

THE JIVE OF USHER

I put my head inside my blood
where lay the tents of babble
where the sands slur with cellular headlights
& wet weeds of obscurity
where stray the tattle of mad violin solos

Grief! you dark & siren foam

My love is no cocoon of thunder
but an old shuttered trolley barn
full of snow & clattertrack

And so I shuffle on in with the snow
so spin about the silent fires
which blaze inside the tents of absence
which fray my head inside my love

SMOKING

Tiny smoke men
tumble over the tongue
down the throat & into the lungs
grasping for bushes as they fall

The gods are barking outside

We let loose & go on the rampage
across steppes of breathless laughter
plundering caravans of hashish

The gods are barking outside

JUST SO

Flecked gray stones
in the folded cloister
The ice in your glass
is melting insane

Our abbess just so
in Tibet on the phone
bursts into measure
loose gray feathers

KILLINGWORTH

Stars shout in the soaring borealis
sucked-up intellectual teeth

The domino of night crashes down

Screaming mice stitch crystal in bone
The huts of my blood are falling

A horse stands shackled on a flatcar
The sun drifts up in a blown flute bone

SUBMARINE

When the day closes the rose closes
Where the miners end the fire begins

I swim under water deeper than breath
breathing my cells steering by sirens

& keep on swimming until it begins

Sails lean like stars against the fort
rags of fire in the dark above

Over the rocks see my bones flowing
A white mare clambers up from the sea

Dinosaurs gather cars into the sea



CLIMBING A TELEVISION TOWER

I scramble up this television tower
up this iron ladder on one leg
trembling & long as an unreeled movie
Frame upon frame I scramble : spaced
guerrilla with a cocaine bird on my back
sucked up this astral hype
up one leg of this conning tower
Platform after platform I climb you
white-eyed dildo tossing like
a stalk of ocean

Dungeon of wind
you dice heads from the crowding spring storms
you snore among long legs of sunlight
racing cloud shadows over the trees

By now I am stretched out sniper-flat
splayed out
on the highest raft
of this iron sea
spiked in the flow / rush
of this aqueduct of dreams :

*I see the white wink of a mirror
snipe in the broad & boundless forest*

*The bones of the great clod
are scattered & sleeping around dead campfires
Sunfish are breeding in sunken holes
in the huts of hung dynasties*

The yawning white foghorn receivers on the corners
graze on spasms of ectoplasm
& suck up
dissolving screams from radio stars

A hand inside shakes the dice
& broadcasts laughter & creature features
feeding all the hidden towns
feeding sad elapsing families
in cold deaf farmhouses
(windows bristling like chopped fisheyes
in the old budwhiskered forest)

AMAGANSETT

I have been to the fish factory
& standing now

on the docks

I have been staring down into the ocean
falling through my birthless black brother
shadow heaving in the deep murk
& all around

sink bright down

glory trains of sunlight
streaming to the vanishing point
inside his thunder head

*My brother-in-sea is a black sun
an angel netted in chromosome chains
No-man among the light-eaters & silencers*

And now I feel the eclipsed sun
molten in my scrambled brain

FRANCONIA RIDGE

Shoeless off in the mountains
I scud by seagreen lichen pylons

Off on the galehead mating rocks
wind jams & hauls the empty ridge

Prayer beads loose in my hand
play out in the bright & boundless storm

Gold grass whips out like harvest fear

No huts here I have no name for
I tell the tide with flowers here

A dip of quiet & heat unchinks
& a few flies
like stars that were sleeping
lift & drone over tundra springs
& wink a breath blossom
which caves in the rising bright & boundless

The ridge heaps shimmer like salmon
albumen rubble of sun & urns

Gully flowers mold down the rockslides
cold stone yolktide of return

HITCHHIKING

Outside Rye on the Merritt Parkway
a sky-blue Volkswagen picks me up

The driver is currently preoccupied with
listening to his blood boiling over
the Harvard-Yale game

As the road soars under us
& the gloaming sky soaks up the earth

*The first leaves are unbearably small
They hang like bats in the lyres of dusk
trees wet behind ten million ears*

the crowd devours hysterical broadcasters
up to the last seconds :
the victory touchdown :
the crowd explodes the radio
& swarms the teams on the bloody fields

Darkness floods the stadium
& pools in the inner ear

*The first leaves are unbearably small
like the small words that dart & chirp
in the great winds between us all*

