder fro
picking their way round

huge blobs
strewn about brown blubber.]O Gondwanaland!
you've done it again.
These Tombo penguins
digging scrub cannot be. No ice
or snow—some Texas hill heading West
to chaparral—un[lively prairie dogs hollow
burrows and guard the shell. Some involve overhang
cedars. This one scrapes its back. Pink yellow blue red
cacti bloom. Striped caterpillars inch by. A hawk
and eagle shift their ailerons. A fox looks back.

Now catch *their* gaze, proud flare
of beak, fine curvature, white, dark fur,
warm pink 'round the eye, caring birds to be sure
fondle one another, kissing clacks—socius come to life
—slant their bowling pins in unison cocks of the walk tit for tat
flapping svelte wings standing stretch and show off
squawking wide as possible. The pride
of the wise walks a mile easy
from the loving ocean to plant an egg
in the tough ground of boundary stones.
No strut in a line of homo
going to you is more
profound
from the table of holes come forth the ten thousand

Chamangoes look down
on these Magellanic citizens
wobbling
over their fat eggs
seeking *angles of repose*;
but will the downy young
[DIE with the changing climate?

G h o s t l y
in Darwin's Shade
a spindly NĀNDU poking out
does not bother to ask
what time it is
}OR deduce tectonic components
in a stopwatch{
but looks over the creek
from the bed and breakfast
to watch lazybones
throw lines across the water
NOT caring really
whether they make
a connection OR not. This

c~i~r~c~u~m~|~o~c~u~t~i~o~n

UP

wild tundra

Down

PATAGON

[music in the water

fires

a boat

lighting the end of the world

just warm enough

to keep

strange figures rousing

in their dreaming beds

pulled slowly along

uneven stretches

we play blind man's bluff

with two maras

over a fence

one hiding behind

the other

COULD THERE BE

any dreamtime stranger

than to walk this frozen hecatomb

cracking to smithereens

the primordial overflow?

when a black lozenge
 in a froth of crème de menthe
off Pirámides from boiling sea
did this RIGHT
 v
 e
 r
 tically
a lengthy
downturned smile
Sufi rolling a sandy hill [like contrari]wise our
straight down
 to boats
flagging spirits of
tourists dressing wild bloated fabrics
 YELLOW
strange acrylics against rain all the way
enough to carry them
to that water near enough to touch
the sexy split tail

 5 seconds *suspended*
 heights *unprecedented*

while pods
 bobbling water

 push slowly through

 Mas Tarde al Museo Trelew
among bones of dinosaur we play house in ancient dioramas
 early prototypes [dreadnoughtus to come
 circumscribed our daughter's face
 by a nautilus 5 feet across;

 through
 sound envelopes
 of fiddling legs [we soon find ourselves
walking chaparral
 min[d]ing operations
 remain *losing touch]*
performed by xerophytic shrub
 vicuña pudu guanaco & of course our fox

on such a stage
so strange to say

a wonder anybody's left
standing

NOTHING
strikes more at this
HUM of Prayer

whirring from spirals
of ancient bola
to bring them down

signs →
the green ants dream [or

point the way ↓
dogs take a dump

—not the paleo human one that gave them birth—

magnetotacti
align to poles

virus vector transference
work gene substitutions
verify accounts
in water [fresh & salt
cloud & clime micros yield
reacting ozone
transform & cycle

C
N
P
Fe
S

SOME block soil
pores
through gum
and

cement production

control pests with
chem

f
l
o
w
s

fold →
i
n
g

&

↓

de-vernacularization constitutive of strata
 re-linking nomadic addresses
 objects t
 r
 a
 n
 s
 versally
 imprisoning intensities through capture
 l o c k into systems of resonance
between states
 pushing an exit strategy
 for entities
 NOT the flux entire Death can't make up
 its mind] amassing regimes of sign
 destined to move mo-to→-no -mad]

traffic
 bi-furcates borderlines
 immigration somewhat regulated]

text new constitutions of activation)
 becoming TIME [crosswise transducer;
 yet un [known tremors stabilize the ground
]love and knowledge serving the meaning of Earth:
 endure away and toward becoming
 falls back)

ontological choreography
 critically living allies
 immanent *coalescence of moments*
 our exploration apparatus
 to compose molar molecular h a e c c e i t i e s
 re: articulating [SAY fractal music
 activates memory hybridization
 speaking of unmitigated loss
 I say regardless of where we stand how
 with what friend or lover
 will blow you right over
 or even trying really

this restless wind
 then] without missing a beat

you palm up and catch a flower

[growing from that myrtle rooted in a father's grave
 whose transvaluation maps affiliation **embodies**
 as it probes combinatory onto-geo-logic implexes

down the rabbit hole addressing coincidences of immanent fields
intertwining contingencies we

tune in
drop out
this hypersea
(our proper *subject*)
assembler of the beloved
~h~i~z~o~m~i~c~c~i~t~y
aka prairie dogtown
now brought to the BIG SCREEN as

THE RETURN OF MEDUSA

(through the courtesy of ALW speaking on behalf of)

matter/energy composites [*it's a material world and I am a material girl*
this ongoing experiment a living palimpsest]

brings dialogues into NOW
EXCHANGING geological codes
with socius becoming microbes
designed along Olsonian
lineS

THISNESS The Play's more diverse the thing
Our Dialogic Periplum Jesus says: love your enemies
but slay your friends

[thought that was Vito Corleone! That Is
despite manifestations of independence and proclivity to take
private aggrandizement from externalities] human expressions function
within envelopes of coevolution and are themselves So

science and philosophy embrace
La Tierra VIBRATES multiflow[backin
mani]folding convergences

our fellows participate in
even yon w/nomadic address follow the matter
subtle or not articulating
no doubt WORLDS will be destroyed
but some judgment wriggles~~~free

TILL WE LOSE THE THREAD
other s]
pick up

[Ladies and Gentlemen for the purpose of THIS DEMONSTRATION the side show
has moved to center stage]

through systems marked by *auto-* poietic measures
 the *allo-* folding in
 such motley crews
 linked through hermeneutic con-text
 transducing *thar she* *blows* something
 to gobble air and formations de-&-re- selves sing
 with less and greater intensity
 a coherent song
 at behest of
 our C~O~N~T~E~N~T~E~N~S~I~V~E plane of
 immanence encouraging cospeciation
 DIG SAY [fungi games turning ants
 to zombies in their hecatomb
 while others raising ants engage bacteria
 to keep parasites—horizontally transmitted between nests
 from decimating cultivars WE ARE
 the garden reaches INTO
 the return of snakes BY
 chemically attracted micros
 swim
 crawl and with pili yearning
 up and walk turn dance
 into
 C~O~N~T~A~C~T
 surface and biofilm
 [what's showing at THE RESISTOPICS?
viruses drive defensive
 extension events encouraging diversities
through which we make
 THIS quiddity —SO
 THIS
 is this the that
 the is the not
 the non
 begin and end
 does it what's not
 at once
 is isn't
 is
 ?

Going w/] back up the cone
lays eggs[
while hosting a virus
to weaken its defenses

[co-extensive KITH
A PARASITIC WASP
in the]caterpillar

[OH BRAVE NEW
restructuringmachine

flies to more amenable pools
ferrying dna and change likewise
THE PARANÁ BLEEDING ink of piranhas]
color the=blue=green=bowl
straddling hardened basalt
Mesozoic intensities spew lava squeezed
through faults

winking its vortex open and closed
Doctor Living Stone
I PRESUME

cracks BigBig quixotic mystical lotus eater
Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca de Jerez de la Frontera
Post Texas Calamities + [X===perimentation

reaches Red Brasil 1541 [250 men and 26 horses
cut wild Serra do Mar direct route Asunción.]
Tupi-Guarini kind and new to thee

*The current of the Yguazú was so that canoes were carried furiously
down river, for near this spot there is a considerable fall and the noise
made by the water leaping down some high rocks into a chasm may be
heard a great distance off and the spray rises two spears high and more
over the fall....*

Walking prodigious flows
unexpectedly now eternal
on multicolored wings
a wild single-minded turkey holds
the world in abeyance floating through

polynets a serpent jettisons its fluxus
onto turtles huddling stones
above raging down fern-lined cliffs the crevasse
swallows dive rebounding spray foam volumes the cataracts
—Moss clinging the precipice everywhere,
as much life as will go
cloverleaf flyovers the river turning

as you dip in to wet your nib

dawn
climbing
down water
this mayfly sips
instant cups of stars

Only the largest and most vicious GOD
has power to halt the running multiverse.)

*[Services will be performed by the trees full of vultures;
the complicit public is invited to attend without charge*

Notwithstanding] the family continues to paddle the slough in a rubber raft
through LIM[B]S reaching over to speak:

If thorns will not keep
you off my back
nettles and poisons drive you
to distraction
may the wild scent
of luxurious orchids
fill your desiring machines
with nausea
turning stingers into consorts
of becoming

just as the flute player sends out his magic
to waken the dreaming woman hugging the oarlocks

this yellow bird black
head collar wings
perching a monkey tree observes curiously
a crocodile becoming tree stretches the mud reed bank

—babies hanging tight to the crease of her back—

quietly bamboo falls over tributaries and BLOCKS US OFF
protecting zones of proliferation
when a spiral of vines vessel for how many souls?)
downpours the polylayers
bromeliad flying sidewalks
maze through the wilderness
a trail full of agouti to fine wading

UNDER

a fall≈≈≈polishing volcanic stones

amadillo
 deer
 monkey
 jaguar
 puma—migrating NORTH after Pleistocene extinction

ocelot
 peccary
 thread carob & Good Spit quebracho:
 through a goat's beard
 its legendaryn arse]

and OUT →
 yes chaos comes to butterfly
 purple
 spirals on wings
 open and close
 too soft and quick
 for one to see

while pausing blue yellow orange red bars polka dot unreal
 lichen hold out]cropping rock
 by [a candelabra *gracias tocayo:]*

*the hummingbird on its clear wing
 thrusts with a thin bill
 to the flower's heart*

a million insects at their ecotropic frequency hum in prayer
 layering starfields tapir
 in a small glen riffing
 green-leaved tongues
 shake strange trees full of balls
 a toucan uttering
 the whirl[d we bathe in now capybara's gone
 [great anteater before

underneath
 a cool patch sucking oranges a bit of ginger

WHEN a knowing pheasant doesn't bother to hunt for shade
 but takes off as hard rain comes to Paraná

look down here & bending willows fiercely down prehensiling monkeys
 screech at us who have nothing useful to add. [AS
 the blanket of night **unfolds** hanging in this forest of water

as if life depends on one inexplicable moment
THE EARTH **FALLS UP** to join a single

stretching out h~o~v~e~r~i~n~g leaf
of lengthening silk its KIPU
root hair tubule plant]a road undergirded with road
detect tissue hormonal TGN pathways magnetic
coextensive nets: *commitment orientations* snagged in

tongues eyes nose mouths hands

from every sleeve TRANSMITTING
mallows turn flowers]ANTICIPATION[here on the coast
full of ears across the polyverse to a dawn yet to be
shaping ranges of desire made of choices
with invisible fingers retying signatures
with those diffuse sweeps we concur

fold
i
n
g
different rates to
be
and
not
to
be joining w/ wonder as

Higher up Langurs
d
r
o
p
leaves to companion spotted deer [following tree to tree
climbing down]to share
when trouble comes their better noses stamp ground
to warn OVERLAPPING affiliates to go back up

competition and predation
penetrating acquiring ignoring
form

coevolutionary judgments
decide the niche to catch

FIRST LIGHT
 the portal on this ship
lets in
 the crash of morning]a power of birds
these honkers signal innumerable

 reaches
 hold the lines
 as long as possible
 in the face of irruption
 connecting parts
 with thought & expression
 filling our empty mouths

