

I INTERJECTION

!

This is just to say
that I have not yet digested
all the words before
and between
the meals on the veranda
and the nights of abandon

when the biting
became the chewing
everything was just too
difficult to swallow

and then I was full up
on the evening
and you were still empty
hit the bottom

Let Us
then
GO
ing home
no
OUT
you and
the Eye
The infection
Spreading her
legs on the
Stage falls from
the sky because
how heavy
The WAIT
when even patient
is too long
And there is no place
to sit at the table
Just a Sleeping spell for
You are going
TONIGHT

out (cold)
AREN'T YOU???

II ON THE NIGHT IN QUESTION: The Interrogation

"Where are We?"

You were with her
and She was with him
but we were not Together

Do you have an alibi?

--I was all by myself.-

Can't you ever be alone?

--I left the Self behind-

It's the old mind body problem again.

To bridge the distance
we'll need a map

III THE CARTOGRAPHY OF THE ADVENTURE

"In this city you have to keep moving."

There is the possibility of long walks on the beach and romantic fireside
conversations. Champaign and Roses

"What I'm looking for..."

-- Listen, I don't want your autobiography

This is supposed to be GEOgraphy

"What are you saying?"

This is the way it Goes
something like this little ditty...
You could have been pretty, You could have been good
But you didn't live life, the way that you should

Now we turn down dark alleys

and there is something behind every corner
a wall, a stair, and a door
no sounds from within
A death pall on every visage

We're locked out of time
but younger than the night

We move across the plateau with anticipation
following inevitable winds.

IV A DEMON WITH A VIEW: A Less Obvious Perspective

"Where are we going?"
-- To Hell
"But I've already been there. That was last night."
-- This is a deeper level

With each step
there is more forgetting
You choose your amnesia
the road is paved
With neon lights
that obscure all intentions

It's a FORCE that knocks you against the wall
Your breath is breathed back by intervention
and your veins are untangled and linked to the source
that is feeding everyone. Every Body

"It's not a big deal. It's just a body."

Everyday the mirror tells the same thing
a Lie or
A Truth

Picasso snickers in my closet
as I proclaim myself fair

Pretty is as pretty does.

What do you do?
"What???"

I was only asking you your name.
"Oh,
I thought for a second - "

There is confusion initially, but that soon dissipates. Then you realize
what is going on.
And THEN - there are the blazes - so Bright and so Wild.

Here, just let me ease you into it.
I can help you with all this.
Turn your heart to your sister.

A sparkle
A slippery flash!
Vampire tendencies

My hand reaches out to touch anything
anything at all

A hardness comes with the softness. Completely smooth, with no seams.
No gaps or spaces. Just one line that dictates the entire flow of
movement. A ceaseless caress. An infinite sway. A struggle for air.

I stare into a smile...slowly, it becomes a tunnel as the mouth opens.

I sink down beneath into a bog. Then I float to a desert. It's an
orange sky above.

You'll remember now - looking for 500

or was that 525?

Miss, can I help you find your seat? Let me see your tickets.

This is the world below us. Our feet never knew the real answer until
they stopped moving.

I see the end of the line and the smoothness.

Bodies piled high to the heavens. Heaps of legs and arms. All separate
stacks for different parts.

I see a mire of Eyes.

Melting

Here is the reduction of machines. Spare parts. Dead parts.

An ugly beauty
or some say Sublime.

The Demon reclines lavishly.

When the Night
ends the Night

We'll go anywhere.