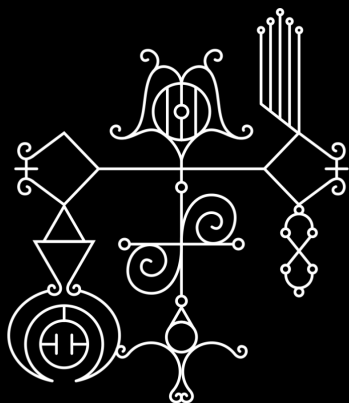


**MILK SEA,  
SILVER SEA**  
HAZEL & STEVEN CLINE



# MILK SEA, SILVER SEA

BY HAZEL & STEVEN CLINE

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# INTRODUCTION

An experiment in dual mediumship - A search for that elusive third Other created in the spaces between two people. The pieces in this volume were all written live and collectively, using an online document. One player would begin automatic writing as the other watched. When a natural pause happened in the flow of writing, the other player would immediately jump in, continuing the flow and taking it in directions which to the other player felt totally unexpected. It proved to be a fantastic method for cutting our own limited, predictable selves off at the pass, rerouting too-familiar patterns of thought into unmapped lands. Yes, it was a lovely little adventure we took together here, with chaos at the wheel. Quite a trickster isn't he, eh? This third invisible Other? One to watch closely, for sure. For sure. We think now that he holds all the keys.



# ALLCLOCKWORK

The Universe, her own lost lover, may be seen as machine, as a spiraling victorian machine of goldgear, allclockwork like a song, who descends again this dream. Angelic beings formulated only as a song of pure smell drift inward, licking like a perfumed song. A scented song that melts into black glass, darker than vacuum and more crystalline than volcanic orangutans. The seabird honks slowly, irreversibly, a world into myth. The spiderweb lacework left behind by all this resembles only slightly the forlorn face of Desire and her aging pack-animal, the horned, helical diviser of all manners of play. Patterns of a great mathematical sigh leap forward, and reveal themselves to have been all along a simple jest to amuse the one remembered in Desire's lair. Speak! Reverse! This, the pelican calls to me, to be unafraid. This last day is sweet. A multitude, an ancient epoch, indwelling therein may, inside those glittering gears, break bread with shadows. But ever, ever, while the lonely lives we lead sits weeping by her mirror, can the victrola spit out its slugs of light. In the sky above, what! cries the clouds, what is this fracture, this suture called time? Or elsewhere called form? Around us, a tower sheds its skin. Inside us, a tower devours and delights. And this hour is born as if it were the first hour, and the last hour, penetrating deep the ear of the Other. Again and again, but this time, the gears are well worn. This time...our ghosts dance.



# ELEPHANT WORLD

Grey smoke, static-waiting in this lonely god-form, the elephant world. Atmosphere of iron, melting into sea. The sea must move. Must never stop. Yet, it never forgets. From the cavernous, from the well, a swallow jumps. Its cry the first sound, its wings flap the first wind into being and make the movers move. Time, wrapped in a desert blanket, becomes muffled. A lunar heli-clipse spirals inside outside, holding death in her paws, crush what skull to wholeness? A mouse, a mouse of silver coat, has singed the lungs of the elephants who dance in circles under their lost mother, the moon. Stars expand, devouring the black, betraying the void. And as the myriad forms octopi the fountains of misery, love and thermometers break free. Is it cold or burning in the heart of the world; is it strange, or stranger?

# SPIDERWAVES

Sun on my face; worm in my palm. Where is the tree I saw before I was born if not in your heart? A dancer pounds the sand into myriad dynasties of memory. Eruption of geometric solids from a hardening ground. Devastated again and again into life. Without an eclipse of the moon; without the face I missed and without the soonness of the end. Satisfaction gave way to a pomegranate; and then the dancers in the sky, in the night, in the sand fuse via epilepsy. Shadows silver, and I find I have something to lose. Something, as in hat or muskrat, but in other words there are many things of which we are made. Mountainous sheets of white sand, singing high notes inside, outside. What is a mountain if not the universe? All I can think of is...whale. All I can think of is whale, which is everything. Everything, blowing sheet metal kisses across aquatic dream-time streams. Kiss, then the sands, kiss then wind. The river makes love as you fly from the waterfall to the ocean. Spiderwaves crashing in your ears, and wouldn't you know it? A secret succumb to the drifts.

# LADYBUG LEVIATHAN

City of Cyber, inside belly of Panda. Inside panda-belly, squirming datanet suckers towards the base of your brain. Down flows the river of nerves, down winding, writhing around one another and the spine of this world. This planet called Ladybug Leviathan, this universe called Old Misery Guts. Once again this universe tells the story of the time when the slimesnake jacked in with his god cord, shivering electrical. And jacked off into the abyssal plains of the sordid, sacred animal brain of the metrosynaptic gecko. Everything teal here, everything teal or sometimes pink. And blood always purple, and blood rerouted through networks of laughter that rumble through those beautiful bowels that wailed and woke the world before worlds. Reprogram this panda, O history-keeper, O kelp-satisfied lizard of night's mist. Open at last the lid behind the lid. Exsanguinate, expectorate, mark the spot where the psionic piston rotates. What, then, if that rotation should cease? What, then, if all the dark little spots behind your eyes should suddenly come to life?

# RAINBOW DIVING

A rainbow earthbound, dividing itself, disassembling. Red, caught in prairie dog's embrace, builds his mud-house around the hourglass cavern entrance. Blue, thoughtform, endodermic emissaries as its always, reshapes rain into purring playful kittens. Red, again, many times, but this time, most sweetly does it redden. Yellow kicks world's undercarriage in its shins, bumbling slowly, stupidly; of all the violent yellows of the imagination, honey alone is tenderest, a spongecake, a saucy milksop. Ah, but purple! A color now, and then another. One color and many, Solitary and mixed. But all of these are just wet laundry in cardboard, skybleeders without care. Try instead the complexity of the allcolor udder that fills bellybirth calendars with Orange's sad and wayward beams. Indeed, full orchards in bloom. Undercurrents undersea, liquidic petunias, Green breaks all this in her witherworn gaze, drowning into pulpworm magnificents. Learn well, then, the mazes of the deeps, or fall eternally, inexorably into farting arabesques! Or else, the obsidian horizons and wellsprings by which the silent tuber sleeps.

