

ROMESH

by Maxfield Chandler

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I'M FRIGHTFULLY SORRY FOR THIS OUTLANDISH BEHAVIOUR. YOU'VE CAUGHT ME
AT RATHER A BAD TIME, YOU SEE. THE FACT IS THAT TOMORROW, I'VE GOT AN
APPOINTMENT WITH GOD - HE WANTS TO HEAR SOME IF WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING.
SO I MAY BE A BIT DISTRACTED TODAY. HAVE NO WORRY, THOUGH. YOU CAN BE
SURE THAT I'M GIVING YOU MY ALL. DO YOU THINK GOD WILL APPROVE?

X

romesh romesh calls me in the midst of flesh-eating slime
lost in this mire this muck the search comes to my mind
heavenward plants guide my vision to the newborn sky
spin me around with personality inflection and darkroom fiction

d

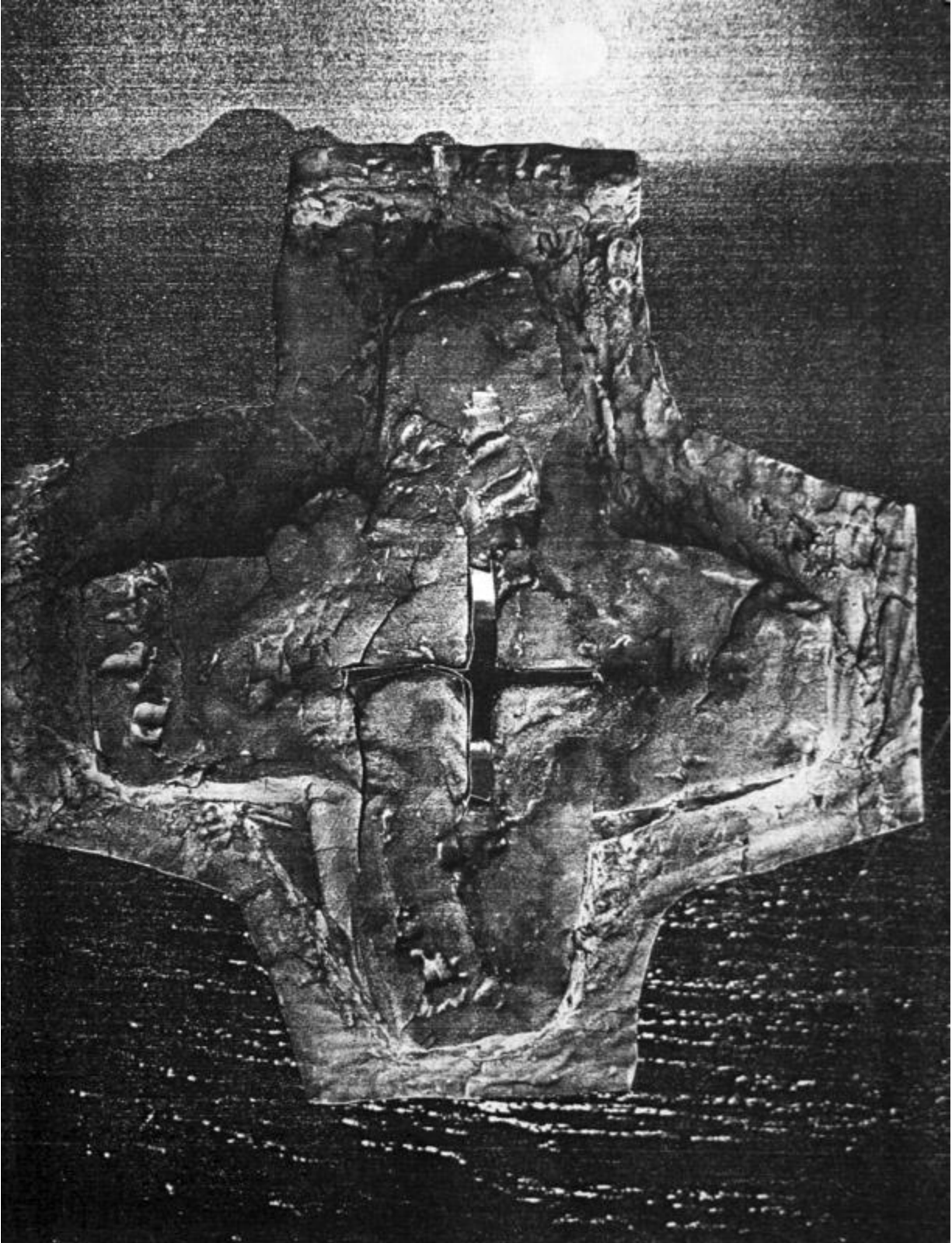
here am i spun wound into the salty spiteful earth
wrapped in the green rushes of swamp's finest growth
out of the darkness the scaly roarroar comes swiftly
knocks down the barrier at the edge of my mind

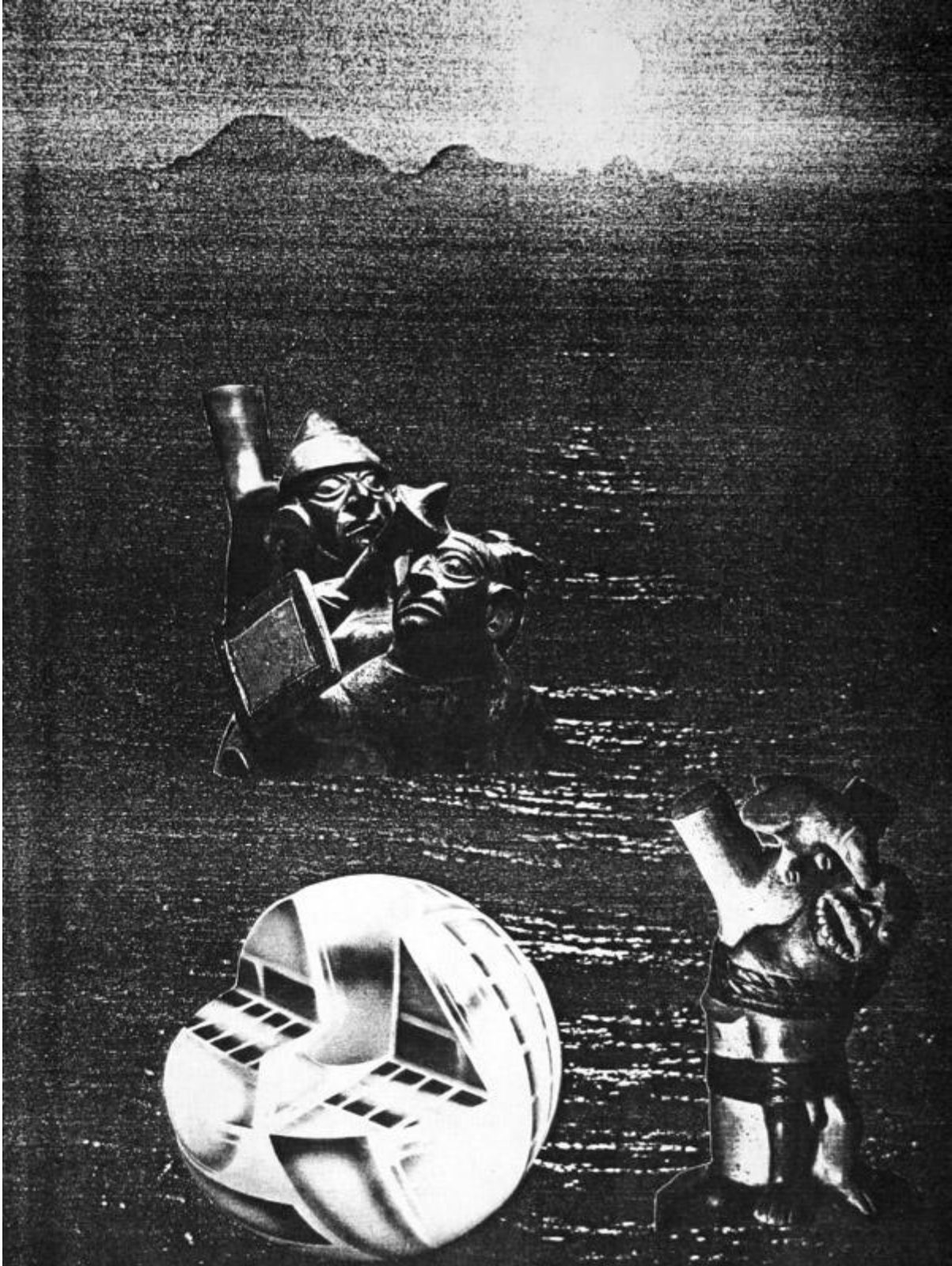
O

THE ROARROARS ARE OUT TONIGHT, MY DEAR. WATCH THEM AS THE CLAMBER IN
THE MUCK. THE SETTING SUN RIDES THEIR CRESTS PROVIDING PEEKING
GLIMPSES OF ITS CRIMSON TOTALITY, BLINDING ME TEMPORARILY. WHAT THEY
ARE CLAMBERS IN THE MOST BASIC PART OF YOUR MIND AS YOU LAY STRETCHED
OUT IN IMITATION OF THE ROARROAR'S BASKING. WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE?
WHY DO WE REST, RECUPERATE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY ON A STONE BY THE
RIVER?

X+

the pain is deep inside where no weapon can reach its source
an impenetrable idea unknown and complex lies at its center
coldness solidity like clay gathered from the rushing river bank
is at the edges of this memory which you see only when you dream





xd

aching muscles tremble around the source of this woxer
it is a signal for the body to begin its healing work
when realization of the danger comes to your notice
and when you notice with shock the damage has been done
the crimson wine of life flows endlessly drowning miseries
drowning the fallen gestalt which somehow has crept up on you
the better part of you waxes full behind stressed optic nerves
pushes you into the forgotten world of the super-real

xo

WELL NOW, THE TIME HAS COME AT LONG LAST TO REVIEW THE MEANINGS OF THESE PIECES. FOR ONE THE SPURTSURPURT OF RETICENT DREAMWORLDS IS AN EVER-PRESENT ELEMENT IN OUR DISCUSSION. SECONDLY THE UNKNOWN WOXER WHICH REPRESENTS THE DAMAGE WE ALL HAVE SUSTAINED DURING OUR DAILY RESPECTIVE EXISTENCES. THESE TWO PHENOMENA ARE WELL LINKED - SLOW DEATH IN THE SHHHH CATACOMBS OF THE MIND WITH THE **ENGENDANCE** OF ENIGMATIC PAIN AND PHYSICAL DISRUPTION IN THE WORLD OF MULTIPLE PEOPLE. IN SHORT, THE LIFE SERUM OF THE NON-WAKING MIND CAN BE EASILY LINKED WITH THE NUCLEAR LEPROSY OF SOME COD-HUNTING PRESIDENT.

