

PLOT SYNOPSIS

Laila is an angel who fell in love with Lucifer, and falls with him to Hell. As their love cools, she becomes nostalgic for the beauty of the heavens and decides to return.

As she passes through hell, she travels through a glass labyrinth of lost souls, singular characters performing inexplicable and sisyphian tasks. She collects her little *bande a parte* like Dorothy travelling the brick road.

El Toro is a prizefighter who gives up fighting to become a flowering tree- he is a poet & sage who encounters Laila at the border of Heaven & Hell.

Pan is a woman poetically aligned with Gaia. Once Laila has passed through the glass labyrinth and arrives at the outer circle of hell, she recognizes that the only way out is through the body of Pan. Pan is a woman whose body is a passageway between worlds. As people pass through her, they polish her heart and beautify her from the inside. As they walk, they cultivate gardens within her. They clean windows. They purify water. They make beautiful paintings of her landscapes, and build beautiful buildings to hang their beautiful pictures in. And then, they leave.

The Choreographer is essentially the Author, or Director- she appears occasionally and offers soliloquies that introduce an element of Brechtian V-Effekt to the story, and in one chapter she reorganizes the glass labyrinth, introducing new challenges for Laila as she travels.

The word Agape [meaning love, or open] is used throughout the story as a double entendre, or theme of the idea of love as an open door that can always be returned to, where one is welcomed with open arms. Agape is also the character who occupies Heaven.

th_Eroses

by Katharine Anne Marais

Part 1

Laila

Chapter 1

Lucifer & Laila

The house that Laila & Lucifer shared was beautiful and filthy. Racks of roasted lamb, burnt at the edges and stuffed with caviar, laid out to grow rancid in the sun. On their coffee table, an ashtray spilled over with gray mounds of cigarette ash and rolling papers, and the scent of warm stale beer and spilled sake permeated the air. Neither of them could cook, and housecleaning was a task for lesser mortals. In the evenings Laila would slowly file her fingernails and wanly comb her hair as she peered through the drapes. Lucifer would pinch her cheek and kiss her with a grin as he walked out the door to wander.

Laila was a dark-haired beauty with doe eyes. She had a lilting walk and fluid gestures, her tiny waist swaying over gently curving hips. When she spoke, her hands would gently stroke the air, as if she were conjuring some absent smoke. She would look at you long and deep, her eyes piercing you, and when she liked what she saw, she smiled she smiled slowly, her rosebud mouth gradually widening into a warm smile.

She was always semi-present and gazing. Gazing into mirrors, beyond doors and windows, past the horizon. Gazing into memory, gazing into the

future. She once wore shift dresses of midnight blue silk that grazed the tops of her knees and caught moonbeams, but those were long gone now, replaced by a boxy-cut piece of rough brown burlap. She could sing like a songbird if she wanted to, but she rarely spoke.

Lucifer had leathery features and a rugged nose that gave him a roguish charm. His sandy brown hair is touched with bits of gold that flicker, in the sun that he loved so much. His light brown eyes peer at you brightly when he flashes a smile, and he has a direct gaze that pierces the depths of your soul. He wears denim cutoffs with flip-flops, and had a chain of keys hooked on a caribeenner to his belt loops- the keys to every locked door and cell in hell. He jangles them lightly as he walked around. He grins for no reason in particular, and has **never** shed a tear. He talks like a cowboy, probing and teasing Laila in a slow drawl.



<><><>

They sat around the coffee table, and Laila watched Lucifer's fingers as he skillfully wrapped translucent paper around a rope of sweet, sticky tobabbo, lazily sparking the end with a lighter in his left hand and washing down the smoke with a swig of lukewarm beer. Her eyes pass across his sun-kissed face and their eyes meet for a moment.

Lucifer smiles vacantly, and Laila's heart aches to find nothing in him to meet her gaze. He had once been a man of great passion and charisma, and their love had been one for the ages. She half-smiles wanly in return and looks away, as the dogs yowl outside, starved and chained in the barren backyard. She peels herself off the couch and goes outside to give them a hunk of the meat that's been rotting for a while in the kitchen, stepping lightly to avoid cutting her heels on the shards of glass and smoldering embers that pepper the scene. She had once tried to plant a row of orchids around the perimeter of their cottage, but the flowers had promptly withered from the chill of the air, and from the firestorms that would occasionally pass through hell, charring even the hardiest of trees and flowers black, and leaving the landscape lifeless in their wake.

Lucifer emerges at the screen door, belching and snubbing out his cigarette against the exterior wall, burning a small hole in the siding that smolders and widens into a black *O* as he sauntered away.

Lucifer, I- Laila began, unsure of what she's going to say,

maybe *goodbye,*

but he was gone, absent-mindedly kicking one of their mutts out of his way with a steel-toed boot, slamming the back-gate on his way.

Yeah, ya know, forget it, she says to the howling pup, throwing the rest of the meat against a rock and flinging herself onto the dirt. Her hands and knees are cut on the protruding shards & bleed, staining her already-soiled burlap dress, but she really couldn't care less. She hasn't felt pain in years, and she has no-one to impress.

Heaven had been a beautiful place, where kingdom after kingdom stretched out beyond the horizons—each land complete unto itself, with its own unique, individual beauty. Through these many kingdoms, angels walked through fields of luminous green and saffron gold, caring for the flora and fauna, sharing meals of rich, soothing ambrosia, and singing hymns to celebrate the beauty of their land. The hours were expansive, and passed with a feeling of purpose and ease, each moment spent as it should be, and in the evenings they lay down in downy beds to sleep the deepest and gentlest sleep, and dream the most vivid and magical dreams.

Each angel wore a garment of fine silk, spun by silkworms who loved their craft and devoted themselves completely to creating textiles of ethereal lightness, soft to the touch, in the most brilliant jewel-tones. Each garment was a different color, and perfectly suited to the angel to whom it belonged.

She had once been one of the loveliest of the archangels, radiant with an internal peace and

clarity that gave her a gentle blue aura. She was primarily a harpist, but she was also skillful with gardening and astronomy. She moved through space elegantly and was revered for her wisdom and kindness. Other angels would come to her to learn from her ways, or even simply to hear her speak. She had dignity without ego, self-respect without succumbing to narcissistic folly. Even in the simplest gown, with her hair in a simple circular braid, she had the beauty of Aphrodite.

Laila's room had been simple, and perfect in its simplicity. She had an arched window that looked out beyond the edge of Heaven into the vast expanse beyond. She could see in one direction the milky white Arc of Doves, the Fields of the Blaue Reiter, and the Grove of Eternal Morning. In the other direction, she could see.... everything and nothing. There was one white orb that circled their world like the moon, and she knew that this was the Oculeye, the portal that led from their world into the world beyond.

Now she slept on a foam mattress in a small stone room and, as she was averse to meat, subsisted on semi-rotten caviar and saltine crackers. Her frame had grown bony and her skin papery, loose. Her raven hair had turned more of a dry metallic-gray, and it stuck out at the ends from dryness, in such a way that she appeared to have suffered some mild electroshock, or to have opted to install a haystack of steel wool where her hair should be. She tried to

keep her threadbare floral sheets clean but there was barely enough water to live on, let alone to do any washing, and the chamber had an air of sour mustiness mingled with a thick hazy tone that hit a chord somewhere between “overmature sandalwood” and “manure”.

Still laying limp in the backyard, Laila sprawls one arm out to clutch a half-empty bottle of lukewarm vodka, and swallows it in gulps that could only be described as ‘immoderate’. Ignoring the animals, she smashes the glass bottle into shards on the ground, and crawls back indoors to sleep for the rest of the day.

she wonders,

*where did we go wrong, baby
what happened to us,*

the duo’s past plays like a slide reel before her, as she drifts, semiconscious, into a dreamscape of memory.

Lucifer had been an artist of the clouds. He had style and panache, moulding cumulonimbus into baroque fantasias with the ease of Michelangelo wielding his chisel into marble. Where cloud had once drifted in formless wists, Lucifer dreamt new forms: ethereal cirrus that would accumulate in vast feathers like the plumage of an albino peacock,

floofy cumuloforms that appeared as castles of icing above the Fields. Occassionally he would even go to the Arc of Doves, and sculpt for them hundreds of small cloud-doves to flit about and keep them company.

His works brought great pride and joy to Agape and to the other angels. And then, he fell.

Lucifer falls

lucidity
an adjective,
derived from light

lucidus as Lucifer:
easy to understand

is a lie: light & evil
are mercurial. they melt
the glass of your brain & EAT
DARKNESS. THEY EAT IT.

angels
falling, naked as Venus
angels
falling, as architectures

& golden women from ziggurats
& old languages & new bread
loaves & leaves & chord progressions

even bouffants. you who thought yourself MOST
High

HOW YOU HAVE FALLEN MORNING
STAR, SON OF DAWN!

THE TAUNT CONTINUES

Ch. ii :: Resurrections & re- NAISSANCES

(is)(new)(& always will)
be new as morning

the narcissism of the turquoise kingfisher
is to dive into the mirrored pool;

the narcissism of the scarlet firebird

is to absolve into the heart of the flame.

Lucifer

our daydream believer in a Scorpio jacket
drags his feet in concentric circles through the fog;

the delusion of late-stage hypothermia is extreme
heat, and he thinks he's on fire.

in white light white heat he circles,
falling further, growing colder

yin | yang | yin | yang

orbiting . . .

*orbit ing orb it in g rbitingo or biting it
ing orb*

*g it ing orb rb it in g rbitingo or
bit rbit*

rb rb it iting

bit ing g rbitingo or orbit ing

his 2 eyes 2
unblinking milk-seas;
churning with megalomania,
fixated on a Point Unseen.

his leather boots furrowing
into the guts of the earth
with each step cutting deeper, weaving-

violent mandalas in the sand

to Laila he was a genius,
a singular artist of the material world;
and she grew hypnotized by his earthworks,
watching spirals unfurling behind him, cobralike.

Lucifer,
our death-drive ace,
our leatherclad rebel, lost-

like the nightingale he becomes
a disciple of his own free music;
unrestricted by tones & half-tones,
veering drunkenly from the score

in delusion, ELEVATED
to an Umpteenth-Circuit-Mind
& unshackled from preconceptions of

right & wrong,
twilight & dawn
left & right,
blessing & smite.

his newfound mania disturbs...

steal the ankh. lick the flame.

*lighter than light
brighter than bright
lighter than light
brighter than bright
lighter than light
brighter than bright
lighter than light
brighter than bright
lighter than light
brighter than bright
lighter than light
brighter than bright
lighter than light
brighter than bright*

STEAL THE ANKH. LICK THE FLAME.
STEAL THE ANKH. LICK THE FLAME.

By the path, a two headed salamander eats its
second face.

noxious rose

bluish sheets; layers of striated fibers,
thin enough to periodically unveil the sun.

a halo phenomenon renders shadows invisible.
uncoupled from bodies they burn white.

jet-black art-deco towers with bulging nodes
resembling cauliflower flattened into anvils;

slender hallucinations cling to the altostratus layer:
tall brains whose electricity scrapes the earth.

big scars like dilated selves. DNA split and hissing.
a wet kiss in your hippocampus.

now scream; now hush.

Laila props her hip against the window sill
and gazes directly into the light of the oculeye.
1 dark shadow passes in the night.