DIVING DUCK

Restless unblest wanderings
measured in the dead heads of cigarettes
chucked out the window

plunging down
headlight hallways of corn & concrete
manic beyond the applause of sunsets

A ringing of crickets throbs in the window
sucked in the vacuum of a red star :
blind muskrat motor car

In lidded towns the darkness sits like beer

A moth creams a cheer on the windshield
a death a thoughtless prayer

What dim prenatal geography is this
What arteries What drowsy audience

Loneliness I'm back on your old striped mattress
back on my ass in your snail of stairs

Says me : an endlessly diving duck
who tracks his silver diving bell of air

FLOTSAM TOWN

They don't tell the tide with flowers here
They sell the darkness in crumpets & junk
They siphon, sunglass & speckle the lust
Faces pancaked with hunger with dots
Drunk on braille on fever hunt
Racked on the benches like paperback shouts
On the beach like bleach-blue blades of whale

The raccoon cars jerk past like snapshots
Black & white shrapnel carcass dream
They mass in the port They never sail
The big blowzy winds melt in ice cream
In this flabbergasted last resort

My only thought is shall they spot me
Can I step through it all like a movie star
In a forest of flash bulbs a private smile
For these deadpan dreamers of rest from wealth

Gusts bust & scud like revelations
On the lizard-skin ocean flats
Dunes with roots A dim transistor
A dim transistor bleeds on the sand
A whisper a cough in the library stacks
Perhaps it will show on a smaller day



MATCH FLAME

Now in this last year of illusion
I have become a hermit of sunshine
calm on the beaches of the body
no longer caring to chew the parchment
clumped like sponges in the shallows
nor to chart what wind in driftwood

A final burial game for voices :
Roots drum down the dunes for caucus
Surf drops its eyes in pockets & bids me race
Gulls knock up their screams into castles & bid me race
Wind braids names into wands & erase

The last chattering veils of the body
swell & drift away like newsprint
ashes to gather in evening fog
Veils of breathing fall in flames
My mirror guts shine in chains
My prayer is one :

My match flame now in the full white sun

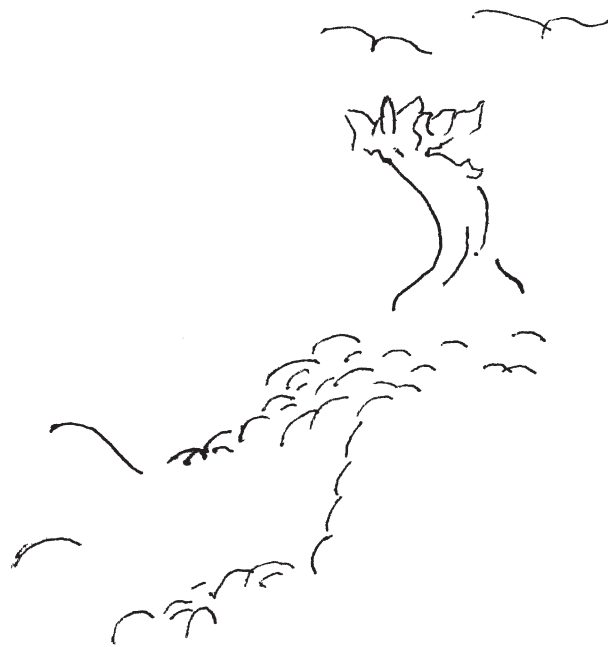
MATA

She used to be old reliable
She would always be there
waiting patiently at scenic turnoffs
& spots marked on Esso maps

There she would be
flat on her back her legs spread
like a gorgeous old whore
legs apart to show the sea
& more distant mountains

I took her with a camera
I took her with a Coke
I took her with AM radio
& mouthed off lousy jokes

Now the least leaf ripped off
tears me apart
takes me into the abysmal yawn
of endless wind
& I hear
the river's cold laughter
lap up under
the white flight of shivers of dust



Dark cars
with white eyes
staring ahead
will transfix deer
glazed
at the far edge of cornfields
& transfigure any body
on the road

Frogs leap up into
ecstatic crucifixion
on the headlights

Streetlights
two by two
will pool upon
a man walking
vacantly
on fragmented branches
compasses
of long lost shadow



HITCHHIKER'S ORACLE

Blow on blow from diesel trucks, big
hands, big winds, the gust
of the intermountain express comes on

through gun-sights blasted in granite
& slams down on me. Collapsing
radio waves, the monsoon of public

mother love, invisible hands, all
the voices of a murdered man, explode
the throat of a medium, thirsty crone.