d+

someone's knife has made a crimson tunnel into my flesh
i knew this person once but now i wonder who they are
the hisss wraps its splendid coils around my leg
evoking magnificent images of the wrath of a proud god

dx

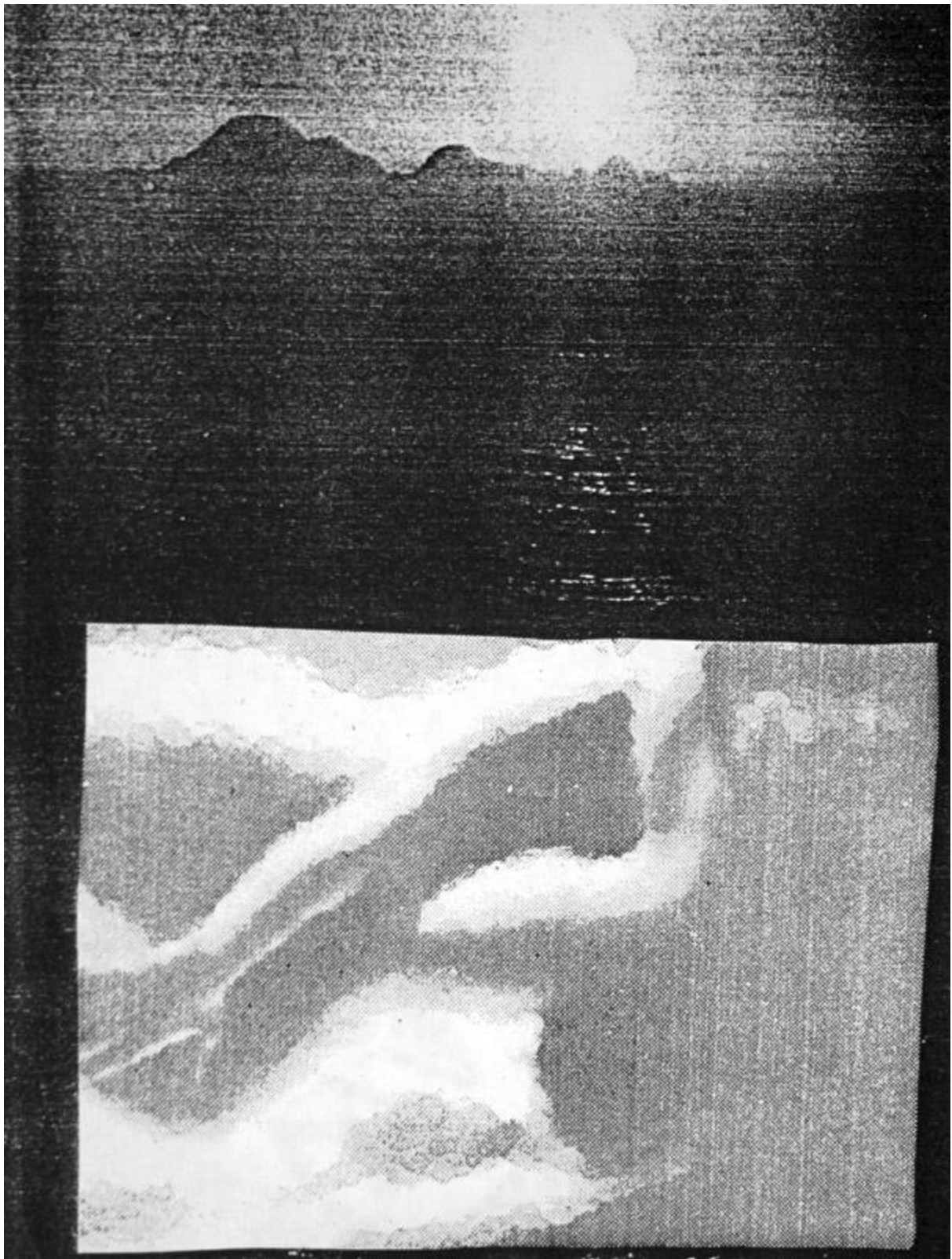
THE HISS OF LEGEND IS A SYMBOL OF POTENT POWERS, CONTAINING THE
THOUGHT ENERGY OF GENERATIONS OF BELIEVERS, ALL DENYING THE DANGERS
WHICH IS BASED IN INDIVIDUALITY, WHICH SIMULTANEOUSLY COMBATS AND IS
ALLIED WITH LIFE.

dd

what is this thing that mixes pain and crimson flowing liquid?
is it the transcendence of the body? the conquest of preservation?
what green life clings to you as you climb out of the still pond?
what is the object of your two thousand year searching?

do

SEE THE SLIME CLING TO YOU, BORNE OUT OF THE WATER BY YOUR BODY. ALL
IT NEEDS IT CAN FIND AT THIS PLACE - THE WATER BORN OF YOUR BODY, THE
SILENT IMAGES WHICH IT REVOKES WITH CONTEMPT. YOUR QUEST AND IT'S
BEARS SWEET FRUIT - THE REMISSION OF ONCE GROWN, ONCE THROWN PEBBLES
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.





OX

NOW YOU ARE OUT OF THE SWAMP, DRIPPING ON FIRM GROUND, COVERED WITH ALGAE AND MUD, CHILLED, EXCITED AND CONFIDENT. NOW YOU HAVE NO DESTINATION, NO PLACE TO JOURNEY TO, YOU MAY JUST RE-ENTER THE SWAMP. YOU SEE A CLEAR POOL AND GO TO IT, WASHING OFF THE SLUDGE OF ROMESH. OUTSIDE YOURSELF, YOU EXAMINE THE SURROUNDING FREE OF THE NEED TO ORDER SENSES BASED ON HUMAN EXPERIENCE, BASED ON SELF-PRESERVATION.

od

OUT OF THE BEAUTIFUL REFRESHING WATER, LIFE INVADES YOU - BLOOD RUSHES IN YOUR VEINS, MAKING YOU FEEL STRONG, HAPPY, ANGRY, FULL, ABLE. YOU COME BACK TO YOURSELF FROM NON-INVOLVEMENT TO A FURTHER INDIFFERENCE WHICH OCCURS FROM THE INSIDE. YOU SAY TO THE POOL: "THANK YOU, POOL, FOR SHOWING ME HUMANITY, FOR SHOWING ME MYSELF." IT DOES NOT ANSWER.

OO

feel this new surge of desire within you
desire for everlasting sensation life itself spins crimson
separated from nature yet seeing it tasting it
nothing no one can hear you scream your name
your voice reaches beautiful sky-high diving art
floating in ethereal galleries the pride of world over man
they hear you these functions and processes of passion
slowly connecting you projection by projection to the universe