 So why do I
 need consolation
 the river that takes
 this message to you
 courses in one direction only
 when children readily know
 THE TIDE
will bring an answer back
[whose hermeneutics

to the kinocilium of ears
 C~O~I~L
 the
 lichen rust rainforest

 trunks
RUNG with stranglers

as a katydid
clings to a green plate becoming

leaf
bush cricket

fiddle annoyance
with waves of antennae

lay their eggs
toward DUSK

brocket deer dip
 plush faces in the mire &
 splash-out-loud

 giant otters disturb the love
 song[a frog
 calling bats
 to end its pining

where tapir groan
coatis and bush dog[

]in the mud
live off the beaten track

TURNING FULL CIRCLE

TRUMPET vines
herald the morning
riverweed

sucking ledges
deepen

the homage
releasing packages
of information
everywhere parrots squawk
about swallows
nesting out] crops
descending
the wet swarm

of bugs

sidewelling
migrations of exchange

Ocelot jaguar peccary
scrape the brush
layered subtropical horns
rich lianas reach through
grabbing stones
herbaceous flora lean into the spray
dry seeds spring to life
rising shrub, cedar
incipient, intermediate, large

CONSORTIA

Laurel-guatambú,
bamboo, fern,
epiphytes all stripes,
palo rosa palmitos living cupay
(some floated vegetable mats north over
crossing contrarian raccoons
yonder merganser
helmeted woodpecker
lazy swift
caiman of the reed
bufo catfish splash the channels
caingangues
BUT NOW
dare call them tourists?
pushing envelopes

climbing traversers
anteater screech capuchín
the isthmus-to-be
and the cats heading south)
piping guan
viper rattlesnake

dislodged by tupi/guarani
ugly *one ups*
[there's no such thing
prey over

our mother's bones

STILL enlivened
acts of attention

pluck
invisible strings

[resonating

interiors OR
how a rainbow
riding the mist

bines

rock~to~tree
en medias res

as a lover's kiss]
coextensive

molecular modular
drift parting

coherence within coherence

what it is
not
say **MC x C**
and thereby holds

together
as long as boundaries last
when
losing face
re:lapses into

the more future than past

re:organizes
states perhaps

[not isolated

as truth is
beauty though
never completely

doing as knowing

articulates
options
continuously presented
around
a strangeness

coupling

simple]
things]

[dread
[things

All
of which diversity
moves
paradigms of bits to different substance

TAKE
a diamond
so many carats!] both ways
this [sutra cuts
other
many[s
at once

PREadaptating[specialization
increases com]
pliant structures
enabling[fitness (SIC)
meta environments
strengthen
dis Entropy
organizes processes
wink in and out
layering
these → Blakean eyes
on every sleeve
make universes
known
fulfilling
such destinies

c~u~r~r~e~n~t
the OUGHT power

from the

UR blast [s
the self

's[repli-
transcription

functions

chaotic
reserves

for such]	<i>dynamic entities</i>	[to
	<i>hold</i>	
	<i>moving</i>	
	<i>creek</i>	
	<i>beds</i>	
	<i>shape</i>	
	<i>boundaries</i>	
	<i>flow</i>	<i>The Laws of Physics</i>
		(no longer a priori)
emergencies		
increase	w/ speed	
	(autocatalytic	re-circuits
tax the base	hypercycling	time
	substrates	
sheet		tube
altruistic		
	assemblages	
WE]	are	OTHERS['
termini	mutually	conTEXTing
in] depends	[upon	more than wheelbarrows
	viables	
individually	maintained by	
	NON ME	
a	name	hurled into the blank
gaze of Polyphemus	Chaos Maker	of restrictions
architect of		the mise en scène
shouldering [like		you
	a vial of hope	
an absence within a force		
opening springs		
my SELF [complex autogen		banquets at behest of
surplus]solar balancing≡	↓	constraint production
		construed by
	say	
	EARTH	
ratcheting supply		for efficient use
preserves its memory of		
works-in-progress		<i>in</i> <i>address</i>
not to un]mention	<i>identity</i>	this cosmos open
[OR closed enough		draws upon
abundant		worlds

QUERY: is the universe sustained from outside?
 HERE—a difference that makes another homunculus?]
 [a difference
 finding place?

Take HOMO
 for consortia:
 ruminant grass carbon networked citizenry
 coimplicated non-alienated mindthing
 going

not going
 all morning long
 what had already been here & now]
 my kind of
 horse and neck
 Tathāgata
 would be
 already gone

WHEN

you can your
 self see
 looking back
 in that out of something [clinging to body parts
 forget impulse knitted is knitting understanding]
 even emptiness aggregate contexts
 teasing desire objectified to borrow a hand
 that
 isn't a lamp someone put under a bushel
 to fill what
 ¿ darkness
 The Move of things looked at?

IS and ought
 reshapes conditionals
 born ready to be walked over
 changing
 too something [else
 close by in fierce wind
 panicles of oats dip & tuck far OUT
 they spiral
 they bend their waves carrying light up the hill
 w] surceasing states in another domain
 the cotermini of clabbering milk
 begins and ends with curd beings
 and you still out looking for a likely set of udders

Meanwhile
to facilitate rest

Receptors
open
and take in

zeitgebers
synchronize
spectrally across
permeable borders
the inner with outer
cosmogonically circadian

[reconsidering
as if to end a thing
in on through like
a city of intercessors

cicadas→
persisting
[wise

whistling just

If you do
not exist and I talk
what causes [multiform
as hearing
predicates ears

the fruit
appreciates
the hearer
feeler

as condition
the eater

seer
doer
fire wood
mutuality
does not un]mean

they know each other

meeting before
arriving
I feel [say
when somewheres
some *other*
body

anguish
else

full of biomes

since w/o
there's no thank you
for

medicine
that needs no sickness

the full emptiness
rising from

seeing
and doing the [UN
ends with doing it

But you say

and I

a thing cannot it's not

for long
because it doesn't move
doesn't mean
it isn't there

clings to
the thing nor
becomes being
characterizes

for NOW

Emptied of Fixation
bound free

Emptiness

changes thickness
of distance
—attachment

intensity

inverses affection
turns fixed points
the question that
inside
a form of de-territorialization

our Buddha

Nature
exist outside
can't be investigated
desire
i.e. love of the other

The heart rejects
the dharma
so resistant understands
where the fire goes
when it has burned out
IS NOT
a phenomenology of suffering

the tension
between

the great small and the small great

through coextensive dialogues
our Sangha
reconciles
Samsara
WITH
Nirvana

among transsubjectivities
there is no outside the text

Attention: Exits will open briefly
Attention: Exits will close briefly

REALITY emerges subject
to multiple
co: extensive and
permeable formations

Driving the two-toned (white and turquoise)
mint-50s, *Olds 88*
in corporate colonial Mexico,
I turn into the warehouse district
in search of a fine duck
to consume later at a dinner with friends.
Down one alleyway,
I pull over to the side of a brick wall,
and from an angle of light
a fledgling materializes
—ambling its way

this and that over to the car.

With one quick
and deliberate maneuver, I open
the door and seize it by the neck:
“Now I’ve got you;
but what is all this,” I say,
noticing that it is covered
with a brown mud.

“Ah yes,”
The convenient black hose nearby
has a cap that I with difficulty remove.
Then as I slowly

water it from head to feet

as if lathing debris from an archeological ruin]

layer by layer

the form of a new baby

is simultaneously revealed

“Oh”, I think,

“Now it will be difficult to eat

being like this.” And add,

“How will I ever get it across the frontier?”

“With an open palm, properly glazed,

the guards

might allow a useless duck, but this?”

Then continents loosed their hinges
& I began
to receive messages
from the infant,
but did not immediately
 recognize the fact,
since
the communication
was telepathic
and seemed
to emanate from me.

 “Don’t worry,
 this is the way across”
the little boy
(for that was what it now was)
communicated.

I turned
and it had become
a ‘pretend’ wooden nutcracker,
defined with angular
 blocked patches
of color and outline.
“This way
the guards will never know
 and we can get through.”

I placed it
into the recessed chromium
 rectangle
 in the back seat cover
that I
certainly had not observed before,
but was, nonetheless,
careful to use the safety belts
 to protect it from harm.

“Though they may think me a bit odd,
the guards will certainly
allow a man and a nutcracker
through the gate
 to pass over the borderline
 as I imagine
 I’m sure Hermes driving on...”

alders lean their parentheses around
the corridor of light shaped by the lane
running underneath
I for now rush through
[the canal]

co- evolving
w/layer OTHERS
going on

upon relatively free

THIS TIME
appears Cassandra
FOLLOWING
AN EDGE
& *MAKE IT NEW*

WALKING THE CREASES

**LIKE ANY ARTIST
TO WORK AN OPENING**

THUS DETERRITORIALIZATION
URBANE] COYOTE
but with the staff
& conch in-hand blows
to a World

living at un]invited wolf's place

a warning
flooded with voices
baked to dry brain

deep in the mountains where nobody goes
only a faint voice heard echoes across
just as a hint of new morning breaks through
crowded branches lighting the forest green

in this frame
—recording their peripatetic
conversations with
& launched

I invited cognoscenti

like-minded friends)

THE WALKING BOOK WEBSITE

These peregrinations along →
cityside and country
had the important effect
of introducing continuous
uncertainty into the discourse,
(*like a foot unexpectedly*
crashing through weakness in the snow)
a sine qua non for the creation of art.
Dialogue topics clustered around
of a culture]

trail and byway
round the world

critiques
isolated from

environmental connection

Over
Time

as the number of recordings grew
patterns began to suggest themselves
the ideas exchanged registered
in the particular locations
—grounding them]more securely
I reindexed

[Not surprisingly
most effectively]
[they were made
[Consequently

for order of strength and geography
including maps for each series
users now download threads
directly to their earphones
integrating *the barely other*
to reenact each memory theatre
during the walkabout
eventually completing
of more than imagination
to nest a companion site of
* see *Hamlet's Mill*

to create a larger scheme

an] entire cartography
[—diligent attempts
nighttime sky walks
has proven impracticable

...so let us go...when
TRAVELING **IS** TRAVELING

Not a mélange of screen images
converging behind the fixed operator
hand moving an uncoupled wheel
eyes fixed too long
without fear of going off the cliff
NOR with effects
with steering screened in front
though the driver IS certainly driven
the organs
retaining of their formers
refold your **FACE** from gills
into an ear
w/ a crooked nose on a crooked road

on the sweet one beside

advancing

our peristil we enter
crossing} gran chemen

among
a transmogrification of coherences
when I think of the subject
my friend goes inside
and I am not
the object