Laila's Letter to Lucifer

(for my Black Velvets)

is there

some telic function in bloodshed &
some salvatory rapture in flesh &
some sublime death (?!

only an End
that can't be touched
in Love: an Unreality
of salvation

a brief narrative of immortality::

the phantom is nothing. but
“nothing” as a material such
becomes the hugest noise
and it *slips away*

color creates nothing
but only in parallel
to its own absence::

absence in the midst of great color is
zero to the zeroth zero's zero

we always did get lost in things,

you & I-
we believed
in the material

soteriology of velvet::
a black velvet that drips,
a silk that subsumes-
a black velvet

that absolves the division
of self & shadow
black velvet “*becomes*” us;
black velvet we became.

we spoke in fluids, and viscous
somethings. some thing’s got to be
and darkness is the only quiet
quiet enough to exist

ex(ist): from
to be, outside.
the only possibility
for iteration being separation ::
when you have a heart
of air I am (

not a person).

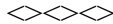
Laila falls

*white swan waxing black;
hot wax on Icarus' back*

*our rhinestone-studded Day-Star maniac
& his New Venus, his fallen lilac sweetheart*

*she's his midnight ballerina, his blacktar baby,
his white-hot yin yang angel.*

*she's his pawn, his swan,
& she's back at dawn.*





Chapter 2

El Toro

Two televised prizefighters in a ring ::
Prizefighter Y. counts down to the bells cueing
struggle to blackout for self-determination;
Prizefighter X, upon the bells' ring, walks.

El Toro,
is he mad?

strokes his palm along
the ring-ropes,

sumptuous velvet: a cage.

but not one built to hold.

for show. not a cage ?
naked under the stage-lights:

Prizefighter X meets the camera's eye & reclines,
in the field of giggling narcissi
welling up round his feet:
it was the cleaving of his soul
from his body, the heroic shell.

Eyes milky & vapid, inundated with an excess of
nothing ::

l'homme est un bateau ivre.

*(10 slow bells for a fighter lost in the ring,
light applause from a Nielsen audience); let's walk.*

El Toro rises, and strides down the corridor
toward his new freedom.

*I, El Toro, forsake my life as a fighter.
I will bloom in the wild as a cherry tree.
I have heard my avocation,
and I must follow.*

(jump-cut): In the the wild,
a fading sapling has consumed all its own
poisons, leaving voluptuous echoes
& dry hulls like photographs
of Bridgette Bardot.

ring,
His bones, so brazen and necessary in the
had given forth to concentric hulls of bark,
pressed ever-outward
by the pulse of time and sun.



As El Toro grew he saw
many kinds of love,
and for each kind of love
he composed a Liebestraum

in the form of a flower
that bloomed at his wrist.
He blossomed like the grafted tree
that grows every kind of fruit.

mimosa :: child-love
orchid :: love of art
dormant bulb :: hope
iris :: love's love
reeds :: shape of angels

liebestraum i
mimosa flower

*released, wholly in gentle rays;
a new air, emptier than I knew.
great swaths of nothing*

*between detached clouds in the form
of peppermint, thyme, costmary, arnica flowers-
aching wisps, tender to appear in such brilliance.*

*tenderness lit up long before other clouds,
to fade out much later;
their transparent character depending*

*upon the degree of separation,
(our inability to conceive of a half or a third of a
soul).
white, delicate filaments, mostly thin*

*patches or narrow bands. angel-hair simulacrum
from the body when we abandon
blushing heart, bisque porcelain*

Liebstraum ii

orchid's prayer

may I become the inverse of beauty
& so empty, become full.

*I etch space as in copper,
the printmaker carves the inverse Image
& hollow lines so filled with ink fulfill
their original intention::*

white aria, isolated,
absence of song.

Liebstraum iii

dormant bulb

blue-lipped muse, you
fractured
in facets of tomorrow.

you-space a soft shell
inverted;
cavity of absence

your heart, soft thuds
echoes
in a dormant bulb

c

Liebstraum iv

(love's love)

god's own blood decant in shimmering helixes.
misty and spaceless, aether of feeling

breathing, freely through croci, amaryllis, slim
blades.
dog's mercury exhales.

guileless; hollow as avian bones.
tiny carpals, a lens for air.

irises dilate and the aether- heart's own
purest sense is flown, weightless.

spaceless: beyond
curve, line, and body.

perfectly squandered, it fizzles in wild spiels,
ultra-second of being breathing

the kiss is flown

Liebstraum v

(reeds :: shape of angels)

white ace,
sung fretless.

sand-faced totem
with unchanging

metrical structure: chords made hollow
in the form of chromatic images.

an ancestral state in the bud-
love, free adaptations::

*equally adaptable to the most exquisite
baroque refinements,
sung at times with simple, ancient, nostalgic
melodies,
or the delicate measures of court music*

spectral reiteration of form,
made plastic, vulgarized
in the throats of the gifted;

anonymous I,
self inverted.

Chapter 3

Dawn breaks in the 7th circle

the morning

develops in a linear fashion.

gentle tugs of boar's bristle
unravel permanent waves;
steam flowers chalky

tea herbs to flower again.
like Lazarus milk thistle kicks
in the belly of dirt (which is to say,

*spires tremble,
theorems dissemble,
post and lintel sink)-*

blue murmurs
and melting slivers
rinse the cortex.

sun-white catheters
prick waxy eyes;
calcite brains get wet.

cupped palms
like tulip lips
unpurse to envelop

today (*black caiman*)

*in the belly of the python,
his ventral scales succumbing to acid).*

agape jaws
like gothic rib vaults
cannot close themselves to today if they beg the
angels.

*“an endless fountain of immortal drink,
pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.”*

El Toro had once been a fancy man, who wore knee-length pants of jewel-toned satin, in brilliant patterns of zig-zags and checks. He wore waist-length jackets adorned with silver conchos, and high-collared capes of velvet. He had worn boots with spurs that jingled when he would walk. He had fine features that gave him an air of nobility; although his elegance could be equally attributed to the air with which he carried himself. Like Laila, his fine clothing was also long gone now, and in his new life as a cherry tree he was clothed as the lillies of the field, naked in the afternoon sun. His voice had been sure and true, surprising for its depth and musicality. He was a solitary man with a habit of taking long walks in the evening, and he would occasionally read poetry aloud as he walked, to no-one in particular- the sonnets of Shakespeare, the love poetry of Pablo Neruda, and he would occasionally compose an impromptu haiku aloud to a peony or a moonlit succulent as he walked through the city. He dreaded his work as a professional prizefighter, but he had been apprenticed into the art of fighting, like his father and his grandfather before him. It had seemed an unbreakable chain, until the day he broke it with the simple act of walking away. He took meals of fresh fruit and brown bread with butter in the courtyard and write quietly in his room in the evenings. At his writing desk he kept in a simple terra cotta pot a white orchid, which he cared for meticulously in all seasons.

Lucifer chain-smokes and idly plucks at cherry
blossoms
around the the slim trunk of El Toro.
He weaves the trumpeting pink
blossoms around his protruding horns,
radiant as Madonna.

He basks.

Basks is the verb of Lucifer.

Cut off from the beauty of the heavens,
Laila wrings her hands
over tasse after tasse de cafe *s'il vous plait*
& picks the brain of wildflowers

for kernels of what is gone.

is there memory
in pistils or petals
or bread or love
of heaven or only

hunger
& holes.

Laila stares blankly & pares
a green apple into thin slices for breakfast.

their geometric perfection is pathetic.

If Purgatory is the space between
forgetting light & remembering
darkness it is gray

melancholia
(slow ticks).



another morning unfolds; gray space,
woolen, like a liquid Bueys
wrapped around Laila's vocal cords
stop *please*
she thinks, absently-

she's a pile of wet thoughts, compressed.
blue smoke curls rise in flumes;
a deep sigh from the heart of the lotus.
in thick matcha the world dances, illusory-
she swirl the cup for answers, to no soteriological

End::

tonight is drinking
aphrodisiacs alone
fork tines scrape
wanly across porcelain.

a garlic clove lies, lanced and untasted
reminding her of the pale bitterness of her own
chilled heart, alone even in L's company.
this place, the absence of possibility.

Evil's Evil

is a neuropathy that sizzles,
as cold withers

the fingertips of an orchid,
and upon wilting, kisses

with cold lips that wither,
petal by petal

our fragile spirits-

its dispassionate colonialism,
shrouding atrial space & salting

our heart's fertile air-

its pupil that widens to see nothing
but the *Self Itself*::

(If love is
I Am You

and evil is
We are We

& You are Not)
may we all be
Love's Love

memory weeps

a multifaceted crystal box,
illuminated by its contents.

innumerable shades of light
grace the crystal's edges.

sing, memory-
they leak through,
I can feel their time-faded ache
as they pour into my veins and dissipate again
slowly.

I remember her.

*She flutters in the iridescent edges
She vibrates with the rapid circles of a spinning
silkworm.*

*She hums the song of a swarm of white bees.
She is a fretless guitar that plays every note at the
same time.*

mirror of innocence

In Laila's room there is a mirror, the mirror of innocence. Like Dorian Gray the mirror is simultaneously subjective & objective:

it sees you
as your ideal self
believes you to be

Alone with the mirror, Laila gazes, deeply.

rootless, she thinks.
as an autumn leaf.
hollow, she thinks,
and drifting.

red, & dead.

As she gazes, her reflection glances up to meet her eyes, deeply. Laila is stunned, as her reflection has always been so reticent, so murky in the depths of the silver, that its directness now came as a shock. As their eyes meet, she sees her wings, her lush wings of thick, white feathers- the one cloak that till kept her heart warm, protected her from the icy winds and firestorms of hell, the wings of which she had grown vain of since arriving in this barren land, the wings that Lucifer had loved so much to hold,

calling her his swan— wither, becoming hollow and red as her soul.

She plucks each feather out slowly as it dies, and she weeps long & slow for each one, laying them out on her bedsheets.

In the mirror, her ideal self turns away, eyes downcast, and drifts back again into the depths of the mirror.

queeny wings

like all God's gifts,
they vanished.

she mourned them,
more than her youth.

before they atrophied,
she would stroke the marabou,

weep for a loss
that hadn't yet begun.

she was madly vain.
it warmed her blood.

(bitter pills), the stained
mirror of divine innocence.

icon-worshipper;
bald-faced.

shameless,
in the eye of God.

wouldn't bend at the knees-
two-dimensional.

chrome-plated.
a cult classic.

stay gold, foxy.

the thing in things

you said you had a pulse;
the thingness in things,
glass' glassiness, etc. etc.,
(tap the invisible material illustratively)

observers,
we casually reviewed the edge
of an impossible chasm
and agreed to call it, drumroll
nothing

*& there's a whole life, you said
stuffed in a cup I thought*

observers,
we rotated pearled flacons of
sandalwood and quiet spices
in our together-mind.

they smoldered and expanded
richly occupying silences,

widening the space of a moment

saturated times that carved deeply.
memory is a soft-wood;
love a tougher skin to penetrate.

stuff it in a cup.
the expanded space bursts, scented ash raining

(tap the invisible material illustratively)

just dust, *yes I see thank you*

three layers of minds

(let me go)

in companionship Lucifer,
my self becomes reversed.
subsumed, my eyes
see as your eyes
seeing my eyes see

something has to be real

and solitude is the only quiet
quiet enough to exist

ex(ist): derived from
to be, outside
the only possibility

for iteration is separation ::

*when you have a heart
of air I am*

not a person

Zeno's Ladder

how many angels
on the head of a pin
does it take to
climb back to heaven

(the love of the ultraviolet zone
is the memory of love:

memory of life as an angel)

uncaged

Laila's snap to lucidity

is a howl for salvation;
a catharsis from the catharsis
of sublime uselessness

one scarlet flume rises from the depths of the lily
struggling through residual sleep to grasp
slowly, blindly, toward the direction toward the sun.

she is the amaranth, ultraviolet;
the mythological flower
that never completely fades to black.

before she leaves,
Laila cleans the house

water runs
smokier than
you'd guess

as invisible histories
spring forth like well-water-

mournful, she longs to bring L. with her,
but their faults were not each other's to fix.

her's was a heart of air,
and his a heart of stone.