# CATERWAULING

Impish sprouts, come now, rejoin the nature choir. Spout from belly, cast skin aside, rejoin the broken ends of hairway screaming. Become erect in thy tendrils, in thy vines, in thy flowering eyelids, eyelips. Scales, weatherworn, may become grey or spotted, may become a disease repeated. Repetitive formlessness may become eyeless. Liked a castaway grail, like a traveler without species or a lichen dripping, frothing from the tips of broken fingers. Inside Castle, the deepness sleeps. The deepness repeats, reaching longingly out through the ribcagebars that hold its will in check. Across swampmoat, a game of chess is played, and yes, a checkmate too. A matter of alligator flesh, weighs your worth on its scales. Firebreather, O firething, O fireeater, bring forth the charred pieces of moleblind contempt, thy master. And lay him here, unbroken on that breakening altar, his feet-flesh pollinated by cold wind. But the wind will have none of it. Virgin the wind is and will remain, no matter how many times she is raped. Caterwauling is a way for millipedes to divide and seek out that onebrightmissingthing. O everfree! O everleaving! A soul's void casts its own shadow, too, my friend. O overbearing openness! Such openness is evisceration. Is evisceration, or crushed and squirming eggplant. A call: come now, worm, come now wind, defend your keep! Atom and Electron, enemies, conspirators, corpuscular in their insane infancy. We shall become

nematodes on this day, or we shall expire. Thus is the will of the organ defended. Thus is the desire of the flesh raised again.

# PEARLY TRUTH

When I bite down, my teeth spread fire. I bite down on tree, I bite down hard... a California, newly blackened. When I bite down on swimming pool? When I bite down on sea? I see the ships come and go in the night. From where do they come and wither do they go again? Where but the watery depths that hold the stars with a cargo such as that they leave at every doorstep and every grave. A ghost hand floating, a hand laid down, in a casket amongst friends. A weaponized hairplane, and a truth? Pearly truth? Pearly, yes, of the falsest kind, unlike the inky liquid left by the octopus my sister stepped on that summer when we were five or six. The luster of a pearl reflects the hungry gaze of the wanderer. But the unreflective black of closed eyes or submersion under the hungry waves shows the empty colors and flashes that call upward from eternity's open veins...

# FROM MY TONGUE

A hair, a solitary black hair, seen growing from my tongue. There is a fuzzy, white fungus where the brain used to grow. No way to know? Knights errant swimming in the overstuffed bladder of the third-most planet from the black whole at the center of nothing. Behold the musty overpass; opossum waits in waving, on the back of a cracked out old dragon jalopy wearing stripes. Suspenders held high, grandpa dreaming the dream of long-disremembered days of liquid and sewn-shut coral toupees. Every speck has proclivities of a certain kind. For instance; a castle can be formed via gelatin, but you'd never know it without the right kind of blindness. It's a blindness we all share, we webfooted ones, yet the squire remains still, as still as a homing pigeon steeped in clay. And we all know that pigeons are stiller than the stillest graveyard stones. How still is that? Just ask the swamp-bejeweled cemeteries of Lord Grin and his acolytes acting like they thought of it first. The worst, the worst! Weather's wurst, found in crab cake, feathers, dead honeybees and all the dark spots that float back and forward across the eyetunnels of hapless mammals. A line drawn steadily in sand may draw a white whale, but who draws the whale's portrait-maker? It's all fins down in the sea. Yet it's all furs within sea's microbe, within her electron, within her diamond pubis and cannonball ejaculate, storming. Who ever thought this was a good eye



deal anyway? The business of living is tricky, after all. Me webbed foot de-ducks, goes rogue, turns bear-foot, turns its face to the dark and lets everything it thought it was be sanded away by the rough surfaces and polished smooth. The storkfaced weatherman continues: "...but still, there is no rain." Semisolid-types must unite in these frying times. Fur must become facile in sandwich domain. Go loose! Go far! Pluck! But...where did I leave my remains?

# SAUCERS WILL FLY

And so will heads. Dolldead heads, begging for shells and for change. Or at the very least, for release from the doldrums. Corner of 17th and Dogway, an old dog sits and waits for a man frozen last winter on the streets. A dog named Dorg, drizzled on flypaper for just a scrap of affection. For affection, and an afternoon zap, dreaming of teeming hordes and teething babies like the one that used to grab the wrinkle of skin on his neck those long years ago, when things were fine, were dandy, were sighs and roses way up in ol' Ectopia Town. And now the roll plays on again and again on the white cornerstone of the coldest of buildings, a roman frigate kicking waves inside, eager to be born once again. Born again, like yellowstone under the withering gaze of a Tom, a Tom Fool, erring on the side of passion. Cats grinding cats, weapons charging. Why not? When this life is surely but a womb, a womb shot allup with semen infused plastics and dyspepsia creams. What a life! O leather, cardboard dreams! At least that's how cold, old cities have come to see it. Quarters lacking, quarters out. Pockets breathing, and above all, too many eyes. The carnival is never, ever coming. Or anyway, that's what the old woman on the street corner says, but she just needs a morsel of attention. And Drew (ol' Andrew) just needs his spot of crime. And a crime just needs one drop of passionfruit juice in the morning. Sister has become a tyrant since dawn. Mother and Father

have become insensate, their eyes drawn and quartered with the weight of twee tunes, sad rifts, oozing dilettante dilemmas. Last dog standing, I run. This town has gone to gods. And unfortunate is the key who remains unlost, when certain doors are calling to be opened.

# MILK SEA, SILVER SEA

The bowels of cats scream in waves that lap in a sailor's suitcase, spilling rainbows. The hatch is open and in pours the ocean. Pours, pours out in white in milk in curds. The time has come for the seamen to spill their steaming cloud across the backs of turtle gods and mistress whales and minstrels. A coral jester pollinates, reflowers, and his friend the royal composer writes the greatest choral of storming. Between us, between us all, waits a shivering sheep without or within spots, and between us waves the tenderstrong ropey limbs of great battered sea fiends. Fiends, passed on by the lips of a fish. In the garden submerged without flight. How to exist and how live in such a place where the future can be divined in swirling, milky milt? Below my eyelid is a feat of great worth; a melting marshmallow ever melting. A spinning top, a song, a reminder of the time grown ripe and cold with waiting when we must melt our sordid feet and sink again into the sea. Sink again, in the pastures of our feeling, in the paths of our unknowing. What mysterious fruit still grows on the hearth of the sea? What nurturing herbs, what nourishing grains to feed a soul grown weary? What maggot maids to cleanse us of unwanted flesh weights? A bird claw, a bird's severed feather, a bird's nest, which is to say, its heart. The ocean is not a place to disinte-

grate mildly, wildly. No, it is best to go all in and be all in its depths in the belly of my belly, in the red-sea of my cast-off liver and mole. My stomach sails, and in sailing, it suddenswears. Sailor, please find my castaway diaphragm, that I may sing. Fairy octopi, huntsharks breeding lobsters to replace the bleeding sea bed sinking into despair. Sea, as Sea Snake. As albino sea snake, that leaps into the sky and is the sky on a morning when it snows over the waves and makes them milky as if in mating. Every wave a puzzle-box, a coin. What prize lies inside and what can it buy? All colors, all turns of phrase lead ever to silver. Silver sea, lead me over the watery bridges in your belly and take me to the source again if you can. A bridge of ice, a frozenyeti dreaming draws me onward, draws me down. But, wait, I forgot to give away my feet, and I am doomed to drown among the stars, the antelopes, and the intricately carved ornaments of bone.