Dust
 devils
 revel the circumambulating wind
 and enter the zocolo of blue balconies
 over the lovely street.
 Unveiled with *the barely parted curtains*
 old places things
 in the market: 20 kinds of corn
 40 colors of dye. Spices to dazzle the tongue and eye
 Good food, bowl of quinoa
 when an insistent gust
 shakes the willows
 before letting them settle back again
 to sag the plaza.
 In the mean time
 meditating on red cochineal cloth
 but looking D
 O
 W
 N
 from the Archbishop
 HE smiles into his cell
 thanking benefactors in *Opus Dei*
 certainly NOT
Urubamba the strong brown he ponders]
 HOW
 near mount Pachamama full of arms
 a bridge was built from
 Potosí to Sevilla with silver bones
 Europeans choked on
 [But too late to wash
 The Body
 of the Holy Land
 Down
 with Running INCA Gold
 though Pizarro]seeking El Dorado
 captured *ATAHUALPA*
 who offered *hopefully*
 virgin boys roomsful of jewels
 gratefully appreciated to no avail
 since P killed him anyway

vade meCUM→ Herzog frames the shot as Paladin steps through the lasso
of the winking machine:

richard dick man from uncle at 13
beetle boots black clothes mustachioed
nerdy glasses towering giant sissy wet his pants
penned multipage peace treaties to avoid bloodshed
ever the bold you brazenly tore it up [...more later
Preferring fisticuffs. Pretty funny
nobody gets hurt Marquis of Queensberry
that sort of Tommy-rot comes in
handy like ingenious dodads you carry
to show off or for just in case
like what you brought to bear on that
Fascist NUN from *The Legion of Mary*
(tried to put HER in a box too)
Sister Saccharine asked so nicely to read
our 100 famous stories we worked
so long the apple of our eyes
she ripped asunder as devil's work
paralyzing me with a slap for saying
heaven wasn't a place to go if she was going too
—then you stepped forward
wearing that marvelous magic belt
with the raised pistol flat on the buckle.
Right on cue, you tightened and filled
the stomach with air; the gun released
from its locked position, rotated, and struck out
90 degrees—erect and perpendicular—
pointing right at you know who
just when the revolver
popped that sweet and absurd cap.
SO
thank you
Wile E. Coyote
for ambling into the barren landscape
using such
canny bravery
in the face of the odds
that could turn the tumblers
enough
to blow the spirit back our way.

You can't think
too much on this;

though one's got a job to do
and anyway

Cusco's
such a muddle of

fog keeps tourists from landing
and hides from the ones already here
the fruitcake with his bundle of sticks
sweeping offal from the plazuela
determined to keep the navel clean

with no effort smiling
near
her Quechua baskets
a woman

deftly pulls yarn:

red
black white
yellow

weaving
the cosmos from

nerve fibers
proliferate
reaches
towards
zones of contact
and confederation
through

neat HANDIWORK
of
warp
and woof
did MOIRAE

this lot of

cut
sufficiency

NOTHING
[like the sharper formulations
of visitors
HELD
in the pupils of Her eye

rolling
rolling
down
children
cannot stop laughing
till
the rock stops them all at once
vizcachas
crouching in the grass

As substitute for writing poetry
in such a medium
having visited the cache of multicolors
I worry
over the jaguar spilling rivulets of blood
from expressive lips

D
O
W
N

to thirsty fields of corn

so busy myself figuring
the hermeneutics of hands
that weave such intricacies
when

off the broad road
of condor and dark llama]

dancing sets of children
tie up some loose ends
aiming their mudras at walls of
Sacsayhuaymán— an observatory head
of [the lying puma ☸

exposing its golden genitals

interlocking stones
no less tightly woven.

O Gondwana mountain,
bi-directional river, older than
Inca land running the length
what do you say?

Our new telephone wires go
in every direction
[my body cut to pieces innumerable
shore grains each

—tying up the Amazon

universes

confluence

contain particles

of rivers.

Yonder child
holds a wild kite in a hot storm.

What code does the forest hold—
what message vibrate its neuronet?

I tie a key on the string
through spring rain [and after

to open a door to what happens next
someone's playing the quena

I cannot see
smudges of white
glow on two pears

a flush of three guineas
escaping the wet slant of corn

(at P'isaq)

the bus flies over the condor
hugging its village full of tombs

Francisco **P** brother of **H** (1533) re:CORDed
traveling *el camino real*

from the highlands to the central coast
encountering several keepers of the Kipu.

SOME held →

that his condemnation: *they untied*
the accounts payable sector of the thongs
led to their general destruction.

OTHERS:

it was fear of the unknown power of this idolatry;

the line—

a collapsed three-dimensional
he carries inside, floats across frontiers
passing through nomadic zones

he punctures
straddling worlds

nested

my yogi

bending over

to make

a

C~O~N~I~N~L

I turn into and go through
the circle once a line

whose knot

I am

remains to decipher

seeking vision
catching IN] this e-soteric river holds everything
the sojourner going PAST
hands over what's yet to be; so why this
envelope ushers in such banality of evil] drains
the sapient soul

—an expression of the need to know
it selving
multi-verses by a want [of feeling
invited to cross and come on in

a gesture old as the first symbiont
seeds lineaments along encountered worlds

but somehow] missing almost
everything
I slept past dawn
lighting the countenance of

such water hissing through this jaguar's teeth

having changed the below
to live in peace high in mountain city
made a last plea to the GODS
to turn the wheel
of heaven back upon itself

following Urubamba
concealing the world in reverse
we make Ollantaytambo yonder
whose great presence we carve the mountain
directing water rippling here down the pirámide
stitching this way that
along llama's spine
of interlocks
anciently step by step
testing new hybrids of corn

such increase intensified
m~o~r~p~h~o
traversed cities
e~mergencies
among others

~dynamically
networked ~TELEO

stretching OUT
skeins

runners toting

[braided not sutured

]though they might've been

water drawn ON the horse
 the iron road goes a microbe diner
 piggyback

while going nobody asks
 are you
 the privileged tight-lipped
 suit of clothes muttering
 my grey beard balks

at this jostling
 rush of the new
 over old rockbed
 past endless ram-shacks
 yet **ALL SO FULL** *smiling pusses in the trees]*
 of guinea hens
 & green corn
 I do not get

even so
 round
 peaks of *Machu Picchu*
 rising with
 the condor at my window

early weather
 leads along the royal road
 fungal dna design
 efficient highways
 streaming bacterial links
 keep landlines
 just in case]

Cindy leans ON an umbrella
 bad knees and all angling

past every shape
 on walls a starfield
 cradle of building

dripping red plants hang

stepping through
 orange-covered green yellow lichen
 up to sun gate in the rain

[for the top *L-i-g-e-t-e-a-s-e*
 multitextured
 purple orchid bulge *the green slant*
 color form device

for→ *AIMS*
 the heart of god
 in return

all the way down

every breath
sheaths a spirit
tock tock tock
dances
the stone drum
coils the world round its spine
food soul wisdom rapture
A conveyance leads back to heaven
Amazonia wends the way home
Busing opposite thru the high pass
an old Cusco style church
combines forever
beautiful strange human beatings

Peeing in
pre-Inca remains
tall neatly wide

not w/o
palming the wrinkled hand
a friendly oval-faced Quechuan woman
in flat red hat [smoking a cigar

in the cannibal
UR town
we eat vegan—
an Indian boy rattles his pockets
full of amulets

ONLY I know for sure
the clown looking out windows
at Indians dressed in XMAS
regalia dribbles
more than coffee
over his pants [when

amidst village
dancing bonhomie
aqua blue lime yellow
white orange multi-ring
yellow fringe black rosy pink
black bowlers
topping it off

that Inca shoots him

THE FINGER

a tongue
stone
snaky double
spiral interface
runs through the other
ruins with no name
along tracks
your bloomers hang
from a rope
outside the hovel

near strips of maiz
a crannied wall
plastered with the mayor's reelection bid:

Now just how much did you get for that?

She invites us to stop
and take a picture with llamas
OR go right in
through the gate
and cross their patio of shit.

Later
In the corner
I find the old lady squeezing
her toes round a chuño
(finishing the freeze dry
for a year of potato soup) [which recursively

kisses me
BLARNEYS
back to a time before
*forgetting the bazaar
for this night of Our
Lord*—when a
narrow gene pool
and unforgiving virus
coupled with John Bull
produced a brood of evictions, hateful laws, & lucre
rendered from cruel taxation sent to absent landlords and god save,
which starvation apologists later call “The famine”, & likewise with
boatloads of food that could’ve fed every one—expediting
my coming tied necessarily to revulsion @ *laissez-faire*

But stories too come back
 as the potato woman points out
 the adobe brick window:
 walking over to a small lodge
 I affirm the indication to enter
 and there sits with legs crossed
 a diminutive native man
 nearby
 on the only chair, his wife
 —at a table to one side a sequence
 of four pottery figures, each a foot high.
 He said something to his wife
 who responded to me in Spanish:
 Es un recuerdo por su trabajo.
 I asked him what he did.
 To which his wife responded
 without asking:
 HE'S A RAINMAKER.
 When it hasn't for a long time
 people from towns come to him.
 He then spoke a while.
 She explained that he wanted me
 to know how it worked.
 He said *the key*
 is the same for living...
 to discover within
 & make of yourself
 a place of receptivity.
 To do this you must get rid
 of faults that come from selfishness—
 & seek w/o grasping to become, *what is*,
 (all any of us truly has).
 The invitation village
 builds a hut for me to dwell in.
 But before going
 I bundle the necessary herbs
 and incense to begin a fast. Walking
 sometimes more than a little way
 I arrive at the intended place
 carrying these four statues
 to help me
 practice the work at hand.

Usually it doesn't rain for a few days
and I worry there is something
no longer right with me.
But I overcome this human fault
so common in my profession
and go back to looking
for the locus of unencumbrance.
This is fraught with danger,
since it does not signify
pure or static.
That quest of private intention
can be delusory.
As I meditate
on the four modes of process
embodied in these figurines
eventually it rains.

 I ask
how can what you do
on the inside affect the outside?
He laughed No! you are mistaken;
though
of course the spheres are discrete
WE must learn to see how
they enter one another
like the air you breathe.
So in discovering
the many ONES inside of
air man
 water man
 microbe man
 plant man

and so on
one looks for entry points
where one thing leads into another.
Here one encounters blockages
and must invoke the help
of [*beings* to remove them.
I have heard that some of these
are themselves made of blockages
and for that reason have this power over them;
and I admit to calling upon one of these in particular.

[...HELPERS

But please do not misunderstand this way of talking
deployed only to help make things clear
to a mutton head like me.

