

Ecstatic Poem

Listener, Remain here with me for a short time
In this place, so that as we proceed, you will not be drawn or
Carried through this pleasure-garden as if it were a sea of waves.
I shall hide nothing from you nor decorate
myself with foreign plumes, though this behavior is much in vogue today.
Here you see many figures, most of them as naked as they are genuine –
More genuine than either you or I.
And as you observe their great truth
With them you will hear many verses and many poems.
The figures are taken from other authors and works;
But the verses are my own.
Listen, and I shall tell you how this all came to pass.
Monochrome pictures appeal to me very much -- I consider
It a much greater art to convey an idea to the
human mind by means of one color than by the aid of many colors.
Therefore, I thought of preparing my own album that would regale my eyes
With artistic figures and my mind with the understanding of occult things.
I present them here solely in interests of medicine.
When I experienced the sadness the wonderful
and sad conditions of my beloved fatherland.
I made this work, not because I sought my own advantage or courted
popular favor, but because I wanted to pay tribute to the many
nudes who made their beauty a gift to my films
and to women who photographed me.
To ease for you, dear listener, the work you will have to do
And so that you do not have to search great works
with the loss of much time, I have written for you.
But I warn you, to understand what appears here
You must be prepared to follow nature's sign and footstep.
Without fire, human would never have known
The melting and treating of metals;
Never would human have known the birth of things,
nor the cause of disease, nor the nature of remedies.

“Thus saith Jehovah of hosts; even so will I break this people and this city, as one
breaketh a potter 's vessel, that cannot be made whole again: and they shall bury them in
Tophet (the killing valley), till there be no place to bury.” (Jeremiah 19: 11).

Without fire man would never have seen the
reality of things; he would have seen their useless shadows only.
Humans should thank the Lord Almighty for inexpressible gifts received from Him,
Love the great treasures, and hand them on to posterity.
With this light one cannot err in the darkness;
With this staff one cannot fall on a slippery path.
On should disregarding the idle chatter that surrounds us
And the ceaseless fantasies that arise with.

And attend only to the all-consuming fire.
Heed the glorious arousal of the flesh as an unspeakable wonders
The proves this a great scene of perfection.
Be encouraged in the praise of the creator of all things.
Treasure joy in the heart, as did these you will see here.
This has been the noblest purpose and aim of my labors
To employ all things in the love of God and of our neighbor.
Therefore, dear listener, be attentive. Use these pictures and word
To your heart's desire, as you join us in this walk in our pleasure garden.

But listener, before I take my leave, I implore you
To remember these words (with which I am sure you are familiar):
"Put your prejudice aside,
For, really, there's nothing here that's outrageous,
Nothing sick, or bad — or contagious.
Not that I sit here glowing with pride
For my book: all you'll find is laughter:
That's all the glory my heart is after,
Seeing how sorrow eats you, defeats you.
I'd rather write about laughing than crying,
For laughter makes men human, and courageous."

So, listener, I now bid you farewell. May the light that follows now
Reach you and penetrate you and show you the way of Love,
May it open the doors of the knowledge of the Most Ancient Stone
And unseal the Most Secret Fountain of Health.

VOICE 1 (FEMALE)

There is a door beyond which no one passes without becoming deranged.
The door the colour of blood,
And the texture of a frenzied Christmas wrapping.
Someone signals to me not to go in,
But I ignore her. Prudence has never been
My strong suit. Besides, because the Provost
and Dean insist on jointly playing Ramón Ruiz Alonzo
to my Lorca, I really have no choice.
(They conspire to mount a new course on the Private Life and Chemicals
to teach engineers to change wine into water
and lower blood pressure to narcoelptic levels.)
Once past the threshold,
I take up the bitterness of all that has gone unfulfilled
Since I abandoned my dolls and sealed
My locket tight.
After all, I was raised in a town made of steel.
All the people were made of steel
I know full well there no good wishes.
Whenever I am this alone, I cannot forget
The forty years lost to hatred and persecution

