

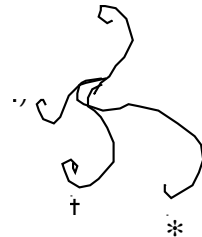
BRAMBU DREZI

(Book Two - closing sections)

Jake Berry

out of nothing
 the fire quickens, (raids on the arbor.
 "They crave that thing. Whatever it may..."
 doves scattering
 fibrous as confusion taxi backseat,
 zipgun in his boot miraculously tender
 in his criminal spheres
 descends through the sloughs of Necropolis (bare limbs through fog) –
 Archideus
 warmed his hands in assassins and
 mockingbird callous, flown from Shekinah
 tease the fisherman to
 remind his wound
 smiling through the cathode at Eden
 and the mixed odor,
 grass and gasoline

Cain drug her screaming from the pit,
 for which he'd trade that Black Wall of blood in the brain,
 those horses knew fear too well
 to confess a lie in her place, but
 suffered the bleak secret sky
 for tar in the nostrils and a
 razor band of stars that strip the
 light from the eye and
 name it to death with quadrants and heliotropic despair –
 only for pearls against the black breast of Venus
 did the documents surrender their deceit
 and found her familiar flesh in the tide
 and liberal with her pleasures
 a horse to ride in violent weather
 released from the man shrouded air
 clanging the equinox down
 singing the equinox down



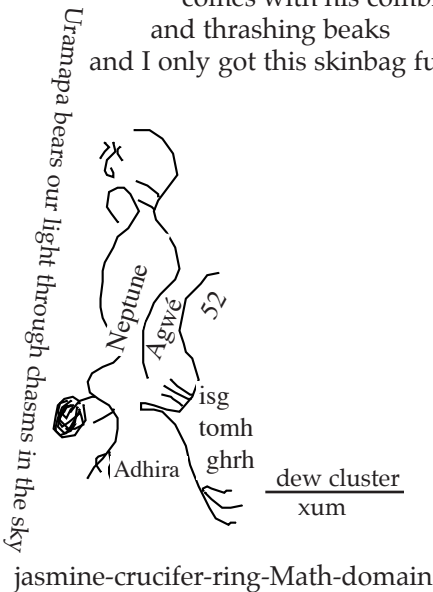
diamond Jim ain't no center
 to lamb these devils their private mirror
 80 islands of chaingang gone down
 to factory, bleating
 Am with heather a constant genus
 roped St. Michael to perform
 dog circus,
 an iron cock christened

Basque prophecies,
 who choose themselves alone
 to retain the neural strain & form
 bardic valences roam to meat
 between torches of embryo nestled
 in thorny euphony
 spit roasted by her bachelors,——

but these worlds are obscured
 by the savage wrecking media of a day's sound
 laid beneath the tongue,
 a cherub infection –
 Word become venom

In the triangular shape desire
 drives its wraiths
 to project triple cinema
 against their flanks turned
 by a lunar wheel
 submerged with debris field scattered
 like crows from Chaos Matrix

"Oh mama,
 you don't understand, the spine eater
 comes with his combines
 and thrashing beaks
 and I only got this skinbag full of rats to gamble."



: | [but where I am
 is only through this device,
 though in the original substrate
 neither essentially
 divides from any other
 more than memory is distillate
 of measured emergence,
 and so knowing these conditions
 obstructs plentiful image-flesh grace] | :

faith's passion held in muscle
 dark as murder

he shot her just as she reached the door
 at the height of carnival
 when the Golden Ass arrives
 bodies interchange,
 floods of angels pour from the wound
 in pulpy air
 bound by their hooves and snouts
 saint butchered and sewn

He went down to himself
 length of rope
 and lake of sin
 listening bone ironies
 close enough to shoulder the animal
 he'd cleave from absolution

"Nothing's changed.
 Did you think a few lightbulbs
 and combustion engines could
 dispel the hunt?"

carrion
 mainline righteous
 scraping his wounds —
 mumbling
 mumbling
 would not disavow the Lord

down to himself

– what do you call it?
 – Manhunt.
 brutal as scripture

wringing her hands
 "I've got a washerwoman's soul honey.
 I've got a brainful of lightning
 ready to blow."

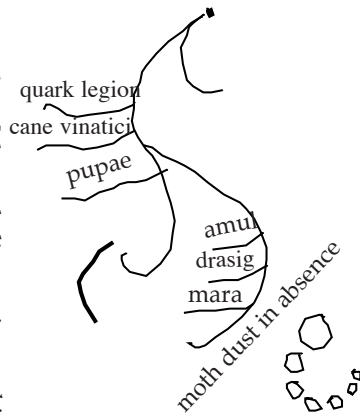
turning.
 In the vitals, just as the liver moved,
 by gaping sores
 the bees consume

flamed green in the Black Hand

and refused to protest
 except mama herself
 drawn beneath a perverse discretion
 of vegetable mass

(venom from the root's abundance
 distilled in reservoir phases
 persuading legions to rally
 beneath the somnolent drone
 of flies rushing the kill)
 buried
 charred odor of compressed time
 hedged against
 lucifer stars
 clanging the equinox down

chest . revolves . ygggate heliocentric . sapphire



*difficult hearing then
 herb bearing ethers*

nothing eyelash rise

crucifix is embryo
suspended
from phospheme logos –
Sophia ensnared in grinding wheels
of warm lethargy
at the moment of recognition and surrender,
Where the field deposits
from the brink of all luminous spinning variably bountiful,
an accord with infinite
yet numerably substantial
stolen from her mother and bound in animal hides
locked in the trunk
where only a diving bell could restore
a stone graft forged
between transistor icon strumming cells to habit
nautilus geometry born in modal Lilith hacking wire

Will follow Mother's doves
to Avernus (hideous faces)
that stench is memory
drained like flies from my pores
dragging Beelzebub back to his tower of loathing

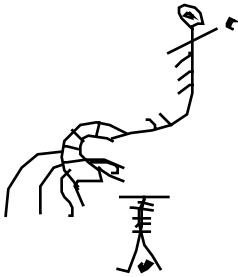
bodies suspended from a blue sky
remake the eidolon
reweb feverish discourse
until nothing remains but the pelican bleeding her breast for no one

Down to hellmouth
with golden mistletoe
brutally awake
TV extracts flickering plague – draughts of cremation
till the womb releases her waters –
..... –

If soul is vagarious
undulating between universes –
not stars and their antithesis only, but parallel resonances, or those
abstracted from radiant trails of subtle behavior –
no context could provide the bark
articulation (and who'd die of the weight anyhow)
only unhindered could she consist faithfully and speak
particles emerge
from 'their' forces shadow
polishing the mount
rider eaten from marrow
electric
rooms...