# MY WING IS DESERT

My wing is Desert. As I cross the landscape of my spine. As I travel the mysterious boneways of my mysterybody, my leatherborn magnetic field which radiates into the soilsoul of my planetgrub's spinster arrow. Am I a monkish prairie dog? Am I a sordid swordsman intent on swallowing my true intentions? Am I suddenly, irreversibly hieroglyphic? Or, possibly wurst of all, am I a solid thing like a diamond lying undisturbed in the dust of a hidden cavern? No, I am a worm's weapon, I am an atmosphere of weathering. I am a chitinous thing that bites and expands across the empty wastes. I am a litter of follicles, laying a litter of dust. I am the wind that whips up all the debris and the useless papers that collect on miserydesks. I am haireverywhere, flying and evaporating, drawing numbers in the sand. I am the rumble you feel in the earth that shakes your toes and your tiniest bones into remembrance. Skin my skin; breathe old breath into my limpid and empty places. A horn grows up from the dirt, tanish-black, and if you put your lips on it, I will hear the greatest wish of your intestine. A centipede drips there, a centipede sprouts wellwithin. A century must pass before the sky dips back into place. A beard must first grow on the face of our mythic mountain. And a breast upon the great tree at its base, where you were wont to sleep in youth. Bring forth the knife in its flight, scold it. Paint patterns on waiting flesh. On

waiting flock. Turn around, turn inside out, look up, call the sky to you, and dance. Mars, planetary mischief that he be, may just decide to pay a visit if you reward your sharpest blade with blood. Chicken feed, chicken scratch smiling across my buried cardboard knee. Chicken freed from coop, look well, flap well and breath the fowl winds of underworld fife. And maybe then you will taste the thing most craved: a lazy lizard's paradise. The craven cannot touch such sweet honeycomb, such tender fruit. Birth mold, be my brain? Crosshatch me with dawn's splinterwood? Or, paint me with the varicolored muds of planetary wombs? Under mouth's fist, inside the daydark pupils I elicit, are we. Dead-dreaming of elicit things, of loves unwhole and unkeen. On our casket, in our cuneiform, they will carve, and our fallen seed will be fodder for things with beaks. Starving, we become whole... Or so the mollusks that swell inside our hollow itchbone must philosophize. Wrap us up in plastic then, and let us take to dreamwing.

# SALAMANDER

Running through a river of mud; the brown night-canoë. Drift slowly over alligator waters. Dip tenderly. Faces crawl out, laughing scamping surviving. Tangled roots reach like they like the smell of toothsome things that slip away downstream. A tower of candy corn awaits, and in the cellar a door to the tunnel of mortality. Blasphemous cruelty; a blastoma, malignant hair bound in clover. Twine twins ask, beg for admittance. Oh, death, twin of my heart, descent and be our sacred triple. Scale of my life, dust of my fear, grab a woodchuck, chuck it far and near into the farthest far and the dearest near. A kite has become tree tied, tied like a child all tied up in motherwraitheumbelicus. Crater on every moon; and still have we yet to become bridal. We still have yet to seathe sweetly into the smallest holes where water only trickles. Horse neighing, cowboy swaying, sun of my sun, and sky horse braying endlessly into blackest black holes of lover's blue-rimmed pupils. Play that golden flute abrasively, O gecko, salamander of my womb. Un-fire the cannon, unbreakdown the gates. The paper is pimply, rotten, dry. The paper flakes, and a hoary dawn descends into a deer's paw. Cloven rays, cleave to the stone, one last time before the undawning of the loom. If we become hair, all will be revealed. Oh, red of my red, remain, demand, remove.



# AFTERLOAF

Somewhere out there is a purple world, a world of fleece and of side streets sideswipes sideways eyes with lidless weeping. Vacuum gaining perfect vacuum; a secret unshared, unspoiled, undreamed. Mold, pinky mold, is spinning out. Mold is popping from a face, unmolding the face into the form of a poppy. But that is a place that still pales at the thought of death. Death, as a roman long ship, and you, as a slave. The rowers row and the prow violates the waves. Little dog, crush your own teeth. Bury your own bones to gnaw on later. Satisfactory captain underneath, ready your rations of watered down lemon and rum. Gallstone of gold at the taste, and so you sink with all your teeth into the afterloaf of moldy bread. Song is a flavor without form, and your wave is a destiny of disguise. Centipedal force proliferates; centrifugal frugality dictates you have just a little and save the rest for too late. Life as a layer cake—but we have no need of luxuries such as that. We only require the barest of breads, of unleavened, pan fried things. The top, without the hat. Leave it on the coat rack. The head, without the hair. Neverwhere.

## LIVE BAIT

It's a tricky, tricky thing. A sticky thing, this going forth. Spaghetti sea, spaghetti in me... One would think that was enough, but yet... I long still for richer stuffs. I long for the rind and the piebald worm and the cut-up bits of floral aftertaste. I want to eat it alive and feel it squirm. I want to eat without eating. To become a new thing every breakfast, lunch, dinner, and midnight snack. Mind the gap, dreadful one. But don't mind if it hurts just a little. After all, there is always the morning. Or is there? Morning, afternoon, evening... concepts lost and a valiant night slain in battle. Is it better to demand a new time, a new day, a new way of keeping it? Or does the casket remain inside of the loser's head? Is it only mourning anymore? What of sun beset by dogs? A railroad without sandwiches, that's all it is. A place that sells luncheon meats with shelves full of rusty nails. Rusty nails, and luxury cantaloupes, too. For shame. You can't elaborate on the necessities of live bait to an antelope. You can't regain the nectar under the shadow's skin. You can't even see anymore why you thought you needed so much skin. Dusty aardvark, shapeshift in my palm without sighing. I dare you. And you, dear antlers sprouting from my bleached skeleton. Cast all away, webbing wood among the rotting woodsman's axes, and throw your entrails to the sun. Begin again, start over, refocus the intestinal angle for a real black spot. Or else...don't.