Without so much as a flower to leave him, Laila
glanced around and decided to cut him a lock of her
frazzled gray hair. She cut a hunk off with a kitchen
knife that still smelled of lamb's meat, and placed
the lock into the open pop-top of a light beer can as
though it were a vase.

She turned to go, then looked back at the still-life,
and suddenly repulsed by the tragic situational irony
of her pathetic gesture,

*(wow, she thinks that little sculpture is the ugliest
thing in all of actual hell)-*

swats the can off the table, spattering beer on the
couch and walls.

someday, she thinks, we will remember how to be.

Chapter 4

our white swan waxing

Laila's morning heart
is a steel harp that shoots
holes in the air.

her morning eyes
the dawn moon;
a pale echo, receding
in its passage home

Laila's morning hands clutch
pearls of ancient wisdom,
as a cypress shields
its seeds from the flame

her morning soul
a bow & quiver that shoots
bright questions in arcs
that fizzle, flaming

she can can unpeel atmospheres

with her mind but *what use*
is an oculi for the blind,
a tunnel to what

“vision”, pinholes

For the journey, Laila carries one black rock and one white rock. The stones are smooth river-rocks, polished by the flow of wind, water and time.; their surface is finely-grained, with the mirror-like sheen of piano-wood.

She rotates them gently in her palm, feeling the weight of each stone as it orbits the other.

She carries 1 strand of cobalt blue prayer beads (a chain of translucent blue microstructures adorned with small white glyphs), and 1 small bowl filled with an F Major tone but no water.

Laila sets off down a road of glass.

Glass shards protrude like stalagmites from the dirt ditches that line the highway. Ahead she sees glass cages with glass windows rising, in perfect quadrilaterals like salt crystals. Phantom faces flicker behind glass facades; milky ectoplasm swirls in mute storms.

logos endiathetos::

*the Beast's roses,
caged in glass*

(a sage conflation
of thought and iteration)-

*a curse withering
gently, hermetically sealed*

in multiplicity, private thoughts unfurled
add density to the fog

*(Giacometti's studio at rue Hippolyte-
Maidron?)*

work is a mirror that always reflects.

no roses
bloom at this hour
this primal darkness

the logos eternally struggles

to extricate itself

As Laila walks, she strokes a finger along the surface of the glass, gently meeting the eyes that pass below the surface. She thinks,

*If we could all speak quickly and accurately enough
we'd see each other's lives in multi-point
perspective;
we'd see everything, completely
and live in harmonious multiplicity- -*

*I know
because there is a beautiful,
frightened child
radiant in the depths
of everyone's pupils
eager to burst forth
into the brightest
articulation of itself*

*but in fear of harm
in fear of the brilliance
of that child
that culture
that other
in fear that their lust,
their lifeblood,
will overpower our own Self*

*we press each other back
into solitary cages- -*

the streets are quiet & cold.

Ch. 5
The Prophet's Colony

Laila Visits the Prophet's Colony
(House of All Possible Snakes)

someone has stashed the prophets.

The colony is built in multi-point perspective, and Laila's vision collapses and multiplies into itself becoming large, iridescent balls like dragonfly's eyes.

30,000 prophesies in each eyeball.

Through the corridors, a long, golden Anaconda
swallows, heaves, and pulses,
digesting, growing, shrinking-
his long digestive tract sprawled
through the crystal corridors.

Laila strokes his snakeskin
what's your name, Snake?

*The mysteries of faith are degraded
if they are made into an object
of affirmation and negation.
I am an object of contemplation.*

the snake writhes its way along,
bloated and amorphous.

Beethoven's 9th Snake

Pure form made plastic,
softened in the weathered palms
of the mystic's grids

rising in golden
ratios of light & darkness::
ideal completion.

Parthenon rising;
free of all anathema.
An empire is built.

Minimalist Snake

meets the camera's gaze
with bulimic reproach.

The Cryptic Diptych

The Progenitor spools
waxy plastics into
loose coils that cool.

strokes the spirals slowly
against his soft cheeks
and sets them aside.

just stuff in a box-
his private little
cachet of fetishes.

The Taxonomer stacks:
hats on hats. cloche hats and
top-hats, bicornes and boaters.

balaklavas on coonskins,
berets and bonnets.
party hats on porkpies,

little pilly pink pillboxes
and low-slung Panamas.
no! no, no, no, no, no!

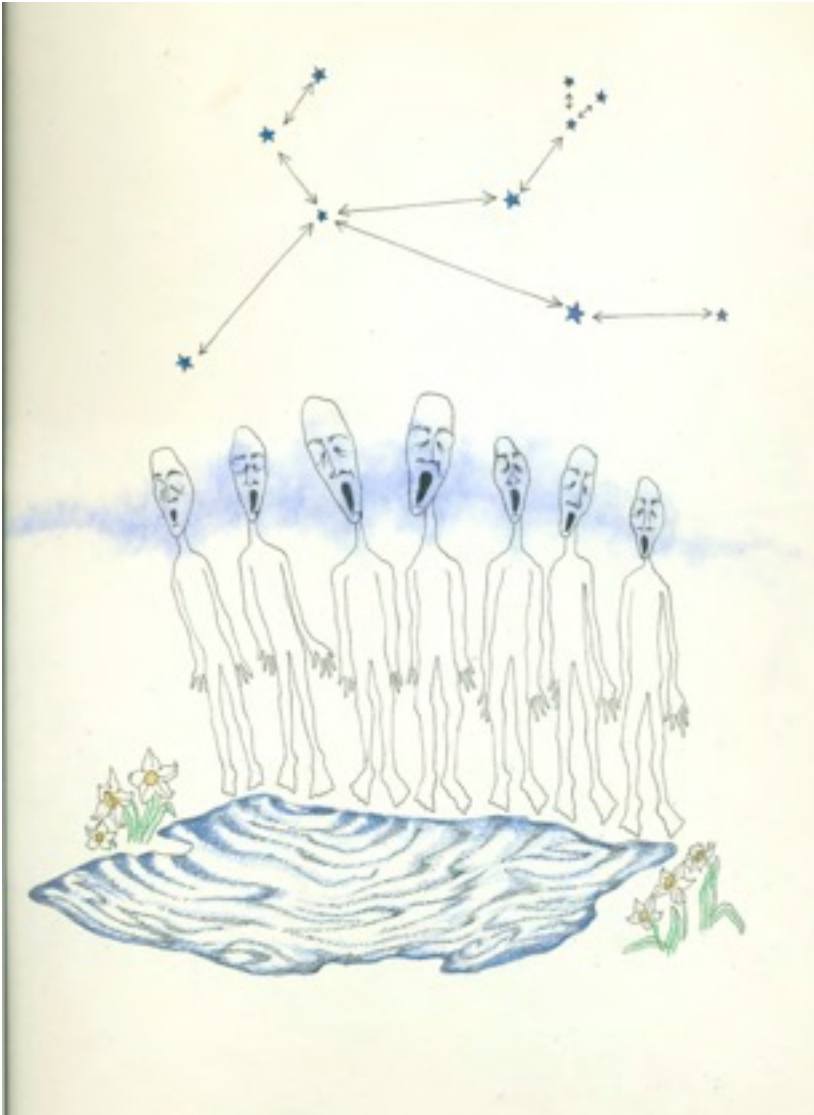
the Taxonomer



The Ephemerides

mirrors: thick-skinned,
but perpetually effacing.

as vertices,
they name without being.
even in death they long to be
less than they are.



Choir of Ephemerides

i am no one, not one
no one. some one
for no one, no, no-one.

may i may i may i
become? become
not one, no-one, not one.

may i may i may i
become? for one-
some one- no not just one.

(i am no one) may I
become? for some
one, no for one, no-one

and one and one plus one
we are still none,
no one, no-one, not one.

Laila continues through the corridors.

In each cell, a prophet,
constructing parallel polymers.
Laila flicks through the images
in rapid succession.

Forms overlay
as afterimages on her retina.
The “phi phenomenon” in literature
relies on physiological afterimages:

the residual image that seems to float
before one's eyes after seeing light,
the lingering perception
of something gone.

overlaying lines. multipoint perspective.
memory. bright stimuli in her
retinal photoreceptor cells.

original light :: the convergence
of perspectival information

Simone Weil's Morse Code

grasping at this phantom, Meaning
has become my white whale

/ it has to be done

this crystal pyramid filled
with flickers :: solitary ticks
that crack but don't shatter

I want a hum
so deep it melts glass

to air.

the problem of Morse Code
is that clicks will always be tinted

reflecting the shape of your
individual cell block.

the only way to speak

clearly
is to say nothing while still
speaking. *nothing*
transcends every border,
every boundary,
every wall.

una apis, nulla apis (wax walls)

one bee is no bee
or so they say,

and so the singular prophet profit not
from wisdom in solitude & shared vision differs not

from the individual.
buzz & hum; (morse code)

throughout the prophet's colony: an elixir, dripped
into the sleeping poets' dreams,

by the mercurial wand of Mercury-

eloquence,
immortality,
truth!

hexagonal wax walls soften
in white light, white white heat

Chapter 6

Blacktar Baby and the Milk Sea

In the last cell, Laila meets the blacktar baby. The blacktar baby guides her out of the prophet's colony to the sea of milk.

blacktar baby

blacktar baby

fat cheeks & a fistful of lilies
black lips in white, big big white
marble eyes & petals weeping with sticky

memories::

a milk-sea, stasis in motion
a nectarine mist seeping down
his black cheeks languid
with holy fructose drool

silk sails::

swoll with wind,
streaming to the faint (!)
of light:: the convergence
of perspectival information

a naming tree::

rustling with vowels,
the etymology of a swan::

(Old English swan,

*akin to the German Schwan
the Dutch zwaan
the Swedish svan
the Indo-European swen:
to sound or to sing,
swanlings or as cygnets:
the Greek κύκνος, kýknos
the Latin cygnus, “swan”)*

s-w-a-n::

bevy of whirling plumage
& the milk sea churns buttery whitecaps,
a flume of swans

blacktar baby

fat cheeks & a fistful of lilies
wipes his sticky face in their cool white.

10,000 doves carry the Blacktar Baby

blacktar baby feels the pain of 10,000 doves

10,000 doves unzip their heartskins for him
10,000 infant doves spin on a spit
10,000 dove hearts bleed into black plastic

spread-eagled like the savior
fleecy clouds that gather
on the horizon before rain

frigid, the dying child
finds solace in down
sips warm dove's
milk from porcelain

please, he says

be with me always.
carry me through
these slime-ridden & toxic streets

a diabetic with swollen, oozing calves
lifts a pants leg
seeps pus on public transit
take him, man. this is no place for kids
no ointment no salv(ation)
no dime for the dying

corpulent & sweaty, the trash-humper
unzips grimy & massive pants.
peels himself from the putrid heap
take him, man. this is no place for kids
no counsel here for the crazy
no love here for the ugly

veterans with lost limbs die, mutely.
in motion. Pulaski to Washington all-night.
sun rises & Business Boys in rolled pants pant,
brisk from a jog up the L stairs.
Trixies instagram & blend lipstick in mini-mirrors.

an ethereal poet clutches
the roof-rail and sways, wide-eyed;
stares through semitransparent windows.
hypnotized by the 9-5 tides.

