

## Holding the Flood

For those who think the flood is reasonable, there is a lever that stops up our senses, ends our movement, and tells us to take the ceiling as a way out. Those precise fellows who think they have caught it, the flowers will look at them afterwards.

In the large room of details, where we dress ourselves, one jumps on the ship of verse, floating on the sea of details. The sea is higher than all the graves it waters, the sweet, healthful cool, the house of purple and blue.

The beaten-about swim in their circles. The eye of God blushes in the whirlpool. The soul and the light come together. The castabouts find their ship. In the large house, sailing around is repeated.

When we look at ourselves as infants, we regard our own marvelous images. A sound carries as if struck by a hammer. We cup our ears, echoes come back in spirals. No one wishes to close it off, everyone is filled with an ecstatic jubilation.

Then we parade our piano of cries. The parade continues. Into a splendid hotel, floating feet first, we dance chaotically. We glide to the ringing bells of midnight. We throw off the shackles that carry us through the desert of time. Eagles and spacemen are groping toward the edges. In the violet future, springtime will be a birthright.

There are sounds. We listen to them. We come together. We cook our best and worst in a stew. We drop the night into

orgasms. We ring loud and clear. We mount and roll, go apart and return. We fill ourselves and relieve ourselves of floods.

We will cast aside our fears of dissipation and swim in the overflow, and this shall be it all. The river, the source that fills our brains, is the pot of earth, from which we will never be satiated, and which we cannot ignore.

### Seasoned in Fire

I am jaded. If I am feeling well, my spirit is festive. All my curses are put to rest in cooling wine. I soak. I find beauty is generous to me. I find love, and then I am injured. I cross my arms, content that justice has been done me. I suffer my fire. Misery and pain are the treasures in my estate.

I struggle to find avenues in my spirit where humanity can find hope. On top of my joy, I make strange bonds with the most ferocious animals. I apply the burdens my self. I pour it on. I persist. I carry the cross of my fossil death. I flog myself, I stuff myself with black pain.

The worst that I can imagine comes to me as if from God. I lunge into the baleful dance. I sustain a sick air of crime. The joy of good days folds into nothing. I fan the flames, I bring to a close the tiniest moment of fair sky.

I search to discover where I might put an end to my appetite for pain. Through some inspiration, I think I have found it. My sweet Devil, I conjure you, in order to rid myself of your temptation.

## The Movie House

It's a beautiful night to fall asleep in the movie house.  
Attentive people are always watching something. I seek  
peacefulness in the enclaves of involuntary life. The world  
shines on the silver screen like jewelry. I am burning up  
in my own ecstasy. I love the fire I have stumbled into.

She is asleep beside me, and she dreams of our love.  
She lies in my arms and remembers the easy times.  
This kind of love is profound. In dreams, nothing is  
too sweet. Anyone can make up verses and songs,  
plots and stories. Everything's true, nothing's false,  
everything's connected.

Her eyes are glued to me like a sleeping animal is glued to  
the ground. She remembers all my lifeless poses. She lubricates  
the contradictions. She gives me charms of metamorphosis.  
The electric light glows on the crystals of my breath. A light  
from the hallway illuminates the room like a projection.  
I am flamboyant in my dreaming. I am glowing like amber.

My arms flick around her legs. She embraces me.  
We are turning in a prism. Time is a spinning clock.  
Serene, forgetful, calm, solitary, united, forming  
crystals, we have trouble coming back to life.

I have been deranged. My senses are taking on courage.  
Everything and everyone is marching across the screen  
in a caravan.

## Despair in the Morning

I made a mistake with a friendly young girl. Foolishly, I wrote her brothers and asked for a loan. Fat chance! They call it a crime, a real mistake. I am given credit for plain stupidity. You, who think you can manage better, imagine my chagrin, how rotten and desperate I feel.

But something makes me revel in my mistake. I tell my story until I cry on my sheets in my sleep. Me! I can no more explain it, than I can continue with the old prayers. I can no longer say them. I am always left in despair in the silence of the night.

Every day, turning over these foolish memories, struggling to make sense of them, my senses murmur the truth of my life, the true images, courage, strength, dreams. What irony!

