whatever room you put me in I'll fill with 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 lapspace-left elbow propped on overcrossed thigh-forearm rising to a limp-wristed pedestal------

XX

XX

XX

on we go,

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

I'm languourously smoking, hazily staring through slits to some Beyond-I'm fussily ashing, a dilettante's brush to the palette-----_;

XX You are annoyed with the ashtray itself, so pure and autistic your Straightman.

into a face devoid of all compassion-

-----Then, Awkward Silence-----both

parties roused to laughter-----Faltering soon to a second calm-----

Which reminds us of the first——So

Till mute and enmirrored, opposed we

stand, slightly swooning in wonder

XX The line, i decide, is comment enough------:

a seeker of Commentary, Rush's diligent reader;

my margins in Mating still empty.

the squiggly is the snake, excessive, just like itself.

a red-ink squiggly under snake, i've

this is perfect Metaphor i say,

penned-

humbly, for:

the squiggly is the snake.

XX The serpent's bite is its word-——The serpent's word is death

By Serpent's word is Tsau remade to shadow play:

in friezes Eight, a fatal Progress

XX

From Archetype to Anthropology, Sacred myth to Ecology——: Serpent morphs to boomslang; acacia now the Tree-

XX Incarnation is this gathering of specificities.

Your impetuous gaze, a

two-tone card, these rigorous months have been taped to my fridge-My locker's mirror, mousepad-sized, in the steamy changeroom light now seems-----: the same blown up & blooming into colour

xх

XX

We're entities twinned in hatred-The virtue of one, by envy's acid, burns the other's face

am sometimes told i have the following XX habit: spasmic laugh, retracting fast

a sparse loft, our upper office------a modular prop-set for any conceivable scene

billowing gauze, waning LIGHT, far above the honk & grime------

хх

we're subtle past enactable *Death_ ::::our mouths are fraught w_ harmless w a r____:::how long we've fed on hollow chant |

all shelves empty, dippled & braced w naked alloy for fussy re-angling———on milkcrates arraised, a fat slab of drywall, our Table———

heads are in conference-legs unseen, playfully engaged, a Protocol emerging------ terms of a future polity projected _____ the people agreed are themselves the power McElroy speaks of-we'll name an element, call forth a forceassign it a colour & vague behaviour—surfaces, all, in murals shall be overlayd———Shelve-piece slapped in vanilla paint— —a primer that crackles like [egg]shell, oversunned [vinyl]vellum at pen's relentless etch-

"and ink shall run to fill the traces"

XX

The trick is up, his skull is open——He's an ape in the headlights, dying wide in the distance between (i) Seductive Display; and

(ii) Murderous Intent

there's a scene in *Black*

Robe, in a longhouse prison—*Girl* distracts the Nightguard——

XX

The moment he softens she surges into horrid unfocus—a giant head in cellophane, the front of *Goat's Head Soup*____]

XX talking thru the Longhouse bit-striding into cursive rain, down a Bloorcourt laneway——i spoke the line aloud, & alley did recede into an infinite Enclosure, tall as it was long——Lightning flashed my staggered frames——— :

XX

Me alone, in my wing-back trenchcoat, thane of my own shady corridor

XX

in recenter versions from night-terrors am drawn—down cobblestone slick in floodlight's sweep, alarm sounding death from above

XX

-shadow & light fast-oscillate, eqivocate this Endtime scene to something less, a spectral Projection

хх

ΧХ

Violent partition, the

flight of the Pandits, the scouring of the Valley & a world war prior : all within the decade ahead---Days of dread, of Dream's end---

Workshop pics in my Kripalu Fall Catalogue, so removed from this---

ΧХ

My female report, her yes / no to my on /off query---

XX

sevrl. million latchstrings over sevrl. styles of ?>> deployed

ΧХ

gatefold ОП crease, mondegreens qleaned--senseless rhyme from Ladies' sangeet

XX

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

хх

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

XX

before logging in, before the doc loaded title, bold, —а inserted itself—

centered, huge, orders

Then it becomes fabulous—

I thought we should take it, the biltong she means------I thought we should take the meat of beings whose african, afrikaans name evades me-

It's not what they called themselves anyway

coming War for she'll not abide his newfound silence or style of meal-his emphasis on cold cooked grains—

She's rested well, on eggs and cold sirloin tips she breakfasts:

XX

With sheaves of The Economist loads his sickbed, integrates Eden's economy-

XX the massacred herd will henceforth flow through yearly

хх

the lines that trace the past will in the semidarkness form a face, a sleeping face your Damning, or your lift among

the Elect

XX

a sleeping face, faithful, still, unchangeable :

хх

dreamer is an ingénue---never amazed to be singled out---

ΧХ

dreamer is an ingénue---All you've done was done to yourself

century to century: their Meeting achieves specificity——Angels arrive at century's speed— -Centuries are: the speed of history----of Empires arising, receding-History, the City, is measured in centuries-A hundred or so centuries: the Age of the City

XX

XX

power vaccuum / a vaccuum's power-----in vaccuum vicinity, Being must strive------Extension becomes a tiring demand, the active claiming of space

Nelson had been delirious—then there were bees, different versions-then there was more, and worse-----He'd heard their songs, been let into the society of insects

XX

was in a paradise of pain-had had visions of presences or a presence-then, the blackbacked jackals came

XX

Bees had discouraged the jackals or the boomslang—In version Three, the bees sway both, an Inclusive logic------- bees surprise both jackal & snake with a common animal language

XX The bees arrive, are ufos-a hovering hive, the undulating orb

ΧХ

the godvoice comes at the peak of stress-----a cry from the wreckage of failed conventions-thrive--- stress just is: the animal undecided———Relief the correction by "*Phoebus* repli'd"

XX [To let in gods, scatter your drama with Phoebus repli'd]

ΧХ

neutral prose, a god's remove: an ego's lone penstroke may undo

ΧХ

A single I, unbound in quotes, unhides the self--A thousand lines of gods-eye plot, remade as intimate Address

above the older

hovering img. а insert mothership, held aloft by its own motive

XX

how affix-encumbered 'enlightenment'-----By latinate gangs the aspirant soul been pressed into a "happening"-

'enlightenment' is LIGHT, w bureaucratic upkeep—

a latinate clergy clustered around, occluding that you seek-

angels are human relations :

no less real than our planet's true core, a person, or a metaphor-

XX An angel's 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 never reduces, it runs both ways-— Equations enlargen each term's range

XX

XX

Light dissolved by **body-selves**, in workshop with Grace Kimball-The body is light, forgetting itself-The body a roadblock light transforms into

XX

Was it angel, animal, mineral, chemical, chemotherapeutical? In their perfect aporeia, angels may wonder——So might a Seventies' **body-selve**

ΧХ

Saying a sign that says City Limits: the saying itself is McElroy's Pop. sign-

XX

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.

The photo's trouser stiff behind with wind, some starch of motion——A zoom-level wide from the paragraph prior, the computed grain of what pocked interplanet's ground-

The trouser is paper, is textured cardstock-The photo entire some starch of motion, inert & dried-

ΧХ from angel's-height our ingenue is still e.g.

хх from angel's-height : an everyoung, once wed

ΧХ they'll know falling оn

on falling they'll know her as **Me**

ΧХ

Time disrupts what Daughter means, would rush us into bastardy:

in Time will seem she has no, had no, father

lens has her angled,

the will is one path from a dreamy

girl's many---the will is a tapeworm's

the will of another: a tapeworm's

track-----one's own, a writhing, felt

within----a striving prior to its

will of a slow worm in there

XX

ΧХ

ΧХ

effects

chosen track

plaintive in profile---Her cheek made canvass for a cooling light---Bearing all her sadness, it seems---though our notes won't say is it a window or mirror she peers through / at---

my point being this: she has a choice

Her passport held fast——Thru a borderguard sends unjealous friends a single postcard, Poster Art of English Rock on whose back she's penned

> having fun in the outside world, having a blast!