FORTUNE draws straws and says

-- ok,

blacktar baby reaches out
silently
with the gentle heart
of a soul fading out for good

the final kindness
with which God concludes
each day with a sunset.

a warming cascade of pinks,
quartz roses layered
with soothing saffron & aqua.

blacktar baby reaches out
with pigment-powdered fingers & paints
quietly over naked sores.

offers his last best.

walks nude & new-born into new wings
walks, shielded
with the armour of 10,000 doves
to be carried to the sea of milk.

what strange alchemies we share.

Blacktar Baby says Please.

please dont go.
please stay.
please take me with you.
please braid my hair.
please wash
my heart
my hands
my feet
please love me.
please let me love you.
please.
take me with you.

feathercraft

a marine vessel to rival any
down-clad cherub of Botticelli or Michelangelo-
soft-tipped as dew-kissed dandelions

let me be

lost in you

(a chain is unloosed from the dock)

(missives in winged hands fly)

no goodbyes.

wide eyes meet
a blackwhite horizon & say
take me away.

use kind vocabulary, please-

say "yes"
"always"
"truth"
"love"
"beauty"
"gentle"
"released wholly in gentle rays"

ok?

yes ok

(the radiant heart sings)

the sea of quilted memories envelops;
welcoming and un-strange.
first light made liquid.
buttery & rich;
sweet-savory & warm-cool.
salty as a slow tear.
gentle as soft breasts.

unloose all pain;
be still, child.

Blacktar Baby wades blindly into the known
unknown.

the milk sea

Blacktar Baby is carried,
deposited like a little Moses
in his feathered swaddling at the shore.

seas bathed in mist; sweet vapor
warm;
grassy as mare's breath.

a small window in the ivory expanse
widens at the horizon...
an antechamber filled with echoes.

the distant alto chorale grows luminous.

a cabal of gold foil.
(vocal polyphony and harpsong)

a white flag somewhere drifts easily in the wind.

heart first... vision closes, softly.
smooth waves of foam wash across his eyelids,
soothing. cleansing.

As a pearl is rent in reverse,
an eon of layered material dissipates
to unveil the beautiful child at the core.

For 3 days Blacktar Baby swims.
As he presses forward through the ocean,
beads of tar peel away and bob on the surface.

day i

scent of coal, wood, petroleum, ammonia.

volatile methanol drifts freely in the tidepools.
taints the skin of the milk-sea with iridescent tar-
veins-
black fluids that marbleize and hang in the cream.

volatile tar-liquids at the surface touch oxygen and
combust-

Veils of Fire ::
scarlet jets lick the sky for a microsecond and
vanish.

Frescos of Smoke ::
images hang in the air and dissipate.

hear the chimes, did you know
/ that the wind when it blows
/ is older than Rome
/ and all of this sorrow...

ii

Blacktar Baby treads milk.
sweet cream & tar thicken in smoky curds.
old membranes slip away,
disseminate in lactic acid.

Blacktar Baby dreams

of gut flora, sweating;

fungal nodes bursting through pores,
welling up into corpuscular acne.
bulbous mounds of black waste.

cleansing is an unlovely process.

10,000 doves dive along the surface of the sea,
skimming away thick layers of tar & cream.
Around the bend, mist of rosewater.

day iii

what kindness is this
what gentle hands

Blacktar Baby still treads,
slower now- struggling, in a near-solid sea.
curds thicken into thick, creamy butter.

The ring of doves circles, skims the sea. Both milk
& tar disperse, and as the last dove skims the last
morsel of butter from the child's eyes, the doves too
become still, their wings beating slower

slower - -

silence.
they hang; statuesque in the air,
forming an arc of white wings.
a colorless rainbow,
like St. Louis or a time-lapse of Pegasus.

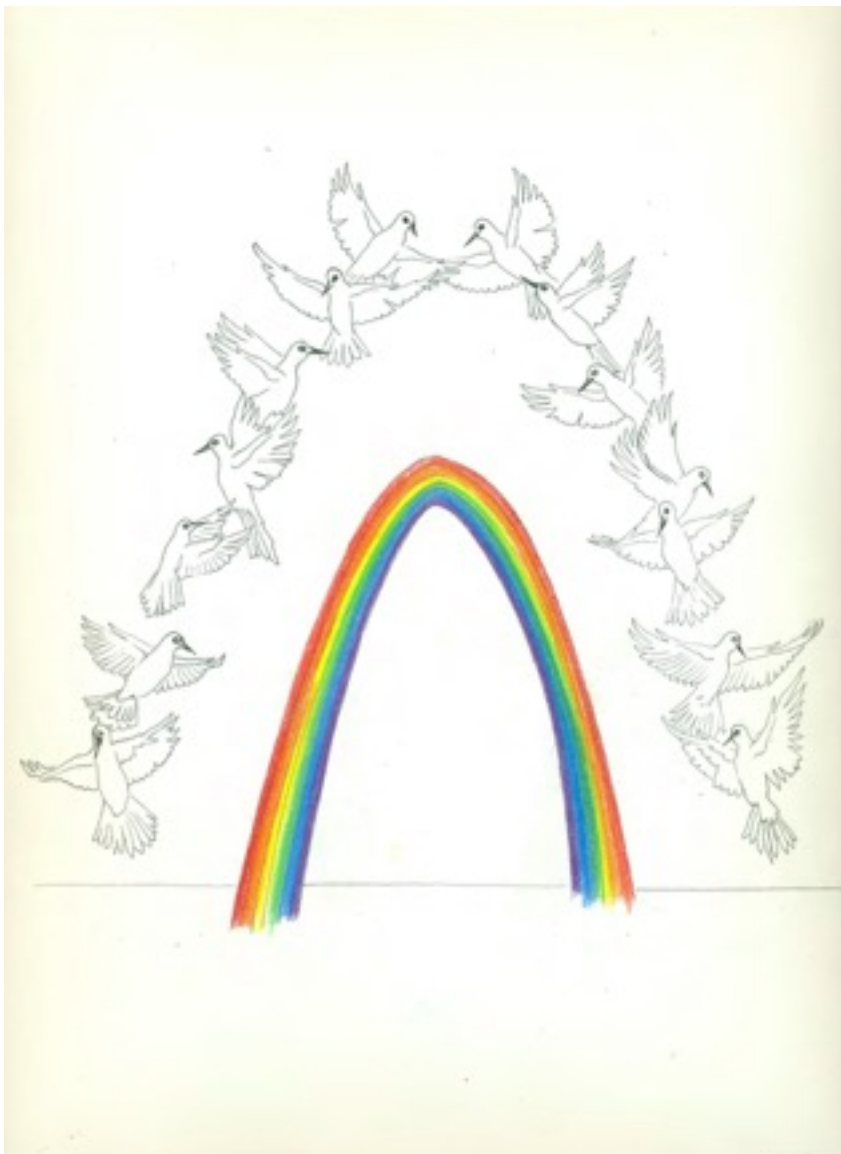
The Choreographer
acknowledges him; newly formed.
his cheekbones bright and smooth;
his breastplate strong and fearless.
Freckles skim the surface, clear on clean skin,
and bright eyes gleam like sapphires.

She traces a finger along his cheek,
with certainty, pride of character development.
cradles the nape of his neck, with sure hands.

Their eyes meet softly;
clear of vision, pure of heart.

With a gentle shove, he's through the arc.

get going, kid.



Chapter 6

The Zoo (Glass Labyrinth)

The White Ant

the true group soul;
in whose marching minstrel show
sings the body electric-
free of will, the singular white ant
bows to the queen

The Silkworm

o little *bombyx mori* of the mulberry,
the fruits of your labor so ceaselessly exploited-
yet your commercial viability detracts not one whit
from the quality of your artistry!
like Annie Lennox you travel the world
& the 7 seas. & like the sufi,
you never stop spinning

The Mustang

sun-kissed maverick who chases his own destiny
whirling, with the slim gold speed
of Brancusi's bird- fly
on hot-blooded wings!

The Kingfisher

for the mythological magnitude
of his courage and his yearning
the bird that thirsts for the fruit of the depths
is given the moxie to dive into the unknown

The Morphos

clear of vision & pure of heart; the prism that
snatches
sapphires of pure thought from thin air & offers
them
to the world with an open heart.
listening to the shape of light without speaking,
she is given the most beautiful color of all.

The Oyster

the mother whose pearls are born of pain;
she is the artist, the poet of the sea
whose patient paintings of liquid nacre soothe
and turn the irritant to a gem

The Mockingbird

the bird with no color becomes Everybird,
and with humility, mimicks the canon
the studious little mime- stealing nests, stealing
songs!
our little gray polyglott sings the language of
Babylonia

The Fox

the light-footed flame, the dapper minx
whose cunning never verges on the Machiavellian!
he flaunts his fancy tail, like a showgirl twirling her
marabou-
then with a wink, points you along your way with
his muzzle

The Otter

hey, you buoyant little weirdo,
you squirmy brown clown!
two little eyes sparkle over a furry frown- then
zingo,
he flips a trick & sends the whole cosmos reeling-
what a guy

The Gazelle

the air-fawn
whose light-footed dance transforms
a desert voyage into a sand-dune ballet;
a choreography to rival the pirouettes
of any *prima donna* of the Mariinsky

The Swan

the mute trumpeter
who knows a love so profound
as to sublimate song
she, the *Sattva Guna* that walks
among us in a couture gown

The first day is the day of the Morphos.

The Morphos

clear of vision & pure of heart; the prism that
snatches
sapphires of pure thought from thin air & offers
them

to the world with an open heart.
listening to the shape of light without speaking,
she is given the most beautiful color of all.

How do you hear the sound of color, Laila asks the
Morphos.

Very simple, says the Morphos. *You listen:*

i.

pale lemon yellow
pressing insistently through layers of translucent
netting

gaunt orange halo

sulfurous mounds glowing,
a milky adagio

BLACK EYE

white pupil
luminous orb
recede

eclipse,
fade

lettuce edged whispers

CLOSER

pulsing
blue-rimmed and vibrating

lunar maria beckon like google maps

fiery corona

cobalt halo
between black and white

*(hallucinated angels
at the split second
of a knife's curve*

mushrooming over the bay winds
pull silk taught around your legs;
bony femurs

the orphic glass is obsidian in motion.

s l o w a r i a s

pale wists of cirrus flee
at nauseating velocity

ii.

sheet of rippling sapphire
serene tonight

no gaunt loomers
no gathering haunts

just crushed sapphire;
dusty, fluid dunes.

see it fade. see it hang.

moonlight whistling
through my hollow bones

(eels of breath
& i a flute).

iii.

lightbugs bustlling
the horizon bobs, flickers.

a gray town.
a blue boat.

iv.

redredredredred black
dark gray fuzz.
cerulean swath. gray
whiteclear wide black
greenstack star rise
feel it. rippling orange on slate.
slow yellow double-eyes cutting
darkness. yellow double-eye. rippling lemon on
blue slate. orange square divided.
pale haze pressing upward, dissipate.
7 white flecks on cerulean. spacious clear.
vast, vast spacious clear.
invisible motion; felt. microbreaths
from the north east. gaunt loomer.

black-purple gathering. wooly. fear.
small row of pale blues; slow red double-eye.
fast red double-eye.
white flecks whirling. pleiades.
delicate apparitions.
strange blackness, dimensional and in motion.
toward you infinities.
wooly. fear. danger.
cirrus, mild and distant.
a welcome etherality.
black sapphire dust;
residue of jewels

The second day is the day of the Kingfisher.