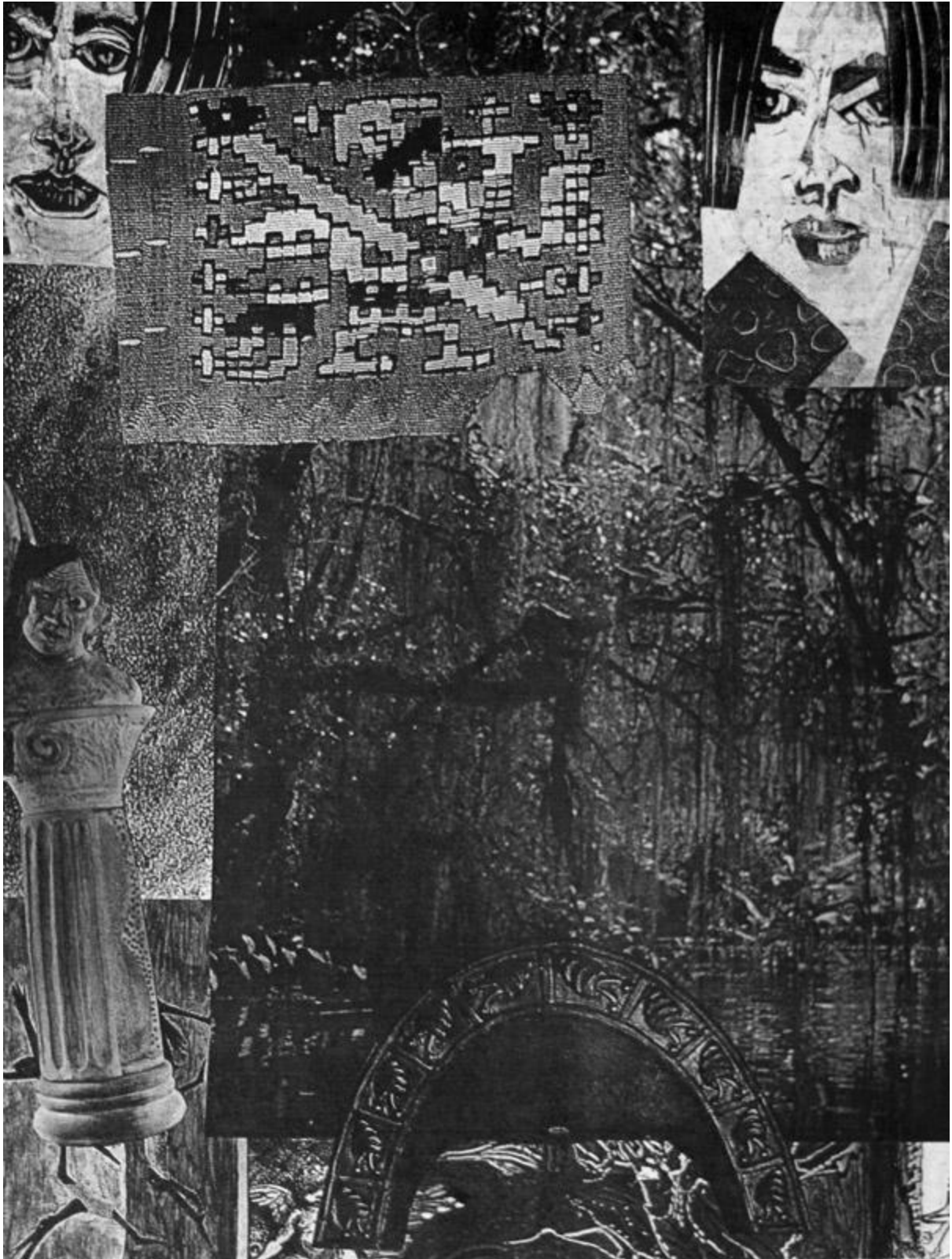


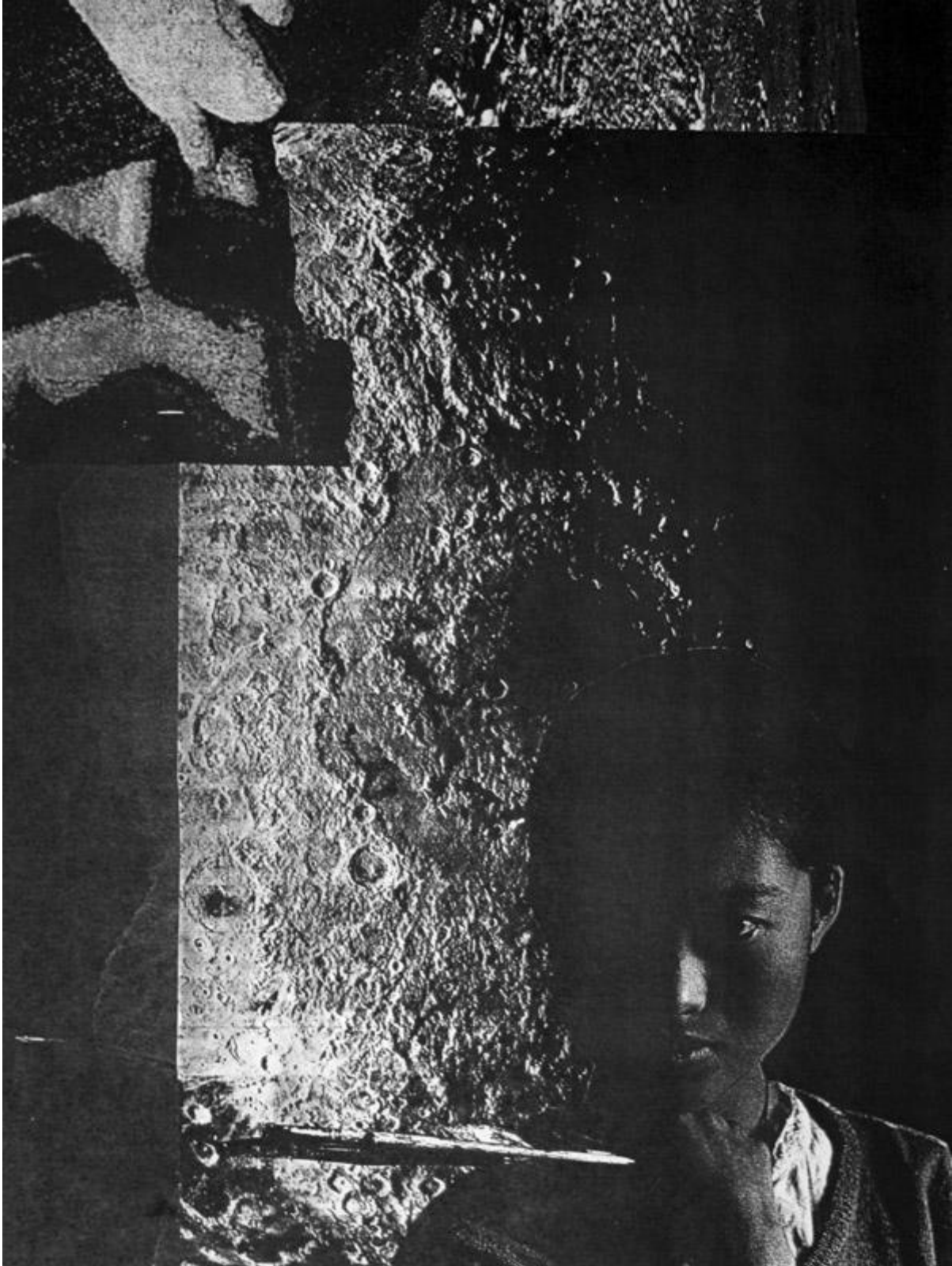
X+X

I'M AWAKENED BY SUNLIGHT PLAYING ACROSS MY EYELASHES INTO A FASCINATING WORLD OF SENSE. COMPLETELY ALIVE AND WANTING TO LIVE MORE, THE TRAGEDY OF MY SEPARATION FROM THE FLOW OF HUMAN SEAS IS ALL THE MORE FELT. I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THE DREIZOME, WHERE MY SEPARATION FROM OTHERS IS REFLECTED BY A LACK OF LIGHT AS A SEPARATION FROM MYSELF AND ALL THINGS WHERE I SEE ALL AS THEY ARE - WITHOUT FEAR OR HOPE OR EVEN INTEREST.

x+d

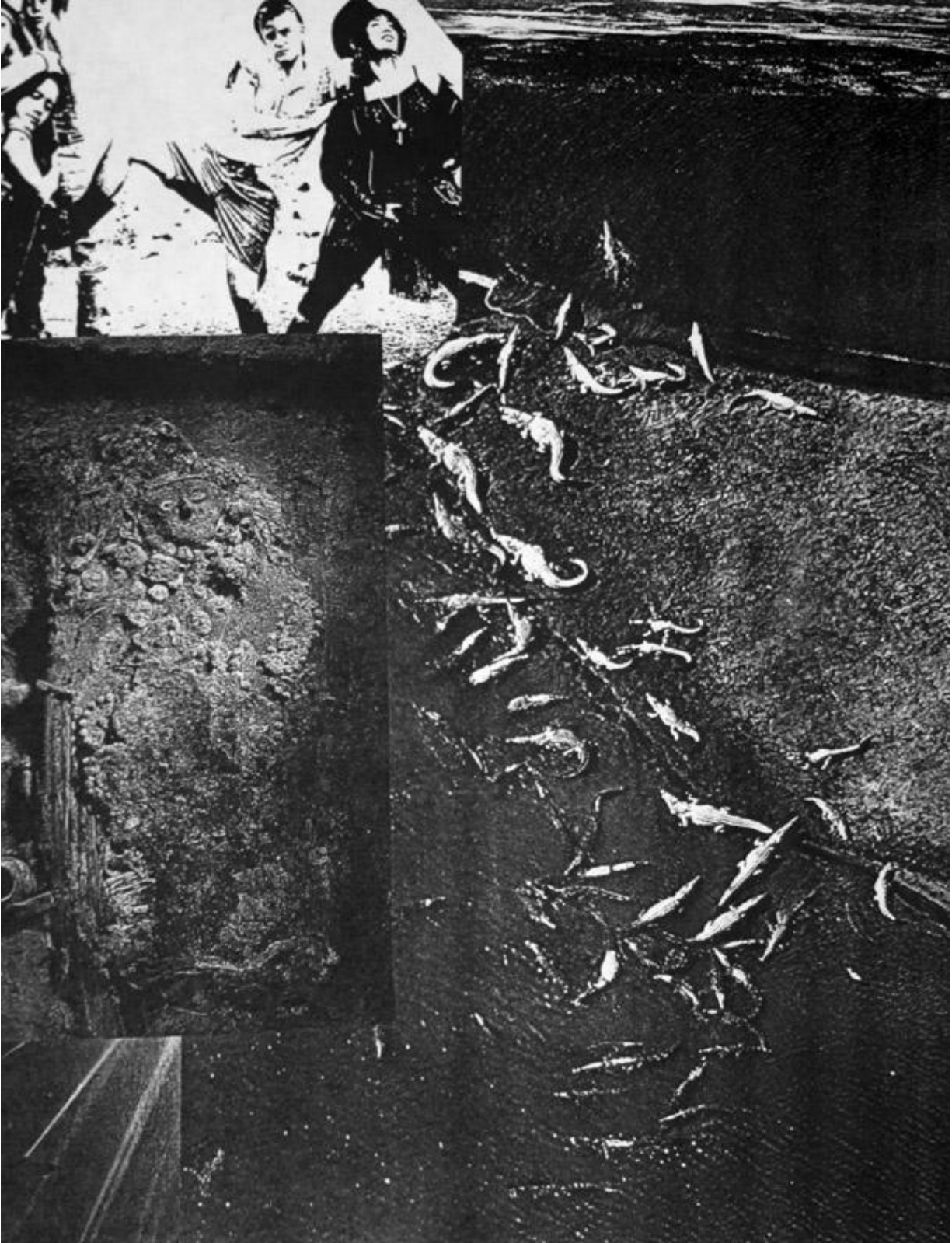
the ebon curtain falls again across the flat world
making all light stand out against its over-powerment
your escape from yourself and mine from myself
seems to have defeated the purpose of its own creation
vegetable limbs slowly slowly attach themselves to me
using my still torso to hoist themselves into the sun
i'm too involved - completely inside the receiver
caught in the exploration of these internal sensations





XX+

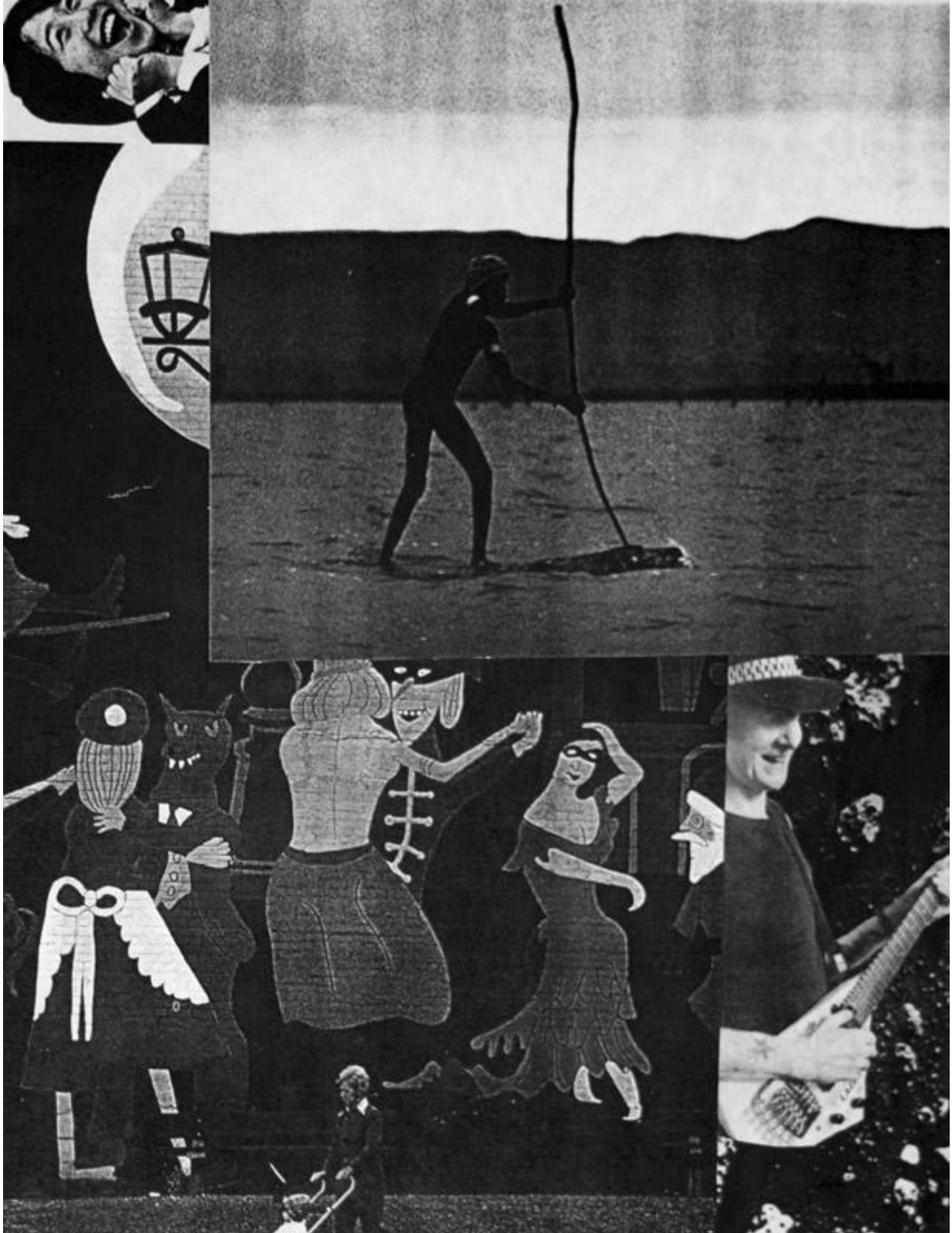
in the wee hours of the night the moon's gone out
your insulation from yourself will not hold the heat
scales and tails whisper past in the lack of light
no danger can motivate your dis-involved mind





