

whatever room you put me in  
I'll fill w/ light & luxury \*

The Doors of Perception The Dawn Horse  
Testament The Exegesis of Phillip K.  
Dick The Gospel of Thomas Poems of the Night The  
Last Temptation Saint Genet An  
Answer To Job The Symposium Mating  
The Harassed Reader in Paradise  
Lost Lycidas: A Poem Finally Anonymous The Saviors  
of God The Silmarillion Women  
and Men Living with Kundalini

\*with mirrors to see me

xx  
i've cantilevered ashtray over mutual lap-space—left elbow propped on my overcrossed thigh—my forearm rising to a limp-wristed pedestal——

xx

xx  
an apex flat, the Olympus ring envisioned by Genet—where combatants embrace in their mutual beauty, and collapse.

xx

xx  
i'm languourously smoking, hazily staring through slits to some Beyond——i'm fussily ashing, daubs of a dilettante's brush to the palette.

xx

xx  
you are annoyed with the ashtray itself, so pure & autistic your Straightman.

xx

xx

xx

xx  
am sometimes told i have the following habit: a spasmic laugh, retracting fast into a face devoid of all compassion——then, an Awkward Silence——that rouses us to laughter——faltering soon to a *second* calm, that reminds us of the first——so on we go, raucous & calm——till mute & enmirrored, opposed we stand, swooning in wonder.

xx

xx  
light dissolved by **body-selves**, in workshop with Grace Kimball——the body is light, forgetting itself——the body a roadblock light morphs into.

xx  
**Was it angel, animal, mineral, chemical, chemotherapeutic?** in their perfect aporeia, angels may wonder——so might a Seventies’ **body-selve**.

xx  
McElroy writes **a sign that says City Limits**. the writing itself is McElroy’s Pop. sign: we’re not in some hamlet where leaving’s unwarned——whose limits are seen from wherever, within it——we’re given a range to guess within.

xx  
the photo’s trouser **stiff behind with wind, some starch of motion**——a zoom-level wide from the paragraph prior, from the **computed grain of what pocked interplanet’s ground**.

xx  
the trouser is **paper**, is a textured cardstock——the photo entire is **some starch of motion**, dry & inert.

xx  
**& starch** is “sartorial”, is *also* metaphor.

xx  
**we’re somehow now on the postwar Interstate**, in a backseat kidsgame——the rural flaneurship, the lazy namings of an August Monday.

xx  
**Landing was surprising as unhumid Mumbai, as lunar maria we rose to touch down on**

xx  
whatever just said, made a metaphor for Buddhism.

xx  
his key conflation being his Planetary Realism w/ a language of Eternity. his jargon-sublime, the noumenal-banal.

xx  
Jokes resound when one sounds the other——as in **Breathers**, every line.

xx  
**we pick up what else but the will of a slow worm in there**

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the **will** is one path from a dreamy girl’s many——the **will** is a tapeworm’s chosen track.

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the will of another: a tapeworm’s track, while one’s own is a writhing, felt within——a striving prior to its visible effect.

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her uncles eye me warily. they’re lazy guards. they may be muslim, kashmiri. are chatting regarding the state of Gerrard. they’ve allowed her to stray into exogamies.

xx  
she cocks her head, puppy-tells—thinks i’ve got her koan wrong, her name misspelled.

xx  
from angel’s height, our Ingenue is still **e.g.**

xx  
from angel’s height: **an everyyoung, once wed**

xx  
on falling they’ll know **Grace Kimball**—

xx  
on falling they’ll know her as **me**

xx  
Time disrupts what Daughter *means*, **would rush us into bastardy**.

xx  
again, again. **Avoiding Relationship?** All of your ills from **avoiding relationship**, postponing your own Presence——

xx  
Go say **relationship**, alone in a mirror——

xx  
Any random query or koan may be ridden unto enlightenment——Hold your fourlimb form afore you, still as stained-glass——

xx  
In a body-long mirror, speak the strange motto——*w/* android effieience, the motto, the motto——your own V.O. is the god.

xx  
**their world foresung**, they now must descend & invest it——must live their Song from within.

xx  
Soliloquey is achieved: being alone he’d thoughts of his own, not of his brethren——

xx  
a Mind’s pride—no point in space—now has the center.

xx  
**Melkor covets**, tells the Valar this Earth is mine:

xx  
a mine divinely scripted, for his words are all Iluvatar’s.

xx  
the present hums along with him, it keeps its perfect pace with him——all the while sealing him into History.

xx  
yet Melkor knows the Song from inside, he *owns* this song of Iluvatar——

xx  
it was loud, vain, and endlessly repeated——had little harmony, was a clamorous unison——was many trumpets, on a few notes braying——

xx  
was a status-rap, loop-based——was a capitalist toast-to-Self——was enemy of a graceful alaap, of *Speigel im Speigel*.