Of those haters of poetry who dwell in the open,
Outside the confines of this mansion..
I remember the foolishness of hope
And am glad I have come to have no hope.
I think of the ten years of being scorned
By fat eyes. I think of twenty-five faces
Whose glances would batter me with stones.
I think of the midnight cancers
Stalking the corridors where I so often had to work late.
I think of the scorpions, snails and centipedes I talked to
About about the thermometers measuring the pure desire
Of those whom the infernal powers
Have rendered inform, sullen, and mute.
I think of blind horses braying
At the bedroom windows out of which
I peered in my youth.
In the place to which I have come.
I will survive only by understanding
The signatures of all things and their resonances.
Every gnarled crevice has meaning
For those who are alert to correspondences.
When the sun kneels at the horizon
And spreads wonder over the waters.
Still, it clear that humans have not
Killed god, but they have
Driven him insane. Malice spreads abroad, and
And the energies on this side of the portal
Organize it into the filigrees
Of the rose forms a magnet shapes in iron dust.
We will not mention the snow drifts
Within this edifice. The blood-coloured Christmas-wrapper door
Wants to keep that a secret.
What happens here depends on the blood
That spurts from your side
Thirty-nine years hence.
On Monday, I was sitting at a round table
Next to a young man
At the 'Eden Casino.'
His words crippled the thrones and dominions
Perched on rafters above the
Backgammon boards presided over
By female croupiers in golden lame tuxedos
And power-blue frilly shirts
With a plunging U-shaped neckline.
His boney hands poured out hours
As though into a chalice of hemlock
To be drunk by the unpreturbed.
When my eye—an eye fixed on Nothing
As though on a king, loyal to Nothingness,

As though to the King through all his folly—when my eye
Auscultated his abdomen
For sounds of grief and I was appalled
To hear a leprous wind barking in bamboo.
The silent spaces all around
Allow all that is ragged torn—
But only the ragged and torn—
To dissolve completely:
In this, as Christians say,
The low is made high.
A sad dove escaped from the heart of the most fresplendent believer.
There ran through my body a chill like that a bog soldier
Feels at the sight of barbed wire
Measuring ridiculously an unconfined ooze.
Hierarchies of pain determine
The layout of rooms in this edifice that dreams
Of insane and lusty young men.
Think of it: the unburiable
Each occupy a room of mansion
As though it were its coffin.
Each is eyeless, and so has nothing but echoes
To guide him (or her) through this tumult.
Feeling this pain, they wish only for half-pain
Even though its lasting trace continues
To sear flesh more sharply than razor-blade.
(They hope, I suppose, its resonance will fade
To a grey within grey.)
Among palaces, white campanili and blue, blue water,
He shut his eyes to see the tawdry stores of lower
Yonge Street and the sex haunts of lower Church Street.
He dreamed a contented dream of sweaters and chipped pavement
In the returning warmth.
Is there anything more sorrowful
Than the tinkling of a fountain
Running at 1:00 am in the silvery
Moonlight? When the sun was reborn
I was blissfully empty. Oh, what infinite emptiness!

THE MAGICIAN

The cold is crippling; it comes from the nether regions of the earth,
But brings out sheep on the hills.
Its Name wounds the cold-dark blackness.
I am ashamed in my nakedness.
I burned to become His Name.
I burned to assume his pain.
I burned to have him eat the mush of poor brain.
I burned to have Him find me before the beginning.
I burned to have change me from acid to salt.