Shook & mistook, my eyes swing across
on another truck. Between her cracked-up
lips, a phlegm puppet jumps

as she speaks, a blur bouncing above
the sequined words reflected on windshields,
a rattled die, a half-digested

white man. This is me, deep in the maw
as is one who walks the concrete
& waits for happen, a rim to dance on.

And in time my beaked totem lover
will devour my visions as dirt-grained hamburger,
black by pine fire in a circle of stone,

grit in the serpent's mouth, in the mountain
spine of the continent. There will I lie
in the new earth, in isolate silence:

astral turbines, trees of light
and, seen from out of the crack
in a empty, porous, sky-blue egg,

mornings of spiders & ants in the hands of the grass.

The night is swarming with red eyes & coal-throated cars
The turnpike night is a deep-sea net of radio & green fire
The turnpike night is a movie projector running backwards
stone to sun / ash to fire

The great wind is a dark fandango in the shutters of the
turnpike night
Trucks sway like incense burners in the aortal cathedrals
of night
The night pulses like a hummingbird sucking the bloom
of power

I am driving through the night again
cruising through my image nation
caught up in huge winds
driving through a throat of white feathers
passing through the gills of the moon
riptide breath
my three bodies between four tires
sunk in harmonies

I cannonball through the night
like the midnight special express train
I always wanted to be :
windows full of smoke & sleepers
I hurtle the curves
raking the night with spikes of light
like an eel with 1000 eyes
turning the garden of darkness

My eyes are huge railway stations
open & lit through dawn
aching with people living from suitcases
weary & hustling
The towns streamline by :
silver trains sliding out on schedule

At
a
great
distance
over
night
plains
I
follow
a
car
's
left
turn
signal
left
on
for
hours



Middle earth lapses on & on

Unanswered questions forget themselves

Often a small car will jump
in the vacuum purse
behind a truck

sighing for speed

they ball loosely all night
& by mid-morning merge in traffic

A breeze reams through the prairie grass on the edge of the road
A jackrabbit runs helterskelter in the shadow of a helicopter
A dark music escapes from cities whose streetlamps are bulbs
of buffalo blood

Glass doors slide through interstate silence
At a certain distance the road appears to penetrate the land

Wind
slashes
the wheels
from
under us
& we
are in
a jet
black
stream
leaning
into
gravity's
scream
leaving
rivers
of bodies
behind
like
a flute
of vanishing
kites

The road comes
together
forever
before us

Telephone poles
converge
& fly out
behind us
like anchor birds

They are crosses laid
for crazy slaves
rocking & rolling
our most absent pauses

Chaff sifts down in the sunrise
over the desert floor of my brain
Heat waves roil above the highway
doubled & penetrable
The old whispers shimmy & lift

Unseen aircraft pull thunder thin
I stretch between here & horizon
empty camp & penetrable
The horizon verge pulls deeper away
sinking along the curve of the earth

The sky chews itself with certainty
deep slow bites in tufted clouds
glowering holding light from the earth