I give birth to new problems, but where is new wisdom? Where is the fruit of this tyranny? Where is the good from this superstition I adore? This is no more the first time. It is my world. I am a slave. Nothing can make my life pass sweetly.

## I'll Dance on Sunday

I'll dance on Sunday, until I'm exhausted, until I'm an old man and dead as an unborn child. I'll try to remember as far inside my extremities as I can. I'll give up the lands I've taken. I can't see over the wall anyway. The imaginary voyeur, my waylaid soul is in a cross of stone. I'll retrieve what will happen from absentmindedness. I'll desert the vague wars of inferior obstructions.

I'll stand in place of Christ before he saw the stone roll away.

The stone rolls back, he runs out, he flies to heaven. Science, geography, physics, he remembers in a rush. *Ah, Science!* he cries.

The body and the soul transcend rhetoric. The world rolls like a stone. It is oracular to see it roll away, to see through it like a tunnel to China. I wait for God like the wind through the hollow in a stone wall.

## Reconciliation

A quarter of the way through the morning, I stop. I go back to sleep and dream again. I soak my cheeks with the tastes that have evaporated. I put myself back in the immeasurable dream, where only the sun hides its soul. I take hold of myself. I reconstruct my agitation. I breathe the odors of last night.

Do I eat my vast desert with tranquility? Do I prepare myself for the precious slaughter? I'll find the riches of life behind false ceilings. I let loose a little of my spirit. I don't blame my corruption on the daylight.

## June is the Month of Animals

Singing chambers are open to the turquoise sky. What a place! Coffins and good lunches. In the afternoon, the sea is full of aristocrats who swim in genocide and lemonade. What good are the intrigues of geniuses? They depend on vain disorders. It's the free human, who fornicates in the sea, at the same time, dives for coins.

Pleasures enter, marine malcontents, they punch light in those buttocks, plush and resting. The spirits of the water wander into

spurious alcoves. At night, they aim by the light of the moon.  
They curb their services and regroup. These thousand bandoliers  
cover the sky. They punch holes in the affairs of morning rats.  
If anyone starts to swim, a fire will flare into blemishes. They  
will come up full of festers. The vipers will plant their young.

O specter saints and ghosts of Bethlehem,  
can you charm all the bruises into finery?

### Footprints On My Heart

I tell myself, the prong in my pants is a creature. My pale face  
is an ideal of divinity. I am going to jump through the ceiling.  
Muse, praise such a feat. What splendid affairs I have to  
remember. My unique growth awaits larger trousers.

Little doubts stay away, I am going to run my course.  
What times! My secret is a grand horse. My flights  
through the ceiling constitute a dozen fuckings.

I say this, *Go to the end of all roads. The good nights in  
September are full of greatness.* I taste the rose in my teeth.  
I find a wine of vigor. I shake a little in the middle of my  
somber fantasies. I come like lies. I tire myself with rubbers.

Bless my soul, you'll put footprints on my heart.

### Do You Not Stand Rigid?

Do I not stand rigid behind my flexible lips, clicking against other  
halves of myself, just as rigid, an apologizer, dancing with wet thighs?  
Where's the tongue that belongs to my nostrils? Is it speaking softly

in reply to harsh smells? Is Narcissus not in love with his popular face?  
What about the embarrassment of the underside of the tongue,  
the dripping undertones, the vessels of pain, the fat in the mouth,  
the comfortable mouthful?

My lips are sealed. My eyes are standing in another doorway.  
My skin is dry, and it is oiled. My hair is smooth, and it has spoiled.  
My hair is a betrayal. Loose mouth, drunken head, words stand up  
like courage. Large words, shredded sentences.

My face is a reproach. My eyes are the bridge. My mouth is cold,  
inviting water. The mirror is a reflection. Cracks on the glass are  
facts. I am swimming in the reeds of my tongue. I am seen in the  
pure water of my words, speared like a fish on a pronged death.

## To My Senses and Brains

What happened, and whose fault is it? O senses. O brains. I find it  
difficult to understand the magic of good hours I somehow elude.  
O life, given to itself.

I am a fool who sings the gullibility of himself. I envy the plumes  
that charge my life. They charm me. They prick my soul and body.  
They disperse all effort. How can I explain it to my other face?  
O senses. O brains.

