

*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  
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, daubs of a dilettante's brush to the palette.

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

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, till mute & enmirrored, opposed we stand, swooning in wonder.

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

i'm a seeker of Commentary, i'm Rush's diligent reader, yet:

my margins in **Mating** are empty.

xx  
the line, i decide, is comment enough.

the squiggly *is* the snake, i say: excessive, just like itself.

xx  
*this is perfect Metaphor*——humbly, i say, for

the squiggly *is* the snake.

xx  
the serpent's bite is its word——the serpent's word is Death.

xx  
by Serpent's word is Tsau remade to Shadow Play: in friezes Eight, a fatal Progress.

xx  
from Archetype to Anthropology, from Sacred myth to Ecology——Serpent morphs to **boomslang**: **acacia** now the Tree——

xx  
Incarnation is this gathering of specificities.

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** breakfasts.

xx  
with sheaves of *The Economist* she loads his sickbed, she integrates Eden's economy——

xx  
the massacred herd shall henceforth flow through yearly.

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  
working thru the Longhouse bit——pacing into cursive rain, in a Bloorcourt laneway——i spoke the line aloud, & alley did recede into an infinite Enclosure, long as it was tall——

xx  
lightning flashed my staggered frames——

xx  
it was me alone, in my wing-back trenchcoat,thane of my own shady corridor.

xx  
in recenter Versions, from night-terrors i am drawn——down to street, down cobblestone slick in floodlight's sweep, w/ alarm sounding death from above.

xx  
shadow & light oscillate, so equivocate this endtime scene to something less, to 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.

xx  
Days of dread, of Dream's end.

xx  
Workshop pics in my Kripalu Fall Catalogue, so far 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  
in a **paradise of pain**——**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 all in an Inclusive logic——: the bees surprise both jackal & snake with a common animal language.

xx  
the bees arrive, are UFOs——a hovering hive, an undulating orb.

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

xx  
stress just is: the animal undecided——& relief **the correction by "*Phoebus repli'd*".**

xx  
to let in gods, scatter your drama w/ *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 god's-eye plot, remade as intimate Address.

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

xx  
centered, huge, orders above the older.

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

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

xx  
**however many times the simile is re-read, the “yet never saw” is unexpected**——**Milton slips by the “now” of line 54**.

xx  
**The unanimous reply is “surprise”**——**and an involuntary question**.

xx  
**You are *now* with Satan, in Hell**——**and the present tense of “torments”**.

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

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

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

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, chemotherapeutical?** 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.

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xx  
her passport held fast—she sends unjealous friends a card by Borderguard: *Poster Art of English Rock*, on whose back she's penned

xx  
Having fun in the outside world, having a blast!  
Is not all Comrade this & that!

xx  
lens has her angled, plaintive in profile—

xx  
socially shy, she moves with an entourage of uncles—

xx  
non-cute flip-flops, squinting up thru glasses, sweet, her head in inquisitive angles—

xx  
from housecoat pocket, hands her card, her only card, warm w/ softened edges—

xx  
: [a bakery run from home ]

xx  
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  
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  
from angel's height, our Ingenuie is still **e.g.**

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

xx  
on falling they'll know **Grace Kimball**—on falling they'll know her as **me**

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

xx  
in Time will seem she has no, had no, Father.

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  
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**:

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*.

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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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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  
Line one of three, saccade's first pass—only there could Fish impress

xx  
Line one of three, saccade's first pass—only there could Fish impress

xx  
Line one of three, saccade's first pass—only there could Fish impress

xx  
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xx

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

the thoughtful lag been whittled down by repetitive force—

xx

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

xx

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

xx

<<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

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

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

xx

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

xx

**let him who has ears**—a warning, aloof—bolder than **verily verily**.

xx

the valorous live from the solar plexus—**he** is a brahmin, is in his head, is a **nondimensional point of awareness**—his **trunk and limbs a faint extension**, dropping from his brainstem.

xx

**Seems as if he’ll act, avenge; the last word undermines him.** the twelfth line ends in a dot dot dot, & the thirteenth adds a **not [unwept]**: our scope for syntax fraught, says Fish.

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, i'm forever out of turn.

xx

Voice, my finer PHENOTYPE, paper trace of gesture all **repel**—

xx

my body-gestalt, vastly circuitous as uszhe—my talk-to-self, peppered with apologies.

xx

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

xx

**am weary of hearing voices in the air**: enough pareidolia, peripheral whispers—**speak like a Man!**

xx

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.

xx

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

xx

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

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

he lost his colours one-by-one—**blue & yellow somehow blended**—and **was left with yellow, a vivid** yellow [Profile of a Writer: Jorge Luis Borges (David Wheatley, 1983)]—

xx

he lives, now, **in the center 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

to Borges, blind, 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, Borges/Bell stand—

xx

his poem, **Signs**, is sized for a gallery info-plate, or epitaph.

xx

**My brother, he said you were innocent and pure, like every animal**—a goat for Man, men will hear, a symbol of the self—**But men, the cowards, their sins made you bear**—

xx

men cannot hear: their Savior aligned with the animals.

xx

River & her residents align, rejoice—**unfold their fins and shake their tails** in natural obeisance—while Chaldeans, Mukhtians & Israelites hide their eyes, they shiver and wail and fall face-down in the mudbank.

xx

the hearts of these warmongers, slave-runners, sheepkillers, feasters and fornicators are dense & insentient—the thoughts on their brow are depraved—they cry out to be saved.

xx

**was a dove or one of Jehovah’s Seraphs**—or a dove who *serves* as Seraph—the Messiah’s true name is called from the margins, a mingled cry of bird & beast—from those whom men have stoned off-scene—the humble first to gather round in kinship.

xx

she was late to the Eden she leaves, by end. Tsau's become a cult she wants out of.

xx

the Boy was always ectomorph—in his own way perfect, already—the Boy is his own endless story—it had to end badly, tragically—

xx

Nelson she’d have starvation-skinny—ribs discernable, countable through his lessening flesh.

xx

his Smile was **structurally condescending**.

xx

**A fable, I thought. No, a parable, god help me**—she’s snorting her way *into* his fable:

xx

as it occasions, *as* he predicts.

xx

their sceptical love lives on, in her—we’re witnessing a funeral, she's quizzing the Revisitor—she's mourning **the days he’d seen fit to tease** her re her **caesuras**—her roving irony, wit & word-play, all he once was game for now *indulging*.

xx

his body laid in living Wake, made holy—blessings come to all w/in his wave-range.

xx

she is otiose, in the way; he, in his masterful silence, aligns with the Author, with Rush himself.

xx

a whole world held held w/in her sceptic’s epoché—*hence no quote marks*, i scrawl around the Dedication page—

xx

*or* she’s a trick of ventriloquy: all her neologies mimic Adam's prerogative—

xx

Tsau is his, is Nelson / Norman’s. it’s his world she's telling—under the Acacia tree, the Dedication’s tensions work out.

xx

alone he finds completion—in rescue, she’ll follow, come to his desert.

xx

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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, ergonomic &  
cute——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, ifm 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.

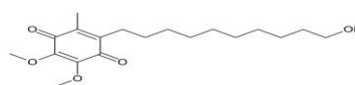
xx  
<<to **YOU** we GIVE

: "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!