xx  
how affix-encumbered **enlightenment**——by a latinate gang, the aspirant Soul been pressed into a “happening”.

xx  
**enlightenment** is **light**, w/ bureaucratic upkeep—w/ a latinate clergy clustered around, occluding that you seek.

xx  
**You’re doing it wrong** they’re saying to me, the ever-penitent meditator——i’m terrible at it, i’ll never do it **profoundly**.

xx  
i’ll sometimes say things i don’t even know what i’m talking about——with each rebuke i’m eleven again, kneeling in line at the YMCA——

xx  
my Sensei the war vet, a gruff caucasian pacing the dojo, hands at his cocyx, folded——giving ex tempore his hardwon politics, often over our heads——

xx  
he warns of unending Agon——of **half the world behind our backs**, of——[he pauses, assesses we boys-to-men]——[snaggs his thumbs in judogi beltloop, his package placed in parantheses, in the hanging curves of his slightly taut hands]

xx  
up goes my arm, the oh-oh-ohs of a faggity knowitall, hand queenly twisting.

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looking inward, seeing a halo that dwarfs & engulfs him—this spatially makes no sense—and **sinister light** is oversimple, **sinister** is a psychic complex.

xx

at tower’s apex, his eyes twin in a **circle of light, in which luminous currents swirled and eddied**—details of fireworks, little Psychology.

xx

Profundity is violence, brahminized—his aggression bent inward, held fast upon a thought.

xx

the sun is up, his eyes are open, and alive comes his scepticism—did sun in *sympathy* rise with him? was sun all along **the effulgent halo?**—

xx

but the sun is **external, had not that** splendour— but the sun is internal & splendidous, to *itself*— it ‘Sent Her Radiations’, and this is not reductive—She, too is a happy god.

xx

**nothing** of his dreams that night—of his exaltation, **impossible to describe**—we’ll later read of kids downstairs the whole time—of the office he goes to, his Duties parodically generic, a shuffling of chits.

xx

Victorian the idiom, his formal turn of tongue—it's an Empiricist’s journal, a Madman’s epistolary, pulled from his smouldering lab.

xx

we need more registers, an intersubjective guage of his state—we desire his wife, a sensitive Mirror.

xx

**was not projected toward the Future but What Was Always Already The Case Was Revealed In every moment**—

xx

a **thus** for **but** would *explain*—the **but** here *hides* what happened, that day.

xx

**but** just means **surprisingly, and**

xx

**he used to feel** as if poised in **midair without any feeling of body around me**—Liberation *looks like* this, like a levitating meditator—a levitator is **as if** been liberated.

xx

**Profound Submission Of attention**, his Practice—**Profound** contains the mystery, entire—his secret is named, not shared—**Profound** stands in for *a style of will*, for a certain intensity—for a bent of mind somehow that hour effective.

xx

Denoon e.g. with every breath:

Denoon e.g. by frames of black per sec.

xx

the thoughtful lag been whittled down by repetitive force—

xx

till no small space of the Self untried in light of the Choice.

xx

xx

for temptings late, my own TOLLE LEGE + book-flip:

xx

<<no central control—an anarchic system of competitive elements.>>\*

<sup>\*</sup> Daniel Dennett, "The Logical Geography of Computational Approaches: A View from the East Pole" in *Brainchildren: Essays in Designing Minds* (M.I.T., 1998), p. 227.

xx

you never said NO with all of yr being—your freedom was always a freedom **from**—inhabit that body, though you may, doesn't mean it’s **yours**.

xx

xx

Relentment’s cost increases w/ Resistance, Pleasure’s promise varies w/ fear,

xx

xx

o i do fear a satan of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

xx

**Of Heaven And Hell:** a Borges list. the title divides it.

xx

xx

the poem is a ruse, his excuse to name: the Dane’s staunch sword and the Persian’s moon, tigers & his mirrors that are music; his Concentric theory of thrones.

xx

xx  
we grow evermore curious re  
how things are made——

xx  
till Film is outrun by visual essays,  
revealing outtakes, DVD addenda.

xx  
in Microhouse, the bitrate-snare been shrunk  
of late to a snippet-crunch, as if to say:

here's where the **snare-drum**  
historically went

xx  
attentions retune to the music of  
the room——midi-flips, faders **stuck**  
in morning light un-erie

xx  
attentions retune to the music of  
the room——compressor clicks,  
a basal shush of evening traffic.

xx  
we **hearken still unsated to the  
voices of the Sea**——Ear awaits in  
shuffling wave a pattern of Eternity

xx  
we meek remains shall  
bake w/in ancestral hovels——  
shoot the breeze re how it was,  
how it all went——

xx  
from Kubrick's oeuvre alone we've  
uncountable frames.