Is not all Comrade this & that!

we pick up what else but the

Grace Kimball---

their world foresung, they

Soliloquey is achieved : being

alone he'd thoughts of his own, not

a mind's pride, no point in space,

now must descend & invest it

live their Song from within it

You're doing it wrong they're saying to me, it, I'll never do it **profoundly**_____

XX I 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 folded at his cocyx------opining ex tempore, a hardwon politics often over our heads------

XX

Must

He warns of unending agon——Of half the world behind our backs, of-----(pauses, assesses we boys-to-men)-----(snaggs his thumbs in judogi's beltloop, his package placed in parantheses: the hanging curves of slightly taut hands)——

XX

Up goes my arm, the oh-oh-ohs of a faggity knowitall, hand queenly twisting

XX

XX

Line one of three, my eye's first flutter--- Only there could Fish compell me---

XX

Line one of three, saccade's first pass---Only there could Fish impress

XX

The ratio's ludicrous, clear, i say-- : Wand to Pine as Pine to Spear---;

XX

these angels are creatures, huge, with actual weaponry;

versus FISH, or

damned The [harassed] Reader in [Paradise Lost]; this,

mу

XX by trebling speed thru the swirling orrery, back to the Eye at its Glass---:

XX

Essay

No via negativa, unspeakable body-tricks-

again, again: Avoiding Relationship?——All of your ills from avoiding relationship, postponing your own sacred Presence—Go say **RELATIONSHIP**, alone in a mirror-

XX & starch is "sartorial", is *also* metaphor.

XX

we're somehow now on the postwar Interstate, in a backseat kidsgame— 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,

a jargon sublime, the noumenal-banal

XX

his key conflation being his planetary realism w/ a language of Eternity-

XX

Jokes resound when one sounds the other, as in Breathers, line-by-line

ХΧ

lens has her angled, plaintive in profile------

ΧХ

Socially shy, she

moves with an entourage of uncles---

ХХ non-cute flip-flops, squinting up thru glasses, sweet, head in inquisitive angles---

хх

From housecoat pocket, hands her card, her only card, warm w softened edges---

• a bakery run from home

ΧХ Her uncles eye me warily, they're lazy guards----may be muslim, kashmiri---Chatting regarding the state of Gerrard---They've allowed her to wander into exogamies---

ΧХ

cocks her head, puppy-tells---thinks I've got her koan wrong, her name misspelled

Melkor covets, tells the Valar this Earth is mine ;

A mine divinely scripted

his words are all lluvatar's

XX

хх

ΧХ

ΧХ

хх

of his brethren

now has the center

yet Melkor knows this Song from inside, he owns this song of lluvatar :

хх

it was loud, vain, and endlessly repeated Had little harmony, was a clamorous unison Was many trumpets, on their few notes braying Was a status-rap, loop-based Was a capitalist toast-to-Self an enemy of Speigel im Speigel, of a graceful alaap

хх

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

XX

Any random query or koan may be ridden unto enlightenment——Hold your fourlimb form afore you, still as stained glass—in a body-long mirror speak the strange motto——w android efficience, the motto, the motto — –your own v.o., the motto

XX No paradox, but Camera tracks

XX

Line one of three, my eye's first flutter--- Only there could Fish compell me---

XX

Line one of three, saccade's first pass---Only there could Fish impress

XX

evermore grow curious how re things are made___

Film's outrun **†**i|| visual essays, bγ outtakes. revealing

XX Film's outrun by DVD addenda

хx

• •

the in Microhouse of late bitrate snare to its bare crunch problematized, saying

> 'here's where the snare-drum

historically went'

XX

for every potent penny thus up-rounded we've

:a negative theology

:a bronzèd queen's victory

o measure u what vast & crazy dealings do ensue

from above-said policy

temptings For

late, my TOLLE LEGE:

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

XX

XX

ΧХ

хх

хх

*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.]

ΧХ

хх

thoughtful laq the been whittled down by repetitive force

XX

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

XX never had a war of my own so whaddo i know----

XX gums i nip w, puppy nubs i soffly chomp w---

XX

not v.good at breathing, forever out of turn---

XX Voice, my finer PHENOTYPE, paper trace of gesture all repel---

ХΧ

Body-gestalt, vastly circuitous as uszhe talk-toself, peppered with apologies

XX Of Heaven And Hell,

a Borges list, the title divides it.

xх

the poem's a ruse, his excuse to mention: the Dane's staunch sword and the Persian's moon, tigers, his mirrors that are music ; his concentric theories of thrones

lost his colours singly blue & yellow somehow blended was left with yellow, a vivid yellow [Profile of a Writer: Jorge Luis Borges (David Wheatley, 1983) lives now in the centre of a luminous [four? syllables] among

To Borges, blind, the eye is an enemy of eternity To Borges, blind, women are what they were many years ago

The eye is the corrupter of youth

XX a whole world held held w/in her sceptic's epoché------ hence no quotations, i scrawl around the Dedication page------;