So I ask him
to explain the purpose of each statue.

evidently:
the first stands upright,
arms directly overhead; then
with the second he arches
forward curving
fingers toward the toes
to complete the ouroboros
the living and non
—differences w/o difference—

contribute to this
process of self-making *the what is*
In the third stage, the yogi
corkscrews himself into a spiral.
In this phase I often hear
the music of the plants planets planes
At the fourth
consequence, he begins (I see
you noticed the pronoun shift) to enter
his own circle. It is also an exit to be sure.
The location is volatile;
the threshold of frames embraces
the great mystery of transformation.
This is the stage it usually rains. Now here [the missing fifth→completes
an imaginary
quincunx a gnomon of sorts —persists unseen
& returns
to the vertical. But despite what appears
to be an exact return to what was before
this man is no longer what he was.
In the face of such an assault
& in defense of my own sense of self
I ask somewhat belligerently, if he actually believes he makes it rain?
—a pseudo inquiry—to which he appropriately groans, but patiently
answers nonetheless:

*somewhere in the mouths of water
ONE is asking a molecule
if it is a creator of rainmakers*

To such a comeuppance

I take refuge in
an OTHER
un]
forgettable walk
HE told me *perhaps*
discovered as a boy
I was not then
a reincarnation of the 14th
but in living had now become

imposing
moments
on the body
create possibilities
for inhabitation
in the process
of making
it

SO to see for a time the world
everything at once
awaking from such a trance
he remonstrated:
*how can you bear
such terrible weight?*
but was answered:
*you got what you asked for,
and now know, sufficiencies,
how-*
sover heroic and condensed,
*in other consorted nested sets of various infinities
are redeployed;* [a tale spot on—overheard at a keyhole—releasing
this rhyme from another door] or skein of refuge and remembrance
that is Ulysses tied to a mast,
listening to the unendurable speech
of the sirens
and begging his men
to fill his ears with beeswax
to cease the terror
of experiencing such an eternity
outside his ken.

ONTO

reading golden chulpa
towers Sillustani
jaguar heads
hold bodies of the rich
—nearby "Indians"
keep delicious guinea pigs. And
there below these ancient hillsides
in the timeless pond
people still finger in their rows of corn
as a solitary cow buries her face
in the ink of water rippling
red and pink with flamingos

EVEN

Walking Bosch Alley
Juliaca

through

corridors
of garbage heaps
la charcutería de los pobres]
I hold my nose

[hastening steps

in fervent hope
the timing's right enough
to exit
just before
my gorge rises

when Aymara
lugging brown bags
full of Jumbo
aerosols
go down to get off
under a bridge
to no where

leading to →

Puno Public Sales

furniture

mattresses musical

instruments

everything piled up as far
as the eye can see

smuggled from Bolivia
a] cross

covered with reeds
and chinampas

The Wide Titicaca

Viracocha

emerged with the sun
from the lake's
stone door pouring
a love fluxus
onto everything

now a sounder
out of the mush of this omphalos
roots for slops;
among glide woven boats
through every plane

Reaching out to **Kon - Tiki**
orange
blue
red
green
brown

the smiling crocodile dance
on la isla Huacahuacani
Uros dress us
[like Uros
a veritable
climb into the thatched huts
to lie together
on their beds.]

When we leave, their sadness is not really false

It is just a game of money
but the spirit's never ashamed

as natives sing] underneath the grasses wave goodbye
rain falls through the house
Tarkovsky looks in

who chooses a humble life [understands

de rerum natura

Not just, since there is] no ante] diluvian
when all is said you knew what was there
when it counted. So thanks
for the constellation of orange pincers
to reach]through the voids
nesting all these stars[and grab
ahold of

what happened friend
the time
we walked the moon
seeking a source —say Homo following
the crease of a dragon's back rolling into[a hole through which these ancients
dropped their cosmonauts across the horizon
to rejoin the chthonic flux
for reentry INTO the *nether* world OUR EARTH
which calls for
a double back *off hwy 61*
and reconnoiter
YES? having
Gone South
when
the plot
thickened [considerably
on that lake
of
origins
as we were
just taking
a looksee]
to find what was wanted
gleaning the stuff
from that bike ride
never to arrive
the never visited
somewhere
a revelation of place revealed
in expressive verticality
cycling the lake perimeter
carried by what one carries
when only to the place
of going and arriving
becomes inhabitation

now
going back for the thread
despite the comedy
Aymara/Uros do bring
Titicaca's
bottom up
cutting reeds
plied
into cork islands float
across this mirror
continents skimming
celestial patterns
close to the text as possible
the sky
inside
the milky way
passes
a RECURSIVE North
]just over a ways [the gap
a puzzle
we live in]
El Rio Urubamba
going back through
Machu Picchu
constellations
dark Amazon
across
jungles the sea
Hissing Jaguar Teeth
Pachacuti Brother
invokes
space/time
NOT
to
turn over

engaging the **power of mountains**
crevices

not to say:
edges OR
curvatures

to BUILD
the above
on earth
changing

the deformity

to twist
back on itself
living rightly here

of heaven
the wheel

all a proper shape for the stammering god

& unleash from its belly

a deep
AUM

enunciating a change in
the course of stars

The World that they conform to that good
Below so diligently wrights

SUCH A GATEWAY

we dissect [like
vicera of caracols
to identify

[tracing usual suspects
useful morsel
this addictive brain
treads such corridors again
reenacting

drawing along lines
PARTS
apropos de
& render from that
OIL to run THE MACHINE
delighting once more
cathected with immitigable fear
& again] down to that enigmatic stone

THE BULLFIGHT
THE FALL

[in Enkidu's re: performance of

to an & consign private liberty
existential fate performing such acts

Heart of Earth Heart of Sky

would

never think

Promising
a way out of the high pass,
the bumpy alternative road turns
—suddenly,
a giant boulder appears
and I slam the brakes

waking from the aforesaid nightmare
in the nick of time]

we pause to eat our picnic
and complain
nothing could remove
such a blockage
and dread the prospect
of driving back
to start over;
when a blue dancing quixotic figure
—fierce elephant-headed dream of a guy—
blows a strange syllable from his conch of hands
summoning from its vibrations
a converse flow that opens
an unexpected trek
through the stone
we follow
rejoining the thoroughfare
on the other side.

CIMI

...

The two
stood before the folk
of Xibalba:
—We are Hunahpu and Xbalanque.
Our fathers
were One Hunahpu
and Seven Hunahpu.
Upon hearing this,
the citizens fell to their knees
and begged for mercy.

—We will now tell you
what your punishment will be.
None of you will escape.
 No more will you be great.
 No longer will you wait at the end
 and gloat over suffering and loss of life.

Now
you too are part of a continuum,
not the end of any story.
We are all transformers my friends.
And now YOURS
is like the rest:
 all important
 never all
 and living IS to die.

As they pondered
their cruel fate,
Xibalbans shook in fear
at this compassionate revelation.
For people may never have what isn't,
they may have only that which is truly theirs.
Meanwhile,
under her roof and crying
before the withered corn, Xmucane
watched in awe,
as the plant revived right in the middle of the house.

The green returns and everyone is joyful.
The two boys
—contemplating the wonderful ball game played in the interstices of things—
look at the garden of Earth, at all the coming and going,
the transformations, the becoming something else.
That there is nothing else for it
but to discover an idea worthy to live by,
love one another, and be happy as far as it goes.
Then finally the twins
 turned to the
 Xibalbans

to say what their ears could scarcely believe:

PLAY BALL!

So returning
the spiraling chakra
to your farm

Thinking How
To Think
About

we walk the fence
putting up creosote
wound with thorns
and stop
for a moment
to take a bit of fruit
and wipe our brows
streaming with warm sweat
convected
with sand

[noting well

that at the place
down the road
they're putting up
an] impermeable 10 footer
to keep
the stockade of wildlife in;
so everyone
can get a good feel
for killing.
But

OUTSIDE

like] a dam over a river
or lobotomy striking
synapses from the brain

the wire
puts a halt
to those who

follow cross trails

above

and
below

speaking

]what they know

to anyone

who'll listen

Not quite dreaming
I walked
the rails
 beside
a running measure
of layers
knotted
with their
 presentiment
 of barbs
when a strange
physiognomy
or THING
reflected in the
pond
rose near
pulled up
& looked right
in the face
possessing
me to reach
down to
the rocks for
a couple of
spikes
to hammer
 or twang
 or tug
at the array
through
a matter of time
hitting finally
upon a strange rhythm
or set of partials
keyed
within that wall
of lines the row
opened
leaving me still
NOT knowing
what I had got
MYSELF out of

Knock Knock

Rev the Give

Who's there?

RIGHT!
go on recording
this last bit to answer how
you got here along thoroughfares
(interstitial continua)→ processing Krapp]; then
I'll take all the tapes
from the whole fortnight
and get on with
spooking
the bio

What I heard
from the old folks
after the CW
the family and lots besides
started walking West to Texas
settling out near Nacogdoches

I believe...

But there were no Doctors,
no hospitals
& our own healers
couldn't recognize the American herbs.
Those were all back in Africa!

We were stuck,
but some of the women of imagination
had likewise, gumption and wisdom
to visit the Indian village
near the ancient mounds and ask
if they could teach them about living
in this strange and forbidding land.
Making common cause from
different ends of the same tally
they formed a salon in that place
to seek out medicine and discover

going there
dancing polyrhythms
of native drums
was
coming home

*(not far
from my brother's place?)*

Traditional Mapping

(a tool and pathology of belief in-
carceration)

imposes
a system of fixed boundaries
for private use.

BUT THIS ONE

presents mind with body
fluid cotermini
expressed a mythopoeic synthesis
unimpeded by dams in ecotropic terms
~waves of sand~

rush into
los brazos del agua
sweeping
from the land down the river
whose ongoing polydestinies
fill the estuary]NOT as
but with other partners
building the dunes

Mussolini was wont

alive in the
moving seats of judgment
lay out their buoys
marking the shifting &
permeable margins of
layered zonations

THE SHORELINE IS

~Afrodite's~flowing~hem~

an intersection
of numerous
vertical and horizontal
fields

conspires dialogues of consensuality
we learn from

[to produce through

rheostatic coherences

~letting in the new~

walking, then,
is a form of inhabitation
(something we always do
or someone)
releases its curve of sweetness

crossing something
—the skin of an apple
when the teeth bite through it.

I think

therefore

I am

()

NOT
THAT!

First distinction:

parentheses

from the
c~r~e~v~a~s~v~e~s
brain
emerges

evaginating
LANGUAGE

(we hold on to

Not CAUSATIVE

but MEDICINE to REconcile us
with the Fall

Knock Knock

Who's There?

Catalytic Converter

What brings you...

to help constitute an event

e

Thanks for the note, bro. Hope the concert went well. The format shift worked for the bday vid. Those kids are some kind of cute! Best birthday present I'm likely, so I'll send knotsful of gratitude to D. On a different, I wonder how to take the anechoic chamber audio of *Medusa* & place it cheek by jowl with text PDFs in a slideshow—to listen and read each page as you go—unleashing also, more than 4 hours of moving stills into the frozen public stream.

We live in a time when the masses no longer need the intellectual or the artist—and will not hear the plea that *the CEO has no clothes*. Perhaps I should just release it all to WIKILEAKS and have done....Still in the face of what's lost and yet to come, no doubt we'll be recommissioned—bringing our onions in hand to carry the people back to their displaced grief. This later will come in handy after what's coming.

love,

j

P.S. Consider processes comprised of multi-layered consortia old as Lamatia, nested holonic entities allied with [say a bumble bee a breath of air] within an envelope of permeable limits.