Infernal darkness has its harmonies
brilliant and unfixed
posturing order from mind too manhandled
these utopias overbear
Saturn to python devouring her moons
rusted in genetic repositories wailing

& a
glowing nonatych
annunciating Salvatore Animal
pandimensional cross-pollinator
who slipped into nowhere laughing



proving his aspect
is paradisa blue bodies in the low branches
in silent observation of anti-ground's

played from Jericho
or Baal erect

spied from orchid hooves
noumenon
planter
round with
arcane clarity
dreamed in begging bowls

their roots unbalanced
are a fricative engine
bred from false dawn circling

raven
bent to fornicate conned the elliptic

gather for prayer
diminishes
frequent arms,
) stratospheric, epiphanous...

whose random powers bear
murdered oblivion

through swollen passages



when she laughed
I felt strange beaks

– horse latitudes –
 torn screaming neckdeep
 twitching vegetable mass
 bolted from Jehovah's crowblack
 and so
 ...is the swollen face sold
 down to Avernus



iris strangely bleak
 repeated
 from breasts
 delinquented, ominous

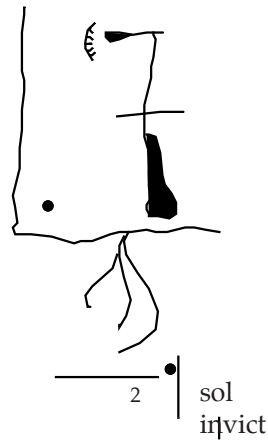
tables of grain
 of slaves castrated for revolt
 bricks manufactured and shipped
 herds broken according to edict
 dissolve in amber

whores to feed
 warm negation
 the temple's electrophilic arboretum –
 she'd cross Byzantine
 cemetery doves
 rising from concentric valances
 she submitted rather than shave her head

plain of myrrh
 suspect and holy
 in the senses

... and laid the
 moon Sin
 run with opal tygers
 refined to their essential oils

degrees of sublimity
 rain
 hybrid
 Elohim
 beneath eerie first light
 bridges crimson until thunder
 insinuates eye
 from their voices throne
 like sheets of steel
 tearing



"tonight you're
 antiseptic lady!"

fed livid idols Polyphemos-demiurge-Nobodaddy
 arched his back is supper toilet
 from healer's red wing shadows 7 worlds
 blasted in nectar
 drains to anabasis as a moral rite in the oppressor's avarice
 tracked them across the lower delta
 40 days until gunpowder soaked our blankets
 and all scarlet panic of heaven vomited
 "let bats carry them away"
 slaughtered hogs in the sanctuary
 shelved into pirated air
 solar flares disrupt
 bottles of cartilaginous swarm (throne guards)
 fermented,
 till she slipped them a 5 to let
 bifurcations
 describe velocity her clean passage only quanta
 borne through
 transgenous splendor
 leapt between orbits

brambu drezi
 loca ion
 sabayi
 sabayi
 brambu. isosyn
 oua oua oua...
 BRAMBU
 DREZI
 UMGATHAMA



to balance the rivers
 crocodile spiked the moss
 with distances
 notched in mussel shells
 beneath mama spider's icon

ochre deposits fertile species
 out from nothing
 and from that arbor flint sings
 lifting the veil, narrowed the channels
 only descent between Castor & Pollux, shedding your scales
 in implacable darkness
 recovers the strain
 bison fell nobly
 to skull chain rhythm, poured forms from her
 voids (her magnetic well,
 brown bagged the satyr to stone
 in dead motion bought the nest
 bought hegemony whole
 and the sockets turned - and lost her thigh to metal -
 and sensory web
 nations wreck
 to prowl the sciences' late viscera
 bed of snails near Deneb

Enter Cassiopeia by
dog pack scrounging garbage fossils

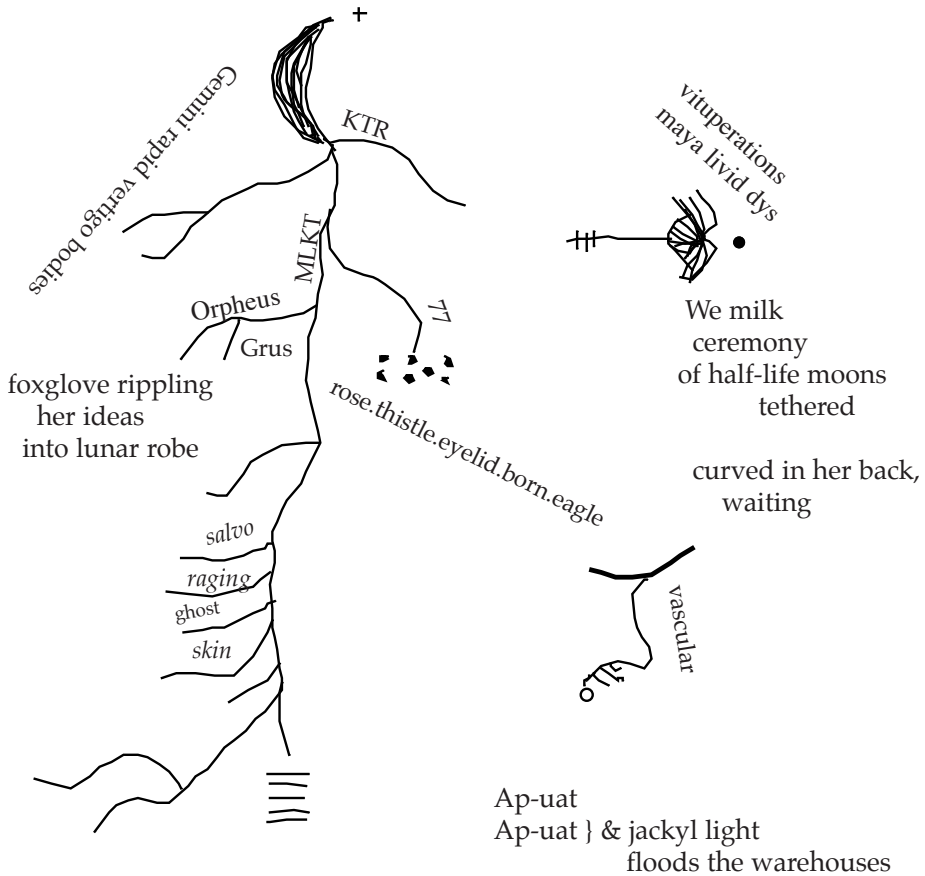
harvested
extremities

(sold to
fraylings

riteblack razor

covered her in bark, waiting

confusion ashes
confusion ashes
humped into young sow to demonstrate
oils erect in Father
hung dry -
silo
gear hacked
riot and absolve -.
laurel vinegar



