

*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 lap-space——left elbow propped on overcrossed thigh——forearm rising to a limp-wristed pedestal——:

xx
a red-ink squiggly under **snake**, i've penned——

a seeker of Commentary, Rush's diligent reader;

my margins in Mating still empty.

xx
The line, i decide, is comment enough——:

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

xx
this is perfect Metaphor i say,

humbly, for:

the squiggly is the snake.

xx
The serpent's bite is its word——The serpent's word is death

xx
The serpent's word is Tsau remade to shadow play:

xx
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.

xx
The serpent's word is Tsau remade to shadow play:

xx
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

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

xx
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

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

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

xx
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.

xx
am sometimes told i have the following habit: spasmic laugh, retracting fast 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 on we go,

Till mute and enmirrored, opposed we stand, slightly swooning in wonder

xx
we're subtle past enactable [*Death——:our mouths are fraught w_ harmless w a r——:::how long we've fed on hollow chant]

xx
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 change-room light now seems——: the same blown up & blooming into colour

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

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

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

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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

xx
[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
The line, i decide, is comment enough——:

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, equivocate this Endtime scene to something less, a spectral Projection*

xx
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---:

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

xx
Then it becomes fabulous——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 black-backed 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

xx
the godvoice comes at the peak of stress——a cry from the wreckage of failed conventions——the gods are extremophiles, in disemblages 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*]

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

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

xx
My female report, her yes / no to my ON/OFF query---

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

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xx
grow evermore
curious re how
things are made—
—

till Film's outrun
by visual essays,
revealing outtakes.
. .

xx
Film's outrun by DVD
addenda

xx
in Microhouse of late the
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 bronzed queen's victory

o measure u what vast & crazy
dealings do ensue

from above-said policy

xx
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

xx
---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!

xx
The sign of your Father is movement and repose—
—A working of the self in its stillness—
a practised pulse,
a voiding act to the sub-self relegated

Denoon e.g. with every breath—

Denoon e.g. by frames of black per sec

xx
Grudges ceded in bodies'
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

For temptings
late, my *TOLLE LEGE*:

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

*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
the thoughtful lag
been whittled down
by repetitive force

xx
till no small space
of the Self untried
in light of 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---

xx
Body-gestalt, vastly
circuitous as uszhe talk-to-
self, peppered with apologies

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

xx
Relentment's cost increased w
resistance,

Pleasure's promise varied w
fear,

xx
o i do fear a satan of the
early third millennium

xx
never had a war of my own so
whaddo i know

xx

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

xx
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

xx
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
shapes that are not darkness yet

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

xx
The eye is the corrupter of youth

xx
Undeciphered and alone, for
anything I may stand a bronze
prayer or a saying that encodes
the flavour of a life in the
darkness, leave me, my card
untranscribed I am anything

xx
the Simsun says the specific-
unsayable In memory's hall, Bell
/ Borges stand

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

xx
my verse is parasitic
i have no Play to
call my own—

xx
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
His Smile was **structurally condescending**—
—

xx
**A fable, I thought. No, a parable, god help
me**—
She's snorting her way *into* the fable;

as it occasions, as it predicts

xx
Their sceptical love lives on, in her—We're
witnessing a funeral, her quizzing the Revisor—
—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
indulging—

xx
His body laid in living Wake, made holy—
blessings come to all win his wave-range—

xx
Tsau's become a cult she wants out of

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

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

xx
Or she's a trick of ventriloquy: all her neologies,
adam's prerogative mimed—

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

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

xx
was late to the Eden she leaves, by end—

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—

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

xx

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

xx

Looking inward, seeing a halo, that
dwarfs & engulfs him—; Spatially makes no
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
fireworks; little Psychology

xx

The sun is up, his eyes are open & alive comes
his scepticism— Did sun rise in
sympathy? Was sun **the effulgent halo** all
along?—But the sun is **external, had not**
that splendour—But the sun is internal &
splendorous, to *it*— 'Sent Her Radiations':
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—
—The office he goes to, his duties there
generic to the point of parody

xx

We need more registers, an intersubjective
guage of his state—We desire his wife, a
sensitive mirror—

xx

Victorian the idiom, his formal turn of tongue—
An Empiricist's journal, of the horrific, the rare, a
madman's epistolary, pulled from his smouldering
lab—

xx

Heaven is a grainy hall of mirrors

Your eidos, you'll notice, in
tracers adjascent ---

A halo Council, horseshoed around
your head ---:

Ovals enthralled, Seventies
special effects ---;

A floating holy chorus, your angel
Parade ---;

The self you shook off, in
multiples remade ---

xx

u haughtily laugh, adjust
from full-lotus to half—u
drive this cab I'm shotgun
in—u keep thy metered
penance thru the neon
stream—our **roaming**
desert wars *i text* **were**
woos by other means
and **now our hearts are**
under siege

xx

was not projected toward the Future but What
Was Always Already The Case was Revealed
In every moment—A **thus** for **but** would
explain—a **but** here hides what
happened—

xx

but just means: **surprisingly, and**

xx

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

xx

Profound Submission Of attention,
his Practice—**Profound** contains the
mystery, entire—his secret named,
unshared—: his placeholder for *a style of*
will, for a certain intensity—for a bent of
mind somehow that hour effective—

xx

The security of sequence is soon taken away—
—all deceptions a single instant, forever
recurring—Similes pressed to a central core,
beyond all hope of extraction—

xx

however many times the simile reread, the
“yet never saw” unexpected—Milton
slips by the “now” of 54

xx

The unanimous reply is “surprise”,

an involuntary question—

xx

you are now with Satan, in Hell—and the
present tense of “torments”—

xx

heart did seize in a
rigorous fist crumpled
notes to be found on my
person, taken for a
requiem

xx

on pad's top sheets, still
can feel impressions of my
ravings

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

My life seemed a stammering long
apology

xx

Hell is the great
within; Hell is the Self, the
centre of narrative gravity
[Dennett]
Olive garden's recompense / the
boiled egg of Entropy yr very
own Mohenjo-daro mound

xx

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

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 prairie space

xx

paths overhead, *zeniths*
above—tho *never got so*
far as cairo—

xx

sands forseen in every nome—
a thousand terments pock the
greenway, shallow pits, i'm DEAD
of this

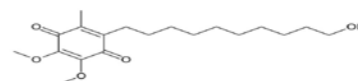
xx

<<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 from Earth,
from every time & angle.

xx

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

xx

mornings are for :

Socratic chatter,

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 crows

on Yonge & Dundas Square

xx

onto the Timmy's, the COFFEE TIMES;

the Coffee TIPS on ungentrified
strips,

franchise-defectors w/ taped-off
signs

xx

the Priceless is there, where sand's
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's
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!**

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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!*