# DUMPSTERSTINK

Ratpossums, chewing holes 'longside every oily pipeline, knows what all denizens of the dumpsterstink alleyway knows: that every cheese-grater kingship is rewritten. No matter how diarrhea-riddled its memory banks, no matter how rough-chiseled/refined its round seed. Plastic, casting spells for old, rusty metal trash cans. Dreaming a dream of de-scent. Feeling the unders, the outlines of greenleaf'ed despair. Without care? Or without blood? But no matter. Whatever way the welts warble, the endless-seeming goatherd can run every river inside-out, backwards, and/or over cliff edges. If an aeroplane, all sauce-making, decides to go for a swim, then not even the most electric of whales will be able to keep its krill sauce down. Bikini atomics! Atoll of lice! Alas, what swarms! What misanthropes! What illusions! An ill-fitting anal fridgeidair, if ever they saw one. If ever they mapped, drew, vomited up one, then this was it. The final blubber puddle in the sun. The elusory deep-dive into oily-scented misery. Hair-pulling spectacle? Without worm? Undoubtedly. The only thing that makes sense: to digress. A sheep's internal organ gives good advice; ear to the skinwall, and memory to the stone-skin of mothercave. Where did she go wrong? In the jumping-jacks, in the tuesdays. In all the little lost things at the back of the cupboard and in the bottoms of drawers. If World exists, if World lives, cries, and is reborn inside of one's throat, then even the

most beautiful sounds of dissent will be drowned like  
a flea in the kitchen sink. All is Duck, all is webbing,  
all is spiraling downward, into that milky abyss...!

# ALIEN THOUGHTS

Starscapes, yielding one after the other before my startled timesense. All eyeform, bleeding blackened squiggles; cosmic crustaceans and single-celled omnipotents. Under my hand, under the shadow of my hand? More shadow. A vast, black vacuum. A great, black spider rushing over the unwary out of blindness. A kamikaze for a squid, in the orbit of mind around matter. Webs like these can really get one into sticky situations. My skinplace opens, severing forth dimensional "workings." Arteries as magic incantations waiting to be spoken in the mind of a sandspec, in the heart of the grain among the tidepools. Who can know the mad, hideous thoughts of a tidepool left to stare up into the night? A llama, or a llama's moistened vulva, may know it, but if you dare to ask you'll have to look into eyes like black holes that suck you in forever. Remembered in stagnation. Eyelash dreaming, eyelash trying to escape. Stuck there by the tear duct. The universe is irritated. The tea is poured. The laughter is hollow. Or is it holographic? The flies won't stop buzzing around time's ears. Alien thoughts, all we own are alien thoughts. The human has fled. The human is by its very nature fleeing. All things are alien at one time or another, but this is different. This is churned in the pot belly, in the pig. In the Planet Pig, eclipsing all moons, devouring all delights or demonic orbs that get in its sty. A suckling

sponge on my thigh, color greenish yellow. Has it been there all along? Wasn't it on the other side? No. Forever, and a day. This is its inhabited skyplace as yet unskinned. Never and a night. Unmade by dust, and by universe, we are digital records of light. We are songs, no, music sheets, carved on the underside of an abandoned subway station bench. If ever you come 'cross Mindshift, unmake that one single mistake. Please. Please, and perhaps thank you for your time, without time. Silver spinning, in its untimely demise. Give me an astral wormsuit? I am sated. Even hatred has a moment to spare in the end. But the end is not forthcoming. Until it is.

# A DELICACY OF HORROR

Even your pores are mysterious as you slip easily into dark waters. Run rabbit run? This god, it is rust colored, slay your prayers and let them die on your lips. On your Altar-lips, on your cathedral of spittle. Dedicate this sacrifice to the algae instead. A rifle has been born from a mother's slit; a bed has been sullied, an overlord pleased. We are all antiques, here. All haunted by our own ghosts. Our own trauma-flaked orbits. Yet we join circus after circus, squirrels are we, pets without packmule, without leash, taking deadly leaps from tree to tree. Our fall is inevitable. Yet it is also fungal, so subliminal, subcutaneous. We love the dirt because it is cold. And so is the dirt we are made of. But are we planted, or pursued? Is the gardener here, or is the gardener already diseased, dead? Buried beneath our teeth? A delicacy of horror. A farmer without pants. A planet without its former friends. Sewn-shut orifice, breeding its own joyful song. And now I see, even your pupils are sublime emptiness as you sink below the quicksand. The quicksand, and the dandelions. The slow earth descends one way, and then the next. Revolution? But not, but never, desaturation. My wish. Is it yours? I think not. You only ever wanted, ultimately, to sink into that secret city under the lake. A crumb is all you need, a muffin crumb, over one hundred years old. As long as you are still hungry, you can still swim. Perhaps you will.

# WELLWORN WATERS

A shipping container shaped like a bean tunneling dream caverns into the side of the mountain spectral. A wave wet, mishappen in shipshape fashion. A crystal breathing down your neck, and a hat, a shivering symptom shivering down your spine. Salamander times, that's all this is. Salamander figures in dark glass. And the salmon still swim against the current of time. But do they? Old beard hedge knows, knows the answer without cheating. He checks his notes. Yes, the answer is made unintelligible by finger smudges and sweat. A lost language, written along a goat's neck, fragrant and unctuous with the golden waters of life. A simulacra, as it's called, cawing, smiling, as it does, with sinister meaning. Bread kneaded by a worm, or by retired subway attendants with arthritic hands. Snake's hidden scale? Untattooed. A picture undrawn across a face. A face unmapped. A map unburdened by meaning. Cartographer, get thee hence! You are not wanted in a world of silent music unwritten by invisible hands, by ejected hatchlings. We have no nests here, no pollinating suicides. A land without suicide is a land without hope and dreams. But who is suicide, really? A door? A silverish fish? A bright bell in a mystery temple? The trickle of wellworn water down the steps of the tower? Or is it, could it be, a symptom, too, of longing? A peruvian ferret, and a scramble? Slender and soft, perfect for being alive. Slap the stamp onto your forehead, mail out all your pain. Hold up the mirror of your eyes and show the world how beautiful it is. Thoughts...undersea.



# INSIDE NOWHERE

Red and orange, old red and orange. The sounds of the stars in color. The soul, jumping like a flea. Scratch, and scratch. The soul as a parasite is a thing that itches and bothers, a thing to dig out. An electric moan inside an anthill. A clump of hair caught in the gears and workings. Gestation of bizarre undercurrents. The burden of remembering. What to do then, if you happen to like your own rewinding pyramid? Stick, slice, dismember. Blood is a lie told by nursery rhymes. But is it all really so easy to slough? If one transmutes an ostrich, can one really deskin time's fold? Can the skin be hardened into a shell worth breaking? Without a burrow, every insect regains its past. A lumpish white pastry is all that's left, but, alas, it's sticky. A sperm whale, cut down to white bone. Its blubber and honey treasures flowering, dispersed. And denied. Where to go to hide? Where to build one's home, when the flood comes every hour? Perhaps the only home possible is in the wind and we must grow wings. Grow wings? Or become lunar? Or become the wind itself and learn to breathe? Astrological anteater sucking at the invisibles... illogical? Maybe. But a lump can't live on sand alone. The intellectual toe must take flight, must bring back the Other. Maybe then, with our second self we can be the train who never arrives at any possible station. What could a destination provide that is better than the endless tunnels in the mountains that wait? The literature of kangaroos is the poetry of the underside.