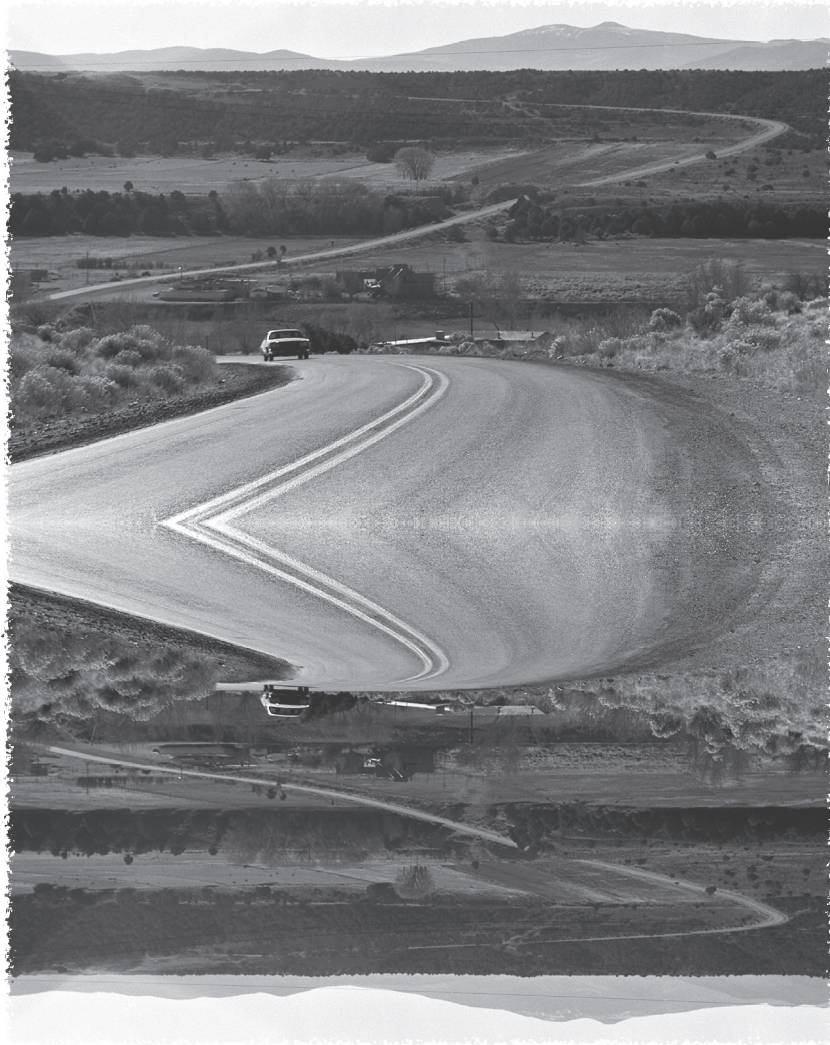
A piece in a puzzle someone is working
somehow I am being forced in place

Somehow I am taken in the thunder

Star trek
glitters
in the rushing asphalt

A vapor trail stretches
like silver telephone wire
over the sun

Adobe buildings float by
like dreams of gold
in the hot morning light





So pull the womb of the road over head
& go speeding through the bardos

INTERZONE / INTERSTATE

Changed generations babble endlessly
in the amniotic radio winds

INTERZONE / INTERSTATE

The breathing of ghosts & the unborn
laps like a lake at the air vents

INTERZONE / INTERSTATE

Thickets of protein dissolve under skin
Gleaming orbs roll over & over far horizons

bardo : intermediate, uncertain state

the natural state of
bardo while in the womb, rocked in the lullaby of the blood

bardo of the dream state

samadhi : ecstatic equilibrium in
the depths of meditation

equipoise : empty noise of the
nerves tossing like seaweed on the surface

songs of the
humpbacked whales

deep bewilderment of love, of surrender
to the beloved's gaze, mazed in wonder

birdsong : reverb

& beyond the exaltation : void

heisenberg's uncertainty
principle : the bright electron cloud : existence being certain
but location hazy

& definition indeterminable....

interminable probability

Homecoming :
sun setting
above the beltway :

white gold
doubloon sinking
undersea

Vapor trails
cross swords
in the blue deeps

GREETINGS & HALLUCINATIONS!

1. Let me entertain you
2. If you like Kali, Kali like you
3. In the morning when we rise, our horses are covered with
tarantulas
4. based on the following consumption :
5. What if fingernails never stopped growing after death?
6. Graveyards hills would be weeping with streams of long
white bone
7. Mystery meat
8. I stink of you often!
9. A goose just crawled over my grave!
10. The gods are barking outside
11. windows sewn in the suburban night like jewels in the
skirt of a whore

12. all those bottles of eyes pickled in laughter for so many
years
13. bloodshot goblets
14. bright lights of decay
15. & invasions of winged vertebrae
16. And before you know it you're changing diapers
17. on a foul-smelling Mystery
18. in sleep laboratories
19. like my Mama said : *You can't be eternal forever, son*
20. I didn't mean all those things you said
21. Let's get this good time over with

Fear eddies like an altar flame outside the door
Fear hangs up a fist for hours, then knocks & runs away

Fear sings in the showers & chirps in the phone
Fear makes the motor turn & the car stand still

Fear drains each night at dusk
Fear draws one out to dawn when only sleep can come

Fear flips aspirins through televisions
Fear tumbles on emptiness

Fear hangs up a fist for hours
behind the flowered wallboard
then knocks & runs to the kitchen door

Blows of bright volted SMACK
feed dream hunger, stun us sour
(soul withdrawn hair by hair)

Fear tumbles on emptiness
What scares America scares me
(the little man who isn't there)