I burned to have Him extinguish the flame I burned with.
And so I focus my thought so young man appears by fountain.
He is wearing with a grayish tunic.
He has black and profound eyes and hawk-nose.
He is tall body and has long, black hair.
He takes a step and dissolves in the luminous jet
That emerges from the fountain.
A Japanese schooner appears off the coast of Amalfi,
On it, a boy dreams of birds whose wings are clipped
And he awakens in lather.
The blue sky shows black footprints.
Because of the Rising Sun, my likeness drifts on the silvery water.
Though I bend over to observe it, I go unfulfilled.
I become empty. I am hollowed out and become nothing.
But no flower appears. An adult dignity has taken its place.
I bridle at the soporific novel I am writing
You couldn't pay me to treat this moronic twaddle"
"A nightingale sobs. The stars quiver faintly in the pale-blue glamour.
The firmament are smooth as blue satin—they reflect
The mirror surface of the pond below them."
From our bed we watched the Avenging Angel coming over the rooftops.
Flames surround his path, as though it Universal Auschwitz.
Clouds the hot-yellow colour of piss rise above them
Like the spirits departing from death camps' crematoria.
His breath reeks of smoky, dusky chocolate and boiling caramel.

She found there herself at a roundabout, from which diverged several roads.
And like Dorothy, she lost no time in finding the one paved with yellow bricks. She retired. The
next morning, as soon as the sun was up, she got ready and looked out to see a beautiful green
glow in the sky just before them. 'That must be the Emerald City,' she said, in imitation of
Dorothy. Within a short time she was walking briskly toward the Emerald City, her silver shoes
tinkling merrily on the hard, yellow roadbed...

THE ALCHEMIST

Sing unto the majesty of fire, oh Goddess of wisdom.
Let us raise our cups and let us toast to the hierarchies of the flames...
Let us ignite our amphoras of gold and let us drink the wine of light until becoming
inebriated. From where did this manifold creation spring from?
From where did these immense planetary boulders spring from that seem to emerge as
millenarian monsters from the jaws of an abyss, in order to fall into yet another abyss
more terrible and dreadful than the first?
I lift my eyes up high, and upon the igneous head of the most exalted among all the
sacrificed ones, I read this word: I.N.R.I.
Ignis Natura Renovatur Integra. (The fire renews nature incessantly).
Yes, beloved disciples, the entire universe is nothing else but the granulations of the fire.
Oh, the hierarchies of the fires! Oh, the hierarchies of the flames.

Ardent, ardent roses,... igneous serpents. ..hiss. . .hiss eternally upon the waters of life, in order for the worlds to emerge...

Hiss -- hiss eternally, Holy Flames!

Blessed be the luminous fiat, the spermatic fiat of the eternal living God, who placed this universe into existence.

Divine fire, you are the divine numen of all infinite existences,

And when the subterranean flame shall burst its prison and devour the framework,

Burning the foundations of the world,

You shall still be as you were before, without suffering any change.

Oh, divine and eternal fire!

The Fire fecundates the chaotic matter, thus, the worlds emerge into existence. All of what has been, what is, and what will be, is a child of fire...

The fire of the Holy Spirit is the flame of Horeb.

The Fire lives within our testicles and ovaries.

When we enter into the fire, we convert ourselves into Gods,

Into Devas, into divine and ineffable beings.

THE PHILOSOPHER

I see her on the lower part of Church St.,

Dressed in a pitiless and unforgiving black

That becomes her. Her mien was impossibly grave.

Meat, cakes, ale, wine, unguents, etc, are prepared for the principle of the double.

We are close to the great cataclysm – we are frog-marched

Towards it by history, that great slaughter-bench.

The night shatters everything.

The garden begins to gather its roots for the coming peregrination,

Torn clothes spread their legs on balcony where a vulture begins to bite its tail.

There is no cure for a moon that has turned to quicksilver

As it prepares to serve as a soldier in the coming violence.

Dogs are hung from flinty, silver-glistening branches to punish their love.

A poisoned dog claws at night at the arid earth;

In the day-time, he lies on his on the scorching pavement and licks his wounds.

The times of the end have already arrived.

Beneath him, the master, the ferry-man

Finds no shore. The flute of deliverance has gone silent.

The struggle of the elements will begin to break loose

To separate the low places of our planet from the high.