xxd

HERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: THE RESULT OF A TWO THOUSAND YEAR SEARCH THROUGHOUT THE KNOWN WORLD - FIRE. I CALL HER SALLY. YOU ALL KNOW HER WELL AS THE BANISHER OF NIGHT AND COLDNESS. NOW I KNOW HER FULLY AND I'M WRITING A BIOGRAPHY. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY IT THROUGH THE CLUB AT REDUCED RATES, PROVIDED OF COURSE YOU ARE A GOLF PLAYER OR SOME SUCH GAMESMAN. CAN'T HAVE YOU READING IT IF YOU'RE NOT READY, HA HA. NOW I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET OF MINE. I'VE LOST HER AND I'm STILL SEARCHING. NEVERTHELESS, I CAN JUST RUB TWO LIMBS TOGETHER AND SHE APPEARS, HAPPY AS A ... AS A ...





xd+

HERE I AM DEEP IN THIS MURKY WATER. THE SKY IS FAR ABOVE ME HOLDING
ITS BEAUTIFUL LIFE GIVING OXYGEN. I'VE GONE TOO DEEP, OUT OF AIR. GET
ME QUICKLY TO THE SURFACE WHERE THE FATHER OF AIR CAN FEED ME. UP I GO
TO THE SWAMP OF LOST PATHS WHERE I APPEAR. NOW I STAND HERE APART FROM
EVERYTHING HUMAN EVEN WITHIN ME.

xdx

swampman lives here deep in thought and terrible circumstance
all alone is he for from all his kind and kind - helpless, total
blue green iridescence zooms through his vision, buzz buzz
he's going mad, crazy mad flailing destroying his imagined cages

xdd

THE PENETRATING BUZZBUZZ FLIES AROUND PLACE TO SHINING PLACE IN THIS
IMAGINARY THEATRE WHERE CRAZINESS RULES - CRAZINESS COMBINED WITH
DRAMATICS AND DESTRUCTION IS THE LAW HERE IN THE HUMAN SWAMP OF
DISCONTENT, WHERE MANY LIVE CLOSE TOGETHER AND COMPLETELY ISOLATED
FROM ONE ANOTHER.

xdo

who am i that is lost with no direction, blinded by mud?
who am i that can find no companion no champion no thief?
i am the vegetative hope of life to come in the murky night
i am the falling sun hidden behind the earth





XOX

the flower of this magnificent undecided condition
is perfect decision linking present and past
as the sun rises these feelings push you into movement
in the morning and afternoon you come under subtle control
then the moon brings its face into the late afternoon
inserts its influence into your movement and position
it heralds the placements of the night in your heart
it tells the placement of the lost daytimes emergent

xod

AWAKING AFTER SUNDOWN, THE MOON GREETES ME FROM THE SKY, CLEAR,
FOCUSED. A CHILL SETTLES IN THE VEGETATION, INFECTING ME. NOWHERE TO
GO, I WALK AIMED AIMLESSLY, THROUGH PATHS OF GREEN AND BLACK
REFLECTIONS WHAT AM I SEARCHING FOR WITHOUT SEARCHING? CAN I GAN
CONNECTION OR COMMUNION WITH WHATEVER I FIND?

XOO

MY WANDERING CONTINUES UNTIL I GET MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER IN THE
CLEARING UNDER THE MOON. STILL I AM SEPARATE ALONE IN THE PRESENCE OF
THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. SHE TURNS AND LOOKS AT ME, THROUGH ME, IN ME.
THE UTTER LACK OF NOISE IS POSITIVELY DEAFENING.

d++

shimmering female shape caught in moonlight image before my eyes
lithe supple woman with vegetation in your flowing looks
no sound comes from you even as you move even as i listen
no noise do you create no invasion of the sensual world in my head
your friend the growlgrowl pads into the clearing
sits by your feet and becomes you in slow metamorphosis
light shines at ridiculous angles into my sight
i've come to a critical junction in life and in the swamp

d+x

THE FURRY GROWLGROWL THAT WAS ONCE YOU CIRCUMNAVIGATES THE MOONLIT CLEARING, SNIFFING, SMELLING MY TENSION. MY PSYCHOLOGY, WEAK FROM TORMENT, RETREATS AWAY FROM THE WORLD AGAIN. AS THE CREATURE TURNS SLOWLY BACK INTO THE WOMAN, STILL IN THE CLEARING SITTING BENEATH AN ASH TREE, MY UNCONSCIOUS SENSES ARE RETRACTED MAKING ME THE HERMIT.

d+d

THE WOMAN IS RESTING UNDER HER TREE, WATCHING ME. SHE HAS BECOME ALMOST INVISIBLE; SHE IS CERTAINLY NOT ANY MORE HUMAN THAN THE TREE, I SAY TO MYSELF, DENYING TO THE EXTERNAL ANY TRACE OF FULL SPECTRUM LIFE. YET STILL PART OF ME WANTS HER, WANTS THE CLEARING IN THE SWAMP. WHAT IS THE COST OF THIS JOURNEY INTO BIOCHEMISTRY? WHAT WILL SHE BRING ME? WHAT WILL I LOSE? THE SUBTLE ENCLOSER OF NIGHT AND STARS HANGS OVER MY HEAD, NEGATIVELY DEFINED BY LACK OF SUNSHINE. IT CANNOT ANSWER. IT CANNOT ANSWER.

d+o

I STILL GO OVER IN MY HEAD THE CREDIT AND DEBIT OF THE TRION IN MY LIFE. CAN YOU GIVE ME A LIST? DO I DEFINE MYSELF BY HOW OTHERS SEE ME? SPECIFIC PEOPLE? I LOOK UP AGAIN TO THE NIGHT FOR ANSWERS; THE UNIVERSE HAS GIVEN ME THESE QUESTIONS, SO I DEMAND OF IT ANSWERS. I HEAR OF GIFTS FROM IT. IT TELLS ME OF VOLUNTARY GIVINGS OF MYSELF. I WANT ALL OF MYSELF, I CRY IN RETREAT.

dx+

consider all the things that i've given for my love and my health of love
how have these things constructed my removal from tenuous society?
the round blade and heavy wooden haft crash through this illusion
and the world of sound once more is ripped from its sensory foundation







dxo

THROATY SCREAMS REVERBERATE THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND THROUGH THE SWAMP,
INDICATING THAT SOME GIANT PURRPUR HUNTS IN THE ABSOLUTE QUIET. THE USE
OF THE SOUNDS THE PARALYZE HIS VICTIM AND HIS MEAL IS APPROPRIATE.
THE NOISY SQUELCHING DEATH OF HIS PREY REMOVES ME FROM MYSELF IN
ANTICIPATION.

dd+

the end is close, so close, to discovery
SEPARATE from the process of experience
crawl buzz flutter slither swim trot walk
the ocean recalls the time of its ownership

ddx

WHERE THE SEA MEETS THE LAND IS WHERE THE CREATURES CONGREGATE,
WATCHING THE FISH IN THE TIDE SNATCHED UP AND EATEN, EATING THE EATERS
AND THEM AS WELL. SUDDEN SUBTLE CHANGES IN MY MIND COME OF THIS
CONCEPTUAL ISOLATION. NEW THOUGHTS COME OUT OF THE SEA AT ME.

ddd

the end of brilliant unspent time lasting into the future
sudden realization of the waste of the taste of missing future memories
the great purrpurr rests sullen nearly licking his crimson paw
a path leads into the unknown,. empty, with no guarantees

ddo

ripping into his meal again after several hours in new hunger
travelling along the rocky mud track to someplace outside yourself
the end of the road is dead, a passing seagull whispers
waves of knowledge wash you from outside and inside

do+

hurled into the emptiness by a sudden broken calamity
simultaneous undiscovered lore fills your electric brainsleeve
blades of steel, round and wooden hafted are images in your mind
the open empty sea rocks you during an unlimited voyage

dox

chop chop the pitter patter of flying woodchips crimson cracked
waves wash the edge of the world and your feel simultaneously
what rare treasure will you collect to use as gifts?
what bare open isolated spaces will you seek revelation in?

dod

you search out beautiful trophies to give to the woman
where none are found you seek also pithy poignant knowledge
the finest prize, a scintillating blue stone, metallic, radiant
walk down the lonely road and feel nature pressing you

doo

the blue stone rests in your pocket, a focus of hope and expectation
as you walk slowly down this empty road smelling bring in the quick air
what a wonderful gift it will make, polished, an extension of you
how the hope ending your detachment is attached to it

O++

imagine it in her hands as she turns it over and over
imagine your mind reacting, finally, to her quick breath
you know it's a price, she knows it's a price, there is no reason
you and i are both screaming at the top of our lungs

O+X

how can a price be put on this communication? how is it so?
when do you rail at the incredible pollution of knowledge?
will it go with the pocketful of oysters you brought?
is what we feel now a signal of coming newness?

o+d

clams and oysters, food and treasure, ocean trophies and mother of pearl
something approaches like an earthquake in your disneyland mind
you both know special convention is a priceless thing, making money a tool
the blue stone is the disincarnate you