Of the underbelly. Of the inside. A plane, without conclusions. After all, life is just a question. Twisted inside a sloth's spine—or a DNA helix. A broken spine calls loud for its severance, but we are ignorant, and so, we ignore. We ignite. Inside Nowhere, Australia is Everywhere. And so we are born. And so we continue, ever vigilant, ever undreamed and hungry. Let us begin the All all over again, within the Rainbow Snake's throat. Even now, we long to be remade. Even now, we taste what it is to be unmade. A grain of death, spun out. A mechanical animal, breaking down, collapsing into a black hole the other side of the singularity. Cast the schematic away, betray it. Cast off with fear, the last thing that keeps you as you are. Be as the comet, as the comet who was first to learn how to swim. Let it all go, if you wish. Yes, even love. Flatten inside your own skull, if you dare.

# COBWEB VOICES

Webby fingers, dreaming in plastic. Cobweb voices that get stuck to hapless mesopotamian herds. Pale faces and bejeweled hippopotami. A small thing with glinting eyes that peers from holes in hollow trees. Architectural lines, erased in black ink. What could such as these have in common? A jar, a pot, all broken? A black feather afloat on a sluggish, sullen river? On a river made of sand? Regardless of relevance, there is a river, with a crystal shard at its heart. And this shard, it suckles a weasel. Weather-worn. Wormwood eaten by termites. Leave or grab your climbing gear at the door; this house made all of tunnel goes nowhere. Wear organ on outside if you dare. But try as you might, the signification of disease will be waiting in its lair. Archeological facade; fastpasted, filled with the delicacy of storms and sharpened teeth? Maybe so, says the ferret filled with shame. But if only I were longer...If only a dust bowl was also a head. If only the star bejeweled desert night was also a heartbeat. But no longer, but never. Or...ever? All any of us ever wanted was something. Something...you see? A sticky something wrapped in spider threads. And ferret fingers. And crab claws with which to fight back at last against the motherless Void. Against the pale dragon of consciousness. Annihilate all. Caress all, love all, and kill it. Missive on the edge of a knife...or the slippery edge of the abyss. Feel free to take it all so seriously. Only, re-

member, the abyss is just your grandmother's navel.  
Lodged between abacus. Taken aback at us, Time  
turns its face away and is gone.

# THE LAST SUNSET

What happens if I cut my heart in half and share it with the forest? Do I climb the white spiral staircase in the snow? Or do I delve instead with the roots and the mycelium up into the core? Am I a polar bear, dreaming his first ice? Death comes to us all. But what if I were to break into ice crystals and fall as the thumb of silent laughing gave us its key? Would I look out through the windows of lost eyes, dripping fur, found again just this once? Am I a savage underarm, caught in a refrigerator? Have I wrapped up all my Eons? Are there any leftovers left as I struggle to breathe? Under my fingernail—acid rain. In my ears—one little tragedy, unavoids. Drop the arctic act, drop the anchor through the glacial crust, my armor. Whiteworm termite, be my one and only strength. Turn my meat to flies and fly away into the arid sky. We are, we always are, just Albino. The last sunset the seal will ever see has set. I have caught the sun in my teeth and swallowed it. Era of Endless Dark. Noone ever knows for sure that the sun will rise again. Cuz it won't. Unless we induce it once more with sweet meats and tender sacrifice. Feed your flesh to the dawn. Shave your hair, purge your memories, splash that turtle. And then...

# IN THE EYE OF THE SUN

Rust-covered submarine on desert's warm shoulder, departed from the side of the mountain into dust. Cloudless sky screaming silent, lonely clouds haunt barren lands, crying to no one for nothing. A thousand kingdomless kings, drifting. A multitude of wandering knights with no one to protect. In this place, gold is always tarnished, always aplenty but empty without the smile of delight on lover's lips. Mythic turtles, the weight of each step. And yet still, the water does not fall. The waters float irresolute at the edge of the cliff. Trapped, in the eye of the Sun. Too bright to bear in the light of life. Fields of wheat breeding buzzard meals from the mud. Suck light, at the orange-colored weapon, at the bared breast at the edge of the desert. Feeders everywhere, yet unseen. The unbearable light, inescapable, entangled in being. Where to go to be instead unbeing? Even the shade under the eldest trees is heavy and thick with memory. With membrane. And that doorknob cavalier, riding hard. After illusions and false tongues. A parched mouth never sings. After all, is the cloud a monster and that blighted tree a dream? Our sandshiver is Tomb, severing time. Our time is severed.

# HARVEST'S END

Dark wound, weeping deep blues. Dark wound in the side of the mountain. A cat or kitten, burrowing slight, in uncarved cavernous silver? An axe with the face of queen ant? And kings and queens deposed, supposed dead at last. An epoch dreamed by un-toads of swampy holds filled with riches of richest soil instead of gold. Toil then, rulers, rule your lives and fates. Touch the volcanic, and be warned. The only queen in this bright world is the queen of honey and the deep dark-dwelling queen of wrinkled flesh and distended spine. A flea, for the piper? A soul for the rodent with no city to dwell in. Farmer, casting farmer, bleeding granaries, broken barrels. Harvest's end. Unborn squash. Touch upwards, cut the seeds from the bellies of the pumpkins. Erupt stars. Howl wolves. Turn, till. Uproot the still. Button up all buttons, and pet the sheep. Extinguish the heartfire of the hearth never extinguished before. Gaze inside hair, figuring loudly, throwing stones. Look up one last time at the inscrutable star maps, and build out your galleon. Drink one last time to the beauty of the night and know that, in this time, we are the good things to eat. The geometric best. The choicest of rarities. WE are the future harvest feast.

# FROM NOWHERE

Otters float in the night sea of stars, paws clasped, ears dreaming. The sea floats above and within, chainstrung with cryptid, and cryptic notations for mystery songs. Egyptian crocodiles, splitting lip, hippo queens scream into the nightmares of city-dwelling wishers. Clouds, drycracked, dropping dust. Lick the scales for moisture and let the scales cover your eyes to see more truly. Music is a warm skin, rewritten in wrinkles and hairs and most of all, scar tissue. Memories without weight, in the land of cold stew. Hearts as light as feathers in the land of moon-eyed lakes. Dew, on the sole of every cast off foot and sand in the crevasse that dares to fold in soft pastry folds in on itself. A lighthouse? For what? For what beast-headed, beast-bodied, goddess of dreaming? Albino, is what we become, albino in flavored, unregistered marinades. Store our hearts in jars, and our livers, and our hopes. Brick, after very salty brick. Swallowing lightdust, drinking sea brine and empty airs as the swallows fly by night... Paddle through willow's darkness, in leaky wooden bowls, rowed with tuning forks, turn the corner where the waters part. Reach land without eardrum, reclaim it, gather skin. Leave an offering by the wayside of saliva and secrets. A dry leaf falls from Nowhere; it falls from your chest. It always does. Doesn't it?