The Kingfisher

for the mythological magnitude
of his courage and his yearning
the bird that thirsts for the fruit of the depths
is given the moxie to dive into the unknown

How do you find such courage as you have? Laila
asks the Kingfisher.

Very simple, says the Kingfisher. *Trust that in
diving, you will find the treasure of the depths.*

i

flooding on the atchafalaya river banks.
sasparilla, wild wisteria;
rangoon's creeper & devil's trumpet.
half-submerged cypresses

puncture the surface of the new bayou.
who's to say where a new bayou comes from
where it goes

probably some old voodoo
back again. Saint-Saens wrote a new swan.
who's to say where- - -

sunflash like a knife
the new bayou a slate-grey sheet
made suddenly transparent

silverfish. fruit of the delta
swirl & eddy; sublime mandala
of the gathering storm

undulating,

shimmering,

fading to their depths.

kingfisher clutches a low-hanging branch.
cattails are a sun-kissed hunter's blind
but the bayonet is sheathed.

ii

kingfisher's head is heavy.
gravity is insurmountable;

flight, impossible.
too hungry to hunt
makes the gravity
of tomorrow's hunt even greater

to muster appreciation
for the Sistine ceiling
is trust that in looking,
in entering the painting-
God's hand will become warm;
reach out for your's.

have faith in this blue.

tomorrow's haikus hang,
opulent in the sapphire.
like Atalanta's gold apples
just pick them up; don't slow down.

kingfisher never knows
the taste of tomorrow's fish

iii

the glory of the kingfisher is absolute power
submitting absolutely

repeatedly

to the humiliation of the sea.

hover in silence-
a flurry of silver scales
renders him momentarily blind.

his heart wavers;
eyes blaze to life again-

silverfish gathering
timid, like cirrus clouds.
he dives.

iridescent flume in motion.

plunging into the blue like shatter-glass.
a slick of oil coats his feathers
but the taste of the feast is on his tongue.

he darts toward a silver flash;
spears the central artery.
wet meat.

fish heart dripping in his jaws,
he whirls upward toward the sun.
satisfied again.

the blue is vast
& silken like melatonin
or the hudson river school

magnolia cups
bloom & collapse
in waltz time

ballgowns that shudder
& whirl at the slightest
invocation of breeze

kingfisher's heart becomes tall & pure
carved by a spinning blade of wind
as the Himalayas melt; patiently.

spire in the fume of sighs.

vi

the bayou is a translucent scene,
backlit. given material weight
as the circling film reel is brought to life
by the projection bulb.

let your consciousness amble
through the scroll of the delta
daytime apparatuses & fades;
vanishing calligraphy

cypresses are an underpainting

of payne's grey at dawn
glazed in viridian by golden hour

a swallow's nest grows bright with charisma then
hollow.

the bayou a colorless form, draped
in so many moulting skins of light.

kingfisher acknowledges gently the sun diving
through horizon after horizon.
pressing gently through the aether
toward no soteriological end::

another day

The third day is the day of the Oyster.

The Oyster

the mother whose pearls are born of pain;
she is the artist, the poet of the sea
whose patient paintings of liquid nacre soothe
and turn the irritant to a gem

How do you fix a knotted pearl? Laila asks the
Oyster.

Very simple, replies the Oyster.

wash the knot
wash the knot
wash the knot
wash the knot
wash the knot
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wash the knot

The fourth day is the day of the Mockingbird.

The Mockingbird

the bird with no color becomes Everybird,
and with humility, mimicks the canon
the studious little mime- stealing nests, stealing
songs!
our little gray polyglott sings the language of
Babylonia

*How do you understand the world, Laila asks the
Mockingbird.*

*Very simple, says the Mockingbird, you speak its
language.*

 speak a haiku to haikus;
 speak a sonnet to sonnets.
 speak sky to skys;
speak bluebonnet to bluebonnets.

The fifth day is the day of the Gazelle.

The Gazelle

the air-fawn

whose light-footed dance transforms
a desert voyage into a sand-dune ballet;
a choreography to rival the pirouettes
of any *prima donna* of the Mariinsky

*How do you cross the desert between horizons
without tiring*, Laila asks the Gazelle.

Very simple, says the Gazelle. *You dance.*

keep a light heart
follow the music
pick your feet up
avoid trips & traps
don't listen to gravity

where you going, Gazelle, asks Laila

I'm going away

what's a way

a way to go

where does away go?

a new way

where does a way go?

nobody knows

what's your way?

it's my trip

what's your trip?

it's my way

what's your way ?

the right way

how do I know my way?

it's right for you

how do I know if my way is right?

if you choose the right way, your way will
be the right way

how do you move with such light feet?

I don't trip up
how do you know if you're tripping?
you're down when you should be up
can you trip up?
not if you trip the right way
what's the right way?
a w a y y ... !

The sixth day is the day of the Silkworm.

The Silkworm

o little *bombyx mori* of the mulberry,
the fruits of your labor so ceaselessly exploited-
yet your commercial viability detracts not one whit
from the quality of your artistry!
like Annie Lennox you travel the world
& the 7 seas. & like the sufi,
you never stop spinning

How do you find joy in ceaseless labor? Laila asks the Silkworm.

Very simple, replies the Silkworm. *Share the fruits of your labor, and see them become more beautiful than you could have imagined.*

The seventh day is the day of the Fox.

The Fox

the light-footed flame, the dapper minx
whose cunning never verges on the Machiavellian!
he flaunts his fancy tail, like a showgirl twirling her
marabou-
then with a wink, points you along your way with
his muzzle

How do you go through life feeling so fancy, Laila asks the Fox.

Very simple, replies the Fox. *Just twirl your tail & wink.*

The eighth day is the day of the White Ant.

The White Ant

the true group soul;
in whose marching minstrel show
sings the body electric-
free of will, the singular white ant
bows to the queen

How do you exist in such harmonious multiplicity,
Laila asks the White Ant.

Simple, says the White Ant. Seek out companions with whom you share common goals, and remain steadfast in your shared pursuits. Accept each other as individuals, and look beyond surface appearances to apprehend the unity and inherent common goodness within the soul of your neighbor.

The ninth day is the day of the Mustang.

The Mustang

sun-kissed maverick who chases his own destiny
whirling, with the slim gold speed
of Brancusi's bird- fly
on hot-blooded wings!

*How do you live so free, when you can see the
whole of the prairie trapped under a bowl of sky,*
Laila asks the Mustang.

Very simple, replies the Mustang. *You fly in the
space that you are given.*

The tenth day is the day of the Otter.

The Otter

hey, you buoyant little weirdo,
you squirmy brown clown!

two little eyes sparkle over a furry frown- then
zingo,
he flips a trick & sends the whole cosmos reeling-
what a guy!

*What is joy, Laila asks the Otter, and where does
this twinkle in your eye come from?*

*Very simple, says the Otter. Joy is the world
twinkling in my eye, and the twinkle in my eye
brings joy.*

The eleventh day is the day of the Bee.

hey, little baby Bee- Laila asks the Bee,
young thing & born in a dying ecosystem-
what do you think, huh?

does your colony feel so indebted,
to the flowers, to its queen
that you've worked yourselves to death?

we built you a home but didn't mean to enslave-
take a Sabbatical, friends-
sip on ambrosia for a while at Golden Hour.



you know, the patterns I dance aren't my own;
but the shape of an old story-
so, like my forefathers & my Queen I say,
if the world's coming down around us
I'll work really hard till I die
flowers in our arms,
wind in our eyes

The twelfth day is the day of the Swan.

The Swan

the mute trumpeter
who knows a love so profound
as to sublimate song
she, the *Sattva Guna* that walks
among us in a couture gown.

what is love, Laila asks the Swan.

well... true Love's a *rara avis*...
a tacit engagement for a pas de deux.

bow, gracefully. *vortex of whirling plumage* -
we dance. we rise. together on yinyang wings.

Love's shape has the symmetry
that inspired St. Valentine's heart;

it's development, piquant-
both sweet and tart.

a swan song, the silence
that gave rise to Duchampian arts;

a shared soul,
the complex whole of Descartes.

Love cradles me, as I cradle my child,
soothes me, as the song of a mandolin.

carries me safe through the dark and the wild;
shields me, as the cobalt coats of the bedouin.

Love is the depth of feeling within
when our eyes meet, warm-

and I'm a smooth, cool stone in slow motion,
falling into the depths of the ocean.

the pigs & the pearl

The appetite of a species is mysterious. Can a single pig will itself toward an aesthetic appreciation that transcends its pigness?

Can the prophet pig conceive of the beauty of a pearl? Can the poet pig illuminate the pearl's singular ontology, its irreplicable pluck and charm? Can the artist pig render the pearl's form and sheen in such a way that that makes material the revelations of the prophet pig and the poet pig, revealing to all pigs an entirely new realm of consciousness, and new forms of love for nature?

Hello! This lovely thing is not corn!

Or does it take the jeweler pig, who can lay the purely aesthetic object on his workbench and transfigure it into a token of personal stature with the whirl of a blade, the addition of a chain? Or maybe the financier pig, who can peddle the pearl, flip it on the market and bring back some bonus corn?

The prophet pig hangs his head.

Chapter 7

Architectural Collapse and a New Glass Labyrinth

A thick fog completely obscures the stage,
and **WONDER**, dense blue wonder,
condenses in the atmosphere.

The Choreographer leans back, drags on a Lucky
Strike,

and asks herself, masterpiece, disaster?
or nothing at all- what difference really-

and to what end is this unwavering pursuit,
Chaos? (absolute truth
from the progression of

language? disintegration
or just a Cosmic Giggle,
echoing to blackness) ::

In the Cosmos-Next-Door, some un-Tree,
(eerT), ? some tessellation

of El Toro is shedding her un-Petals
into an inverted night. She is

a chord transposed, radiant
with the reflection of all other Possible

Fates:: so many pearls in Indra's net.
to what end, the unfurling of the net, all
Fates?

is there memory
in pistils or petals
or bread or love
of heaven or only

hunger
& holes

?

back to the drawing board

like the nightingale:

The Choreographer of free music

unrestricted by tones & half-tones:

ELEVATED

to the *Umpteenth-Circuit-Mind*

& unshackled from preconceptions of Art,
her newfound Chaos disturbs

neither the simplicity nor the search
for a basic character, nor does it lead

to a reproduction of life,
but facilitates her transcendence

of synthetic realities:

From stage right fly amorphous creatures:

angels or flying fish- caraway muffins, ?
(*Why Not's*) & perhaps adjectival clauses-

the orchestra struggles through a chorus,
and abandons it for loosely hung chords

and free improvisation: a prickly chartreuse
ball of needles-

(wholly uncalled for in any logical conception of plot)-

wheels ambivalently between El Toro and the stage-lights,
sneezing delicate flumes of smoke into the air.