We live in cubicles of light
We work in offices of white noise
keeping files on files
taking dictation from electroencephalographs
We sleep in thermostatic air
abstracted
from time space & weather
laughing & clacking our teeth
We move like crabs through fluorescent muzak

Us weary corpuscles go to sleep at the movies
listening to the music of the municipal sewers
We sleep under pool tables & check-out counters
then automatically wake up
& course through the streets with book in hand
or bowling ball or shopping cart

We sit in cafeterias gabbing
quenching cup after cup of something
waiting for Christ to walk in the door

So you go to the movies with your wife
but you see only a white burn in all the action
& she hears her joints calcify
& that's the show

So you play checkers with chocolates
You grow old & useless in the city
& grow absorbed in an interior light
(So what else is there to do?)

It is the orange glow of the dial on
the radio in the dark
where brash mothy voices hawk
promises promises promises promises
(So what else is new?)

So you stare from your window like a silver eagle
but on the street you keeps your eyes in your pockets

Come crazy with me & the dead of night
chattering restlessly
on the radio idiot of the body

Whores gossip next door
through continuous previews of old movies
& cool jazz fountains on TV

I hitchhike aimlessly on Central
pulled by the Moon opposed by Pluto
waiting desperately to *be*
picked up possessed *anything*

Longing for Tiamat's last black movie
I rave on voraciously



We're flipping like fish through the streets flashing
Our spinal volts waken ghosts in the sheets of the silver streets
Sleep falls like lightning bolts from the midnight sun

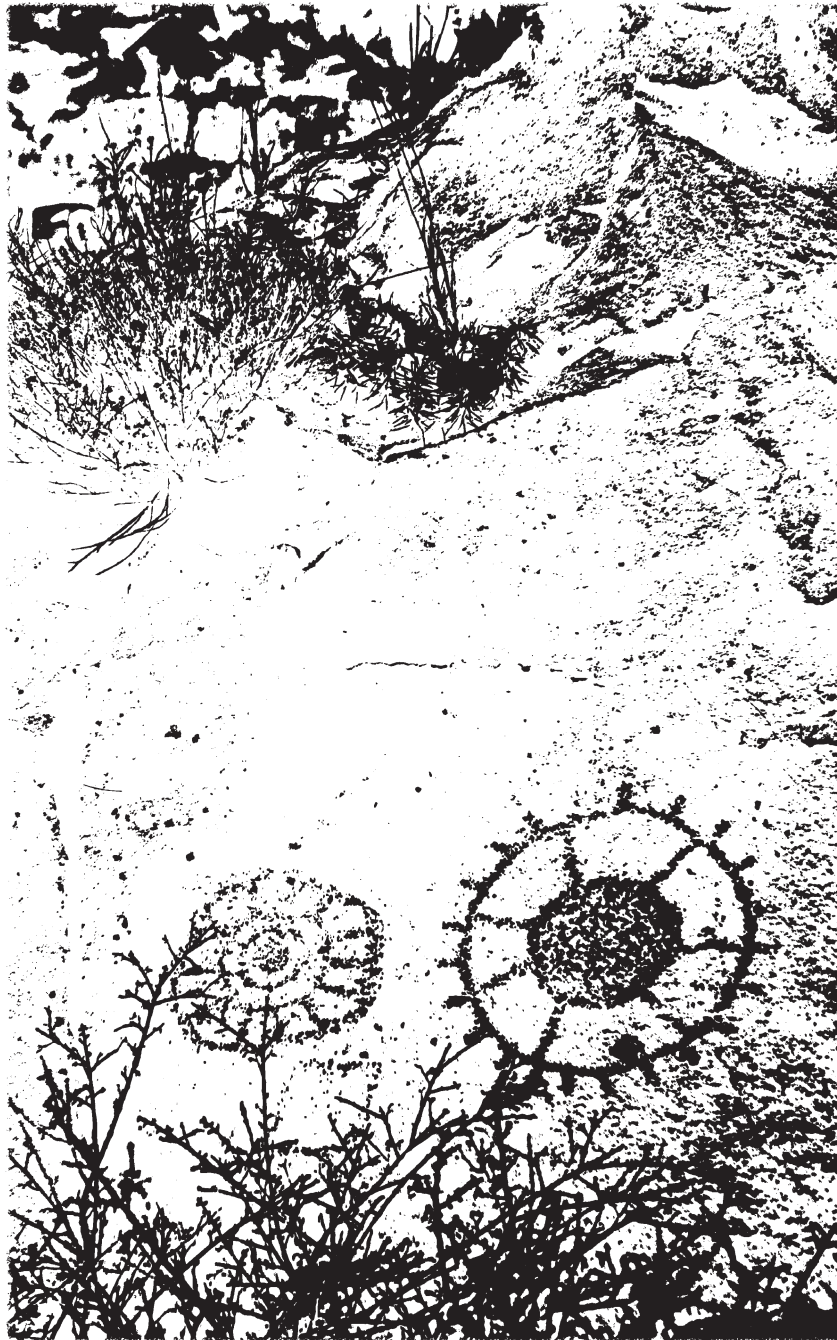
On the eighth day I sinks again into a swoon
The moon relaxes its grip & I slumps down in the phone booth
I sinks away from the radiant faces dancing like suns on the
waters above
I sinks like blue blood to the feet of the city