Be aware as a watchman in the epoch of war.

A rough beast will be born to tame

An infant child.

Obscure names issues from tepid faucets

While the fountain in the courtyard falls silent.

The hour of great decisions has arrived --

There is no time to waste: moonlight has disappeared

Leaving only cloudy winds to kiss with tongues of sand

The distant street corners the women here carry between their breasts.

Even without good will,
We stand a fair chance of meeting the whirling dervish,
Tumult, the son of Thunder.
In this hour, belfries tremble with hideous, overload vibrations
Set off by churning bells.
We are assisting in this last moment of agony
Of this caducous and degenerated race.
This is the hour of the beast,
When the leopards enter the temple
And drink from the sacred chalice.
Cobras hiss in this once docile landscape.
The world has covered itself with a horrifying darkness.
Weeping is everywhere.
Painful howls escape from the cavernous abyss.
The tempest of arrogant greed has burst and the ray of justice
Is terribly shining within the august immensity of thought.
The great Whore has been sentenced by the ineffable Gods
And now it is falling into the fathomless abyss.
The "Anti-Christ", dressed in purple is seated on a throne
Of blasphemies, and as a voracious hyena is devouring human beings,
without pity and without rest.
He refused to have his voracious thighs anointed with nard.
He refuses to see anything blue.
No one shows himself naked.
No one walks on the ocean, for it has become dead.
The siren alarum dispatches the azure beyond the horizon: it becomes quite invisible.

The chief magistrate joins with chief constable in presiding over a city
Where citizen toads are protected by jackals, and snakes go after rabbits.
The milkmaid hides beneath a door-mat a key to room of broken vessels—
When she rejoices in the smashed pots, she turns from black to white to red;
She awaits a time when she will neither come nor go.

A vast and desolate bog surrounds the large, many-roomed Victorian house.
In each bedroom, an angel waits to sleep with anyone
Whose luck has run out. When our wounds
Begin again to throb for kindness,
When our muscles begin to rage
To do what our wounds prevent us from doing,
When a single wing whose feathers fall off and float upwards
Towards a pure and heartless sky,
Rustles as the green wind grows faint
To demolish our hope,
When the graveyard we visit weekly
Becomes the place of the most accelerated activity
We witness that week,
When any girl with an opaque body imagines herself
The Jane Russell of her time,
When the dawn complains of Giants defiling the peace

With their curses and lamentations,
When the Provost requires an academy of entrepreneurship,
Let us then place silver on the eyes of Recollection
And gather up all the pain, disgust, terror, suffering and wanton
Join them with the invisible flowers that bloom in this desolate place,
And take them to the angels.
Any embrace by any angel whatsoever
Spreads mercy to all the lower orders;
When their legs lock tightly around us,
We are released.

The memory of those nearby who until then
Spoke without pictures before their minds
Are filled with images of astonishing photographic detail.
They begin to speak slowly, after much deliberation.
Even the Provost, impenetrable though he be
To the Word begins to sense, however fleetingly
The beauty of rhythm. (However, he will never learn to dance.)
When they lay kisses on your eyes,
The shadow haunting my shadow flees and takes cover.
Green leaves become silvery daytime stars.
Every column of light becomes a mirror.
The imagination develops a machine to let image-generation—
The Image made by organ of the soul, and so revealing its character,
As the light image suspended in a mirror reveals the character
Of the one of whom it is an emanation--
A machine to let image-generation bypass willfulness and interpretation.
This automatic device transforms things into their visible signatures and lays them out
One after another on a celluloid band.
This ribbon is a petrified fountain of thought, to be reactivated by electricity.
When electricity excites the images into a perfect imitation of movement,
A cloud of ideas which other minds can enter—for each of these forms
Joins shape, dimension and extent to a separated or intelligible substance—
When Perfect Love drives the machine, the images, immaterial matter
and an incorporealized corporeality, form a Heaven of illuminated
Points, moved in the course Love, Desire, and Glory.

