

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
the

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 & emirrored, opposed we stand, swooning in wonder.

xx
the

xx
the

xx
your impetuous gaze, a two-tone card, these rigorous months has been taped to my fridge. my locker's mirror, mousepad-sized, in the steamy light of a change-room now seems the same blown up & blooming into color.

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

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

xx
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
the

xx
a sleeping face, faithful, still, unchangeable——

xx
the

xx
dreamer is an Ingénue——never amazed to be singled out

xx
the

xx
dreamer is an Ingénue——all you've done was done to yourself

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

xx
Face is the cut of a skull, overlaid——Mind is the *back* of a face.

xx
i often feel i have *too much* face. i get manic, chatty, desperate to work it off the cheeks.

xx
Lonely looks like **lovely** sounds like **only**. in last case our face decays to feral, grinning skull. to speculative hominids, this made Death a gleeful predator, and our smiles memento mori, frightful flashes of skeletal destiny.

xx
had skulls seemed serene, & had Helen of Troy's nose been longer, they'd've been less keen to save her, Blaise Pascal claims.

xx
the

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
the

xx
[there's a scene in **Black Robe**, in a longhouse prison: "Girl distracts the Nightguard".

xx
the

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

xx
the

xx
the

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
the

xx
light & shadow oscillate, so equivocate this endtime scene to something less - a spectral projection.

xx
the

xx
the

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
the

xx
the

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

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
the

xx
centered, huge, orders above the older.

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

xx
the

xx
the

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

xx
the

xx
on drywall behind rise umbral summons——concentricly nested, a taunting Three——dancing Witches, cast by Me——

xx
a nervous ellipse of flames do run from me to mirror, & mirror to me

xx
the

xx
the

xx
i often dream of a DeLillo blew wayward: a fullpage paragraph, fragile and vague.

xx
it emerges per word w/ my dreamself's panning gaze. emerges from the blasted white of page.

xx
it may be a single, serpentine sentence.

xx
the

xx
the central action is an Agent sent far, who slinks unnamed, his Missive implicit.

xx
the

xx
in voice, conflates the bureaucratic & the mystic.

xx
its dominant image: shadow wings agape that flap a slow path overland, casting of a sun-grazing Sheriff.

xx
i've yet to see the actual *words*: **angel, wing, shadow** - a missive implicit.

xx
i arise in awe for Delillo - thinking at first it his. then wonder what sayings on HIS bed are dreamt; ventriloquies of which dread author?

xx
Libra it could suit, if rendered italic, if set like the **Outer Dark** arias.

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

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

xx
my margins in **Mating** are empty.

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

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

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

xx
the squiggly *is* the snake.

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

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

xx
the

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

xx
the

xx
Incarnation is this gathering of specificities.

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

xx
the

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——

xx
it's not what they called *themselves*, anyway.

xx
the

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

xx
the

xx
she's rested well, on **eggs and cold sirloin tips** breakfasts.

xx
the

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

xx
the

xx
the massacred herd shall henceforth flow through yearly.

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
xx

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

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
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xx
xx

xx
lens has her angled, 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**

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
:[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
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.

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
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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*.

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

xx
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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

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

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

<<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 21st Century.

xx

o measure u what vast & crazy dealings do ensue

xx

from above-said policy!

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

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.*

xx

he lives, now, in the center of a luminous [four? syllables]—among shapes that are not darkness yet.

xx

for every potent penny thus uprounded we’ve

xx

:a negative theology

xx

:a bronzed Queen's victory

xx

o measure u what vast & crazy dealings do ensue

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**

were woos by other means

& now **our hearts are under siege**

xx

those who work **for** you inherit your strength—Master's powers pass to Slave—Master's offspring dabble & wane

xx

I shall not leave this threshing floor—(loudly so the invisible forces could hear)—I shall not leave without hearing God—a sensible plan, *if Desert is a film set*.

xx

and he's a Star on strike, demanding his words with the Director—as Engineers solve improbable mic-rigs in a flurry around him.

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!

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^{Profile of a Writer: Jorge Luis Borges [David Wheatley, 1983]}

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xx

to Borges, blind, the eye is an enemy of Eternity—

xx

to Borges, blind, the eye is the corrupter of Youth.

xx

to Borges, blind, women are what they were many years ago.

xx

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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

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

My brother, he said you were innocent and pure, like every animal—a goat for **Man**, men will hear, a symbol of themselves—**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, shiver and wail. they 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—

xx

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.

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

xx

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

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

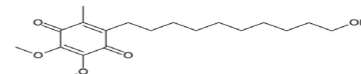
xx
the self you shook off, in multiples
remade.

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!