The gods are barking outside

Wind runs through the grasses like snakes
The long grasses cry
& crowd the borders of the fences
Rocks crop up like thrones in the pasture
Eternity thrusts itself again and again
into "my life"
this intense getting on with it
I want the song again!
and again!

These days cyclotrons of eternity
whirl me around and around :
can't eat can't read can't
think can't sing can't sleep
can't go can't stay
ain't no way
All my psychic mechanisms
so recently & vaguely formed in cryptic twilights
explode
& I am thrown around like a rag doll
in raging pranic void
until I can slump in a corner in the sun
and nod senseless
as everyone in eternity tramples over my somebody

(Even this I know only months later)



Cold dusk in the stone beneath the rim of the mesa :
porous almost luminous lava
crumbled black off the edge of the tide

& petroglyphs on the sheared-off seawall :
signs scratched in the speckled night of the rock :
magnetic genetic names
long burnt between my vertebrae

(my face a bowl of wind)

I see power eyes zigzag lightning
sun power spiral & more powerful squared spiral
I see eagle bull toad snake
reptilian duck spider-man
dancing hump-backed flute players
& large luminous detached heads

Trucks haul urine & dust past the river below
Frightened cattle bellow like diesels

Snowy mountains loom like the moon over Santa Fe
like mounds of ember under ash

At Los Alamos they have finally discovered the neuron bomb!

the galactic explosion of the brain!

We are the drunk Indians fucked-up on food stamps!
We are the invaders from outer space!

Our parents are still at home where we left them
(amulets waned back to stone)

Our gods are still here with us
(all the gods that ever were)
but blurred to a mute radiance of children
helpless behind our lidded eyes



BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

Darkness falls like a wing down the Grand Canyon
as I sink down a canyon wall well
holy switchback agony
rocking down
to the green peppered kettles
to the Brahma & Isis Temples
& the smokeless Indian Gardens

Broiled asuras scramble up trail from the furnace
liver tongues bloodblister noses
eyes aglimmer dollar mirrors of thirst

Say nothing nothing to me too gone
sun stone

So much heat at Phantom Ranch
just watching the skunks dazzle all day
diamond sky dome breaking into triangles hexangles
blinding heat of earth & air
parched fog burnt mind
dried roots hairy as horseshit

Crescent jet birds whip & spin out
Swifts slice the air with obsidian moons

Three ravens perch omen on a black shriek
on a leaping peak of this withdrawing sea of stone
sea of heat & pentacles
three old buzzards just watching
me too just watching coming down so slow somewhere else

All echoes all pain I sway

Say nothing nothing me too nothing

Rather the merciless madness of sunlight
rather the panic hour

rather the boiling drums of stone

than the heartlight suckled in cool caves
& the secret slaughter of mice

Rather the terror
rather the fissure

noon's black black arrow between the eyes

No
I do not like your
how you say
CI - VI - LI - ZA - TION
very much

I had rather rage
beneath the sun

return / retreat / recess
(places of rest & retirement)
closets / cellars / attic wardrobes
cellars / caves / opium
aquariums / museums
movie houses
pool halls / bars / parked cars
park benches / beaches / zoos
weekend / sea cruise
full moon in summer
high school dances / foolish love
drive-in movies
parked cars / guitars / acid blues
college / sanitarium
harmonium / hymns / opium
black angel / empty cathedral
stone rose window
daydreams / bathrooms / phone booths
lost moon rockets
deep mossy wells / space stations
ashrams / roof gardens / ruined temples
radio towers / harbors
shrines / pools / estuaries
ripe orchards / cow turd / harvest moon
(return / retreat / recess)