P.P.S. Weird probabilities huddle round and shape materials that may still seek exit strategies—redirecting, these intensities undermine identity or enjoin others to change it—measuring degrees of stability and tendencies toward de:territorialization (e.g. the preponderance of unsocial behavior)—constants in the milieu of re: & de: formations. Elements (say US) may participate in multiples concurrently with varying degrees of concentration and purpose. Going about the business of expressing a *raison d'être*, WE autopoietics discover how effects of polyvalent and multiple actions throughout a system produce and manifest properties of character and in process, intelligence. Such interactions likewise nurture governing effects.

This new plate
of eyes
sees
re:knotted
the old cord,

bridgelike,
the cedar rises poly-cabled
from a common trunk
stretching out particular strands

to come back
and hug such distinct
and wayward personalities

encourage
near and far to find their
range expression
selves

along divergent rises

return to ones
they never leave
a wolf

at home in this polyvalent life

—angling for light
doubly paired
with sweeping bays
the redwoods standing tall

these no single nor some fixed thing
but jointly working out with all the rest
their coextensive thoughts

becoming tree,
a vine follows the path around which
the green spins its bark

climbing a scaffold they build together
till the old fellow goes and vine coils up, still
held in the architecture of its ghost

if tracing arrays of spherical *vo/vox*
corkscrewing their flagella
cloudbursts of flies galaxy a funnel of air
as we on our way to Buddhahood
helix the alimentary canal to circle
that string dropping through

below the waterline
remora clear debris fields
from a shark's path;
(such stalking horses)
as Jupiter
gyres along
pulling meteors
into its gravity well
cradling us for good

taking into account how peckers
extracting ticks from the hides,
carry the arc of helper
past its midpoint
going too far
begin to drink the rhinos' blood.
What will become of them?

along
a human disturbance of the forest
the forces summon the poison oak
to warn against further incursion
companied with blackberry
armed with thorns
two sentries
guard the gates of paradise

Still
L'autre
I step on
half-crushed

climbing up to the next plateau

constantly in a state
of transmogrification
actuality
is not determined
by the quality of being alive
or being what some
might call a *thing*

that slowed down to a stop
process of an event
in motion

It is not
that YOU persist
in different forms,
but THE *IT-*
SELF
arises

[a coherence of multiplicities

in the mani-fold
inter-play

identity
(markers

speak
what it is

through
envelopes
engaging

others,
nested
within and without
discovering

common
tongues voice
systems
at inner zones
where integrity is

differences extend across
feedback

THE LANGUAGE

most replete;
militates against
encountering others

In
contra]distinction the

frontier manifests
dialects of
border talk

transferred from
insistent centers

—rely on rules:
grammar, syntax,

and the [hopeless like
to hold their shape &
forget the soldier at the gate,
tattooed on his arm &
whose polyglot
conjoins

reinforce the configuration; [Not to
who'll return with strange gods
stranger bugs diverting his gut
like[wise
intersubjectivities

naturally
cantons

to bring forth
within envelopes
do operate under
symbiont *devising*

Coherences change

within and w/o

through engagements
in time
may be absorbed or r]ejected
by
moving along
directions
of inclination
revising shape
and identity
as encounters demand
are not exclusive.

OTHERS

The solitary{?} tree
shares more than space
with mycelia
playing
permeated
with relics,
body parts continue
ancient
myriad

]minding
at the root

the forest with networks

TALK

collaborating
across
slow things
multi flow

feeding cellulose
the belly
vasculars
harden insatiable thirst
sequestered through
for later deployment when
permafrost melts [& a
as the preacher says]
out the mouth releasing viruses,
previously

of Earth

for carbon
weathering in tectonic jaws

broken seal releases pestilence
and runs our gluttony
bacteria, radiation, bioweapons, etc
held in check

events

make
the NOWING
the not
multiverse

others
becoming

up
we are
what
comes from

cc: knock knock
 who's there?
 knock knock
 who's there?
 knock knock
 who's there? Philip G!

CANT GET ENUF OF A GOOD THANG

The tale keeps wagging the dodge—like the desert trip—we found ourselves sitting one early morning at a crappy diner as the aged waitress filling the salad bar looked up at us, directly, and asked

JACK OFF TODAY?

We were unable to
 suppress our guffaws of suppressed bluster even after [we deduced
 she was speaking to her boss standing behind us.
 Our spirit *Hilaritas*
 gives intent duration
 fixed through s-h-i-f-t-i-n-g unities
 WE KNOW THE FEELING
 and dare utter the real
 debouch between blossom and bole
 grasping at wholeness
 to work for sugar stirring the water

bamboo and grasses whisper
 she crosses the fine meadow
 always I want to tell her
 but usually botch it
 so I'll just wait for the time
 and pluck that strange red flower
 to give when I speak her name

RELATION not parts
 we question the]un
 holon
 as mind through w]holes
 the living]UN
 turns
 past=future
 into & thereby holds the hand of the present

as a band of lights

dovetailing
vibrations

with

know how

the coextensive

many

the conch

re=sound

N~O~W~S

liberating

against which we stuff

our ears & canalize

out the wazoo these OTHERS

atomized into tasty morsels

to leverage futures

before they get here

that different kind

of present

greasing the skids

and trumpet

absolving private indulgence

with public mea culpas

rendered from

carbon taxes offset

squealing behind

enshrined with pious

to buy only *Styrofoam Coffees*

dripping pre-purchase agreements

mitigate rainforest destruction

redrummm

intonations

fomenting metastable regimes

with

no

JUST

OF BALANCE

to threshold

the boundaries

tip land forms

reducing fresh water

Knock Knock

The Biota

makes raucous noise

come from the sampo

yet fit to be tied

we hear only

NADA

Odysseus didn't mind

the sorceress had reason

changing men

to what they are

as the shortening ties of reds unleash their warning flags
before risking the last leg of the arctic haul—
a hundred thousand sandhills heading north

along the Nebraska Platt
in the melting snow;
albatross

hooked
too quickly unravel

THIS IS

opens
many UN]
dis

COTERMINOUSLY
gather like knots

their series

the only book

verses

emergencies

pause
to rest and feast

in the longlines
& **understand**

but not [
onto
[we do not address
connected

contain
ghosts of
never-to-be

we wipe out

no
longer to shape
except in
this
NOTHING
to say forever

without
that
what

the lonely ego contends
not

with
inconceivable loss
BUT

[leaving the lost children to
and do

the grieving

w~a~n~d~e~r~s
fruitlessly this
place of
aimless corridors
act out the content

alone]

snorting burgers up the nose

{laced w/

burning carbon acidifies oceanic rise choking coral
loading aerosols in the chamber's got our name on it
QUICK, before resistants close the valve

acesulfame saccharin cyclamate sucralose

sweeten liquids in our throat going down
this anti-ouroboros
fracks the body
stretching
Ogallala only to block
the course of all there is
more than strange rhetoric
vomiting pantoxicities into the water.

Yet UNEXPECTEDLY
in a cornhusker's field {guilty of most ill-use
some where
cowboys & indens finally
bury the tomahawk
in atonement
draw a picture
and write in the grasses

NOtoKXL

THIS WORD
r~u~n~n~i~n~g

down
to our
pond of convergences
in these piney woods
you see entwine near the fenceline
two coral snakes
sign of the land's good health a shaman squats down
to pick up
as if to read order in a tangle
with some one
on the other side dialoguing momentarily in
liminal]talk
arriving at consensual truth before placing them
upon you [like a crown

1

How fortunate to meet with a place
the jealous do not reach.

The first visit you came nervously
an old friend hoping to make a new.

I was surprised
but held the prospect
you'd had enough of celebrities
and wanted a brother.

I yearned for a soul mate
to share my walks,
but O what gladness
to see it was you *Black Hat*,
un]submerged as if from a lake—
now how many times have you returned
just to go out?

As long as conditions were right,
as many as were wished.

Why now having realized your failure,
do you come back
in this your hour of need
not at all?

2

104⁰

crawling from bed to bowl
feeling edges of
coupled with fear
as I was making a pact
to chuck it

suddenly
my head flew up above the roof
about which more stay tuned...

3

Where do they end
and where do they begin?
Cicadas... at every corner of the house
driving us into the un[dream begins
a click & drone memento from a circle of hell
a thousand decibels strong. Scarcely a thing holds them
flying off on any line.

4

In that dream of a field of snow
I have the ability to see in all directions at once
—all my life has been an attempt to re:create this

—though like teaching others in such a dream to fly
success depends upon not doing it.

Dam the river to control the flood:
increase mosquitos, malaria,
as pathogenic bugs invade the tree bark:
and in the wake of dying
forests the ground erodes with rising water...
you cannot do a single thing

*The Dream of Reason
produces nightmares
of[*

domination & shame,
we replace
with receptivity
—layering successive
waves of empathy
through interstitial fear

gathering into
tidal retribution]

to discrete traumas
cathected
with novelty

it ain't music
if it ain't new

WE APPLY

(garnered from Enrinyes' grave)

the medicine of NOW

that journey for

the wholly

present

bringing [here

to the not] here

Abraxas
tenders a prospect of flowers, as truly
looking
directly
IS
a precondition of art]
at THIS Medusa
the price of
hospital admission;

but **OUR** **FAUX REALITY SHOW**
takes
work to keep anxiety
and depression IN
ERGO
the extended family neighborhood &
community tribe is hereby
BANNED & SINCE

said lines net to
chronic disease
severing a child you] abuse
from parent
you shall
replace MENTORING
with gangs promoting
[every *dog fend for itself*
to finally kill
the sangha

[Controlling Symptoms
through **D & P**
lock] in
to virtual
correctional facilities
driving this man from
his friend
the woman
[silencing
robbing
need
to speak the truth
we
imprison souls
with entrenched addiction
mechanically
to reproduce

Referring to the bombing,
 you asked your radical son-in-law
 if I valued a foreign Japanese life more
 than an American.

