

“the dryads have left the building.”

Monstrous self
with pretty legs

one thousand years
in my right arm
one thousand nine
in my left

Sit yourself down she sd
be calm

patient like a beam
strong as light

What good's the next
world when this car

has a red “check engine”
glowing on the dashboard?

True. True as well, my
monstrous heart

is damaged.

I will look into the forge
as Hawthorne did.

I must keep remembering

to shut my mouth
or repeat myself

like stories
or universes

*not universes, because of the idiot light
situation*

Middle Eastern
imperial other—

desert self
that is me

and not-me
of consequence

civil warring because
I am the state

statement sentence
carrier—

warlike arms
battering cock

a ruler in each eye
civil war

because I am the state.

pull out the poison:
dose to heal

or get good and stoned

Udo the German drank Ouzo at the base of Mount Olympus. I drank with him, tired from the twelve year backpack I was on with my goddess girlfriend. I had saved her mother three times and was nearly slain by her father every single day.

I will not marry that goddess.

I will end dying in a cold crack of granite. Udo will step on my skull, thinking it a secure rock.

meaning not-meaning

cosmic and comic haha
not-hahaha

the point of energy
is to extract time

from spacetime

then burn it as self
not-self

Middle Eastern

grief Memphis, TN to
Cairo, IL race riots

I am already

the man I will become

fatherson sending out

and sent sacrifice to

sacrifice

WWI WWII

Jihad market

I am at war

with the spirit of the times

sweet baby teeth
domesticated species

electronic communities
those who doubt those

who pray would not refuse
a gift offered freely

You know what happens to the
hero—

 prepare

 a retreat

 for you know hell

 inside and out

 heaven as well

 take a walk around

 spill red wine on the ground

 for dear mother

 dead mother

 will turn into you

 (you know what happens)

I walk through Missouri puddles

 alive with snakelings

 forking the air

you are the bride of Christ
holding onto dead weight
strain on your spongy disk and
nerves

you weigh more than the god you carry
no wonder you make so many trips
to the cobbler

your knees are arthritic
yet you plant your feet
shoulder-width apart
to bear your bridegroom,
the savior

The self is too small
to hold self it takes
a city thousands of screens
hundreds of iconoclasts

I crave solitude because
I am the crowd.

Pan poly theist hetero
genus I want to be
alone in the impossible
self. I can't stand him

because he stands in me.
In astrophysical units

the social, oddly enough,
is the self.

My moral system
still needs ether

to be practical.
Perhaps I should

start acting
like a wave.

I love the prophets.

Judeo
Christian
Islamic
Tantric
Shamanic

voices from the desert

Salome and her
beloved head

“Nebuchandrezzar
God dammit.
He will destroy you
with his weapons
of mass terrorism.”

He is self
in the desert
which is you.

I love the prophets.

You are a hero
because
you want to be sacrificed.

Is that not un-American?

There is no secret
male or female

your secret is marriage

don't ask
about evil but
topology

the presumption of dark
matter does divine,

brokenhearted Hopkins

Design? My neighbor's
tragedy makes me think
which happens for a reason
yet I intuit the public
nature of grief must
relate to the angular
momentum of the spinning
and circling earth.

you are cut
you are a virgin
none of this is secret

even if you do not know
yourself you know your
self in others who

barely know you

not pleasure
but desire

injurious cribs
oil leaks, weaponry and T-Rex
are not damned

He believed in the law of Heidegger.
He fell into a volcano.
It was Germanic and mountainous.

numen loci
pharmacy
twigs
green hosiery
of homeland

Pleasure—
a letter aimed
at my crotch.

muddy walls
humble cornrows
a dead priest
buried beneath
evergreen boughs

I crouch like
a predator
stealthy—

in the polis
anything can happen.

part of me
is animal
another
is
lightyears

I am grateful
forethinker
is a seer,
but pleasure is blind.

the man
who thought he was
Salome and Medusa ahead
in hell
in my head was really
nature a behind
on my bread
stoned
on my meds
platter
for a bed

Male aggression:

Salome and Medusa
in my cave
buried
in graves
hips
they waved
head
they gave

“desire” is
anthropocentric (apc)

Do neutrinos desire?
How can they in a dead star?

There you go again, apc.
What do dead stars care?

That is how you sound
when you hear your voice

That is how you look to Cohort.

You love the prophets
because their erection
came from God
and standing on two feet
made all the difference.

Not-knowing is guilt—
biomechanical limit
of the brain—but art
broadcasts like a pulsar.

Finished. She had
her vision, and that was
709,697,843 years ago.

My voice waves.