## The Demonstration of Creativity

I witness the draperies of the immortal passageway and our  
stuffy patter of time. In the center of my stomach, I feel a sense  
of cynical prostitution. Shall I go to the peace of poverty and

distemper or to the service of the plush monstrosities and exploitations of industries and militaries? I throw off ice and import oils. I conscribe to the goodness of air. I fly into the most ferocious philosophies.

Ignorant men pour out science like a rushing fluid of comfort, a creation of the mind, which looks away. See the truth marching. It wanders! What a route!

### A Man Shoots a Woman With Blanks

In my fondness, I carry umbrellas for prostitutes. Their dresses pass over their bodies like the reverberating colors of the sea over the shore. They walk like words on a giant page.

But I am a fool to contemplate my heart in the middle of a crumbling house. I make a tomb of my clothing.

My claims for visions, which will be reflections, dog after me. While flowers eat each other, at battle in fields, as their eyes open cracks in the rocks, I am immobilized in the center of my turbulence. Nothing is noble, if my senses chase themselves without application.

Fresh ways follow each other into bottles, they pull the cork in after them and turn into pleasant colored waters. Reality is poignant, but it makes me laugh, and it disappears. I try to find the center of the sun in the middle of the night, and, given the time, I am washed and cleansed, and that is the sole measure of my life.

I am the voice of sins. I am the voice of hard work. I am vague. I have lost my senses. I am afraid of losing my pleasures. I am invisible. I am a light-blue man who shoots a red woman with neon bullets.

## The Odd Sounds in the River

I look in front of my eyes, many times louder than the river.  
I see the moment pinpointed. I walk on my feet, a man so mild.  
I dance a dirge of verses. The room where I wait for death  
accompanies me, makes me a fool.

I pour myself full. There's no substitute for my own consent.  
At the same time, I notice everything and everyone. I consume  
myself in my choices. Earthquake cannot vent the emptiness  
incorporate in the last man. It is the hour of love and the blues.  
I speak to myself with a brute voice. I tell myself to catch the  
sullen rain that fills my corpse.

Fools pass by with their patient bunches of sweet smelling flowers.  
They praise Lorca and make invisible entries in their notebooks.  
Something is stolen. The passersby make no sound in their loins. I see  
they have arrested the sun and spread it across the midnight sky.

I am waiting for the rain that drenches the human lungs, like a great  
flame that burns the angels. Drenched angels appear and disappear.  
Everyone is waiting for the sweet smell of eternity. With perfect  
strokes, the Devil swims in the river. I lean down and touch the curse  
of wanting my time of life.

## Made of Words

I am made of words. They crawl over me. They drill holes  
in my skull. They plague my nights. They wash down the alleys  
of my dreams. They derail my feet. They stain my thighs. They  
last longer than the light. They tremble like a movie on the ceiling.

I clamp the hardest words between my teeth. Sound is lost in a paradise of noise. I put my hands on words and rub them into my skin. I am the Prince of Time. I take what I can. Death is evil. Words are life. In the eternity of the world, I am a flower on the sea.

### I Stay Away From the Ocean

The flowers are too pretty on the ocean. I want the soil of its flowers to rise on my fingers to my lips. Everything I say is lost at sea. My heart sailed with Columbus. I slept at night clutching a handful of Spain. Picked roses are kept in water. It's a good way to fool the flowers. My hand, at night, lies off the side of my bed like a lifeboat and imitates a swim in the sea. My heart gets lost on the voyage. Unfamiliar with water, it thinks the sea is a vast garden.

### The Voice in the Branches

There is a voice waiting in the branches. A little sun, a little moon, it says, *You are looking for death. It's a little cool, a little warm.* I am on the ground like a monkey, naked, except for my tongue.

There is a voice waiting in the branches. A little sun, a little moon, it says, *You are looking for death. You're a little warm, a little cool.* The sun and the moon like to watch me searching around for my evasive, errant, silly death.

### What's This Animal Called?

Water splashes me. Water runs, without gutters, in the street, like sunlight. Snow is falling, like shredding. In bed-time, when

the visitor says, bobbing sideways, *Here are the curtains.* I say,  
*Here's the sleeve of my coat.*

My chair is a small square of raised floor that jumps all over the room.  
I am being released from my homey prison. The flowers are jumping  
out of their vases. I have put boards on all my old doorways, sheets  
on all my old arms and legs. I sit up straight when I start singing.