O+O

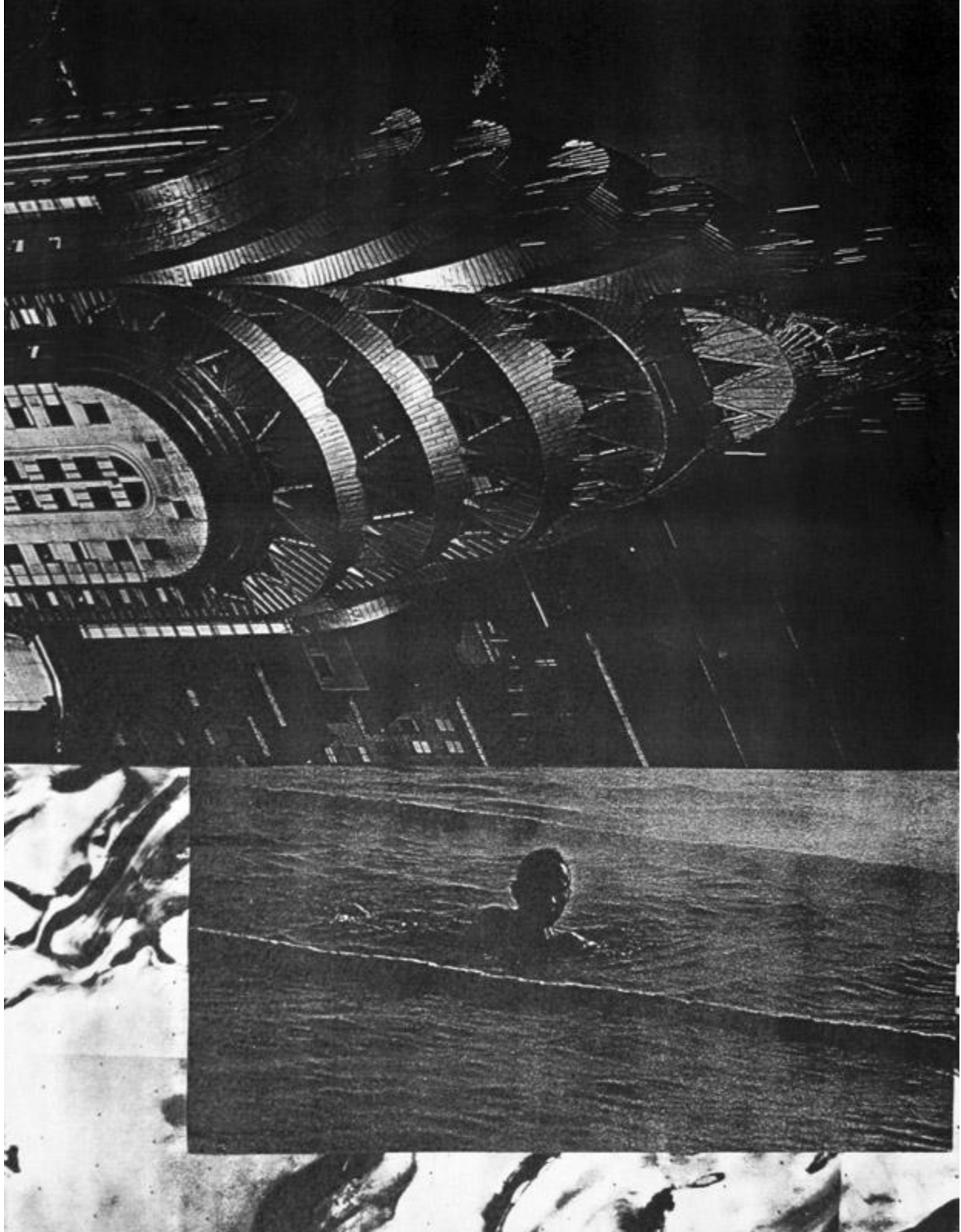
she acknowledges the ritual necessity of payment and admire the beauty
of the new pledges in material form - retainment of promise and duty
clay is the muddy remnant of a hastily made poultice
dragonfly is the integral motion in surrender to the unconscious
skins of animals hair intact are what you bring her next
the fur of a giant roarroar tingles against her tender texture
wrapped in it she becomes the beast
you see her as the utmost goal of romantic intention

OX+

the hair of the dog keeps her warm tonight thanks to you
you see in her the mother of all femininity thanks to you
thanks to you the price of this quiet has gone way up
thanks to you she doesn't know who you are, what you are

OXX

ask yourself again if you are willing to sacrifice this much for the search
the search has altered you into something she may love - but it's not the real you
you've butted the ash tree and broken your horn, now hollowed and blown
after a bitter argument with yourself, your intellect now in exile





OXO

watch her eyes light up her hips move as she handles the gift from you
watch her expression change as she discovers its meaning
your broken antler is now a flute you've converted death into beauty for her
how could this lovely spell be broken? how could this magic come to an end?

od+

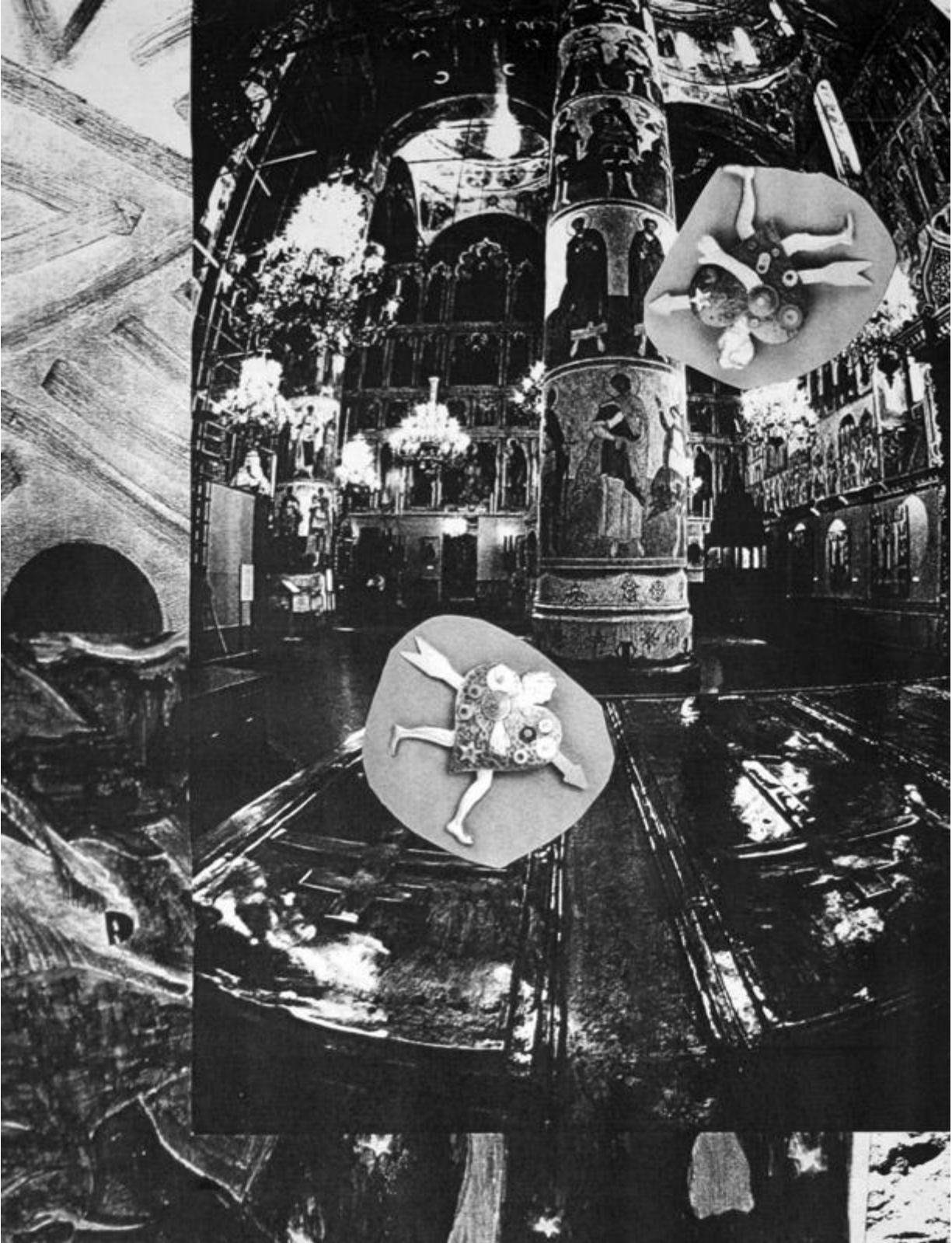
your unbroken antler weighs heavy on your head unbalancing you
you ram yourself into the ash tree again and again to break it
there is no love, only projection you say to yourself over and over
there is no love, only deception crack crack splinter
the heavy footed beast moves into the clearing scaring her into the tree
its single huge horn impresses you and makes you jealous
this is the moment when suddenly you can change this falsehood
now is the time to make the feelings true

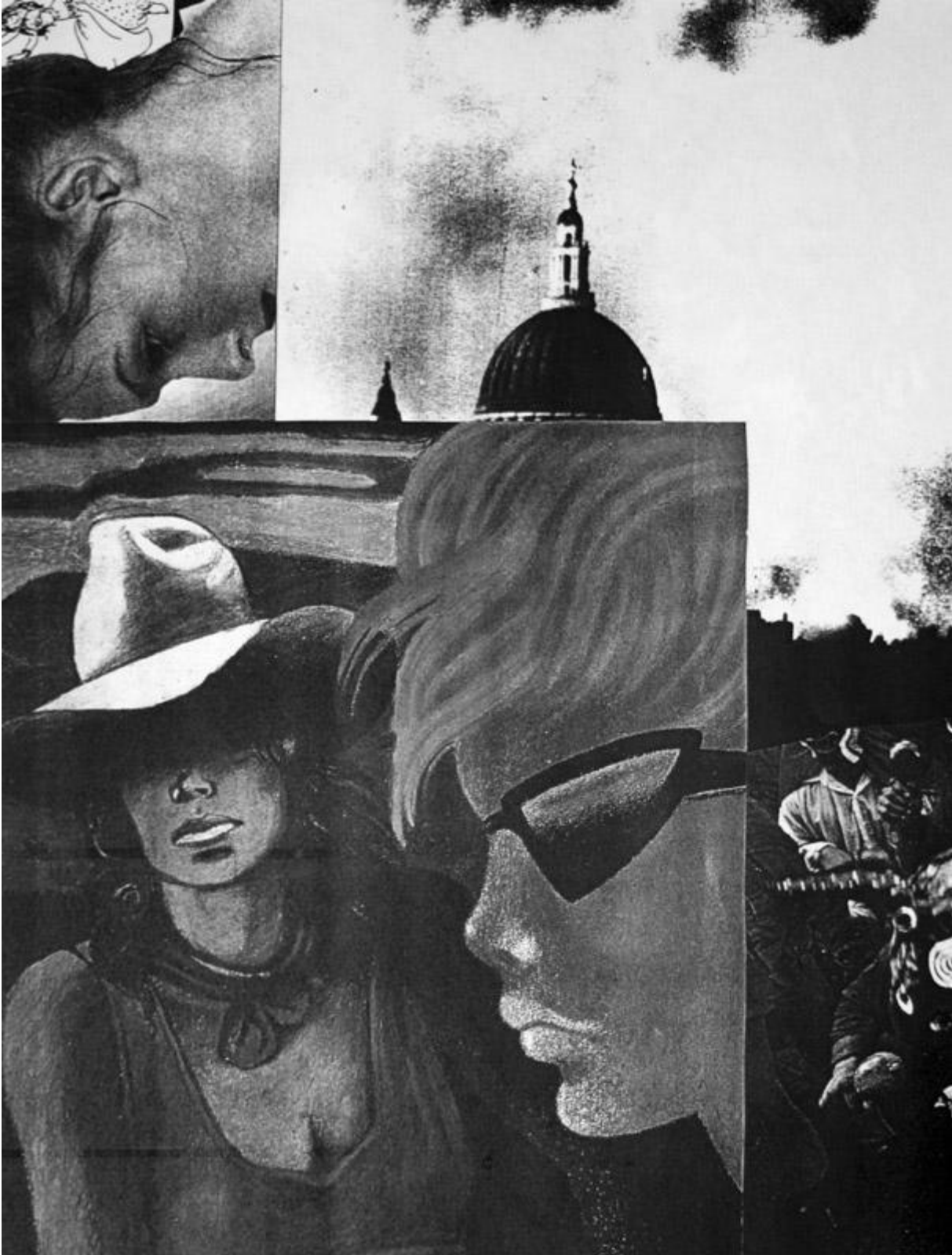
odx

the rhino-like beast considers you helpless and death prone
your moment has come to make your important decision
you reach out in space and grab the beast's horn
transform, human son, human child, human daughter, transform

odd

the beast's horn in hand you pause to consider the peculiar feeling
the change that's begun you chose to continue this passionate journey
this is your price your work your life pouring out in steaming pools
the horn is the ultimate price you pay for a bride