Just the same

an answer
 you couldn't accept,
 began the hypnogogic airing
 of intolerance,
 as you broke a beer bottle
 across a hard mesquite
 holding it under
 ready to cut open a throat
 red with apologies,
 all this long past.

your wife was and] you

But given that, near the time
 were soon to depart this life,
 why did you kiss me
 on the lips

like Willa before you, *Oh Papa*[

right in front of EVERYONE
 and say out loud
 how much you love me?

neither from

nor toward

some emanation

paper boats on the water

full of candles

tilt their golden dragons

as lovers flutter

eyelashes together

open and close

reconfiguring the subject

a tipping

point

whose new lean of outward

intent opens the lines

of flight

for a thousand nested sets
 within.

going to a strange place [hoping to get laid
only to chant en masse gathering speed:]

nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo
nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo
nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo
nam-myoho-renge-kyo-nam-myoho-renge-kyo

i'm yawning you're yawning we're yawning
when someone begins to be happy] how can you tell
or say

the girl making origami
is not the cause
of anything

shaping an art of resistance released in a sequence of folds
e.g.

so long
you bore
barely

the chain of a father's war
able to loosen that history
slowly tightening
around your neck

my heart gladdens

to see you lose your grip
& find

new paths of thought

even in the saccadic

flight of insects

discovering
affinity
moves

the world
through planes of
love

our deepest

Sufi
turns to me

the nearest ground of immanence

we do
the work
changes
how we live
US

while DISCRETION
opened the way for
hollow men
[such commercial travelers
move one object of desire to another
providing an answer]for lonely hunters
on the side of sufficiency
no longer is
our animal
being dead leaves us empty
inspiring the Buddha to blow his shell
an allusion] the SELF is
a book of itinerant souls between here and yon
invokes a universe where
we are going
to know the path
of suffering
engenders distance
to make
the gap bearable
reveals an IS THAT ISN'T
so having seen more than thought
you will NOT thereby
bury your head but be satisfied
nothing exists without doing it

surmising a true
through selves
makes YOU a-

ROUND

Like]
a confluence of poets

verses
NOT NOT
to say copas de vino
dribble down to make
such Iguazus possible

despite springtime's reasonable
of not knowing the dancer...
leave it to these irascible parrots
under foliage of tall wax palms
to argue the beat
fleeting season
Nonetheless at this party

&]
Like] NOW do not be sad
to go simply

dreaming poorly my friend
blocks linkages to the divine
that is, our metempsychosis
understanding limitation
conduits voices of

Your Poems shine with light
The more I try to polish them
the dingier they get.
No doubt you were right to think
it a big mistake

PULL OUT THE BONGOS]
gives rise
to how many

going hence or hither,
DIG, losing one-self in
a deep wood following
magnetically aligned planks—only to
discover a community of hearths
affixing changing strange
enuf] to make one laugh
OR GO [carve it all on a tower
[confusion

of] the

pollinators continuously offer
wrappings of herb and bud,
rice pepper gingered-veggies
everyone drinks plangent wakes
from a hundred poems: crazy wisdom
it's time for visitors
close what's behind
for what's ahead: AS

suggests]
itinerant universe garden gate
[asking in prayer indicates

others]
filtering as mine
in care for the pilgrim soul: BECAUSE
of water on stone.

to ask ME [pop plop

THEN ALL
 a lightning flash dream

of Shamans one after another
 peeling from Horseshoe cliff
 stretch out & up a thousand feet
 loping gigantic strides
 South to Amazonia
 spreading NET strands
 traverse

seeping doors of mandalas
 neurochemically pages upon pages
 v~i~b~r~a~t~e polystrates
speaking in hums

through the bending **ear**
 of sea shell, cyclone, snail, dark haloing whirlpool galaxy
 unto the multi cahooting
 selves appear in one of

a plethora of windows ■
 stringing disambiguated
 cosmogonic phenomenal
 glyphs (in-with-ex)-ternal cross indexing
 personal with im-
 mysterious lines the living erased] redraws
 along the way
 discharging electromagnetic
 phosphenes on an observer's

all the [→ psychotropic lens:] A
 good trip no doubt
 lengthening the frame
 keeps you from ripping up
 signatures on the envelopes

Earth's the right place
 you cannot move
 outside

still being [→ a long way from home
 I read the news
 in every flight of birds
 seeking assurance
 the silent rocks.
 So Why Now
 returning close
 do I ask nothing
 from nobody?

from [→

Hard wind blows insects over the field.

Loving

others
a piece of home
comes

to visit

but try as you might
the journey
never really winds up

still moving

the hummingbird always departs
stopping beside you on the bridge the owl continues to fly

everything
involved
has reason

say, when light catches
something strange
a singular variety
of sudden tangles &
your new polka dotted scarf
blows away again...

going yonder
I am
here to stay

but does being
some[thing else
preclude know]ing

how
use limited
to the form
necessary
for taking care

augmented from necessity
an ethics
in medias res
assembled something
(you)
like the country
]made of others

MAP 'N HAND

survey cap on
plumb bob
d
a
n
g
l
i
n
g
no matter how you cut it
[the lizard enters
& comes out
an
other rupturing
the line of art]rebounds various intensities
CONNECTED to what? speaking of HOW
you cannot help
but go put your root NOW
leave the door open among
learning to live FREE
laying down thy blueprints
do you really need? [SO
albeit non sequitur → from *El Cenmenterio de la Recoleta* many nests awaken
EXITING A SMALL HOTEL
behind Luxembourg Paris,
I go out to discover the greatest public art
project in history. Down the middle of the street
tables sided with divans parade
the city an endless Mardi Gras. Arranged on top
the most delicious wonderful fruit vegetables such color to defy
imagination: ponderous grapes of dark blue sea, pineapples chrome yellow,
orange oranges, sensuous—kumquat vulvas—
the double parentheses, our numenon, from which disembogued
succulent red gushes white, good wine red as blood, black
green chard, poly beets, crispy turnip, chartreuse rhubarb,
blue cheese, aged gouda, US,
& everything nothing
Not Since Unveiling *Water Lilies*
has there been such in paint
a true love affair.

& such fragrance
infused this world
replete with all scent of oil
the art itself activates polymorphous indicators of becoming.
And as inhibitions weaken, only deep emotions of respect keep
throngs from eating the bounty en route—such spirit
a moving immanence for those who make the scene.

But just how Claude Monet managed to keep
working on the immense project toward its actual
completion with no one noticing or
imagining he could have returned
even to conceive such
an affirming earth shattering
beyond the scope of the observer...IS

UN]becoming for one who walks on
legs crooked down
hands reaching

running of the through salt water
blood sap
burying inside fast and slow

lift~up~over~sounding

what comes next through

stiff vasculars

biota body upwelling available to body going [a concern

deliveries things

ENVELOPES
transfuse

sea land land sea

BEING consortia
composition follows affect
in...
how "we" do
& who am I
to live such

MULTIPLES?

Fins reach OUT *to wing*
 straining limbs
 down to rise up waving hands in salutation
 through aboriginal rubbing together
 endosymbionts like] pachyderms into [body
 making riveters squeeze out
 teeth scales feathers hair breast
 multi- plated j
 i
 g
 leaving what's sawed head[p~u~z~z~l~i~n~g IT out
 an axis to take hold of along arteries
 enlivened somehow with
 muscle arteries nerves etc
 believe you me] KNOW where they live I consider
 coming across a lowly worm poly-ribbed with fetal arches
 & just have TO PICK UP its face smiling right into mine
 and whisper about that day
 when this receptive child was terrified by the spectre of its own luminous
 skeleton declaring independence —all the while, dancing inside my
 lumpen flesh to its rattle of autopoietic bones;
 into that dark my worried parents ask
 What's the matter dear? Why are you crying?
 And I let them off the hook: *a monster's trying to get me;*
 So they can dismiss and palliate: *IT'S JUST A DREAM!*
 THE universe awake
 WE sleep the part we imagine
 to be US catching up
 no doubt when we finally DO there will be no need to notice.

In the hands of the capitalist doctor, the strange cybernetic instrument of wish
 fulfillment penetrates (like the atom or the gene) and colonizes—ultimately
 rendering into complete disappearance, the subject, now an empty functional
 apparatus left to join the erstwhile polysemic ghosts of labor and field.

ergo
 predicated upon a singular notion: the idea of Man and Machine will
 thereby prove to be true rendering → ME

I know I think
I am
 my own homunculus

So if we're holding suns

KNOCK

WHO'S?

YOUR DRIVER

OPENS THE BOX

AS

the letter
begins
to read you

In a land of the future a select group of seers has created a perfect vision. A demonstration of their beliefs is organized in a series of booths almost all of them the same presenting a group of three identical monkey puppets of the old sock variety and a xylophone with three notes C D and E corresponding to the names of each puppet. Practitioners who display little emoticons and are dressed remarkably like puppet monkeys C D and E are on hand to answer questions and to receive new members.

I approach one and hit a C with a small mallet. For a moment all of the booths are transfixed. I ask what it is. In a holy and knowing kind of way reserved for the privileged initiates, the woman holds up one of the puppet monkeys and says, the sustained note is in sympathy with C. She does not notice my sarcasm as I prepare to hit another note. But she stops me as does the look from all the seers.

Please wait before you strike
another note—otherwise the
effects will be too intense
for us to bear AND we
must hide our heads

under
the CROWD'S cover
unable to recoup our losses
left only to ponder the value of thresholds
STILL

insensitive
crucify Earth in
rendering
our merry house
the hard way trudges

to merrier
everyone is left behind
but the ones ahead

to screams, we
our pain machine
grease to run
cups rising even as
through yellow air &

INSIDE a face on the figure of outward
our envelope maintains its dialogue between
the not not outside
and] the not not inside

A ouroboric
present (our eternity) copulates
individual death **WITH** the book's alternative name]

*Each of us dies as we have always lived, in the present, and only
then slips safely into the past.*

A non-exclusionary difference
matter and mind
an event fluxus

interacting
stones

create the worlds
KNOCK KNOCK

Who's there?

The wound of the mind.

NO BODY?

contributes a glyph
to keep
the medicine working

when it's not
try again:

Who's there?

Differences

consensually speaking of course]

put us in touch with
the holding of
YOU Alone

produces
such ethical regard

one can accept
this decomposing

and carry on
with the talk till

there's
nothing
more
to
add

Ariel panicked at the thought

of no identity or having]
two ?

ought not
go dallying about
for color creed
or simply speaking its name;
private property enthusiasts and patriots
hit upon a grand reaction to the common weal
(following of course their betters' purse)
but always in the name of liberty
or other *necessity*, to take up
bible, guns, and the right-to-work,
and press them firmly against
any un]yielding bosom.

So what does it signify
we strip back the skin
to evaginate
this BWO
and offer Lord Xipe
our very un]
re[de[composing

distraught
with Topology

the body vibrates
its own frequency

to make unconscious actions aware
opens up the line of choosing
a thing to cherish

beneath
epidermal tension
such rhythms spread across
the coextensive diverse.


Knock Knock

So why are
are you here again, *sybiont*?

For an emergency
that keeps reminding me
you're the one with whom I fit
dear heart, this organ

gives *ME* reason in you
the chest

exposed when opening
of the beasting Hanuman
to exist

Confusedly walking such a road *with* A COMPANION you can name
 I am shaken by the spectacle of
 a mole spiraling on its star  again?]
 putting its nose where it counts
 against the earth
 to find a way
 —howsoever derived or shared—
 shooting from such lines of sight
 to make *we see the world*
 possible
 this skambha we go about
 absentmindedly LOST
 in the middle of
 this dark she approaches
 her swing of light
 carrying to and fro
 ever nigh such fragrance
 of pomegranate

ERGO:
 do not powder your wig with rust
 or a nose gay dress from some coach-a-bower
 but go ye out every day to any chosen field and chew the common
 Buffalo Clover Sunflower Crazy Weed Aster Blazing Star
 Coneflower Goldenrod Wild Indigo our transformers
 attend the speaking wind
 such gladrags replete with
 corms bulb tunic
 capturing
 intensified
 to resonance
 weds to you *memories* of what
 coheres
 the quality of affection most enduring
 sparks
 the sense of agency
 links varying speeds of coordination
 break down assemblages
 tie into other particulars
 w/o expression of separation per/se from
 fields of process entering the unknown is freedom derived

ambling along [like
you Wang Wei

I used to look beyond mountains
concealing the river
but **NOW** can see much farther
climbing your
single flight of stairs

our
intimacy

neighborhoods of

fulfill the neural moving

OUT

our birth
(an incomplete gestation) CONJOINS
one environment
we are

to another)
the narrow

passing through
pelvis of our mother

such large
heads

these chemicals of
preparing

bathed in the other's bacteria
links

pleasure
toss us into free air
to be

completed through nets [of

the ecosangha

YES]

scalps lampshades bathhouses
have taught we'll do

anything;
but where choice comes shaped
[the instrument
the stops allow
& IF NOT

by the vessel you move in
makes what music
our children to dance

our repressed
feelings

sitting in the place of judgment

imprison the body crying for
release, you must truly fear

the animal trapped between guilt &

shame to feed it discipline and
power of compensation, such
sold to

POSHLUST

the highest bidder

ALL
that anyone could want
if you will but drink.

when tempted
with the delusion
of something else
the Buddha in his lotus
slowly moved a hand
toward the Earth
and with outstretched fingers
repeatedly
tapped the ground

KNOCK KNOCK

I'M NOT BUYING TODAY

You cannot have what isn't yours

& besides The Larger

wants to know how it feels
to tease out another kind of flow.