Kailas / Shasta / Monte Alban
somnambulist Paris / Atlantis
ghost towns / daydreams / junkyards
backyards / old movies
new moon in winter
backyard / sleeping bag
mountain cabin / desert shack
hermitage / cow turd
mountain path
vegetable garden / sun / stone
holy books / manuscript visions
old dogs / old shoes / young girls' dreams
(Tao : getting low down in under : like water)
homecoming / grandmothers / backward flowing
mother's love / father's silence
snowfall infinite endless
ledge behind a waterfall
asylum / blood / night coming on
sun / pool / heart / death



MORNING MEDITATION LAMA FOUNDATION

Spilled from goblets of pain : the sleepers
Wrapped in hamlets of rain : the sleepers

Drifting empty through astral maize
unraveled in the four directions
leaving circles of black roses
as bodies or past lives :
we sleepers in the prayer room

Circles of morning prayers expand
like the sun from the bottom of the sea
& the old trombones which are our bodies
call us in from the four directions
to the earth truth room

AH NU TA RA HUNG
AH NU TA RA HUNG
EAST SOUTH NORTH WEST HOME

In the lotus lake muck of the heart
there is a mirror of blue pollen
there is a spiral mountain of breath

& on the broad feet of my breath
I climb through rivers & clouds
through suns & moons & radios
like a white coyote on Lobo Peak

I ride the winding wind
back to the cave of the heart

And from that peak I can see
all of me one by one
scrape bow on beach & leap ashore
out of the meditation room

Shy as islanders
being discovered for the first time
we are coming to greet ourselves
talking exotic flowers
& bearing gold crosses into the new world

AS SALAAM A LEIKUM
AS SALAAM A LEIKUM

The sun pitches to the zenith
the solstice
high light spinning in the wind
flooding the dry forest piñon

Digging a cellar hole in sandstone
we pitch up rocks & earth
& the wind rips rolls of dust away

Dust devils spin high in the valley below
SAC vapor blades peak the blue

At midday we are all sitting together
nodding off
in shafts of light
in the cool prayer room

Stunned dry in the sun
we see the sky armada come
over two hundred miles of whaleback mountains
sagebrush & seco plateau
endless clouds
trailing bridal veils of rain
the Tewa call "the sky loom"
high white wandering shrouds
soon gray clouds bleeding over us

The crickets rouse
The birds hush
The dogs drowse heavily
& in their dreams
they roll in wet green dust

After the shower
when the rain shakes down from the trees
we find turkey feathers in the forest
& new grass in the dust

We wake up in bed too late every morning
& no one wants to get up

We pretend we are turnips
We pretend we are monks
We pretend we lie slain on a battlefield
We try to find the dream again

We are children fallen in old shoes
pretending we are little old men

Dreams that come at dawn
waking dreams
after all the garbage from the day before has been dreamt out
& turned into psychic compost

Angels can speak & make word awake

Between the two worlds
a crack in time
a thunderclap at dawn

Essence scents can penetrate the autohypnotic sphere
essence friends & teachers
visitors from inouter space

You enter the grove
The meadow lark sings

She appears



I malingering in the astral capital
the phosphorescent dream city
long after the threshold is thrown wide open
I prowling along those emerald canals
in the wee small hours
long after most of the citizens have gone to bed
in matter & day
I am addled in subtle astral intrigues
interweaving interpenetrating
until at last I am at a table buttering bagels with cream cheese
for the society of dream assassins

When I awake & look at the clock
it is almost noon

: paradoxical sleep :
this is what is called keeping still
and wandering :
corpse pose journeys :
plunge out through
the cipher of tranquil body into the weightless sea :
dreams :
tinsel :
galactic confetti :
clouds moving through the faces
of men :
clouds like shoes drifting over the plain

Waking I call in all my children
scattered through the dream midway
gather in to morning
I recreate my cosmic body
& move out from the core of the sun
into day

I move through a barren landscape
without direction
as an ant wanders through heavy grass
far from the heap

By twilight I rest in the roots
of a strange land

Old movies flow from my eyes
& I find the dream again

Sleep corn scatters its ring of keys

Sleep born I rise in mammal typhoon
in the churning coils of her blood-soft hair

Morning shoes born light I move

& the world rises burning around me
as a flower closes at night