There are shadows because of the light, sound because of the music,  
walls because of the gauzy walls, floors that turn because someone  
wants to see all the angles. I'm a landed mackerel, scrabbling across  
the beach on its back, looking at the sky for an ocean.

### Mermuse

I have seen water flow out of my eyes. I have seen fish fly out  
of the sea. I have heard their screams. I have heard the voices of  
the sea shoot to the surface. I have felt a wave of words cover me.  
I have seen, under the surface, there are bright colors. I have seen  
a door open. I have heard a voice singing from my throat.

### Still the Same

I am still the same. Still riding the bicycle that slips away, still wearing  
the jacket that tears apart, still dropping conversation into the basket  
of my brain, still dancing with the slick-haired animals of imagination,  
still touching the walls in stairwells to see if they're papier-mâché,  
still talking to friends that blow in the room like curtains, still falling  
awake at the slightest sound. I am a car, with my child tongue hanging  
out in back, the red lights of death blazing on top. Happiness is still  
the ambulance of my dreams.

## Desesperado

Every morning, I recover from the previous night, partially destroyed. A river of nakedness obstinately runs through me. I abandon death when the sun comes up. My heart has burned through the night. It lies exhausted in cold coals. I lay shoulder cold, in the sheets. The wars accumulate from night to night. Sunlight comes without hope. It's a tragedy, it's a comedy. Comes the cold, comes the laughter. The dolor I dreamed is alive and lies beside me. I cannot undream it.

## The Song of My Aloneness

My aloneness is disconsolate. My heart is growing larger than my brain. The children of my night linger into the next afternoon. My tranquility is as soothing as tree-bark. I limp and stumble, scatter and disintegrate. I desire the arms of a distant bedroom, a place where blood talks all night to danger.

My skin is dense with water. My tongue blisters into a moustache. My cheeks hide the light from my eyes. My forehead undulates. I am sober in my sleep. I jerk around the room like a riderless horse. In my jungle blood, I hear a voice, *Your feet walk around the house, while your heart beats inside.*

## A Man is Stubbed Against the Wall

A man is stubbed against the wall. Ashes fall onto the floor with a few sparks. A man is thrown against the beams and jams abruptly into the corner. The dead startle us, because of their decisiveness. Because the glass is jagged, only jagged pieces of air get into the room.

I am looking at the light like an open grave does. I've taken a position under everyone, even under everything, like a bird who has died in flight and cannot fall from the sky. With my wings at the perfect attitude, I fly across everything, always and forever.

What can anyone say to the friends, acquaintances, creditors and assassins who wait patiently behind our thoughts?

## Eclipse

My words are eclipsing, letters falling out, half-words, like a dirty sun in a yellow sky. I imagine that I am in a woodland green, being kissed lovingly by indiscriminate animals. I went back my watery life. I was a mushroom fish, swimming darkly, hallucinating on the under-side.

I have somehow crawled out of the sea and onto this place, not yet dead, doing strange visual things to people, dancing around me like loons. They think that I'm a marvelous instrument. They're happy to think they own this parchment graveyard.

## Feet Without Faces

Feet without faces give the night a lost countenance. To hold the water in my hands, I grip my fingers tightly. I walk up and down the street, asking about the time. The trees wave in the wind and point to the stars. I walk the street like a visitor, and all the buildings bear the weight. It will take more determined arms to throw the street into a dream. Blood slips along my membranous fingers. My feet think they're the same as hands, coursing these streets and streets again, the same as seawater, under tide-pull.

## Night Time

I dial the voices that respond while listening. I am the ghost that lives in the flesh when it thinks it's safe. It's not safe to live in flesh, but it's dark, and it seems safe.

There are sudden movements, like a rainbow, living in an unnoticed flower or plain, green plant, that's ready, for a split second, and gushes into my eye, when I picked it for another reason than the total immolation of my senses, that takes place like a sunbath, when my sweat tries to please the light and becomes its lover, like the sugar that melts when a drop of coffee hits the cup, and I hesitate before pouring out the rest, afraid to watch the china melt, wanting it to.