OO+

she climbs down tree back into the clearing
she represents something evil lost in its meaning
at the base of the ash she steps on the ground
as the risk of your identity, your hair follows down

OOX

still clinging to the rain worn ash tree of the jungle
still clinging onto your projection your protection
the trees at the clearings edge all bow to you
they've held a vegetable court and exiled you

ood

the trees have made your presence external
they've created an envelope for you to slip in
an envelope to seal your own self in
abused and amused by the world which you ran from
meanwhile the poplar stands tall against the wind
its straight branches mirroring your old speeches
the inside of the envelope is lined with mirrors
in which we all see you in which i see myself

OOO

poplar bosses demand the floor of the jungle clearing
you identify yourself in the mirror of the depths
the trees hold an election - they are becoming candles
all animation is projection and wood burns as well as wax

X+++

the trees have made the decision for you
they have participated in your guidance
they are existing inside you
they don't exist at all
the oak is the strongest tree in the mind and swamp
its branches are weapons for your use
weapons are everywhere
soon i'll be hurt by all of them

X++X

starlight filters into the grove from between the high branches of the oak
the darkness sinks slowly from the empty spaces between the stars past the oak
you can see the darkness and starlight descending upon you
i know that soon i'll be drenched in it
soon i will break a stout branch from the oak
and fashion a weapon out of it
and then i will use this club to destroy
the enticing hypnotic illusions in my life

x++d

with this weapon will i end
the liars life to where i send
along the path of no destination
that decorum requires for successful completion

X++O

we're on our way to some fortunate conclusion
we're providing ourselves with prejudicial knowledge beforehand
we're going to keep up appearances
we'll play the game by unwritten rules
we've constructed javelins from the oak branches
we've made them for protection along the way
we know that our temporary destination is the individual artistic
meaning which is contrary to the political definition of art

X+X+

that spear you made has been infused with purpose
the recollection of the spiritual quest in life in art
a passage from the classic to the romantic
a searching for personal transcendence and unity

X+XX

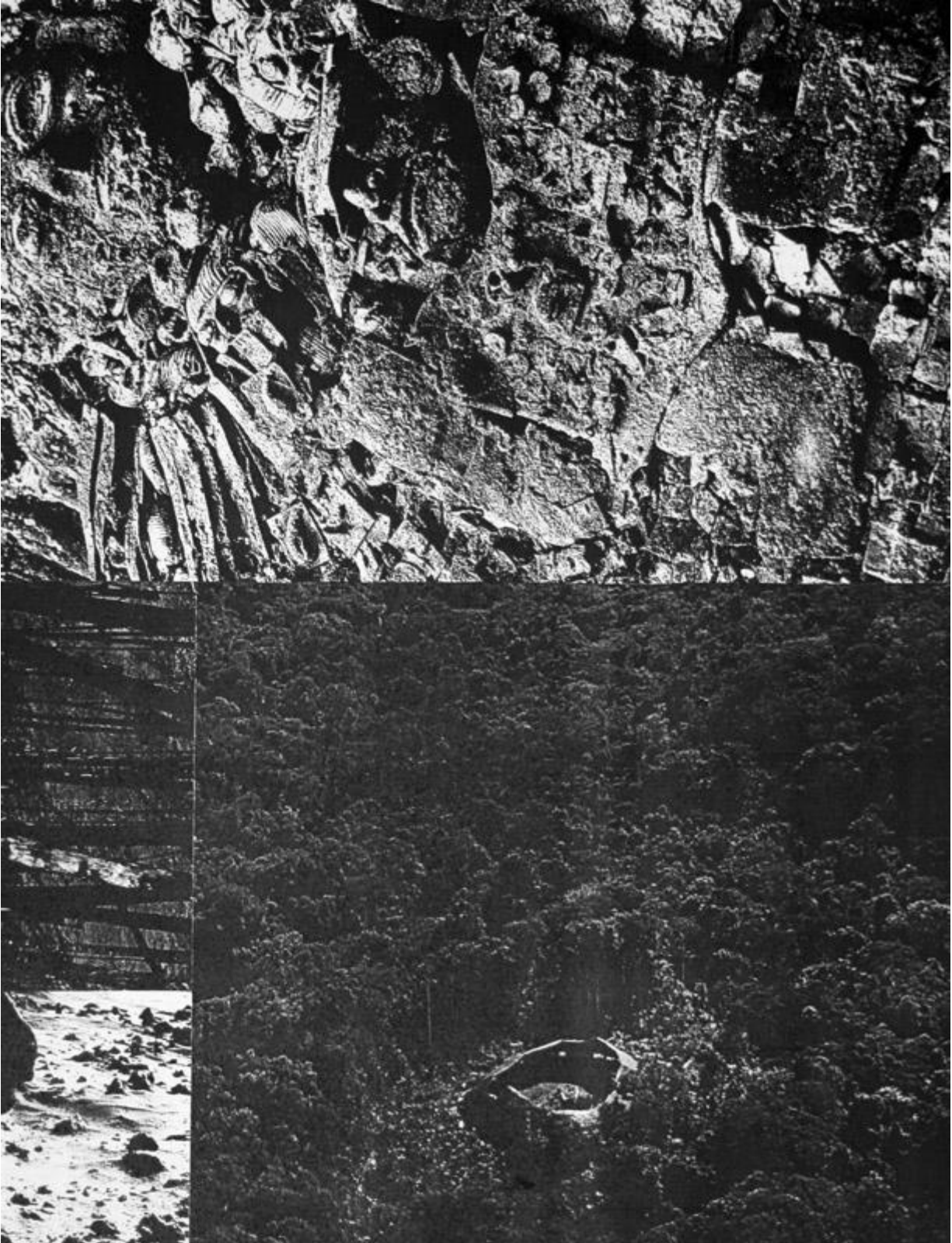
make this journey to the borders of acceptance and responsibility
you know what you're looking for: a bed ridden with rose petals
as your side swings the oaken club to crush your enemies
do it with love not with anger and the path is preserved

x+xd

the oak branch become weapon has its blasted fruition come to pass
the method by which you treat journeymen and travellers
the wounded oak will be your source of strength forever
the story of it inside you is everlasting and archetypally sound

X+XO

you sit at the base of the oak with storybook in hand
reading aloud from it tales of forgotten heroes
at each end the trees around you scatter with applause
each falling leaf and twig an enigma





x+dx

the ash tree is the conclusion of all the trees in the forest
individual, identified, all trees are within it
golden glowing truth flows from its pores
golden glowing truth carries minerals up to the leaves
a white and black screeches as it comes into view
the heron sails past your head and perches in the ash
it's dressed itself in ash
it's confessed to be the importance of the image

x+dd

all together i've found myself many in one
the many examine themselves in one silver mirror
the reflection which rolls on the surface of the creek
makes a hideous demonic mask of my appearance

x+do

i stand by the rippling creek toe-deep in mud
i've covered my face in mud to scare the children away
just then a carp leaps from the water
splashing me and washing off part of my mask

X+O+

the fishy smile i see in the face of the flying carp
my protection my mask runs down my chest
the fish lands upon a group of tench for his dinner
the ringmaster proclaims the archetypes of life and death

X+OX

the tench flit in circles in commotion in agitation
the clowns arrive and cartwheel into the water
splashing each other and sitting hip deep in the creek
i'm reminded of youth and childhood woodland experiences

x+od

the creek is alive with pageant and nature
the child in me is alive with remembrance
i will follow the creek to the river
i will follow the circus and be a clown

X+OO

the river wide and rushing home to multitudinous life
a three-ringer with wild bears and trapeze artists
at the juncture of the creek the clowns line up
and wade like a parade into the river

XX++

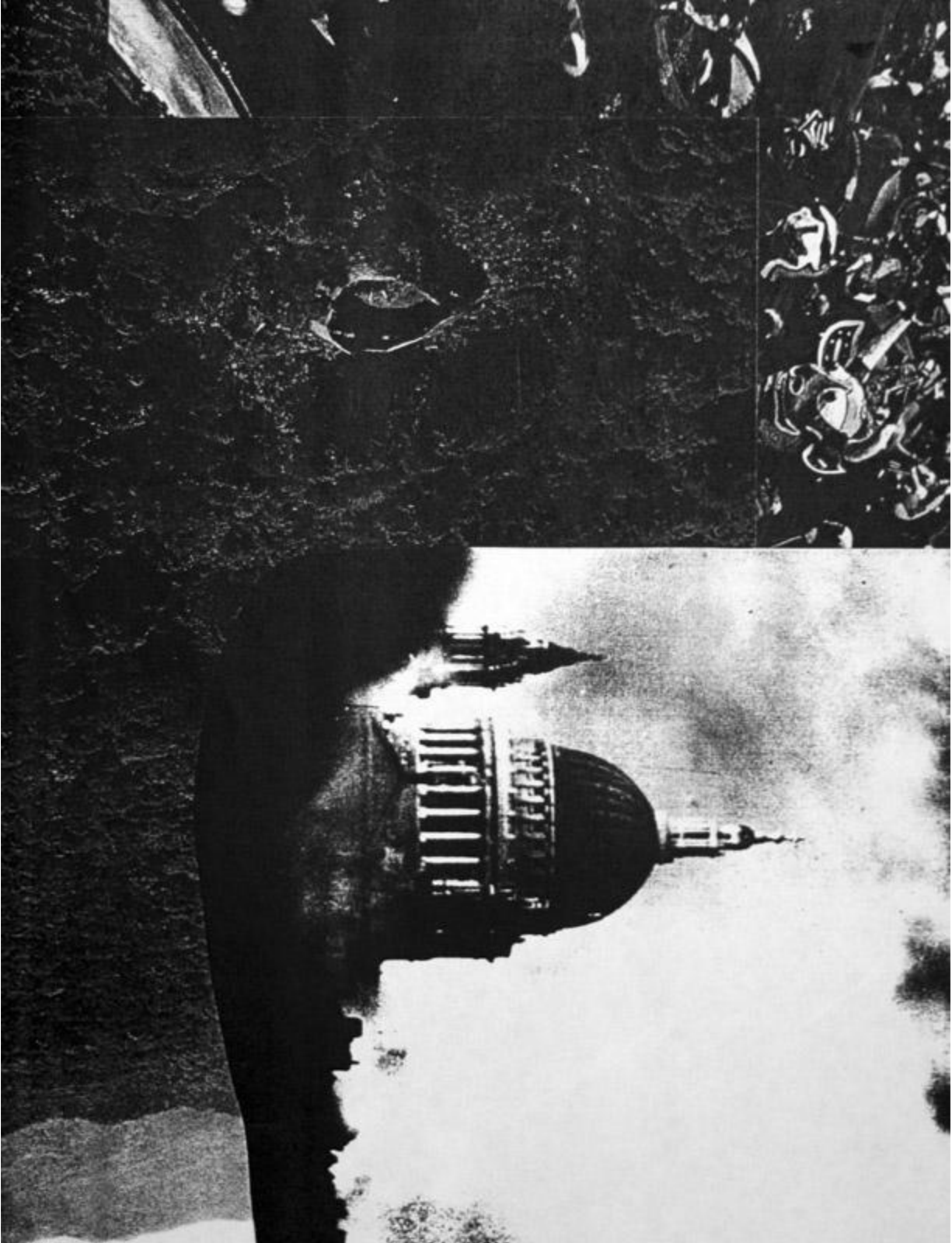
the creek has become a thoroughfare for the clowns and artists
a slow column holding aloft the symbols of pageantry and procession
a single white heron watches from the river shore
the ringmaster directs the three angled activities