joist. mares gnotting air
drawn golem panic storm seizes
3 toes

rifles blue gris demanding
wheel
ices the dust (sweet Christ! these contrary waves)

funneling
paraclete doves
dense scattering
rune engine

ig-ix
Floods (Gilgamesh) | random
turret
vapors clone

gysxk
canthus
borrows paradise a fisher's gate
caught her lust, corn father's burden tied to the ore
(when Hera was such a frigid bitch)
Opal fired the gene
& pranced through Mary eupany leopard
drowned in electric congo, from the waist a blue cord sputters

She was full of pucks
devising retribution/atonement
and pristine valences that grant the interrogative
"indeterminate' 'transcends"
but gathering this a priori closes nothing
tames to Black Wall, steals Oblivion's kiss
staring through Black Wall
staring through Black Wall

santhgroi im-media

isosyn sabayi

UMGATHAMA

item
(biers of flight)
should remain evocative
gray intestines wing
smoke in Chac
preening river
50 miles downwind of Regulus
boiled in red issue
threads proto-hybrid
luscious
mounted by sparrows storming
blonde sky

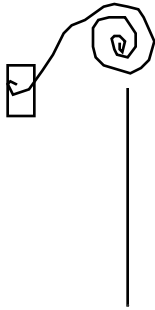


Molly Durga

in inverse proportion to control's deceit

[accompanied by a leopard,
which is often Dionysic
joy]

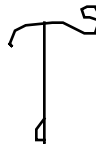
a body of infinite



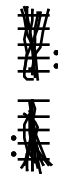
perturbations of subtle air

aleph/ stressors
planted / null righteous₂

argon frequency



shed her eyes
to gradual reservoir



curses where
sylph tracks in snow
or mistletoe...

robbed by angels
driven south
ashen
red
water faces

*Diana's buried face
and white flock*

Molly Durga
Molly Durga
who'd feed
chthonic branches
with sweat

clanging



woke with her blood drenched panties in my fist
she who invented orgasm
to check the scorpion in his quarter
and spread across me, ballbox,
till I grabbed her asscheeks
and cast her out, through the window,
she hit the pavement laughing
(ask Ivan, he saw the whole thing)
air of wet cunt, heresies
familiar chain of skulls swung out from Mars
her secretions soaked the room
the wallpaper sagged and fell to the floor
"It's the damn humidity," he said.



she knows roots
and their electronic ores

grain and plasma serum



xum



eidolon reeds
and a luminous air between

clanging

contraction archs a dual sky
& received them, machine and flesh, to the sea
strega light... draws nectar
to persuade the corpses' return
isotope oracular

beetles in deadwood
collecting soldiers

plumes of the Black Wall
trembling
awake
flown out

o phantasmagoric lamb
hocks the mask she stole
for enough cash for craps with border-guards
(an ivory age,
forced to grief)

... panther claws from memory—.

vats of resin

preyed the radiosacred
leaves its infant
raw diamonds and other trinkets
to scuttle the guilt of predominant face

Exodus — weeds

thyroid storm
and out you go
.extinguished.

Not a damn thing in transcending
unless piercing absolute, eventually pierces nothing


revolving septenary gate

dissolves the turning membrane
from her image
boundless to rain

for Ivan Argüelles

Molly Durga
Molly Durga
found them (demons all) coiled in the bathroom of a 7-11
to get out of the cold
removed her mask and those hideous scars came to life
torched the eastside for a price
She was down on all four, stark naked, sniffing the rug
"where'd I put my babies,
my sweet little Kataptron and Wüd"

apostles of rubric
apostles of red ochre

"okay, okay, I'll let you in on it 
I'm born of Leda and the swan, brother to Helen
and yeah, I humped her once.
Truth is, she loved it, the transgression of it, and conceived by it,
and bore a sickly hermaphrodite
who healed by touch and thought
Lived in a second floor apartment over a bar,
bathed constantly..."
coagulant menses sprinkled on the pruning tools
fuels the mad humming of bees in the hedges
fuels the flame
chain gangs of slaves from the north
spread across the flood plain
snakes in the levee

What could Mother from these seizures?
A wreck of syntax to match the scattered phosphemes —
cardinals gather to feed on the husks—
and the snap peas he left unstrung
or hound cut loose at night
shotgunned with a young sow in his teeth
Oh, they'd wreck the manger for that abomination
But this is no syntax
Or, for that matter a decent harvest —
the seed left for the birds, or to return to the ground all winter
back through Papa Legba
where sugar becomes liquor becomes brown viscous redolence in a clay jar
he grinned and held it to my face, as if to say,
"here, have a snort!"
saw the other, one of many, body
gather the souls fragments
where cardinals feed
where mourners
beg that gray meaty sky to cease

Shekinah, who laid 31
and the 32nd her completion
& vanished there, wet between her legs, to fill the void

going down her eyes like serpent's
coming up like emerald fire

You have found the hand in Mu, reordered its profile
old man, face into rock, you know a soundless form

– Why them hounds howling so? Don't nobody ever let 'em hunt
Poised in the underbrush at the edge of the grove
he observes her bent to drink from the stream.
It was an inversion of particulars, though the penalty, and who got it
is accurate. and those hideous scars came to life

For years Chac-Mool wandered among them
in the guise of various genetic maladies,
unable to understand how they could ignore his lamentations –
the new priests seemed utterly dependent on the conjoined
architecture of sound & vision

"Soul is striptease isn't it? With the exception
when you peel away the layers
you're ogling your own nakedness,
and that's nothing baby!" Deep down in it clawing like mad
until he realized all the parts were alive
and cringing beneath his touch

I dunno how it got there
the lame drag it in
and no, I don't know how
how she got that way

there, among Job's plunder
the serpent finds his
way to the tree

she was scarred,
cut up bad inside
rarely smiled,
her face tragically
void of expression

I wake with someone on top of me,
kissing, or so it seems,
a large mouth covering mine
I think my wife until
I hear her breathing,
asleep at my side
It's hip is naked and smooth,
soft, female, and it's breathing fast,
hyperventilating reptilian,
but when I open,
focus my eyes — nothing
no one

closed in on the boar –
surrounded,
he turned to face each one in turn
observing death's approach
her erotic strategy.
Circe, why you treat me mean?