His Smile was structurally condescending-----

A fable, I thought. No, a parable, god help

Their sceptical love lives on, in her-----We're

witnessing a funeral, her quizzing the Revisitor------Mourning the days he'd seen fit to tease

re the caesuras—— Her roving irony, wry

word-play, all he once was game for now

His body laid in living Wake, made holy------

blessings come to all win his wave-range-----

She is otiose; he, in his silence, aligned with the

Tsau's become a cult she wants out of

She's snorting her way *into* the fable;

as it occasions, as it predicts

XX

Or she's a trick of ventriloquy: all her neologies,

Tsau is his, Nelson's / Norman's, it's his world she tells-----the Dedication's tensions here work out

хх the Simsun <u>says</u> the specificunsayable In memory's hall, Bell / Borges stand

the flavour of a life in the

darkness, leave me, my card

untranscribed I am anything

XX

His poem, Signs, is sized for an info-plate

receives: water, cool, a splash of in a polystyrene cup-

a pattern

orange

some know this as 'Arts & Crafts' some they don't like this—

attentions retune to the music

of the room____midi-flips, faders

stuck in morning light un-eerie

attentions retune to the music of

the room____compressor clicks, basal

We hearken still unsated to the

voices of the Sea--- Ear awaits

are ushered in-line, plied in turn w/

squares of tin incandescent in the

scissors, ergonomic, cute each

sunlight Each receives:

shush of traffic's fade

in shuffling wave

of eternity

meek remains we

bake w/in ancestral shall hovels shoot the breeze re how it was, how it all went

хх from Kubrick's oeuvre alone we've uncountable frames

хх

shapes that are not darkness yet

ΧХ

Undeciphered and

XX

XX

me-

XX

XX

XX

XX

Author-

indulging------

adam's prerogative mimed------

XX

alone, for anything I may stand a bronze prayer or a saying that encodes

I shall not leave this threshing floor---(loudly so the invisible forces could hear)---I shall not leave without hearing God-----: a sensible strategy, if desert is a Set———

a Star on strike, demanding his words---while Field Unit solving evermore improbable mic rigs

ΧХ

ΧХ

---am weary of hearing voices in the air, enough pareidolia, peripheral whispers, speak like a man!

---but then it won't be god you hear!

The sign of your Father is movement and repose-a practised pulse. a voiding <u>act</u> to the sub-self relegated

Denoon e.g. with every breath-----

Denoon e.g. by frames of black per sec

XX

bodies' Grudges ceded in alignment In operon labour brought to compose, to apparent complicity :

XX

yet another sin of this Slavery :Made to seem agreeable w my fellow man

XX never said NO with all of yr Your freedom being was always a freedom from inhabit that body though you may, does not mean it's yours

ΧХ Relentment's cost increaseD w

resistance,

Pleasure's promise varieD w fear,

хх

o i do fear a satan of the early third millennium

ΧХ

never had a war of my own so whaddo i know

хх

my verse is parasitic i have no Play to call my own____

ΧХ

on drywall behind rise umbral summons, concentricly nested, a taunting Three a nervous ellipse of flames do run from me to mirror, mirror to me

XX alone he finds completion—In rescue, she'll follow, come to his desert-

XX The Boy was always ectomorph-In his own way perfect already------ The Boy is his own endless story------It had to end tragically, badly-

was late to the Eden she leaves, by end-----

XX

XX

Nelson she'd have starvation-skinny-Ribs discernable, countable through his lessening flesh