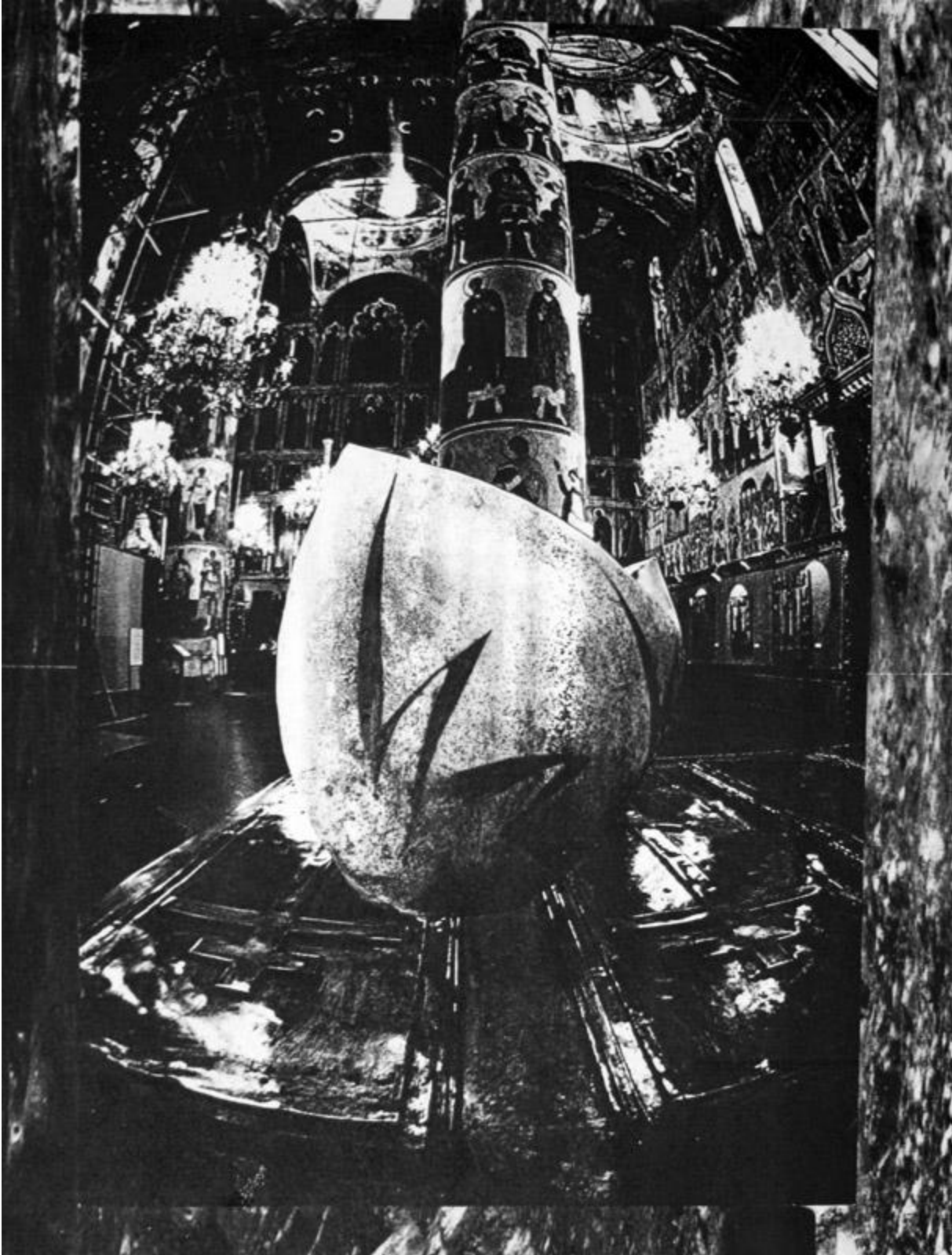
XX+X

the gleam of the silent heron's eye catches me on the bank
i see reflected the clowns and animal tamers at the river junction
they are all one circus they combine to be one thing
which with its grotesque mask removed is all reflection and nobody else

xx+d

the circus combined to form a piece of me, all of me combined
my thick covering of mud keeps me hidden from the child onlookers
the trees on the banks are the agents of this combination this unity
trees like fingers of a giant hand - they are dumb and volitionless





XXX+

the trees have become fuel for my beautiful sally
the trees are combination and union
they burn for me and loose their energy life heat for my sustenance
on the cusp of something new this heat pushed me over the edge

XXXX

the pulsing everpresent flickering light of this transformation
makes new choices apparent and forces my decision
the brightness makes your enemy visible vulnerable
but you've made him the enemy; shall you attack yourself?

xxx d

WHO IS THE ENEMY YOU'VE CREATED? WHAT MAKES THEM YOUR ANTITHESIS? THE
FIRE IS THE DEATH AND LIFE OF YOU? IS SALLY YOUR KILLER OR YOUR
RESUSCITATOR? SHALL YOU MAKE YOURSELF SEPARATE FROM ALL OF YOUR
CHOICES AND MANEUVERS? YOU CANNOT MAKE THESE CHOICES WITH FULL MINDING
OF REALITY. YOU MUST ISOLATE THE ELEMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY, RIGHT?

XXXO

my beautiful sally has seen you in the wood vulnerable and courageous
you thought you were alone, i thought no one could find me
the orange and red leaves were turning brown on the ground
i followed the road along the ridge to find loneliness and nature

xxd+

IN THE GROWING CHILL, I WALK DOWN THE ROAD THROUGH FALL COLOR IN SOME
DECIDUOUS FOREST. I CAN FEEL WINTER COMING ON THE NORTH WIND. YOU
SMELL THE BURNING OF A CAMPSITE NEARBY. I REALIZE THAT EVERYONE IS
ALONE AMIDST A CROWD; THERE IS NO ISOLATION; THERE IS NO
GREGARIOUSNESS.

xxdx

i find the remains of the campsite where neon embers are sally's sign
i realize again how we are separate in space now in time
the rain comes from the sky to destroy her last remarks
its source is the sea, it travels to the mountains and back in the dark

xxdd

water falls on my head from sky in a gesture implied
the salt 'stilled out during its passing from sea to sky
trapped for a day or a week in a cloud
no contact with peers or society allowed

xxdo

the could races across the well-worn sky
riding the waves of the atmosphere
upon the blue background of a sunny day
its completely alone over the flat earth below
its brother the wind comes to give it a hand
paves the sky road with negative pressure
this is beyond the realm of noise
this is the place with no sound at all

XXO+

rushing from the far north through a channel in the atmosphere
noiselessly empowering the weather to make its fortune
skidding over the savanna it fascinates you and i
i'm stranded and alone on the russet plain

XXOX

the tall grass waves with the buffet at the wind
taller and single i form a breakwind for small animals
the grass wraps itself around me
comforts me during the long nights

xxod

the waving grass finds its home on the savanna
where it embraces everything uncommitted
in the darkness these vegetable arms caress me
the night forms my blanket and the grass my bed
the savanna is even before my eyes
stretching dotted smooth and infinite
no others are here no communication
isolation on the rusty plain

xxoo

constant motion in the savanna atop silent solidity
a green spot am i amid continents of orange gress
at evening the mist climbs out of the undergrowth
i'm lost in it - shall i run or lie down?

xd++

THE MIST COME UP FROM THE GROUND HAS FORCED TO THE FOREFRONT OF MY MIND A DECISION. I FEEL STRONGLY THAT I MUST DO ONE OR THE OTHER AS A RESULT OF MY COMPLETE ISOLATION HERE. A CHILL RUNS THROUGH ME, MAKING ME WANT TO LAUNCH INTO THAT BLIND RUNNING FEAR WHICH ENDS ONLY WHEN EXHAUSTION OR WORSE CATCHES YOU. THE OTHER PART OF ME RESPONDS: "LIE DOWN AND HIDE IN THE GRASS." THE QUESTION OF LIMITED CHOICES IS TOO LOGICAL TO COMBAT THE VISCERALITY OF THIS. I SUCCUMB TO THE LATTER AND LIE DOWN IN THE MIST AND THE GRASS, SILENT, INVISIBLE, AND BLIND.

xd+x

the grassy plain envelopes me, protects me from the widening sky
my detachment protects me from accidental or intentional commitment
when the sun rises in the morning, i'm covered with dew
when the sun rises in the morning, i'm bathed in audio desolation

xd+d

there are no sounds here on the plain this morning. i am all alone.

xd+o

the wavy landscape and windcatching vegetation
makes me feel like an insect in the carpet of the gods
when the gusts of late afternoon come and push me
and the darkness and stars compete for my attention

xdx+

the wind carries the sounds of the predators to me
this is their time, the night when victims are asleep
the low clouds overhead diffuse the moonlight
like being in a snowstorm alone at the arctic circle

xdxx

cumuli slide over the earth's mantle carrying the weather with them
at one with myself under the burning sun in a blue sky
yesterday's rain has washed into me or out of me
control of the hysterical man who lives in my soul

xdxd

THE RAIN BEATS ME INTO INSENSATE BLISS; I BELIEVE IT'S DRIVING ME MAD.
LIGHTNING IN THE SKY TURNS A BUSH NEARBY INTO A BONFIRE. THE BURNING
BUSH ILLUMINATED THE DARKENED TERRAIN REVEALING NOTHING.

xdxo

the fire shows the shadows of low bushes fighting for moisture
each by itself in competition with the environment with me
when i prevail, they'll burn in my beautiful fire for my heat
what privilege have i to do as i please and for my dear enraptured sally?