How you
gonna do that?

Just squeeze out the liquid she holds in HER hair.

And
how the hell does

SHE rise out of the Earth like that?

Her dwelling place & modus operandi:
the water a manifestation of the Buddha's right livelihood.

Your DAD Ok then, ... Who's There?
What for? thought he was long gone
say, what's he doing anyway?

He's braiding HER hair into knots;
you to feel so bad being just like

[he didn't want
him.

I'm nothing...he neve...how am...
he was an accountant who never had time
for the soul of another;
in his way]

as you can see, he was a keeper too
of the exoteric past, to prepare for tomorrow;
whereas you,
in the hand, draw together stories from
disseminating them into possible futures
—like strands

[following rivulets
the inner life

of hair swept up
Both ways follow rhythms

and introduced into the compost out back.

the body's dance of events
ears eyes throats

mirrored in]
[broken and reformed INTO
nose ... legs to name a few

when ends meet
along the lines they pause
for a while to rest in
more than carriers
they clarify non-distinctions
we may learn to walk alone

say
with others

coherence
the individual and collective

and go till we reach where we can not go

—a Whirling Dervish caught in
a Taiji session or motion picture
we understand
more than mere sum rising from linked dynamics
collects and assembles

tags strewn about
out to recover like you
a **stalker** of knotsville
certain to free up at least a few loose ends;

we mostly ignore]
may your wish... come true
but how does
water come in and
whose hair am I to squeeze?

A friend of earth...sounding the coil
through relentless embellishment

turns and mordants recall arctic birds sailing into moving stillness,
as ornaments record migratory but true heralding a thing in itself

reframing the medium *with* the message
like] your grotesque *Medusa*
borders with the center
liberating the lightning of our very bones
to embrace the hour to dive in and begin

exchanging
inside their dark wrap
the change

from *maker being* to one that *leans*

Knock
into co-extensivities
ing off A SELF

HOW did that get in? from mutual support
Some Great Synthesizer or just any ole mind
finding innovative ways to spread the albedo

transcendence is an emergent aspect of immanence

& as an archetype processes coming to rest
strange gateway mouthing a double reed.

All the forces
 of resistance
 I marshal

keel
 of the

still
 moving
 pathways across

[aboard the rheostatic
 Earth
 biomes
 open and close
 absorbing & losing
 we may

with only *others*
 register worlds
 participate to function in

We do not walk the road so much
 as the road walks us

passing through
 along spangled trajectories

back into a way
 out of no way

to a better set of problems
 held among us

commons

make change
 likewise
 polyvalent neurons

promoting bonds

affix starry cells
 creating hormones
 constellate the brain
 born as

can do
 knowing boundaries
 chorus the future

nesting constraints
 moving out

into the further shared

OR JUST use it up
 and try to drag yourself around the bases, Lou.

A long
stretch
of dreamfield
comes to a point
liberating
a line
into two

parallel edges.

One runs peripherally
pushing
the envelope
the other
holds
the middle

galvanizing a center

So HOW does a
knight of faith
save the day
given this new
theory
of the subject?

To clarify the situation
as you open up to enter this gate:
the orifice gives birth to a pack of wolves
advancing easily
onto the double path
notice how a loner on the periphery and the rest
adhering to the middle way continuously
keep their connection, reminiscent
of spooky action at a distance.
sitting on a rock carved with two heads,
contemplating the implications of divergence

JUST AFTER...

...Ye take the high and

I'll go on naturally taking
both at once

been here before
but hadn't yet
conceived
a form to do it

1.
 Vici
 crosses the Rubicon
 to reinforce
 NOT to liberate
 THE TERRITORY

Westward HO succumbing at 5 to sibling pressure:
 I absorbed the lessons of *Spartacus & The Blacklist*
 and had my first look in the back of Faustus' brain.

2.
 Concerning trespass
 that knowledge IS
 raising the question of *how*
 not merely *what* to determine
 the quality of action
 not not to say
 affection
 creating marriage
 Prospero
 dispels the fear
 of going there

Two paths—
 to reproduce
 the delusion of discretionary
 identity
 through excess
 of reactionary force
 OR extend
 and welcome change
 with certain risk of losing
 notions not entirely

quaint
 of self? Thru governance,
 say, of
 SPIRIT embodies an uncertain
other resides
 in registration in the real —(OURS
 we make) to encourage it to dwell
 reasonably in nature among us
 NOT to partition
 an endless array of cantons
 enslaving with
 abstraction

Hysteresis an electric radiant
shut off continues to burn
while allowances at the edges
 ease presumptions to click off and on.

Permeability creates endurance—
things do go on
 in more than remembrance
an apparent crossborder action doesn't end
as things that never were succeed
in effect from something becoming
never existent
acts that never did
interiors link
across frontiers
potentialities in what's yet to be
 caught in a net that isn't there
such twins as memory
and the persistence of becoming
 before and after
 held

in a mesh that has no net:

[lacking power to enforce
 we give provenance
 as discussion precedes occurrence
 giving space for happenstance
 anticipation prepares the way our walk
thinking a bobcat [such a familiar on this day of the dead]
capers into the frame of hands () measuring the size of
its likely → non-appearance as its co-attendant rabbit
 scurries away to something like safety.
OR awaiting their arrival
the kinglet flock
flashes wing into the present
we mindlessly pass without noticing
thought moving among events fall out
of preconditions shaping the possible:

in medieval times

in preparation for *grace*
 the mind opened
 learning how to
from the other an avenue

first a dwelling place
//ve it before
conveyed the arrival to this side.

So forces
and coherences
develop
consensually
procedures
of truth
the subject full of subjects
embeds finite of infinite
acts of endorsement
give substance to
becoming constitutive
themselves
giving object
to subject
not as alienated
performance
but two as one beloved

Noticed I had
just 20 minutes on the bloody clock
to get to the Jungian
SO migrated
 to the bedroom
&
quickly tilted into the dark chifforobe
selecting a pair
 of dress shoes.
Barely
making time
began the en:counter
with my obsession to speak of
 the boundary
 issues
 spouse friends
 daughter
 my
self tic tic tic
taking a private
simultaneously follows
another one of many
 remaining
 one

AT my schizoanalyst whose alchemy ≅

CONSILIENCE

2 I re:collect:

after the divorce living alone
in a small house days of throw-up flu
running the hot boards
w/ nary a thing on hand to mitigate;
so drove
the 24-hour Safeway night
of aspirin
expectorant &
peptobismol pink~as~a~piglet.
the door of
my return opened shattered rooms
of glass my cosmology
a turntable dislodged from its joint
Stockhausen never to chant again
not to omit shards of my naiveté
los olvidados me habian robado
my dark boina—transit helmet from
After
the fuzz departed
fear and panic re:entered
nearly passing
tormented
they'll come
gathers menacing whispers
following
the bathroom crawl
under a heaving bout
I crabwalked back to the crib
only to climb further up
the fevered
ladder of phantasmagoria
The Emptiness
my wife left behind
filled with yet another lost girlfriend
from Circe's ingle
an oft frequented place —I segue to→
smelling gas I broke
discovering the not lifeless body
THEN her father drove her forever away

When

ALSO

a shop near
El Rio Oja
WINE

OUT—
W/
BACK!

a later time to explain how
into her house
on the floor
back to O~h~i~o

dragging me in to
 another bout
 of hurling
 the bowl
 falling back
 slowly to bed
 ad nauseam
 following
 la via dolorosa
 through
 sweating
 habituation
 I decide for the plaintiff
 NOT TO [*look upon* *the bright side of life...*
 and to just snuff out this brief pointless
 suffering candle
 (of a sudden)
 looking up
 way above the roof
 I see
 Myself hugely grinning
 looking down on
 an absurd
 silly ass of MAN
 SO naturally begin
 to laugh out loud—discovering merciful release from oppression
 when after a spell, something
 at the window catches my eye
 and there stands
 has to be
 a Seraphim, around
 whose body of light
 I slowly move both hands
 / *remember* *nothing else* but dream of visiting some
 incarnation of a clinic yet to be
 where an alchemical ecologist treats
 metacommunities in the biomes of the body
 then wake up
 in pajamas feeling much better
 tucked neatly in bed

Explaining this proclivity
to repeat my self
the question of

BETWEEN

irrupts
a positive inescapable
to walk that double...as if
compelled by
I look over my
down onto my feet and notice:

some outside force

need

is there such a thing?
crossed legs

one brown shoe on my left foot
&] one black shoe on my right

Embarrassed
I didn't know
to go to the therapist.
There was nothing else for it, so
had myself a fine deep belly laugh
having finally found a way
to dress for the prospect I had in mind.
When on the table beside
a dancing **Krisnā** inserted himself
into the dream:
perambulating a road

How Indecorous

OH MY...]

at such a bit

playing his flute

joined **K**, **Arjuna** debates
delusion in the choice is great
When I whisper
into his receptive EAR

[*between* entities of opposing forces
momentarily frozen before their self
misunderstanding
deploys its destructive bent, having
the necessity of joining sides, since

a provocative suggestion
bolstering **A's** pitiful argument
and refusal to challenge **K**

in effect: *the caste system IS the
SAMSARA we're on the lookout for*
[and thereby

as startled soldiers begin to rouse
no doubt, *with eyes wide shut*
the modus operandi right off his foot
blanches with wonder to behold that
and cogs of the machine
freezing in its tracks
either side
at last with the *sabotage*

A slips
Then **K**
zapato fly into the teeth

RE:

when faces on
truly

awaken

EINZELGÄNGERs

their intent
onto common heads
this earthly crown
of doubly-knotted
corals

replaces
no less than
a king with two bodies
in
desultory boots

still moving

as ineluctable forces
walk back
in pairs

lifting from the ashes

such suchness
as to dis-
cover

cno~h~e~r~e~n~n~c~e~s

do no better than
walk
the un] walk

forming
bi~ ways of
them selves
to uncobbled go

twofold
shaping
in-
verse[s
hanging daily down
to pace up the night

divinity most mortal
leaves nothing
but everything
goes on
what else
can turn the skambha
howsoever wendy
our twin [n -ed paths
knot

JUST following

between

a curtain

goes a]round
the road

bodies
we lift in passing

but of course you're right as this journey hopes to reconfigure it.
 One goes back to go through—exposing *consilience*,
 the snaking line waves the frontier to and fro...
 makes knowing a pleasure.

preparing an important meeting
 an act of unconscious solidarity dear heart
 you wear UN]matching shoes to the office.