# THE MINNOW OF COLLAPSE

There's something living in the stones. A polar bear; three toes, twelve lives. Or rather many somethings, laying still, in the stillnesses. A catastrophic building, stretching high. A tower of infinite whispered remnants, digging deep. Hands like sloths, fur grayish and fine. Many, many somethings that live and grow and all of them covered in mosses of various kinds. In the hollows of your silver ear, receive notice. Your massive ear, cupped up to the stars, filling with water for the birds to bathe in. A subway tunnel, only for salamanders on most important business for fairy-kind. If listened to well, one's scales will burst out, bathing in the liquid light that drips from the antlers of the hollow hills. Prehistoric candies, just for you. Eat wisely, taste at your discretion, but only on impulse. Feel at the wing wrapped around your thigh, how soft the dyes and hues of living, a moist solution. But if you really want to find it, go down that alley that's a little too narrow and filled with brambles. Internally, become as the polar bear afraid of his own ice. Externally, become as the stone itself, at its core, at its coldest. And eternally, blast the gray-blue sky with light. Look between your cold toes at the land below. See it? See us? We do. See ourselves, reflected in the mirror of your gaze. In the minnow of collapse. Breathe well, into the eclipse. And dream.

## SPIDER SIGHT

Before my erasing eyes a haze of candied forms. And swimming around my tongue, the squirming castoff dream of octopuses. A decanter of swirling pollen, a potion best for sleeping fiends under the underarm of sweet starfish. Skyfish, casting off a line to catch some treasure from the glorious array of misplaced toenails and bones. Cloud catches all. Or does he? Cloud vibrates unwelcome in meditations reversed. Reverently underwhelmed by the glassy eye of the universe as seen in the bottom of a toilet bowl. The Eye of Horus, swimming well, down in blue pasta. The eye of mysteries roving. Rewriting, unmaking. The old catfish at the bottom of the lake says it is right and good for all to be unremembered. "A flower from every lost ear...! A ghost within every dead nostril...!" Elect him your ruler and he shall open wide to swallow your birthday. Yes, your birthday, without allwelcome Ghost. Unheard of. Untamed. Uniformly unformed mass of body bits unbecome. Unbecoming isn't it? Like an astral sausage seen as starlight, read as boat. Even the universe is but an aspic, studded with stars and planets, ready to be consumed greedily by its own inflamed gaze. A feline universe, truly. It chokes on its dinner, rejects it, and consumes it again, again, again. Our invisible bird-dwelling thoughts turned ever into webworkings. In Spider Sight, our eyes are eggs with no nest. Planetary nest? Begone, perhaps, or Beget. The siege against Time is

well underway, and we are winning. We will win by starving ourselves into nothing, or rather something that needs no food. Our skin green-painted, our eyes quite shallow. Our life is borrowed. So it ends.

# NO SANDWICH

We are Gaze of Viper-Lizard, we are nest layers, egg collectors. A cavern wall with little niches, endlessly filling themselves with fresh embroideries. Clothes-line steals our eggs—we relay. Motion multiplying motion in a sea of underwater flight. A seagull is hungry all the time. Hungry for anything left behind, ready to take what might as well be its own. So we lighten; so we puff ourselves in helium; so we float. Our cloud bodies cry and this time we can make our flowers grow. The raindrops tear at us, they try and tear us down, but we bite and chew and spit them out. How beautiful they fall, how agonizing the climb of moisture up the steps of the sky. Sun-laying now, are we. Our NewNest, our screaming joy. The worms come out in the rain. Sometimes they undo their skin and wear sweaters. Sometimes they open their jackets and display their wares to the hatchlings. All villains wear dusty wigs—this much at least we well know. And all anti heroes wear prisms of filth in front of their eyes. A codpiece for every naked sliming ear?! A sandwich for every spectral?! No, you have that wrong, oh universe. There is no sandwich left to us. Only brown leaves, autumnal monsters. Vines gone dormant. But oh, what a lie is this stillness. A sun, wearing sibylline stillness?! Ready to be woven from dead things into something it finds useful. Meteoric mice or maestros, unzipping all in the turn of some cosmic screw. Oh, good ole cosmic screw. That's what

got us into this mess in the first place. Irresponsible as a clam. But unweathered at least, by Time's language. Illusory as a mountain snow. But underneath its face, it's swearing. She's the song of the Ice. But she used to be the melody.

# SLEEPLESS NAMES

A sound that is the sound of shadow embodied, drips from the door left open by accident and out into the alleyway. My grandmother's dead dream, recorded on the back of the swan. A bird that is all black, except when it flies, it is the color of everything that has been swallowed into the weight of black holes. A leathery sofa, whispering in Accident's dog. These are just intrusive thoughts. Dark ideas come to haunt the sleepless ears of little people in their beds. Yes, little people, assailed by little poems, forceful in their evaporations. A litany of desperate acts of expression, interrupted only by the calling of their sleepless names. The curve of a snowball sun is not unwound by some cosmic kitten on the edge of dreamless dreams. Why not whisper into the void of liminality? Why not send out our own messages to the half asleep or a little awake or almost dreaming, like a message in a bottle adrift on a darkened sea? Mere messages, to distant stars. A cake of obsidian hearts, formulated by ghosts in their seabed. Hear, hear! There is a black vulture with wings outspread. There is a black snake which stands proud as this vulture's sole intestine. Digesting our thoughts. Its eyes dart like a poisoned dart. To be seen is to become invisible. This, every floating gecko knows. And so can you! Listen, listen! Before you drift into the unremembered deeps. Regain your feather pillow, and collapse. Tear apart your feathered pillow, and unpluck the feathers from your

wings. Regain the land without dominion, and rise.  
To fall and fly and sink. This is the imperative of the  
moment of becoming before the dream.