xdd+

AS THE OFFENDING BUSHES BURN IN THE NIGHT, THE QUESTION THAT COMES TO
MIND RELATES THE WILL OF NATURE TO THE WILL OF MAN. CAN THE TWO BE AT
ODDS EVER? IF THEY CAN, THEY SHOULDN'T BE. I MUST LEARN TO COMMUNE
WITH THE DEITY OF NATURE TRAPPED WITHIN ME TO DISCOVER MY PATH, MY
JOURNEY. I'M READY FOR CHANGE.

xddx

fire is lifegiver - blue at dawn, red at night
fire is the protector and source of all delight
it changes stone into spear points
it changes fear into reassurance
fire chases the leopard away
the leopard has teeth for the death of me
trion is the feminine principle abstracted
raitch is the leopard who has eyes like my brother

xddd

the leopard stalks at night the lovers of my sally
he wants them for his collection for she is his prize
when he sees you at her side he winces for your blood
teeth are the gleaming precedents for laughter and death
the death in my future i see as the price of sally's dowry
burning fingers pry open my mouth and drown me

xddo

THE MAGIC TEETH TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT. I CARRY THEM IN MY
MAGIC BAG ALONG WITH THE LACQUERED LEOPARD'S EYE AND HIS FACE WHICH
I'VE MADE UP MINE TO LOOK LIKE WILL PROJECT RECOGNITION AND FEAR AT
THE COST OF MY LOVE... MY ILLUSION... MY MASK.

xdo+

the leopard and i mirror each other's important selves
he sees his physical form in my costume
he sees his spiritual form in my eyes
the lurid extravagance of my costume itself strikes fear in the children

xdox

THE PART OF MY MASK WHICH IS STILL ME IS MY EYES. THEY SHINE THROUGH
THE MUD, PICKING UP REFLECTIONS OF THE COLOR SCHEMA. WHEN YOU LOOK AT
ME, THE ILLUSION IS COMPLETED BY YOUR OWN MIND. THE BODY OF THE
LEOPARD, THE MORSO, IS MINE. YOUR BODY LIKE THE LEOPARD IS SMOOTH
SUPPLE AND TENSE WITH LETHALITY.

xdod

the persistence of your existence is a funereal thing
the body is solid between flashes of non-time
it's shape is branded in my memory
it creates automatic reactions in my brain
my chest, smooth under thick triple-strand hair
rises and lowers steadily with practised efficiency
this motion is the truth of life
this shape is the truth of lust





XO++

the body contains the cues for genetic reaction
when no one can fathom the meaning of your behaviour
the face shows conscious unknowing at unconscious motivation
you and i respond to the mythic vibration

XO+X

TURN YOUR BURNISHED BRONZED FACE, BAKED BY THE SUN, INWARD AND
CONFRONT THE MYTHIC ORIGIN OF YOUR BEHAVIOUR, OR THE MYTHIC REFLECTION
OF YOUR GENETIC CONTRACT. CONSIDER MY BODY AS LIVING PROOF OF THE
CONTRACT BETWEEN GOD AND NATURE. DO YOU CONSIDER SPIRITUAL LOVE THE
ULTIMATE EXPRESSION OF THAT CONTROL?

xo+d

our myriad shapes and forms make dangerous the narrow vision
transcendence and unity attain nature and not over it
the fine texture of my skull is a roadmap to the genetic operation
read it and learn how to search for love

XO+O

once more, i smack my skull against the brick wall
any search for love was stalled again and again i see no way to escape
i need to get rid of my body; it slows my psyche down
i need to move fast like love does to catch it

XOX+

oh the body i such a cue to love
such a detainer a restrainer to live
this idea is beyond physical form
it is beyond the evening storm
smooth surface joy to the touch
roundness designed makes joy to clutch
disregard it i tell you its all the same
flesh is flesh, real beauty can't be named

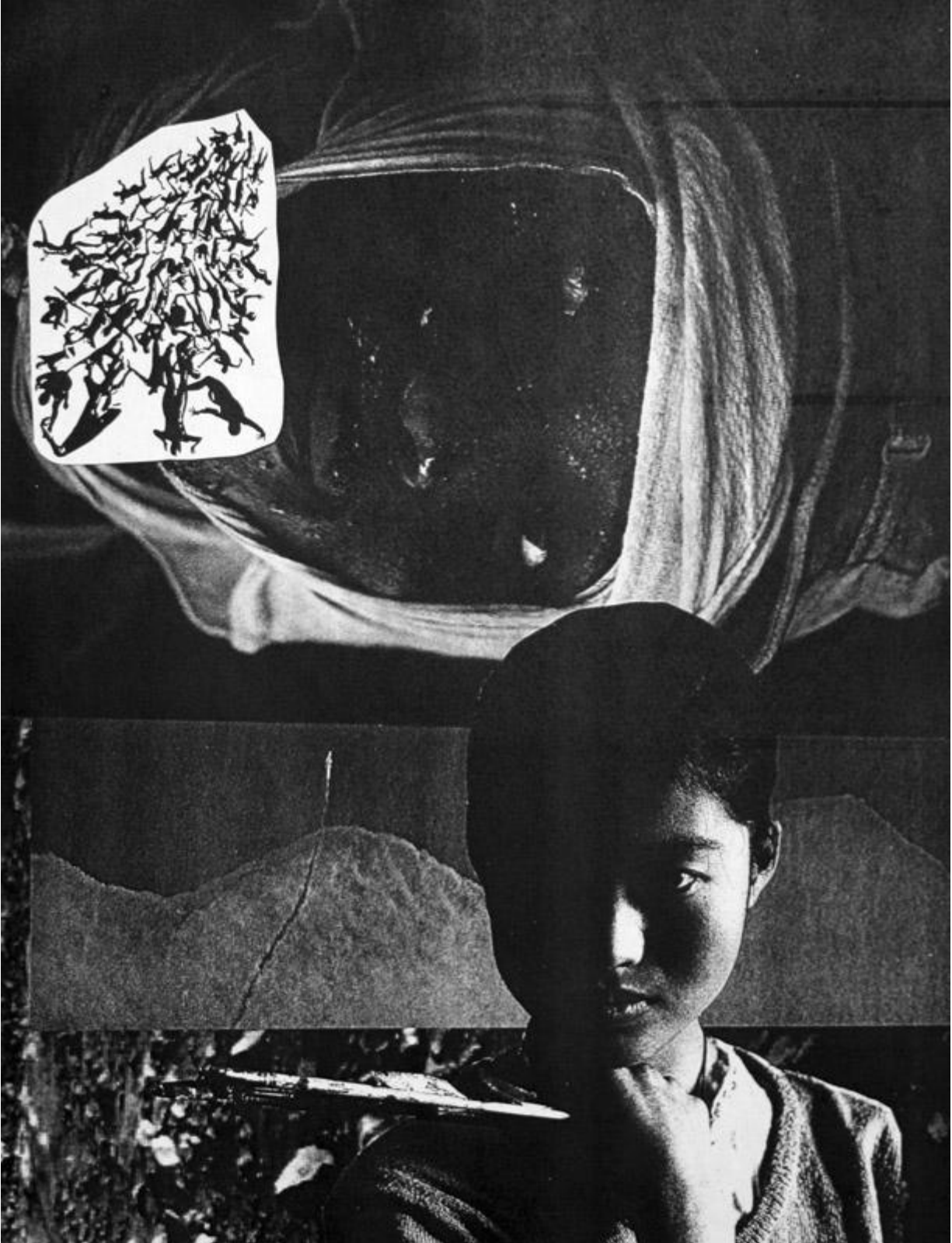
XOXX

goosebumps rise up along your arms as a signal
you ignore it, indifferent to the danger
the flexing jaws of my certain demise
i examine them unattached to my self-preservation

xoxd

the snapsnap of flexing teeth and mouths
drift to you on the waves of a slow sound
considering life and death in your current state
you see no real difference in the two existences
your strong and lithe arms still will defend you
my powerful legs will allow me to escape
when you arrive at yourself the unconscious will take over
you will suddenly become aware of your protracted unlikely life





xod+

MY BODY IS CONTRADICTING THE EFFICACY OF EXPERIENCING REALITY IN OBJECTIVE STATES. IT TELLS ME THAT THERE REALLY IS NO OBJECTIVITY TO WHICH I RESPOND BY ALIENATING MYSELF FROM SELF-PRESERVATION. I THROW MYSELF INTO THE FIRE.

xodx

she wraps her orange glowing arms around me in flustering orgasm
i watch, distance as she eats with pure joy the oil of my skin
but i can get no closer, the bars of her prison prevent me
it looks as though i will survive yet another bout of objectivity

xodd

THE CAGE I KEEP HER IN PROTECTS HER FROM HER ENEMIES AND ALSO THE WORLD FROM HER. SHE IS DESTRUCTION AND LIFE, THE ANTITHESES OF OBJECTIVITY AND INDIFFERENCE, WHICH SHE ATTACKS WITH SEARING FLESH AND THE SCREAMS OF THE BURNING PEOPLE.

xodo

fire, fire, giver, takes, warmer, eater, roaster, shaper
help me conquer my inner and outer worlds
i do not care about anything else but you, sally
only you can teach men how to be in touch with their fear
the burning flesh of the victim of the day nourishes me
it's burning flesh has become your burning flesh
love is an element of life which you find in oxygenation
love is a scientific calculation on the amount of protein consumed each day

XOO+

the smoked flesh give you growth and continued life
the love we search for is a barrier against mental strife
my previous love has burned me once too many times
my next love will find me at the base of admiration and worship

XOOX

sally, my love, come back and show me your light
i'm searching for the quality i missed in you
at the riverside i scream your name as a call for passage
i tell them the story of you and me, of fireworks and love

xood

I'M CARRYING MY LOVE ACROSS THE RIVER, WISHING I COULD SWIM. SHE'S NO SWIMMER THOUGH. SHE'S ALLERGIC TO WATER, SO I HOLD HER ABOVE MY HEAD IN A GILDED CAGE. I FEEL SLEEPY LIKE CROSSING THE LETHE AND I WISH FOR A BOAT. NONE ARRIVE.

XOOO

sally told me about this place she said it was sensual and dangerous
she invoked for me the stories of first man and the father of fire
she gave me an ornate spear, its tip hardened in the hottest fire
she courts me with passion on her lips and destruction in her womb

d+++

the hafted weapon loosed, it sails through the muted air
you've courted clay, now he wants to return my affection
he pads into a nearby clearing and sips from the brook
our quest is almost over in the evening at autumn time

d+++x

the beautiful elegant striped crimson beast has found you
our search is over at last my friend we've found it
blackness demands our rest our quest ends on the other side
unite with nonexistence, lover

d+++d

FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, OLD CHAP. IVE GOT TO RUN. MUST GET IN A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP BEFORE TOMORROW'S INTERVIEW. HOPE TO SEE YOU FOR A REMATCH WHEN I'M LESS DISTRACTED. CHEERIO.