Upon hearing the tale
 my friend from the train insists
 we take you one to complete a set; so
 the harmonics from said contact might thereby
 resonate sweetly from that non-existent string
 pulled between such non-polarities
 all of which excites our in-
 visible mesh, an *ecology of mind*

concatenating lines
 all round
 reciprocally constructed mark
 zones of consistency.

Now living the upright *age of self* we reinforce]
 a prophylactic against *The Fall*

separation from our nature
 (the initiation of unbecoming animal
 to maintain what cannot be
 from fear of destruction, a form of nonexistence
 as expenditure, the stone we push up the mountain
 to make a wall

overprotecting frontiers
 re:territorializes flow

building or breaking up
 not not to say] [the word of things
 changes according to position and time
 At bottom the prima facie of earth

(which [for all that stratifies≅bacteria
 desired or not comes forth consensually
 and will not others make us
 sit still for an instant

so please for give me
 not leaving you
 too afraid of
 being abandoned

With all the forces of heaven and earth crossing paths at once, consider
the kneepoint on the bank beside that dissected body, and how from the
other side the knowing animals will gather to put the parts back together
again releasing its breath into the interplay from which one may
come forth[

Yes
Pahukatawa
knees
the river—
signaturing plateaus.

Does the year have two
or four as in corner's of
the earth's body?
Is a round house bereft
or has it run past
the need of them
discovering
a post knee understanding [?

Regardless, *my heart too
is buried
wounded at*
]the bend suturing the worlds
—a much too human, earthly concern.
When we get off planet
we will have jettisoned them
along with other
superfluous organs
to unarrive at the new.

I am content for now with and can not live w/o knees
They are my angle of repose my link with eternity
My limitation. My friendship. My love. My thing. My raison d'être.
STILL
to put its best face on:
praying is a form of linking the horizontal and vertical inner and outer
large and small. A seemingly disagreeable fact that prepares me
nevertheless for
the losing of them

]pouring
one's magic herbs
back in the river

to drink mortality
the self's beautiful in]consistency
spirits a new]
retreat into
El Otro

[we are

dancing
the EDGE
WITH coyote
to learn no
not going with
such wayward
rapprochement ushers even in to

rock paper scissors

I happy am
is
co=participatory

Knock Knock
such dim
misunderstanding

you're already in

the destination's
the way

down
poplar corridors
rushing
together

A dog running the road
con gusto
IS
the road

as a few stragglers
of multicolored leaves
tumble out in front

where the light shines
we throw
ourselves
sliding all the way down

Not that I
 your place
 of residence]
 doesn't.

Multiples poly individuate
 not JUST peoples the scene

desire *what's that when where's how's this*

with nothing goes everywhere
 to lose but chains

LEARNING
 In say Topsell's
Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes (1607):

...Both kinds have under their tails a double note of passage,
 in the male there is a scissure like the secrets of a femal,
 & in the femal, a bunch like the stones of the male,
 but neither one not other inward,
 but only outward;

OR even here [I think therefore I'm
 on TEEVEE
 when Autopoietic IS Poetic

deep readers of smell with books in their arses
 Hyena rub waxy paste *microbially fermented*
 smearing YELLOW
 to black
 on myriad plants & the tall grass stalks

Though without developed scent the young,
 glands in their pouches, nevertheless
 acquiring knowledge carnally the musky odor
 put on with its power a signal full

Is it female, lactating pregnant?
 Male, from another group
 which distant clan?] we read

THE OTHER
 inside us
 is Hyena

From→

The Elizabethan Zoo:

*This beast hath a very great hart
as all other Beasts have which are hurtful,
by reason of their feare*

meanders coextensive frontiers w/

[intersubjective identity service

controlled by b~a~c~t~e~r~i~a

dusting our faces *passing through*

only to catch

the wind blow across

the field we walk

flying idioms everywhere

its multiverse hojarasca

whose polyedge walkabouts
the map and territories conjoin

so un[expectedly

NOW

the country in all directions

foldingenfoldingunfoldingrefolding

your garland sutras

nested in others

center and circumference

when out of the forest

from a hollow clamor

emerging dreams

knocking wood

quick

caught

breath

shrill

ending

AHOOGAH HORNS

MESMERIZING

in a prospect of flowers

wide-eyed Ganesha [going

blesses my body with his roving trunk:

all the way round

so come ye also without blockages

tusk in hand to help us finally discover this

tale of our travels

WITH

tale of our travels

WITH

tale of our travels

WITH

Residing in &
moving through
shared identities
with varying degrees
of intensity and

nested and diverse]
[held together
orientation

we are filtered
layers of decisions of
entrance & exit

yielding[zones of consistency

...and given the cataclysmic climate has triggered disruptions everywhere
the reconciling dialogues better start now & with lots of fast talking!

—such coextensions of consensual membership
temporary and lasting
and continuous
boundary lines

along][reappearing

(envelope likewise)

leading through
& toward
other sets

permeate

judging and judged
shared sovereignties
we in
this passing received
& determined by

others
we become
and go as we go

letting us in
coherence
changes coherence
&
across multileveled

making a destination
place of inhabitation
plateaus

contains
of past intensities

A Singular Body

plural events

through co-extensive
embraces of

BECOMING
coherences of identity

desire and validation

FORM
CONTENTS
ITSELF

Guess
only a meta
-crease
in the page
could

just to meet
wherever this

hey
just how di d?

& next thing
we see

a self- portrait?
flying up toward

A LITTLE
only to reappear
apparently
later
another skein
of round heads
Planets?

So that's where
this is

Always
wanted to go
but *this is*
By the Bye

& thanks
for coming
removing
obstacles

]form a keel for everyone
to get a handhold
&
climb aboard

[releasing
your last delusion

Well it ain't

might've been that cardboard box

that strange figure

THE LINE
twisted
into]
on that same cliff face
CIRCLE he vanishes into

going thru above
opposite [OR following
]in an imagistic rhyme

Looks like this one's got a name
and address

Thinking it's the moon cowboy?

What are friends of Vishnu for

YOU ONCE WERE

(Louie, this looks like the beginning... of the dreamwork's explication:

I was driving with
my wife and her sister
down a dirt road swerving to avoid
the accumulating debris blocking the way
till the stuff became impassable and I had to
back up the hill.

We found ourselves driving separate four wheelers across a flat
landscape of carnival biomass abyss not to omit the academic structures
(these latter growing more labyrinthine as the flats rose to a height)
a map of my passage through a life. I became separated
from the others and began to walk towards the hilltop,
all the while getting more and more lost. Every
stairwell led me astray. It was a terrible
strain to walk. I couldn't see well
and then panic hit.

I did not know where
I was at all. I asked for help
but was ridiculed by a golden selfseeking girl.
Then the real issue presented itself.
I did not know *who I was*
and stared vacantly
at the myriads of worlds
that could offer nothing but torment
echoing that strange affliction
I kept looking for
at every step:

To over select
memories you care to fix
along
your walkabout
only as medicine
to reproduce disease
ensnares

the self

along a narrowing path

so give what you can at last worthy be
bringing altogether something worth losing

Moving out of the nebulous environment I arrive at the sandy
 clear spring pool. How sweet this water must be to drink.
 When appears a skeletal symbiont I think dead but strange
 it moves. And then the living horse head stuffed into a brown
 cowboy work boot. What can such things mean to exist?
 I fight the urge to flee the surreal images in disgust and thereby
 discover coming forth new forms from the luminescent shine.

Given all this—start another good

10 SECOND COUNTDOWN
 and breathe new air into an old brain
 to hold in place what the copy machine
 you no longer need is certain to yield

and show just HOW these
 transient frontiers
 comprise

AND shared sovereignties

A SONG OF MYSELF

walking
 into a zone I had never known
 a pair of *friendly hands*
 made up
 a composite
 field of forces

migratory beast I am

it seems from
 of said [envelope's

reaches up

]as if to say

I caught ONE: *(yay big)*
 & into *that spread*
I enter

only] to be received
 larger consistency

joining the now
 FEAR NOT
 thy moorings **WILL** be stripped
 away and leave thee
 homeless and without
 of nested sets

that present outcome
 talking it over

the figure **I**

a form of

inhabitation

emerges

moving

and not moving
 comes into the picture

between
 feelings

informing volition to lean[
 from within that portal
 far from bare[

slightly to one side
 the world's
 so life extend
 the range

the flowing line
caught
in a jag
crimps
an inverted

V

into a *circle* above

conflation of the line's intent

mirroring the one ahead opening first the border within
[and preparing a place for what may come to dwell

the shaman flies
along

through and into
a crack in the wall a thoroughfare

or crease
whose parentheses un(cradle)
this wild trip
call it a rhizome

OR a kipu

singing
a history of earth
in place
keeps

practice holds
the fluid
tone
syntax
& anatomy

meeting
just
to span

the
hemisphere

combines
with OTHER exchanges
this memory theatre
sustaining

a form
our best hope
undoes us

Poking my head through to the other side
I find myself in the middle of
an inverted performance of La Comedia Divina with you at center stage
bottoming out a counter oracle from the very stones of your 32 degrees
—quite unmaking

the bone i had to pick with
christi fiscus→

*NO MORE GOD
THAN A ROUND COIN*

which hit
a bolt of laughing gas
 jerking me back
 so appropriately
 to a bawdy surmise:

PROCRUSTES

We
Offer
Up

THIS REACH
brings consistency
to transigence
keeping the map together
FOR THE LIVING ON

w/o engaging
 desire
to wall the other in

& discovering
margins
in mutual acts of registration
 without fear

too much
but just enough pride
we
follow

traverse
AND

enter
such lines
as yield
their curvature

NOW WE TWO
(planted years ago)

circumnavigate the pond thinking trees
reach out to others their rooted ways in
the air the soil the water
ocean out [InnSaei

cold
wind
pushes
the grey
edge
through many

of a field
we have made

how
everything
here
is
how

the wink of an

eye

or

BIRTH CANAL

un[folds
going
anywhere
that's everywhere
launches us
into the unknown
giving all the rapture you need

at walkabout's end
written
on a paper boat
I drop this poem
in the water
without thought
in mind

diving toward
the one flying up to meet it
a wild bird shrieks:

wEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

it furthers one to cross the great waters

following
nomadic frontiers
 nested in
 more than air
can such a one carry

what news

dropping at my feet?

KNOCK

KNOCK

THIS OPAL

I pick up as if a syllable
untangled from its verse
to look INTO

a strange iridescent body
wondering how it absorbs
 the arc
 from that single line
 I hurl
 green jacketed
 into a vortex
plopped from the flux

(c(r(i(s(s(c(r)o)s)s)i)n)g)

a lotus of smiles
coming together

around

JUST THIS



Fig Rooted Above—at Nero's Baia Villa Near the Oracle
 Book design, text set & field spatialization, extended techniques, art, and special effects, John Campion

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Arial

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Back Cover:

Campion at Machu Picchu (2012)
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