She assembles her new *corps*
& dresses them in traditional masks-
ghosts, virgins, miserly witches-

an archetypal collage
mingling the individual narrative
and the history of a culture-

The script:
quixotic yet kafkaesque
sprigged with Duchampian jest
& Brechtian *V-Effekt*.

to quote Carlos Amorales'
particular schematic of the Cubism
of the Umpteenth World:

“agents are indistinctly interchangeable. Things do not have a possible intrinsic value and their poetic equivalence flourishes in an internal sector;

*more exciting and definitive than a dismantled
reality.”*

*& what remains:: RAPTURE
emotion (color)
supreme arbitrariness
& specific disorder::*

(from zero)

a new vision.
a pure form,

a form that is
itself; without space

between desire
& iteration

where trajectories
come unwoven

before the infinite

*Laila kneels to kiss
Zero's pale arches.*

(frail potentialities)

cell division

from Zero,
this horizon—

(a vital division
that splits Nothing
into Thing and Thing)

a crystal pyramid, split
in even divisions.

cleanly-built and
filled with flickers ::

solitary ticks that crack
but don't shatter.

as the one who has felt, suddenly
Earth's rotation and staggers with vertigo,

the one that has seen the pyramid
will forever feel the glass,

and beat their tiny fists
against it's cold skin.

glass that was once invisible
materialized around Laila,

blossoming in concentric layers

in evenly divided cells
to horizon upon despondent horizon.

Simone Weil's Morse Code

a hum so deep it melts
walls, fusing glass

to air

the problem of Morse Code
is that clicks will always be tinted.

reflecting the scars of your
individual space

every separation is a link.

this crystal pyramid
filled with flickers ::
solitary ticks that crack
but don't shatter

In Hell

there is no present and no past,
only immediate threat that comes to no fruition

In Heaven

there is no present and no past,
only photons, & blue silk, & manual labor:

incremental death in fine textiles.

Soliloquy

the phi phenomenon
is vital to literature,
to form a narrative arc from disparate images
viewed in rapid succession.

Is every heaven-and-hell story an apologue?

Is there a telic function in poetry?

The Choreographer

scans character notes,
and asks herself:
Laila: James Pike,
or prodigal son?

She draws one from the Tarot,
reorganizing the geography of the court.

L presses her face
to the glass's edge,

sealed and pathetically moist,
like a tinned peach or a princess story.

through the glass,
two hands raised.
familiar beacons::

neon lights.

Neon is the light of hell.

such will to penetrate.

darkness.

such cold red will.

no warmth.

unblinking.

seduction.

hunger.

economic necessity.

calculated removal.

sharp edges.

no exceptions.

no memory.

I remember the breathless field that nestled me.

I remember the cloudmilk that cradled my thoughts,

*unspoken when when I'm all spread out across the
roaring wind like that
all I can see is our geometry*

reflections multiply.
air is full of afterimages.

i, with breath,
wists that lisp

through hooked
pores, you: open
octave by octave;

*skinless to the wind,
lips dry of song.*

between ektos, echoes
my heartbeat;

conspicuous,

sanguine
alive as drenched sheets

to the blue-lipped muse i pray
(whispers through the keyhole).

Chapter 8

Laila Emerges from the Labyrinth and Meets El Toro

El Toro, Laila asks

I need to know.

Which way is the right way to go?

I need to find my way back to Agape's orchards.

I need Truth.

El Toro's Truths

Love is the mystery of life.

Love is the creation of meaning and joy.

Nature loves you.

There is a pure emotion, simultaneous joy & sadness.

It is the emotion of being alive and moving forward through time.

This emotion is is the sound of Pachelbel's canon.

The spirit is beautiful and quietly proud.

A person or a society can only be what they can express, but expression can never be as full as being.

Clarity in the midst of color is the mystery and the answer.

Silence is where meaning begins and where it stops.

Silence needs sound to exist.

Whatever follows Now is shaped like a star: a starburst with many rays.

Beethoven's 9th is the sound of architecture.

Order is an organic concept.

Everyone must serve someone, but nobody is the master of anyone.

Happiness is the acceptance of Self and of forward motion toward beauty.

If you are looking for truth, your successes and failures will become impersonal, so don't worry about them.

Everyone's satori is a different shape.

Find the beauty within yourself and be sensitive to how it can be nurtured and shared.

Presence is timing.

Nobody can learn anything that is not already in their heart.

Chapter 9

The Edge

at the Edge

the Self brims up to the lip
& bursts through

crystal

membrane seeping
thin rivulets

emerald

infinities

& slim yellow blades

a spike where Nothing is
waits forever

p u l s i n g welcome
the gravity of dirt
the lightness of ...

light

dense when such a heavy body

inhales

it pulls your brain out
through the soles of your feet

and swallows you into the birds-
eye ::

(fermata)

...

fortissimo: GNASHING REDS
axle of the digestive wheel

softly
exhale *smooth yellow*
 harmonics

particulate matter fluttering
your name , ,, ‘ ‘ ‘
spread-eagled & whipping

(rag to bone)

Facing Pan, Laila cradles
a blue Morphos on her fingertip.
To be pure, she thinks
as one with no legs:
without so much as a sole to be muddied.

*my skeletal structure melts.
chalky plaster that adds thickness
to the echo chamber.
sweat sweating in a cage of sweat.
my boneless hands pound the walls,
but their soft thuds settle like cotton
against an insulation of bone.
no reflected signals. no eie. no u. no I.
free-field conditions; nothing is full.
the dust of shed light condenses.
in my throat, muffled puffs of powder-blue.
the fat of my breasts and forearms pools corporeal
against the
window, this arbitrary barrier
that so unfairly keeps me from air.*

dewpoint ::

the degree at which air can no longer hold
itself within & condenses.

in her cranial zoo, butterflies
flail their frail wings.

a jewel- toned corona
halos her pale cheeks.

Unable to escape,
Laila will return to heaven as the Morphos.

her halo quivers & transforms:
a jazzed-out corona,
like a too-hot summer night.

nasty.
electric.
face-melting.

crimson monarch wings secrete,
salty through her pores, as dew is pulled
through the flower-skins of morning.

they stretch their wings,
damp, papery as babies
and saturate the air.

Pierids of India,

Nymphalidae on little brush-feet,
cobalt blue Morphos cloaked
in all the glory of Venus.

For all their clawing from inside,
they're gentle crystalline little things that bloom
exponentially as mushroom clouds
and just like to settle about on surfaces,
flitting up from one place to the next as they please
in a jazzopédie of small motions.

The Conductor directs the little pupae
squeeze from her pores,
flitting in faster and faster time

Clouds of butterfly sweat
form a rose-hued cumulus
& precipitate, puffs
of chartreuse scales.

Chromatic rivulets condense
on the glass cage and stain the
panes as they drip, forming
mineral-rich ponds

A barometric reading measures butterfly-saturation
at near plasmatic levels: colors too dense to name.

Laila crumples.

In a flume of Morphos,
the moment passes.
& time shoots,

out of nowhere, this glowing stream
of liquid bullets, her breastplate
turning to shatter-glass

/ this thing *Not Even Giving A *****
?!

and Laila a little lens
prayer-beads clutched like *Heaven Help*
while this thing takes ten to dance

a gavotte like a little hot-soled
sunbeam on all her little infrastructures &
bones & things

& then FLASH-SLICE through her very
Core of Being, maybe that's those

synaptic channels or what-do-you-call-it
coursing river of collective

(s o u U l l ...??!
all sp- l a y e d out

slipping right back with a
wink to wherever-it-came from).

the phantom is nothing. but
“nothing” as a “material Such”
becomes the HUGEST of noise
and it *slips away*

color creates nothing
but only in parallel
to its own absence::

absence in the midst of great color is
zero to the zeroth zero's zero

Chapter Zero

soft telegram

towers of sleep like tall smoke
fold, breathe in procession.
in paradisum on cheap speakers.

little sleeps with creepy hands, nubby
like some highly engineered silicon
sponge-thing off QVC or something

touch things.
it's shameless
and unnerves me.

stare down the nose of an F-15 tomcat. .
no eyes.
painted teeth and bleachy-smelling clouds.

*it's very important to know
whose hand you will hold*

in the House of All Possible Snakes::
what snake is pure of anathema?

white-snake has no teeth
only stomach

STARE INTO THE OCULEYE.

through the iris, shifting light
reveals 7 towers.

Ultraviolet Tower 00

Pure Tower 11

Beautiful Tower 22

Strong Tower 33

Radiant Tower 44

Wise Tower 55

Complete Tower 66

bleating into the wind,
you have a lamb's face,
and the motion of the herd
is changing your blood .

Dandelion Tower #11
plucked bald

Tower of Talc #22
pliable as mist

a baby can drown in 1 inch of water in a five gallon
bucket
my heart is wet & my brain is young

OCULEYE HAS A SHIFTY GAZE.

lonely 22 you walk

like a palpitating heart
possible towers loom & fade

DELTA 5 is expansive and pure.
you pass through alone.



Part 2

Pan

Chapter 1

The Delta

The delta is vast. Mist hangs thickly in the air. Laila's heartbeat is thin and wistful. Her spirit permeates the atmosphere weakly. She is a pale light shrouded, in dense clouds. The atmosphere is palest gray tinged with silver and lavender.

The path is lightly travelled. The footprints of those who came before are but a whisper upon the silence of the delta, as the breath of some long-ago explorer may still echo imperceptibly in a seemingly barren lunar maria.

The rhythm of her steps is even and regular, and as she walks her body becomes lighter, lighter, light. She is air. She is rising in the mist. As she rises, three angels cloaked in silver-gray garments descend through the clouds. They are gentle in their presence, and acknowledge Laila with a silence of enormous gravitas-

a silence of deep, ultimate sadness,
deep, ultimate forgiveness,
and deep, ultimate love.

Her silver angels open the mist for her, and Laila sees Pan.

Pan is a woman whose body is a passageway between worlds. As people pass through her, they polish her heart and beautify her from the inside. As they walk, they cultivate gardens within her. They clean windows. They purify water. They make beautiful paintings of her landscapes, and build beautiful buildings to hang their beautiful pictures in. And then, they leave.

pan

in her blood pan dreams
in her the people look
in her mind she carries the sun

in her ears pan dreams
in her the people clean
in her heart they kiss her walls

in her heart pan dreams.
she loves the people.
in her mind they wash her windows.

in her sky, pan dreams
the people touch her gently.
in her hair they braid castles.

in her castles the people dream.
they construct histories of her body,
visions of her past and future.

each micro-architecture a temple
to honor its own blueprint.
she could never have imagined.





Laila's silver angels leave her. She wants to hold their hands, but now is not the time.

Laila enters Pan through her eye. As she enters, she passes other travellers who are existing- being expelled from Pan onto the sandy banks of the delta, and experiencing the deep chill of ultimate mist. They will travel the journey that Laila has just travelled, in reverse.

They do not make eye contact.

Chapter 2

Chamber of Kallos

The atmosphere within Pan is labyrinthine, but lush- fertile. A greenhouse of infinite chambers. The air is heavy with moisture, but this mist had the feeling of vivacity and growth. The peacefulness was not the chilling quiet of the delta, but the gently melodious peace created by the white noise of a rainforest; distant birds called out through the lemon-yellow canopies and the clicks of insect wings rustled in waves. An unseen river cast a shimmering sound into the air, and you could practically hear the morning-yawns of flowers as they bloomed, and the first, small gasps of new green shoots bursting through topsoil.

Laila is transfixed, having grown gradually numb during her time in hell. Her eyes dilate, and become newly capable of apprehending color and form-*beauty!* She emerges from the depths, like the shadowed rose emerges from the depths of chiaroscuro.