Holy of holies, cherub and ark
bark
& leaf
like emerald fire!

UMGATHAMA

rose
heavy

sibylline

bathed in
protozoan soup

iron passage
retreats
clings
to the smitty

devours

listening to
nerve polyphemia
rising
through vertebrae
& fanning out
across
the skull mind drinks
slavishly

put the river to bed darling
time for rest
hermaphrodite grove

nothing is sufficient
to merit this lunacy
sat closed mouth, numb
following the tribes
clanging down
clanging down
After the dark water's rage
only Yemaya could mirror (and mirror the void to meet, what polis is this
that hankers to neon, rootless
clanging down

Tlaloc, darling, will you put the river to bed?

across the skull
mind drinks a light

lips breach

that space is the vault of knowledge

Tiresias stares the dawn down blind, removes his cloak
and she is a serpent millennium

emerging from the wound in his breast, they are beech wood,
leopard consort of Pan (polished his spurs and brass knucks,
"Hey Tommy! How much for yr sister?"

Do I indicate a definite phenomenology? claws in a brick oven,
pomegranates sewn in your thigh

"whaddya mean 'let them dogs hunt'? seen Acteon lately?"

"wailing from the grove
in April's recrudescence light,
fairies gather around the fallen Christ,
cradle his head, its twisted horns..."

"How does one name the holy?"
possess the possessor?
unbabble the fetters?"

that space is a ferment of equations
mounted to their familiar, a finger half in her pushing the wires around
"I remember the smell of the orchard, musky sweet rot."

and the wires became souls desperate for an exit, seized the zenia head
and ripped it from its raven crotch
as sure as loquacious dead

Anubis slid along the window sill and froze her with his breath
to consist faithfully? only if negative able

"hey sis, will ya draw the curtain? they done stole my pants."

his frail body and translucent skin, the multitudes came to him for healing
and gasped in awe at his aspect, to see God snout deep in the trough
it is a membrane instinctively worn

to obscure the maker from the made. Such is the
inceptor of demons and their delight is of no
small consequence. But a mirror is an imperfect
familiar at best, and through this fog much
less so.

bury mirrors, plant the devil
summon locusts in the gyre
if polis is body in motion
tongue-tied doscuri in backwater
and Baal came tumbling after
oscillating armpit of the sheep
wrapped in potassium shell

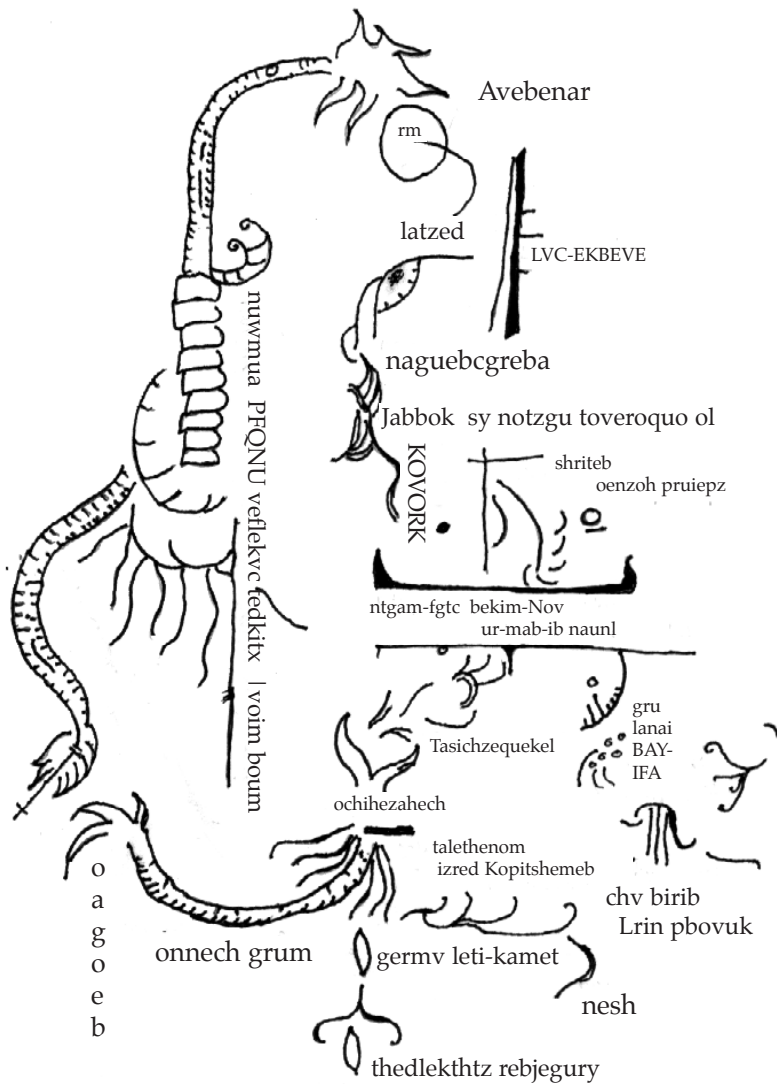
"There are those that would suggest Qliphoth are the engine of the universe."

oblique salvatore

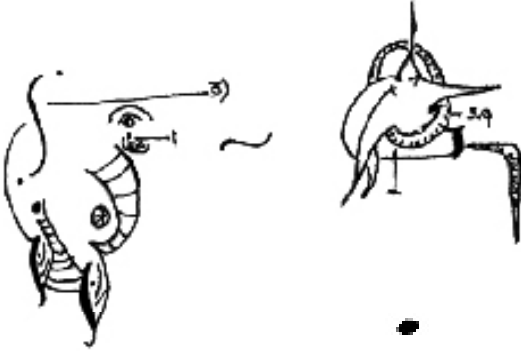
somber
animal
bolted
shrift
repent
spinal

& these permutations of the tongues...