		xx The security of sequence is soon taken away—	xx	
	Profundity is violence,	—all deceptions a single instant, forever	am mad to see u write of lakes,	
	brahminized——aggression bent inward, held fast upon a thought——	recurring ————————————————————————————————————	a love i cannot share	
	XX	XX	u who've learned the names of	
	Looking inward, seeing a halo, that dwarfs & engulfs him: Spatially makes no	however many times the simile reread, the "yet never saw" unexpected——Milton slips by the "now" of 54	clouds,	
	sense——; sinister light needs explaining, sinister is a psychic complex——; At tower's apex, eyes twinned in a circle of light, in which luminous currents swirled and eddied——Details of	xx The unianimous reply is "surprise",	u ragged last	xx mornings are for :
XX	fireworks; little Psychology			Socratic chatter,
Heaven is a grainy hall of mirrors	xx The sun is up, his eyes are open & alive comes	an involuntary question———	of prairie space	Sociatic chatter,
Your eidos, you'll notice, in	his scepticism——— Did sun rise in <i>sympathy</i> ? Was sun the effulgent halo all			making cheer with the newly retired,
tracers adjascent	along?——But the sun is external , had not that splendour—But the sun is internal &	xx		the
	splendorous, to <u>it</u> —— 'Sent Her Radiations': this is not reductive——She, too is a happy	you are <i>now</i> with Satan, in Hell——and the present tense of "torments"——	xx	a.m.'s later patrons
A halo Council, horseshoed around	god——		paths overhead, <i>zeniths</i>	
your head:			above——tho <i>never got so</i>	
	xx Nothing of his dreams that night——Of his		far as cairo——	xx noons are for
Ovals enthralled, Seventies special effects;	exaltation, impossible to describe ——We'll later read of kids downstairs the whole time—			
special effects;	The office he goes to, his duties there		XX	warmish pints with the p.m.'s first
A floating holy chorus, your angel	generic to the point of parody		sands forseen in every nome	at the Imperial Pub,
Parade;	xx We need more registers, an intersubjective		a thousand terments pock the greenway, shallow pits, i'm DEAD	at the imperial rub,
	guage of his state——We desire his wife, a		of this	
The self you shook off, in	sensitive mirror——	xx heart did seize in a		a nest of crows
multiples remade	xx Victorian the idiom, his formal turn of tongue———	heart did seize in a rigorous fist crumpled		on Yonge & Dundas Square
	An Empiricist's journal, of the horrific, the rare, a madman's epistolary, pulled from his smouldering	notes to be found on my		
	lab	person, taken for a		
		requiem	< <to give<="" td="" we="" you=""><td>xx</td></to>	xx
		<pre>xx on pad's top sheets, still</pre>	: "emotion & the planning of movement"	onto the Timmy's, the COFFEE TIMES;
		can feel impressions of my	YOU we	the Coffee TIPS on ungentrified
		ravings	GIVE	strips,
				franchise-defectors w/ taped-off
		XX	: [notice of compliance under Notice of	signs
		Begin , in runaway majesty—— Deadman's Posture, later, END ——late	Compliance with Policy Conditions] the wunderdrug Catena :	
XX		A.M., my boyhood bed——jeans & Cons caked in mud——the last-of-acid jitters & bends	ОН	
u haughtily laugh, adjust		xx		XX
from full-lotus to halfu		the nine-year-old Me shall be the nine-	: the Omnivod ,	the Priceless is there, where sand's unendingthe Priceless, there,
	xx was not projected toward the Future but What	year-old Me ——not me Tuesday, commandeering Monday's pliable body	for scenes from Earth, from every time & angle,	where no one makes a claim
drive this cab I'm shotgun	Was Always Already The Case was Revealed In every moment————————————————————————————————————			
inu keep thy metered	avplain a but here hides what			хх

III—u keep iny metered thru the neon penance stream___**OU** roaming desert wars *i* text were woos by other means and **now our hearts are** under siege

explain—a but here hides what happened------

used to feel as if poised in midair

without any feeling of body around me-----

Liberation looks like this, a levitating meditator-

but just means: surprisingly, and

—a levitator is **as if** been liberated

XX My life seemed a stammering long apology

the

within; Hell is the Self, the

centre of narrative gravity

Olive garden's recompense / the boiled egg of Entropy yr very

great

is

own Mohenjo-daro mound

XX gliding thru the parting cliques——in parallel streams, a faltering party—your mission w much less work et therefrom cet—arising random effervescences

of maps ours

towards: property lines---;

tend

ΧХ

ХХ

From Inns of Court to exurbs bland, maps of ours tend toward---: our intensities radially arrayed

ΧХ

the Priceless is there, where sand's unending---the Priceless, there, where no one makes a claim

XX

XX

XX

Profound Submission Of attention,

his Practice—Profound contains the mystery, entire—his secret named, will, for a certain intensity-for a bent of mind somehow that hour effective-

XX

xx

Hell

[Dennett]

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

Friend add me, for I have thee;

Write to me pls in the preterite tense of frenchest Femm Lit - oh

pity the but poor Translator!*

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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, an inward mimesis of public dialogue---a stethoscope sensitive could read my thoughts --- but they wouldn't be mine!