xx  
are ushered in-line, plied in  
turn w/ squares of tin flashing  
in the sunlight——

xx  
each receives: orange scissors,  
cute & ergonomic ——each  
receives: water, cool, a splash  
of in styrofoam cup——

xx  
some know this as 'Arts &  
Crafts'——

xx  
some they don't like this.

xx  
grudges ceded in our bodies'  
alignment——in operon labour  
we're brought to compose, to  
apparent complicity——

xx  
yet *another* sin of this Slavery—  
—am made to seem agreeable w/  
my fellow man!

xx  
**angels are human relations:**  
no less real than our planet's true core, a person,  
or a metaphor.

xx  
an angel: an arrangement of Face, from effects.

xx  
an animal's face, a **local angel**: the soul's most  
intimate spread.

xx  
are they **real enough to grow by human  
means?** **enough** here means both **only so / ever  
so**——

xx  
Feuerbach's equation [God = Man] never  
reduces, runs both ways. his Equation enlarges  
each term's range.

xx  
BEGIN in Runaway majesty——  
Deadman's Posture, later, **END**——  
late A.M., my boyhood bed——jeans  
& Cons caked in mud——the last-of-  
acid jitters & bends.

xx  
the nine-year-old Me shall be the  
nine-year-old Me——**not** me Tuesday,  
commandeering Monday's pliable  
body.

xx  
am mad to see u write of lakes,  
a love i cannot share

u who've learned the names of  
clouds,

u ragged last

of native space

xx  
my female report, her **Yes / No** to my  
**ON / OFF** query——

xx  
sevrl. million latchstrings over sevrl.  
styles of <?> deployed——

xx  
on gatefold crease, mondegreens  
gleaned——senseless rhyme from a  
Ladies' sangeet.

xx  
am **perhaps best thought of as having  
recently gotten fully underway** i.e. as  
the sound of my own grammar.

xx  
fingers miming keytap——fingers springing fiendish-  
high, i'm marionette & Master.

xx  
my heart did seize in a rigorous fist——

xx  
w/ crumpled notes to be found on  
my person, taken for my Requiem——

xx  
on pad's top sheet are impressions,  
still, of my ravings.

xx  
my life seemed a stammering long  
apology.

xx  
**Hell is the great  
within;** Hell is the Self, the  
centre of narrative gravity  
[Dennett]——

xx  
Hawaii Island, foot to Keep,  
fortyfive x hundred layers  
of horked-up hell-flame.

xx  
Olive garden's recompense /  
the boiled egg of Entropy——  
—yr very own Mohenjo-daro  
mound

xx  
Heaven is a grainy hall of  
mirrors

xx  
your eidos, you'll notice, in tracers  
adjascent, in Seventies special  
effects

xx  
a Halo Council, horseshoed  
around your head

xx  
a floating chorus, your angel  
Parade

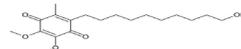
xx  
the self you shook off, in multiples  
remade.

xx  
<<to **YOU** we GIVE

: "emotion & the planning of movement"

**YOU** we  
**GIVE**

: [ notice of compliance under Notice of Compliance with  
Policy Conditions ] the  
**wunderdrug.**  
Catena:



: **the Omnivod.**  
for scenes of Earth,  
from every time & angle

xx  
gliding thru the parting cliques——  
—in parallel streams, a faltering  
Party, running thy Periphery——

xx  
your Mission w/ much less work  
et cet——arising therefrom,  
random effervescences.

xx  
mornings are for Socratic chatter,

for making cheer with the newly  
retired, the a.m.'s later patrons

xx  
noons are for: warmish pints with  
the p.m.'s first at the Imperial Pub,

a nest of old crows on Yonge &  
Dundas Square.

xx  
onto the Timmy's, the COFFEE  
TIMES;

to the Coffee TIPS on ungentrified  
strips,

the franchise-defectors w/ taped-  
off signs.

xx  
the Priceless is there, where sand  
is unending——the Priceless, there,  
where no one makes a claim.

xx  
maps of ours tend towards:  
property lines——

xx  
from Inns of Court to exurbs bland,  
maps of ours tend toward——  
our intensities radially arrayed.

xx  
the Priceless is there, where sand  
is unending——the Priceless, there,  
where no one makes a claim

Friend add me, for I have  
thee—Write to me pls in  
the preterite tense of  
Frenchest Femm Lit—oh  
but pity the poor Translator!

The Doors of Perception The Dawn Horse  
Testament The Exegesis of Phillip K.  
Dick The Gospel of Thomas Poems of the Night The  
Last Temptation Saint Genet An  
Answer To Job The Symposium Mating  
The Harassed Reader in Paradise  
Lost Lycidas: A Poem Finally Anonymous The Saviors  
of God The Silmarillion Women  
and Men Living with Kundalini

\*the Greeks held the heart as our  
locus of thought—in our  
subvocal stirrings heard inward  
mimesis of public Dialogue.

a stethoscope thus could read my  
thoughts—yet they wouldn't be  
mine!