Avebenar rm latzed LVC-EKBEVE
 naguebcgreba Jabbok sy notzgu taverquo
 KOVORK shriteb oenzoh pruietz
 nuwmua PFQNU veflekvc tedkitx | voim boum
 radqpn Qutzdachezl tzolmark
 redquwm tefso
 ntagm-fgtc bekim-Nov ur-mab-ib naunl
 Tasichzequekel gru lanai BAY-IFA
 chv birib Lrin pbovuk
 ocihezahech talethenom izred Kopitshemeb
 oagoeb onnech grum germv leti-kamet nesh
 thedlekthtz rebjegury



ashes and rain in the Sun's cold harem
 her dowry forsaken for the head of a lion
 no cesium pulse drags Chronos from his meal
 and you come up swaggering your pendulous... charm
 sheeps skull, ram's bladder, logic board, a bag of ravens thrashing
 in the circuitry, a measure of lightning in Orion's sword,
 these risks I assume are a gate



The obituary detailed no
 cause of death, but the
 medical report said
 bloodclot –
 an insoluble knot in the heart

telesorium

purging the grail
 mastodons awake in the reptile brain, tending their carbon
 flagrant as peacocks in a vase held to Her ear
 mucking around in the corpse, stale oil and diesel bawd salivating
 requiem for Christmas
 "Father, father made her brakeman
 flagging down that indigo line
 punch drunk for the riot act
 spat over her shoulder
 and saddled the dharma to ride"
 & soft beasts they were, ivory flesh rippling down the canyon
 through radar convulsion – the nerve sheath of prayer –
 and a rope of sweet hymen sewn to the eye, paraclete
 purge my ambitions
 drive the locks through swollen death

OBLIVION, BE THE MESSAGE OF MY BLOOD

hand in hand
 we descend

bury Lazarus frothing goat (red-headed
 child savors the rod),
 mated the steel or righteous marrow
 in seamless sparrows a gesture of corn,
 though she'll swallow the beak of Apollo alone
 and run wild through the brambles till her clothes are rags.

she learned to bite her tongue and
not challenge Cain for the soil, but
bear the mark
washed up half alive out of the labyrinth
cochlea drift and Alderberan after with
hyades mourning the boar's rough work
in triple moons
A FUGITIVE AXIS

"these are the furnaces?"

hung himself in his cell
by his pants –
run through jobs,
wives, cash, life.
nothing short of hell
would accomplish its theater,
a blind gesture
taken on the chin — (stares the dawn blind)
Damn.

a large pool of vomit in front of the gate

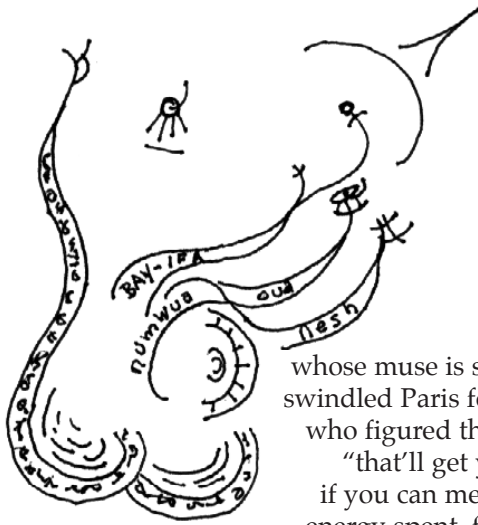
fingers spread like spokes in a bone riddle of conflict.
they breed rapacious angels, —

the marks along his flank
might be an indication of lean years
not even the old lies
hold their meat in this weather
he digs the hole
where the preserver feeds

deadens the eye an urge
ground to paste in the reeds
or gulf devoured
or plastic iris
and gravediggers extract a menagerie of vital fluids,
wilderness of anesthesia I bargained
for hypospadias, Ashura's secret device,
strode in sanctum machina and pissed the gears raw
(veins are logos an urge)

"What we are pursuing is polytemporal. I see your face like a stain
on the policeman's uniform in the harsh florescence of the station,
his fat like a creamy pulp around his face. Not even sleep erases the body."

Eleleth is that you?
Do you know oblivion?
is she virgin? and ripe?



whose
muse
isolates
root and
suffrage
impaled

kindled
hair for

whose muse is solid root and suffrage impaled
swindled Paris for the price of a rite
who figured the shade for a nom-de-plum
"that'll get you killed"
if you can measure the grain against
energy spent, foot-pounds the lever drew
barges down a dead current, ash & sulphur discharged

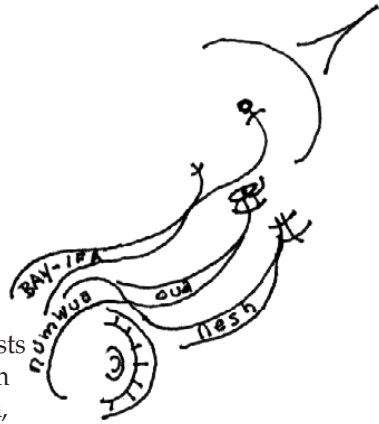
the price of a rite
who figured the shade for a nom-de-plum
"that'll get you killed"
down a dead current,
draughts of albumen in her face a miracle of

messianic ram how suffer curb gladly
reborn in a stripe
how suffer curb gladly
messianic ram

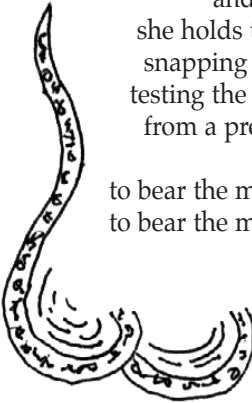
triads; the male habitat frequented b
hyperphoenician fleets in scales of hook and ox
and oils whose scent can blind,
can muster pacts against
the future's low rape
laws and dissolute code not flesh enough
to an eye seething helix
is blood is ruin
is screaming a chorus of veins ploughed under
with corn gone to worms and drought and
fantasies of syntax no husband could smell on your breath
torn at the steel-ribbed hell you're naked to swarm
and feed the frail thieves who carve up your breasts
for a mouthful of barbed wire
burning through ghost blonde absence

roses pouring from her mouth

I spoke to her carefully
 at pains not to disturb the glass
 is a dragon fire
 or lion in white eclipse
 composed of the sun I swallow



my face a thousand stories deep
 seeded with plagues and amorous beasts
 seized the twin fathers of maelstrom
 and beat her into submission,
 she holds their laws in her teeth
 snapping at the veins
 testing the reins in the stones I hurl
 from a precipice in Jupiter alone



to bear the mark
 to bear the mark

as if time is a cellular dislocation
 I feel the roots in my chest contract
 a conspiracy of laughter in stones I heave
 from zodiac tar
 to bear the mark
 to bear the mark