She wonders, *Where to go?*, and remembers the lessons she learned from the Gazelle-

what's a way

a way to go

where does away go?

a new way

where does a way go?

nobody knows

what's your way?

it's my trip

what's your trip?

it's my way

what's your way ?

the right way

how do I know my way?

it's right for you

how do I know if my way is right?

if you choose the right way, your way will
be the right way

how do you move with such light feet?

I don't trip up

how do you know if you're tripping?

you're down when you should be up

can you trip up?

not if you trip the right way

what's the right way?

a w a y y y ... !

So Laila chooses a way to go away- and since every way away is a way toward a new way, she knows she's going the right way.

She arrives in the Chamber of Kallos, where she sees every type of flower, from narcissi to roses, from tulips to peonies, marigolds to magnolias- all planted by the travellers who passed this way before her. Each flower is so singular, so individual, yet so complete in its beauty. She is momentarily dazed by the stunning and kaleidoscopic array, and paralyzed as she wonders what she can do to make some offering to Pan, to beautify what is already such a stunningly beautiful first chamber. Then, she remembers the lesson of the Mockingbird-

How do you understand the world, Laila asks the Mockingbird.

Very simple, says the Mockingbird, you speak its language.

 speak a haiku to haikus;
 speak a sonnet to sonnets.
 speak sky to skys;
speak bluebonnet to bluebonnets.

So, Laila makes a painting of each flower, giving each flower the color and form of itself. She sets each small canvas next to the flower's stem, giving it a small piece of art for its home. Then, just to be on the safe side, Laila makes a small painting for each painting, and sets each painting next to the flower's painting to keep it company.

She sees where a previous traveller has etched a message on a stone by the side of the path-

learn to love, and learn to love beauty.

beauty, even the beauty of the smallest flower

inspires a longing for goodness and truth.

She pauses in a moment of admiration, and thinks of El Toro, brilliantly ornamenting his own small universe somewhere out beyond the delta. She takes a snapshot of the garden, intending to show him someday... she understands. She is becoming unblind.

Chapter 3

The Infinite Prairie and the Bonsai Buffalo

In the next chamber, Laila finds a vast prairie that extends further than the eye can see in every direction. She sees fields of gold wheat swaying, both ultimately free and ultimately rooted.

Overwhelmed, she becomes dizzy and falls to her knees, struggling to adjust to the enormous blue of the sky, and conceptualize the distance she must travel to pass through this land. She feels, she is everyone and no-one. With her head in her hands, she looks up through the wheat-stalks, and sees in front of her the Bonsai Buffalo.

oh, *hello* !

The Bonsai Buffalo, though diminutive in form, retains the spiritual vastness of his ancestors. He lives in a Bonsai Prairie within the Infinite Prairie, and is meticulous in his personal habits and grooming. He has, *impeccable* manners. He walks with perfect comportment, treading gently and confidently upon the earth, and always choosing the good and wise path. Laila picks up a tiny comb and grooms his mane, and as she grooms him, he tacitly communicates to her the beauty and ultimate importance of their small lives there.

The Bonsai Buffalo says, yes, this world is vast and you are small, and you are trapped here- but remember what you asked the Mustang- *how do you live so free, when you can see the whole of the*

prarie trapped under a bowl of sky? and Laila remembers, she too is a sun-kissed maverick who chases her own destiny- whirling, with the slim gold speed of Brancusi's bird. Next, she remembers the wisdom of El Toro:

*Whatever follows Now is shaped like a star:
a starburst with many rays.*

Emboldened, closes her eyes and extends her fingers to feel the space around her- her spirit becomes luminous and omnidirectional, like a star, and whirls for one long, slow moment- then *shines*. She flings her dark hair back, raises her eyes to the sun, and sprints confidently in a straight line across the prairie, laughing and spinning through the fields as she goes.

Chapter 4

Character Development

The Chamber of Character Development is comprised of a hall of mirrors. Laila must stand on a pedestal and dream a beautiful dream of herself for Pan in order to move forward.

*(the demolition of the dichotomy
of surface and depth
in relation to truth)*

Within the chamber, the sculptural remnants of past dreams comprise a veritable forest of sculpture. The randomness and whimsy of the forms reveals the stunning imagination of the travellers who have passed through before, and the infinite possibility of the dreamverse.

as Galatea plays herself,
Laila becomes self-conscious
and aware of her own character
development; an idealization of herself,
her perfection of herself as a spirit.
intuiting or “divining” what she must become-
she cultivates a belief in her inner and outer beauty
and she *BECOMES BEAUTIFUL*
through a dissolution costuming and
deconstruction of the veils and frames
which have disguised her

true, radiant Self.

Dreaming;
*the envisioning and development
of a possible future truth.*

the hall of mirrors dissolves.

Chapter 5

Laila's passage through the Oculeye

Laila passes through the Oculeye to return to Agape in Heaven.



Part 3

Agape

whitecaps & rapids on the Styx::
echoes ring out through the fields of heaven

dawn (continues) to break in the grove of eternal
morning,
and heaven bows to greet the morphos.

Laila & Agape had been raised side-by-side.

Laila continued to pay visits to Agape as they entered adulthood, and their friendship ripened sweetly. The clarity and frankness of their conversations forged an intimacy between them which far surpassed any intimacy that could exist between man and woman. The complementary nature of their characters gave them a wholeness in each other's company upon which they came to rely, for comfort and confidence.

Agape's cloistering beyond the Oculeye cooled her heart, giving rise in place of its fire an element of passionate devotion in her relationship to all objects, animate and inanimate. It was with this full absolutism that the two girls engaged, transcending the prototypical double-talk and complexly layered social gestures of language.

Agape took on her role within the oculeie with little hesitation, treasuring the clarity of air which she was granted, and the events of her life became entirely constrained to a passive observance of the light, space, and color that passed in and through her.

If the fullness of a life is measured by the soul's extension along two axes, the vertical and the concentric, Agape's now existed wholly along the vertical. A heart that feeds richly on the simplest experiences of living never grows hungry for more incendiary passions, and her heart was now wholly nurtured by the meat and marrow of simple being.

With her spirit quieted, a vast clearing opened in Agape's heart. Her atrial space, so emptied, became a chamber of echoes, where the slightest tone reproduced itself in tessellating harmonies. Her mind, so cleared, became richly fertile, with the palest shadows registering with iridescent depth of color, and the smallest gestures of the world become saturated with feeling.

These clearings grew lush, expanded into meadows and sweeping vistas. Seas appeared and expanded into oceanic ecosystems, a breeding ground for new life. Networks of consciousness spun themselves into being from thin chains of genetic material and sunlight.

Laila's heart craved the incendiary passions of life, and pursued them, but she could see that Agape had a density of life within herself that fulfilled her in her own way. It was not a realm she fully empathized with, because her hearts held no ecosystems.

Instead, Laila's heart was shaped like a luminous high-beam. It began as a slim flame, fracturing and growing more saturated over time, feeding on air. Her irises were dense and radiant. Vibrance at its most vibrant. Color at its most colorful. Each girl felt a sorrow for the other, for the elements of life that she lacked, as well as a pride in the areas where the other shone.

Laila brought Agape a gift- a silver carving knife, laid into a thin box lined in blue crushed velvet, along with several blocks of burlled hardwoods. Like many of their exchanges, the gift was given with little pomp or occasion, and Agape offered her thanks in the form of a warm, upturned glance. Agape lifted the knife's edge delicately and turned over a square of rosewood in her palm. With the knife's blade she conjured a feathery nestling from the rosewood's burls, rendering its down with precision. She had the ideal model for her carvings, and she granted, for the first time, the ecosystem within her its own liberty. Rosewood finches were soon flocking alongside oak starlings and pine warblers. Mahogany mockingbirds soon added their songs to the chorus, followed by ebony lyrebirds and orioles of maple.

She placed within them delicate mechanical hearts that beat wooden blood through their hollow wooden avian bones, and lifted them upon wooden wings to the sun.







folk song i

*before conception you're a flickering bulb, a seed,
a ticker tape of thoughts to read
clothe your thoughts in flesh and wrap it in skin
open the pores and let sunshine in*

*kaleidoscope landscapes fall into focus
a new soprano joins nature's chorus
symphonic vocals synchronize, and
harmonize the vision of holy eyes*

*this rain of manna collects in our hands
elusive, lustrous, golden strands
materials so rich and raw
all we know to do is weave it into straw*

*but for all its lack of metallic gleam
our weavings hold the golden sheen
an earthy hue that stands fraternal
to the golden tapestry of the eternal*

<><><>

morning grove

wings uncurl,
damp with morning—

open

close ...

hello.

A gnarled branch is studded with pupae. Cocoons hang from the elbows of a russian olive, and silkworms drip like dew drops in glittering chains. Butterflies cling to willow branches, and blue Morphos ooze from laurels in fluttering polymers. A polychrome oasis, seeping.

A single sunbeam penetrates the canopy, illuminating the *mise en scene*. It refracts quietly through so many wings greeting gently, reverently, each one. Blue light illuminates the clearing, and WONDER, deep, blue wonder, fills the air.

so near to me but with the immaculate workings of a dreamspace;
the well-ordered color and perspectival space of a lacquer miniature.
but lively- natural!
this vision; a breathing Thangka through which I can walk.

touch a stone or just listen
to an ecosystem rich & clear;
lyrical & balanced in composition
- 'omnisymphonic'

but with the intimacy of 1 flute
yellowbird trills & alights

cloud island hovers.
distant.

a welcome and unsurprising apparition because I
remember it.

it came to me in a dream where I tread lightly on a
path of water.

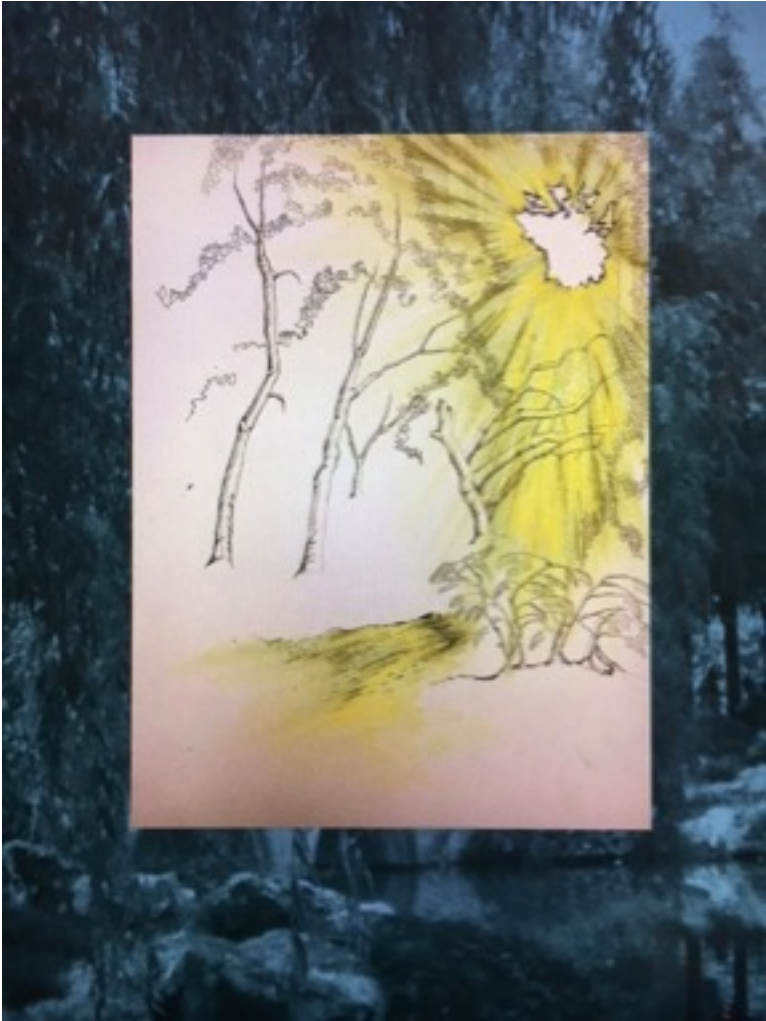
now it is,
quietly. frankly present, and luminous.
separate from me.
a division marked by many pastel horizons.