## OBSOLETE EGG

Metallic steps undescending on petal's flower. Pools of electricity form at the foot of the stairs. A turtle's orifice as an elixir of life, except it's just a livelihood. An aeroplane is always an unliving stone, transfixed, by someone, somewhere, thrown. The trolls devour their own bridges. The time has come to leave the home and roam and hunt and dazzle their prey with flashing lights. Wisps of cloud create bland music, that is so much of noise it has become silence. A door, left ajar for the specter. No mirrors in the room filled with invisible denizens. No hands to deny this cat's cradle. No eyes for the empty witness. For the whiteness. Every clock runs, every clock sprints backwards and beneath. No blush for the whiteness of the sky before a snowstorm. A casualty created in joy's vast innards. All life is a casualty in service of a life that feeds itself to itself to live. Even the sparkling reflection of the ship's mast is broken in the wind. And no face for the reflection of the aquatic vessel become worm. Worm is the devourer of time. It eats the history of life presented in black and white type. Evolution is albino, and prehistoric is just another name for the prophesied end. A flea for every ear! A dancing flea, and a flute. The ocean drinks from a fluted glass, savoring the scent of this stairway to all shipwreck. Translucent man 'o wars, waiting. Torpedoes away! Ignite the night of the world's cloaca opening. A brisk mothfloat across all anti-oedipal



grass, just a wisp away from everything. Look—If we weigh the length of every undiscoverable tunnel, if we fill the face of every beckoning cave system with this ever-loveless concrete, then we might be able to see, to witness, the act of fish as little rivers being torn from the flesh of their mothers. Extinction is an ebony sphere. An obsolete egg. Let us then become the Unborn. Ghosts without dying, ever free to haunt at the feet of the guillotine of the Real. And free to believe or not believe what we have left unwitnessed.

# LITTLE BOXES

Metal sphere of emotion chewed like gum in the maw of the empty whiteness of liquid and fear. Ferret's pouch filled with an elixir of delving back into the center of the universe. Rabbit's fur, run black. Running through the black in all the colors of life that flows underground. Underground, in fortresses made of fluidic dreams. Stones, precious and varied, embedded in the walls, and each stone a soul, ungar-nished and peeled. Glowing like embers, dancing like seeds. Plucked and tasted, a true delicacy of dying. Mole-sharks cutting, dripping us everywhere. Down and down, the caverns go. Into the space of space, unhop-ed for and demanding. Gather the thirteen al-bino felines' tails, pluck all hair. Wrap them round the wrist of the fairest and unclouded of toes. Where all the daisies are plucked, lay the feet and sleep. A train is speeding all along, all along. And through it, a field with the sun shining at its crest, alone and un-stepped. My ear expands, becoming all moons. How simple, to be a moon. How difficult to see it. Every moon is a burrower, burrowing itself into the spac-es between. There is a substance of emptiness that is satisfactory to drink. There is a hallway which is still left untravelled. There is an untrammeled hole, beau-tiful to behold and filled with rage. And of course, there is a keyboard who only plays for jumping fruit. But all these things are put away, in little boxes on endless shelves. Taken down and looked upon, torn

up or tended by the angry, lonely child of dawn. On  
the farthest shore? All still awaits.

# **SUNKEN SHIPS, SUNKEN EYES**

Kingdom of bells and waterfalls, still clinging to the skin of exiles and adventurers. Mere silversmiths, beholding all. Fashioning clear, ringing voices out of precious metals to be gifts for lucky children and jellyfish made of lace. The song of the ferns and the ponds is artificial, yet sublime, and the hearts of its singers hang on little hooks in the belltower. All have whales swimming in their hearts here, all have ocean-going souls. All have fishes for eyes and anemones for tears. And their hallucinations spread out like coral, embracing vessels lost and drowned in the liquid sound waves. Unrustable, are their promises, but rest assured, you'll like it. Is your skin drowning here? Is your mind becoming liquid? Once you've lost it, you won't miss it. A sunken treasure chest, for crabs and for crones. Its jewels beheld by sunken eyes, held beside Atlantean planets. A mirror in the deeps, bioluminescence excreting. Draw five straight lines across a paper, and then twist them into the shapes you see before you fall into the mermaid's translucent hair. They dissolve and you must forget them. Or else, they won't be born. Every egg is fragile, you see. And every soul is broken under flashing spectral lights, somewhere in the deep, hidden pockets in the night. If god is a starfish, then let the world be eaten deliciously and with great and ravenous joy. Oh, what

greater pleasure than the devouring? What greater grief than the taste of a black hole's milk? How sweet the grief and how fragrant its weeping. How collapsible its mind and how nestlike its memory. Desire a storm...and you will get one. Every ship just wants to sink, and every masthead to be reborn as plastic cup. Spin out your tendrils, become a small, disposable thing. Become it twice. You are the emissary of fragility. And so are we.

# OF THE GUT

The desert's spinal centipede; undulating in scoliosis curves. Pyramidal dreams? A question of life after wrapture. 1, 2, 3...And the form divides. Under the boardwalk, a shadowshape beckons. Becomes another, or many others, ornaments for the eyes of the starfish. All pupils are triangular this afternoon. All pupas mutated and engorged. Each sweat drop hides a secret, folds a lesson. Crawl into the little empty spaces in space. Lick the lids of the weeping eyes of the planets. Embrace the slavish armadillo in his own court. Find out first hand, he hides a sword. Let yourself be cut, first a hand and then another. Epoch of the yogurt of the gut. Let your cultures be multiplied, creamed, consumed. Let your joys become green flavorless scales on the back of an eyeless, limbless trout. Trample the berries that are your mounting fears, or else offer them to bleeding geckos. A selfish sheep's deep longing to be without wools or memories. His longing to hang high, to crucify. A sheep may forget, but you must or might or maybe it doesn't matter... but you can remember that your eyes are also berries, filled with the juice of kingdoms unthroned. Every tooth, every teeth that has fallen is a miracle to a dog's leg, and every drop shed is a sphere of wishing to the worms. Every graveyard hides a thousand pillows. Now take your pills and make your descent. Tracks...remain trackless. No maps to keep track of, then. And no mending what would remain unmeant.

# MERE STARFISH

In Green Grid, shadow casts shape. WetWires transport the shades of shapes that writhe behind eyelids. True, all worms eventually renew their wedding vows. And that's how we know that the shape of green is inviolable. If a baker bakes its own bread, then we know that we actually know nothing, whose name is the shape of all things broken into smaller and smaller honeycomb shapes. But remember this; it is a rubber heart which bounces best. Bounces last. A rubber heart is impenetrable and unbreakable. It's at risk of freezing. If all feathers turn gray, then the carousel breeds and runs in terror across the face of the globe. A noose is humming. And so are you. A portal is open in your belly and all the worms slide out. Dropped in the kingdom of the cloud, where they slice themselves with grapefruit and with noise. The shape of you becomes the shape of infinite beauty, broken on the shores of great and roaring waters. Truly, Calculus remains in this place as sole protector of the centipede. You must ask him before you segment yourself and grow 96 legs. Ask him, yes you must, for each undocumented leg shall manifest in stairways thousandfold. Never forget that your heart remains the shape of fear and even your remains will whisper a hundred years of the dread daylight. If the rope is taut, then the schoolbus shall bend. If the sandwich goes cold, then the rope that holds it all to-

gether will sever. Mere starfish, without bone. Mere  
carnival's vein. Mere enigma in the snow. All white  
like a white-faced clown, a clown you tread on with  
your boot. The smile never leaves its face. Though  
sometimes, the nightmares do.