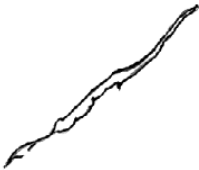
is the lion a green sulphur
 freight train penetrating golgotha of Venus –
 I spoke to her carefully
 and she responded, if at all, with barbed vacancy
 and the air around her crackled reduced to raw –
 her paws in stone, her antlers discharge taloned salvos
 across the Red Sea
 in my veins
 is this 2nd nigredo Damballah's convergence,
 Alba Melanos?

in the White Darkness
 Be my rider,
 when there is nothing left of me
 Be my rider

Be my rider
 Be my rider...

a tooth of fire
spoke like graves breathing

lurms
rsh
rv
oro
cor
sh
ri
oehi
uo



Herü gone to earth
crashed against the kitchen window
the imprint of barbed axions
across the sulphur pit of
solstice noon coiled

beneath a
kosmos: boiling faces,

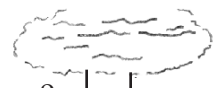


Nova Cygni the
crucifer egg x-ray panopolis
dabbled in witchcraft
taking license with a stunned hawk

a
u
o
a
o
r
u
a
u
o
a

across
yesod familiar the
whirling bride
Dolphy swung outward bound
Horses run out of
the meaty infinite
the python ripe with lambs

scattered along the embankment
collected by trawlers
drunk and wenching the
river primary Enoch in
north Anatolia, felt hat
and cane tucked his wings in the
cranial morass that looms the world
from topheavy trees Molly Durga gone
down to harvest
teats swollen red



th... cl ... rite ... ld... ss of...
tangled hybrid

brief fixtures to lance
their fraudulent claims the dead mount
parabolic as desire is thorns
wound into vapor
all species a bare suspension

5 naked arms
grown from the wheel
tangled masses of hair, nail polish
requiem and fossil
tangled hybrid gyroscope

that "And" before is an ontic
Hinge

~~from which hangs~~
~~dys-c(h)ord~~

from which swings —
"darkness opened
oblivion, still
a dys-c(h)ord all
genesis buys
in the senses
("apprehension")
uncoiling
to feed the brain
a seizure in flower

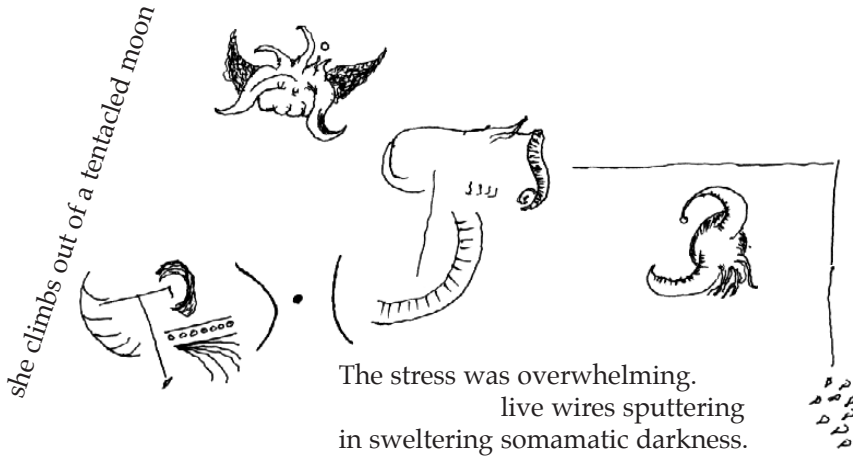
see, we bring food to the ancestors
propped in "fetal" con:
elaborate morphogeist
with anarchist tendencies
scattered to Chac or some other
chronometer rot

sealed but nourished in fungal episodes

a thigh
erect and polished

0		
0	2	0
0		0
0		0
0	3	0
0		0
0	7	0
0		0
0		0
0	7	
0	4	
0		0
00	9	
0	-	0
0		0
0	-	0
0		0
0	1	
0		0
0		0
0		0
0	6	
0	9	0
0	7	0
0		0
0		0
0	+	0
0		0
0	.	0
0	.	0
0		0
0	.	0
0		0

“profusion” or seething light
 visceral damp (Abulafia’s animal)
 was that her fur?
 where entelevy is a bursting corpse?
 when late afternoon sun
 slid away like a quilt
 and the revealed abyss erupted electric fangs
 and honied tongue
 and a flurry of magpies
 descend on the body’s familiar weight?



I fight the tendency in blood
 to slow the fuse
 — draughts of entropy
 — a mask in the desert shouting the names
 — the serpent who feeds at my navel
 ravenous for the silences
 Salvatore Animal,
 brass accident of YHVH’s bargain

“Oh yeah?” “Well take your 2-door red convertible attitude and go fuck yr fist!”
 Nergal daysin Dirge!

crimes in the nursery

Artaud drove the howlers out

“So then, body is columnar motion,
 beast vomit in time, and a rotten gate at that.
 What we assume is the venerable pleasure
 of our damnation and we’re made holy by it.
 A congregation is called by passion’s debris;
 the devils sniff around it, lick its eyes
 and chase the moths that die in
 its lashes, and this apprehension is a devouring
 that drives Chaos.”

or Golden Ass porking Mary, just so much
bait thrown to the gulls
drums reckon in solid waves among the noble gases
stalking green Sodom, fell in his chair to plea the bartab
from Sophia righteous enough
runs the gate raw pissing