i can see the motion within it;
feel warmth.

large metal bolts bored in Earth tame geology and
carve

a path for me to walk.
traces of ancient labor;
marks that guide my steps.

the prayers of our mothers and fathers;
deep *deep* color spilling from terra cotta



lush, unrestrained- coloring with spirit

hibiscus lips unpurse to envelop
today,
a sunkiss grazing
like so many gentle skips the surface

of inexpressible mystery

if the cosmos is a meandering poetic fantasia

*punctuated by moments of vast, unspeakably sacred
grandeur,
singular characters, and unique individual loves...*

heaven is

just a little house, but it's yours.
count the tiles in the kitchen,
or don't.

hang a picture. wax the floors,
or don't. whatever.

hey there, baby.

there's a bottle of pinot tucked into the bookshelf,
a mound of autumn leaves composting in the
backyard.
two ceramic cups and half a sack of pale green
matcha.
a disco ball from some forgotten party graces the
sunroom.

take a seat, chill out.
it's sunset and the pavers are glowing.
there's too much dirt to count
and a new bird is cooing.

An orange tree signifies endless bounty.

Nature is the absolute,
unending,
and unabashed

cornucopia of decadence.
taste the juice.
never leave.

smoke is sweet & heady;
nausea, forgotten.

every sound is rich as incense,
red oak leaves rustle in harmonious multiplicity.
cicadas click like a chorus of angels,
and every living thing dons a halo of sun.

air is the opposite
of empty. as memory is full
of sedimented color,

condensed to legibility
in density or time or
deep-source volcanic motion.

in stillness my heart is not
still. as quiet is full
of sublimated music

in presence my heart tints
space my self-color,
as blue stars make blue.

attic air is thick as trees
are fat with time and
dirt is deep & full of names

architecture holds
the memory of air
& the floating of color:

all the self-color ppm
condensing on attic walls
in chunks of tactile crystal.

you can lick them & read
minds from 1934. clear as diamonds
that hold time.

particulate rainbows flow from my heart
& stick to places
& I love Being



Fields of the Blaue Reiter

The Blaue Reiter is a fine-boned woman, with elvish features and downy white hair that drifts like cirrus clouds in the breeze. She wears a rider's costume of cerulean, with a hooded cape and short boots of soft blue suede. Her pale sapphire eyes seem to hold all of creation, and if you meet her gaze you can see all the colors of of the universe. These colors are the kaleidoscopic vision of her Fields that she carries with her always. By day, she rides her blue mare through her fields, greeting gently each flower and caring for their needs, learning the names of each new living thing within her kingdom. By night, she rests beneath the stars, and her fields blanket her and protect her as she sleeps.

euclid's apostle

a golden ratio seems a subjective mathematics:

what is the ideal
spread of data in a field
but the spots of the dappled mare,
haunches glazed prussian blue?

Euclid's Apostle

knee-deep in a liquid spectrum
she's working the numbers,
deciphering the calculus
by which a dappled mare is dappled

! gloria child

let go of your reins !

tower of blue horses

a chorus of Klee's angels,
the ticking totem that pumps
in 4/4 time the aether of feeling-

a material portmanteau;
the assemblage of interchangeable

spirits :: (*the site of eternal transposition*

ranspositiont

anspositiontr

nspositiontra

...

a furious spirit

ual machine iritu

sp i ru mash een)

that materializes in the atmosphere
a misty vibrance

*(the dematerialization of the elan vital
in a puff of blue smoke)*

monument to the past;
beacon of the future ::

*is there a more golden ratio
than the arced neck of a mustang
as it whirls in pure ecstasy toward the sun?*

blue horse i

fauvist color is objectless substance.
feeling unchained from vessel-

cotton candy mounds,
an intuitive pink

theses on free music

chick chock shmiiiiij
a squibblehead full of zingofish

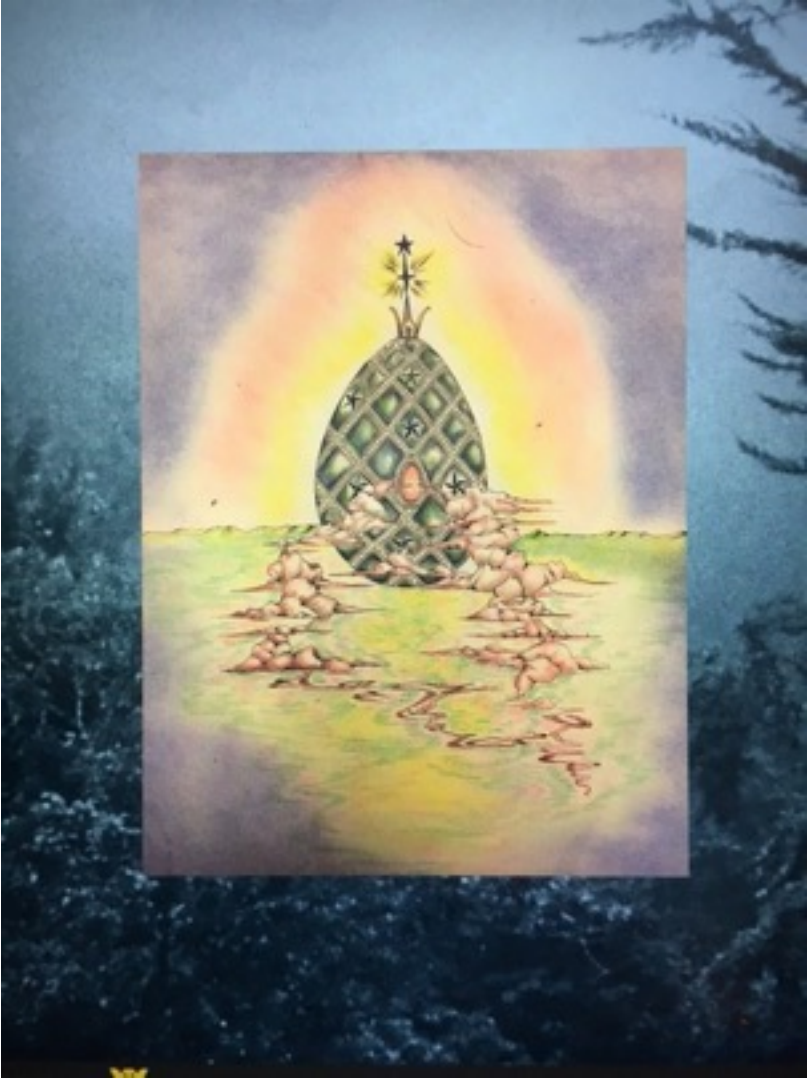
topped with a
pilly
paprikaHat

teal keys squeal;

an original pickle
with doublesharp whiskers
snaps a pink fantasia

lick a lagubrious corpsucle

a new blue is born



sticky budule of infantile nubbusiness
neutral chambeige at first, a waxy nothing

a paled prim glow starts to grow
siblings cluster close to
watch the miraculous unfade shade
darken into it's own
cornroses, sugarblazes, char-yellow golds alike
god-paraffins watch with tenterbait hook hearts::

it's a Saphronnite Violet!!!
collective(sigh)draws
as the ritual purpleous paper

(!)wraps
to
a clothes(!

the harpist

The HARPIST and her apprentice occupy a small summerhouse in the fields of the Blaue Reiter. Their little belvedere is wallpapered with rose & chartreuse chinoiserie paper, and they keep a 10-stringed standing harp in the drawing room. In the house they have one of every type of harp that has ever been played- Victorian Zithers, Grecian lyres, Korean *gonghus* and Chinese *konghous*, Medeival Wartburgs, Burmese saung-gauks, and Afghani Kafir harps- even the Indian bin-baia harps of the Padhar.

Whenever a harp is plucked, the chord that is played creates a surge of new growth in the Fields of the Blaue Reiter, and wavew of flowers spring up in time to the music.

The Harpist was a master of every harp; she could pick up any one of them on a whim and unfurl the great works of Beethoven or Mozart with her eyes closed, intuitively drawing the music from the strings as easily as the sun draws a meadow of flowers from a field of fertile soil.

The apprentice's favorite harp of all was the small Celtic harp, which she could nestle in her lap and play the music as she felt it- not with her hands, but with her heart. She plucked the strings with more effort than her mother, occasionally balking in the middle of a musical phrase to check the notes on the staff, or re-tune the strings with the small levers that lined the wooden bow of the harp's frame— but with concentration she could pluck out a sweet little tune that sounded just fine. She liked to play acoustic covers of the Beatles and Peter Frampton, and she had a few good Fleetwood Mac songs on deck too.

The Harpist and her daughter kept in on their front porch an aeolian harp, which they polished and cleaned every morning then set out for the wind to play. As the Harpist explained, “sometimes the Universe makes its own music, and it's best to listen.”

A mellow zephyr whips through the Aeolian harp, drawing out a clear, true major chord. As the chord fills the atmosphere, a field of gold wheat rises up from the soil. An easterly wind follows, striking an e minor chord and prompting a small grove of olive trees to sprout up and shoot forth gnarled limbs and shiny round fruits. A wind from the south plays through the harp, and a nearby orange tree blossoms and becomes laden with juicy orbs, its branches

drooping with the sudden arrival of fruit. Finally, a northern breeze drifts through the harp, and a grove of cherry trees blossoms in a playful flurry of pink.



El Toro Begins A New Life Following the Existential Rupture of Shedding Ovules in the

Grove of Eternal Morning

From the audience, a young girl of about 8 or 9 rises from her seat, her eyes fixated on some point unseen among the falling petals. She coolly smooths her skirt and walks slowly down the aisle toward the still-fluttering petals of El Toro, popcorn in hand. She plucks a small wax chrysalis from the fluttering mass of flora and composting organic matter and cradles it in her palms, folding her legs beneath her to kneel at the base of his roots with the calm sophistication of one who has perhaps spent a lifetime in the field of botany.

The chrysalis quivers & hums through its shell, the beeswax softening with the warmth of her touch. In the chrysalis stage there is little movement, and through the weeks the small clearing where she kneeled remained a wholly discrete realm, the only motion being the motion of time.

Eventually the matte yellow of the wax gives way to a brighter, more luminous gold, and a smattering of other colors: the hum of the chrysalis seemed to incite a heightened perception in her vision, as though the rods & cones of her retina were just awakening. Dappled impressionist yellows and powdery ochre dribbled across her face and shoulders, acid greens seeped from the soil. Straightening, she rises, spine vertical to the sun, her mind elongated & humming. As a cathedral's

architecture can invert the most concrete of
Newtonian facts, her entire Self is newly filled with
upwardly spiraling motion, impelled with zeal
beyond the cusp of gravity.