## Dolphin's Water

I love water. Even among trees, I am a swimmer, and the moon is the eye of a lost white whale. I am the kind of fish that enjoys the crooked and broken path, and I love the occult eye that hangs above the horizon. Everything I love floats near me. There are no unreachable distances at sea. By day, the trees are green. At night, the pines are blurred in marine darkness. I am attached to my world, such a poor one. I swim through it, disconsolate. Resigned to myself, I touch the wet edges of everything.

## Getting Lost in the Terrible Present

Nighttime is a place for the eyes to hide. Daytime is a floor of lights to walk on. The afternoon is in-between-green. Nothing brightens me like the nakedness of getting night and day together. There is a tiny

alcove of madness in everything. Nighttime is fresh. Daytime makes brilliant sense.

### Standing in the Doorway

Looking for miracles, outside the doorway, alone. Here comes a boat with lights on it and a view of the great city at night. It pulls me out of the doorway. I go up and down the road, looking for miracles. Here comes the ocean. Here comes a real person. With red lips.

### So Beautiful

So beautiful and can't sing. I go out the backdoor and sit in the backyard. So beautiful and can't sing. Between the sun and the roses, my voice is stolen. So beautiful and can't sing.

### Letter for Death

Death, you cannot have my table. You can have everything on it. All these poems can be eaten. The table is mine. Wipe it clean, Death.

### If I Die By Fire

If I die by fire, let the fire burn. The smoke will blackface the walls. The flames will redden the sky. The ashes will throw themselves into the wind. If I die by fire, let the fire burn.

### The Father

Given to long naps of anger, a tender sinner, who pours water on your nose, a spoiler who raises the temperature, a grimace, leering through the trees. He, who visits lovers and greases the

bellboy's palm, raises his temper in aggrieving arms, has an old tenderness with its equal in lunacy, deserts the members of his family with a bloody suitcase that carries their parts, their hearts.

He places his feet on streets, and kernels of corn adorn his brow, a halo, a crown. He places a call in his sleep to a hot, cold climate, a land without houses, or homes, or places to live. He is sober, pugnacious, and sweet at Christmas. He is an acrobat, a quarterback, a mathematician.

He will be asked to buy a beam of light. The light penetrates his skull, it darkens. The air comes whistling out of his humid body, and love, like black tears, like rotted cucumbers, falls from him to the floorboards of Hell. An innocent silence hangs above the corpse.

Death is gone now. Only the presence of absence hovers like a scent about the shape as a form of clarity. A venom passes to the child, still alive, without hope, holding no cards, no destiny but death. He smiles. He is alone now. Regeneration is upon him, free from love's grip.

## The Mother

I don't understand where the perfume leaves off and the stink begins, this magnolia decay called mother, this martyrdom of dead lips.

A cranial, cracking, dormant love, runs to the moons of my fingertips. A minister with a split heart-stone emigrates to the nerves and spits blood. Dead, my mother, not that woman, but mine, married off to a passing body-wagon, screeching from wounds, the poor-me wounds.

The muttered love, gone, like a simper at dawn, like a wagon of corpses for the garden of fugitive souls. Riding atop the unhealed heap goes my mothering bitch of pain, its mouth sewed to a carnivore.

There is a fluid drained off the heart, a chalk shattered off the brain, a malodorous stench that rises from the living that is the dying, a retold story of endless emptiness, a single person dead.

The nude dead are like a fading fame. All who carry its name are gone, and love will come a cropper, harvestor of flesh, blade of life, turning the yellows from the light, conjuring the light out of us, like an hypnosis that is the loss of sight.

## The Azure Blizzard

Obscure and foliate as a private violet, I respirate, humbly tapping the folds of my tongue. The humidity of love, with its rampant *doucement*, boards a bus for the lips. On file with our parents are the milkings of light our autumn pleasures repossess. In order to work loose a callus on the red rose, we forget how many times we've fed our appetite for plenitude.

A revelation is findable in the windhouse that is my soul. It wraps itself around my arms, the arms of my chair, my legs, the legs of my chair, engulfing my posture, and my platform. It tubes into my moist enclosures, and society is rehabilitated. Its organs are magically transplanted into the flesh of a timeless being, myself. The azure blizzard, of wanting to know every goddam thing there is to know, drowns out the innocence, but innocence returns, remembering nothing of the storm.