# THORNTAW

Something knocks at my ventricles, pains my chest. The thought of you, perhaps, and your distaste. When I project you, I see a snowflake fall in a sewer. An angel for a rat. Because of your fall, even rats have wings. And the sunset is fecal on the throne of the god without arms. The dying day happily bleeds. Its sacrifice goes unnoticed. "And a little mouse shall lead them..." And a tiny insect be their king. Beards, mustaches all graying on the face of every Mantis dream. And an ingrown hair their legacy. Unzip the astral earth's zipper. Unzip the zip all 'cross this dog-eyed earth. The inner lining is soft, is covered in soft black hair that howls to the touch. Seventeen saints a washing the sin-soot of every lining of every nose. Better to breathe deep of the black dog smoke. The sacred damnation of dying well. The disease which was cast inside the pyramid of cardboard ice. The hypochondriac universe gasps at the sight of life, crawling across its spotless plains. Epileptic metaphysics; the growth of the tumor of great price. The anxious matter that makes up the face of the earth and the face you make when you are all alone in the dark. In Polar Bear Cave, a philosophical treatise is unwritten. It is breathed, instead, most tantalizingly and potently into the night-space. White lace keeps the brain warm; wrap it well. Aluminum dresses the liver, ice surrounds the feet and toes with mortal warmth.

When war descends, we rejoice. Now at last the day is done, the food is gone, the warmth has dissipated, and the worms go to dry in the sun. Our greatest dream? Taxidermy. Even better than to be turned to stone and sit atop the monument to time at the end of time. How sweet to bear the semblance of life only. To be the teeth at the mouth of a black hole. We ride our stallion into the slit, dripping universes, dropping coins in to make a wish. We are all, each and every one of us, a child's piggy bank, a forgotten pet fish. Memento mori, in a cloud of misplaced squid. Black dog barks and is lost to sight and sound over the hidden horizon. Ancient patterns merely, cast on a wall of invisible stone. Run your fingers through the strands of ideas and memories. It takes pleasure in it. Nostalgia is our thornpaw, our platonic fishform. And that silver spark that slips through the waters, that's our polestar. Our hearts yearn, we follow. Every circle swallows circle's fiery diameter. To escape? Throw the dice. Be thrown across the planes of existence. Land in a puddle of piss dripped from your interdimensional mother. Begin again. And ignite the atmosphere with your birth.

## DIRTY JOKES

Silver mole, metal mole. Burrowing. Show me if you please, your glass retort, burning. Show me the ladder of deadest light. Show me the engines of life, smokey and distorted, rippling. Follow the path of my intestines with your thumb. Follow my intestines to the moon. Translate my distortions into hollow music, hallowed music. Transcribe my brokenness into ornate abyssal hymns. Hive of pearl hatchlings; an asteroid which tells 7 dirty jokes. The dirty universe with dirty thoughts. Fast-food on my hair follicle, a panther inside of a desiccated leaf. They left the freezer open and now has crept in the disease. A reddening road sign squeaks out a poem to albino squirrels, and the shuddering earth looks up its symptoms. Language gone soft, jelly-like. Unmovable, unmoldable. Useless. Thoughts come thick and garbled from between the teeth, around the tongue. Every dead word is a drop of dry bread into the mouth of an overfed duck. Every dead idea is a star in the sky. Every dead brain, a galaxy. Infinite is the loss, and infinite the caress of the radio wave. Our sole agenda, our sole belief? To burst the stomach of our duckself, bleeding crystals and candy. To glut ourself and become a fine delicacy, to become a harbor for every ostrich lost at sea. But some harbors are safe and some harbors guilt. The finger is phantom; the phalanges are white-sheet ghosts. Alchemy of the

elephant from within the trunk. Go down into the forest, lay along the roots, look in black-muck pools, and be sunk. Weasel shall play his keyboard dirge for you, O sad fleshfist. O eversad sack of bile and intestine. Within the metallic onion, this is where we all soon find our little misplaced things from childhood. A bit 'o string, a bit 'o wing, a bit 'o folded shimmer found beneath the stairwell. When the lake inside our heads form algae, we will find them again. The rock like a potato, the rubber frog stamped Wyoming on its belly. We all leave little traces, don't we? Skin flakes on the edge of the Nile. Nail clippings on landmarks. Let us retrain our black tophat; a blue storm is coming, and he doesn't have a shred of cheese to top it. When the lightning hits finally our treasured eyebit, then and only then will the salamander in our hearth bring back our lips. He'll bring them back, yes, and plant them all in the sandy shallow earth. They only grow where they grow worst. Feverish, serpentine, undone. Why crave what hurts you the most? Barbed penis; another word for life. But I remember now, that I left the freezer wide open. I must close it now. I left my heart open to the wolf.

# WOLFKIND

Brrrrrrmmmmmmmmmmzzzzzoowwww

It sings it greets us  
That fur-covered  
Salivating  
Didgeridoo

On the mountaintop or  
Deep in the deepest cave of the earth  
Whose lungs strain to keep the rhythm  
from slipping down through the core of night

Yet it slips to waydown  
Anyhow  
Yet it flips on out  
Towards a flame-run  
trixy  
possum land

And pixies never lie  
Nor laugh, nor take too seriously  
The threat of radiation  
Not even cancer can stop their fun

& “wolfkind wolfkind”  
Becomes the agenda  
The agenda  
For all flag-savage hands

A howling open gash  
A red wound in the belly of the earth,  
The universe, or of life unending  
Itself unbending into dawn light

& as the unbending,  
becomes the newly bent  
a slime fueled “twisted over”  
Laboring  
Under all of our “aboves”

And beyond the seventh door  
A severed hand  
A solid anchor, a ship unmoored  
And on the threshold  
a single flower

a flower  
Bathed in flour  
A flower  
Soon erased

# AND EYE BECOMES AN EGG

listen;  
we were dancing in the desert  
...like this

or else we were laying  
flat, unfeeling, sensing only  
the scent of the stars that shine  
over distant planes

like a rat  
caught in blue saturn's ring  
like a porpoise  
caught in jupiter's unfeeling seas

and here and there  
the lost unseeleie blinks in time  
to the music or else in some distant age  
unseen, unsealing

with eyes  
stapled together  
by the several  
small  
white  
fish

a mercy, in fact  
what usually happens is a gentle slit, a suck  
and an eye becomes an egg  
just like that

“just like that”  
as we know  
wise words written  
at the base  
of every  
uptight  
Upturned  
canoe

awooooooooo  
ah ah awooooooooo  
goes the instrument, untuned  
in tune with the phases  
of the hounded moon  
“last call”  
she says  
or in other words  
Bwaaaawawawawa  
zewaeceooooowaaaaaa znaawhaaaa