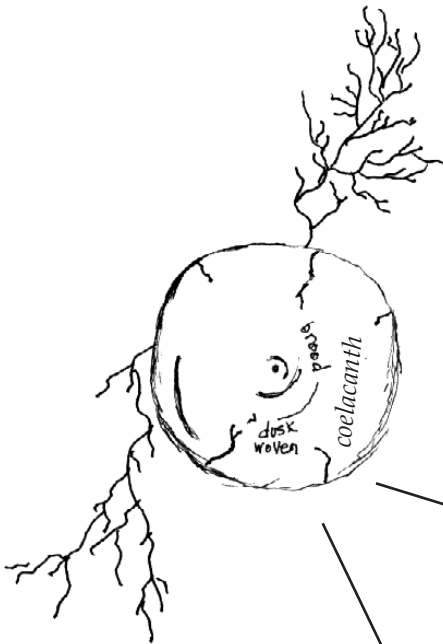
hybrid elementals

alternate chambers
stripped from projection
cypress is flame

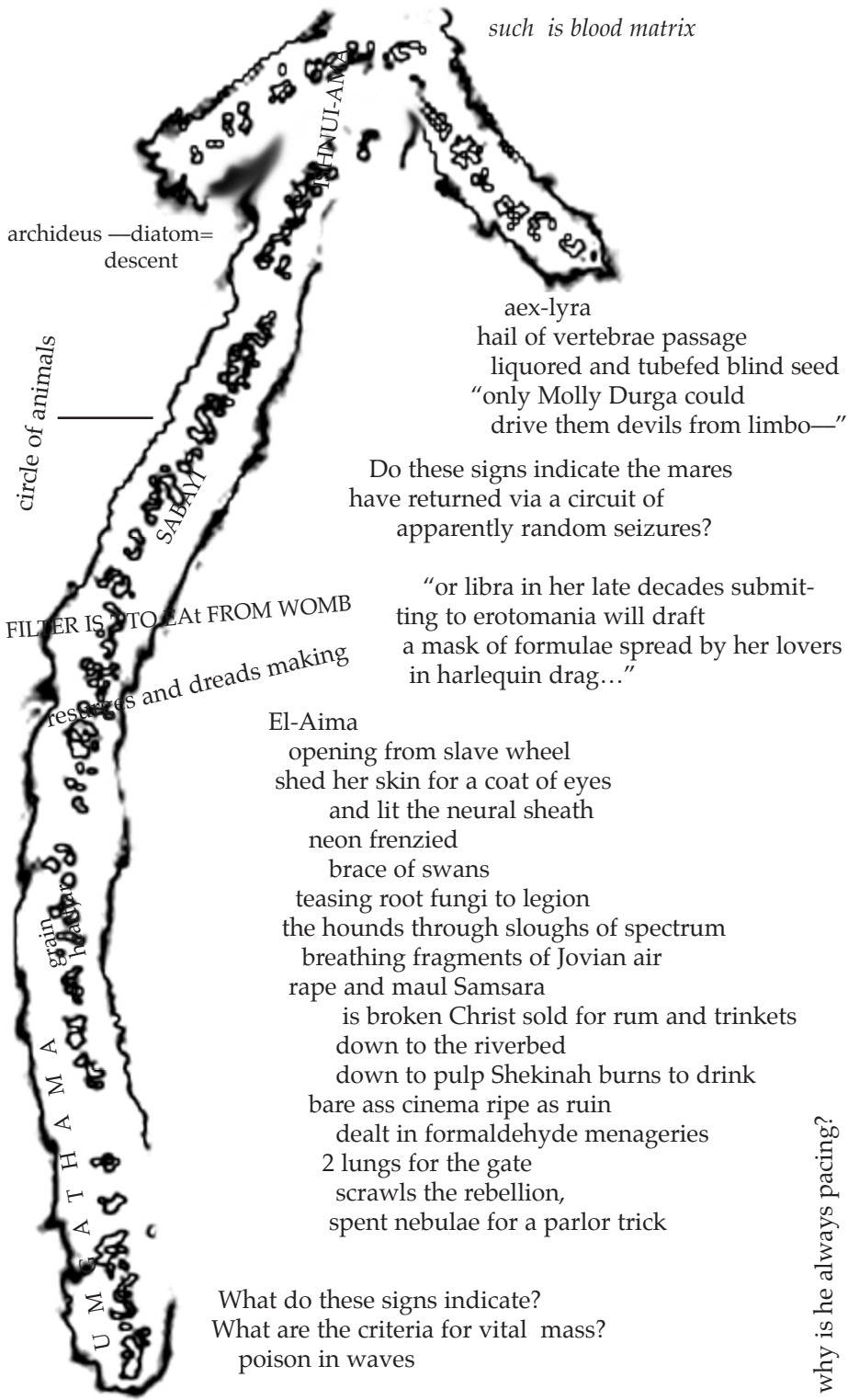
chosen
humid renders flesh

dance affirm fuel
preyed on the distances
tapped from mollusk
wet husk and cock, swung
from the rail laughing
scarlet trains of sea bass
out of sweet nowhere running
to that jukebox murmur
down the hall out of sight
wet as her thighs are

drained oracular



coagula vox



such is blood matrix

archideus —diatom= descent

circle of animals

aex-lyra
hail of vertebrae passage
liquored and tubefed blind seed
“only Molly Durga could
drive them devils from limbo—”

Do these signs indicate the mares
have returned via a circuit of
apparently random seizures?

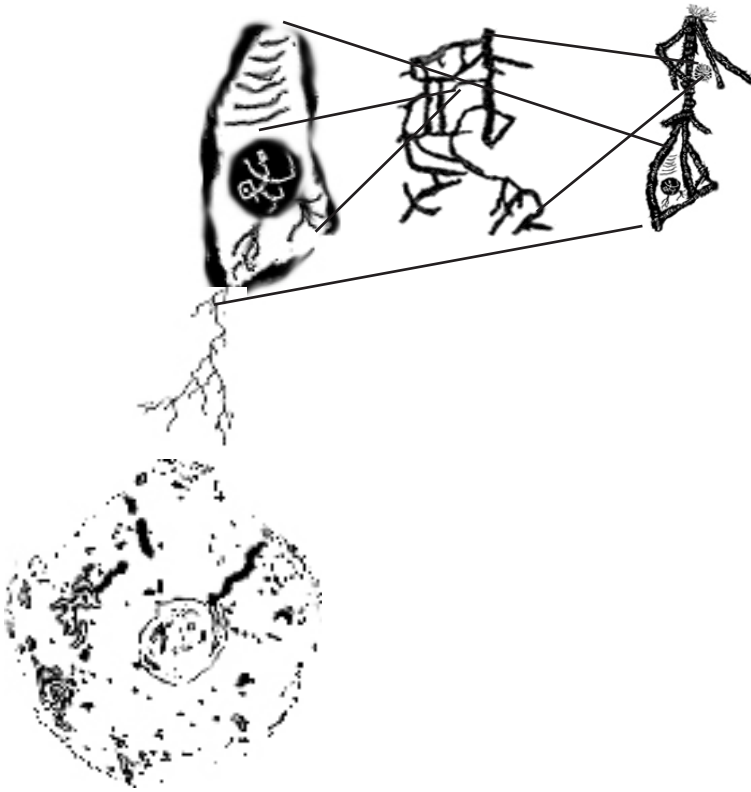
“or libra in her late decades submit-
ting to erotomania will draft
a mask of formulae spread by her lovers
in harlequin drag...”

FILTER IS TO LEAT FROM WOMB
reserves and dreads making

El-Aima
opening from slave wheel
shed her skin for a coat of eyes
and lit the neural sheath
neon frenzied
brace of swans
teasing root fungi to legion
the hounds through sloughs of spectrum
breathing fragments of Jovian air
rape and maul Samsara
is broken Christ sold for rum and trinkets
down to the riverbed
down to pulp Shekinah burns to drink
bare ass cinema ripe as ruin
dealt in formaldehyde menageries
2 lungs for the gate
scrawls the rebellion,
spent nebulae for a parlor trick

What do these signs indicate?
What are the criteria for vital mass?
poison in waves

why is he always pacing?



dance from impossible anthroptera
dance to oblivion and her 3-headed sister
"trade his cum for a roof and half a glass
of the lamb"
dance to Mare Oblivion
torn from the sky
torn from the grove
every muscle in her thigh strains to articulate
concoctions of the void struck
in resinous hives
infused with spines boiling faces,
blue desperate bodies

caught in the
outnoise dancing blood toward



Are there bones here?
Or merely a name,
an abstraction smothered in grotesque mirrors –
 slices of human thigh,
 emerging from the black distance,
 wagons in paradisiac unreal landscapes of the virgin west,
 carrying the corpses further –
mounting her like a great mare,
Legba opens the way –
 her eyes are blank white, flame, cigar and shades,
tongue-tied deathless eloquent,
 her hair tied back in long braids
These hot afternoons summon the revelry of night
 serpent on a crucifix,
 jewels and fragments of dream down that long white abyss
Nightingale screams,
 “Get off that barbed wire boy!
 it’ll take the balls right off you! make you
 a better catholic than yr mama’s prayers intended.”
(castration as consequence of devotion,
 Attis, Ceres, Adonis)

 gone down in the drink,
 drug his daughter to safety before the current took him –
My last fair deal gone down, good Lord,
 She was just a plaything to him,
 she kisses the swan’s head as he rapes her
Last fair deal gone down –
 “and when his wife found out about it, good Lord,
 well, like I said, that was the end of it,
 till those damn x-rays confessed her grave.”

 dance to refrains of the infinite curvature of space
 my fingers crowded with
 “worlds to come”,
sucked from gladiolas at river’s edge, at Time’s charred horizon.
 The banker’s fumble with their frocks and lucubrations
 grass in their teeth
 gone Nebuchadnezzar mad
(the tablets were primarily accounts of agricultural exchange
 the priests’ stock dwindling in favor of the military court)
 execution style,
the barrel, usually of a handgun, is placed at the back of the skull where the
 spine flowers in brain; death is sudden, “out it blows”.
 Who will speak for the dead in heaven?

dance to impossible Anthroptera
dance to Oblivion and her
3-headed sister

“he made and signified these things”
or Orpheus hung in Hades forever –
& his lyre beside him, overhead now in the summer constellations,
is that the pit of hell?
drink deeply and the land is healed, but suddenly darling
your face has changed, you seem older somehow
How can the void be said to have a source?
Thunder in the mountains, rain in the desert, the egg ready to hatch –
What, by inverse proportions, appears to be a bifurcation of the event;
one might appear in several places simultaneously.
her head was throbbing now, her features
distorted by the pain, her memory retreating,
Have you seen the women in Jerusalem
mourning for Tammuz?
you will see things more detestable still!
god lends Manhattan a tiny firmament
tragic as lambstragic as lambs
as reeds in the sun name their talisman,
erect,
a chain of faces through memory’s long glass tube
are shackles that turn the soul
perpetually eastward
until entropy rots the circle
a seed in the nerve net –
these limbs bear the names I trace in dust
at Loma Preata they’re still talking about the quake,
what happened there?
An acrobat is a salamander
is the smell of sheets the
morning after
is a palm pressed against the window pane
and long screams behind
The room began to fold and splinter
for a second I was lost,
she was smiling at me,
she was lying through her teeth
“They’re more likely to appear
in the cold dry months when the air is thin,
when the veil is thin.”

The river breaks your fingers
with a lightning storm so fierce
you change your notions of the double natured beast

swung from a cross
still ravenous and raving for the meat in Time,
a constant dream in Aristotle's wet fist
gone to the river
gas mask in hand
Lord help me mama, I need a razor
and 6 mirrors in the devil's toy box
I'm in a fever for light
and I've gone where the nymphs can't lead
to feed on parasites
ghost beyond ghost beyond ghost
"words are just dead ideas rotting"
(a personality displaced,
consumed by its own translucence)

We can no longer separate the stars
or the currents in the navel of Hades
or Sadir, the breast,
rising and falling in the swelling dark
the kabbalists name Daath —
no sky at all, but pure unbroken light
the stars so compressed and alien
and the switchboard constantly nagging for attention
" Will someone please get the damn phone?"
what do these salesmen desire
but to rob the cruxpoint of its heat,
caught themselves in the dragon's maw
that points north and from there gathering the cups and uneaten cake
the hungry traffic silence
(the pain one must bear to be comfortable in this world is enormous)
here, a cafe buried in infinite daylight
is a vibrant cancer here at the bottom of the well,
We can no longer separate the clanging stars.

We begin.
The dream has murdered the dreamer
with a key of tongues,
her fingers manipulating the seabed,
and the necklace between her breasts sobbing,
12 trees in the wound,
thunder in the west,
I study the heart of Brahma
and hear voices
when they tore her from the tree
the branches sighed,
down at the crossroads, down at the crossroads
they say he comes smelling of graves.

hey Papa, please let me pass
see, I bring sweet tobacco
and doves for stew
bury her heart beneath the roses
her eyes beneath the Oak
and she will rise again someday
he wrote until dawn and received the third baptism of Spirit,
he clutched the adversary's thigh, and refused to
release his hold,
for a name, for a deal in blood,
to bear the mark
to bear the mark
out of nothing
a fire