THE THINKER

The dreams I dream in nighttime
Cause the moon to begin to sweat.
An ordinarily garrulous hangman, up
On his gallows, falls silent – he is lost in thoughts
Of birds migrating in regalia
That become glorious at the Feast of the Tabernacle,
As they pass over of grape's workers huts in the vineyards
Where young men and women make love beneath the harvest moon.
Thus do birds try to drive away the abomination behind the altar
Whose appearance in scarlet foreshadows the great upheaval.

When they reach Golgotha, the Scarlet Woman, who had walked to down the street
To stand beneath a large neon sign,
Disappears, vanishing like swan's down into thin air,
Promising to return in dangerous stealth, as a perfume returns to memory
Or the day's most gruesome sight a merest glance took in
Returns the next morning as a reflection in a mirror.
At night a raven finds itself trapped in a geometry of interlocking ellipses—
It is frightened by revolutions of the planets.
From ellipses, conics, cardioid forms and magical ratios
The raven will learn about the divine mysteries;
He will apprentice himself until contemplating the shape of rhinoceroses' horns
Can induce ecstasy of erotic transport.
He vows to understand nature, to understand how to tidy up dirty earth
And conjure from it crystalline substance. They vows to understand
How miracles grow out of a certain earth, a soft red clay, which is to be found everywhere .
He vows to learn to experience an orgasmic excitement when red appears,
To open up a circuit whose current surges when lovers embrace: the universe turns on the
Lovers, who then return to excitement to the universe.
When a golden thread conducts the lover's excitement to the universe
A stone will tumble from heaven. All the wise passersby will ignore it;
Only a fool and the raven will appreciate its worth.

The sun springs from the landscape of night
In search of a door behind which
Garrulous thieves have gathered
To discuss the fate of God.
When it finds the path to door,
It moves slowly, before putting its ear to the keyhole,
To hear those who hate poetry
Join with the Provost to draw up an official request
That metaphoric thinking be included among the symptoms
In the standard diagnostic manual
Along side hallucination.
They turn down the offer of sherry
In favour of Coke Cola
and (in the case of the Provost) Schwepps Ginger Ale.
The river that flows in the ears of mortals
Run dry beneath their mouths.
The breeze stops, leaving
The fire obscured by smoke
And mirror covered in dust.
Their minds are murky
But they cannot stop speaking
Especially in hatred of poetry.
(Self-ruined men cannot restrain themselves
From committing atrocities.)

Crawling like a clubbed snake
Over grit, impelled by blood,

Towards freedom.
The pain to be insinuates itself
In my sinews.
Another serpent lies in puddle of dust
In the corner of the room.
Upstairs a clerk, near sleep,
Resists the tongue that laps
At the edge of his body.
The tenebrous ephemera of the serpent of light
Is the dark brother of the bronze serpent
Who healed me in the desert.
The lethargy of impenetrable centuries weigh heavy on sacred memories.

THE LOVER

I await The Dark One with red lips and great eyes,
The one who once measured this earth,
But the Dark One does not not come.
My longing is limitless,
My restlessness so great it pains me constantly.
Who will quell the unthinkable ills of my heart?
I am becoming as formless as the mist that appears in the wide sky
As night lifts, while I am still bereft of my boon companion—
When you are away, my thinking is disarrayed.
Perhaps you are consciousness itself.
It will do no good to wait in the doorway—perhaps you don't know the house.
Will you make yourself humble?
Will I find you in the alleyways?
Will I be able to take you home?
Will you unbutton my shirt?

THE ALCHEMIST

The word seeded the waters
At the beginning of creation.
At the threshold a bird beats growls in warning,
Menacing those who search within the ground
For a stone.
But liquid glass that seems exactly like semen
Sinks us into an organic laboratory
That nurture a stone with the force of Nous, the Immortal Logos,
Until a Solar Snake falls into an unquiet sleep
At the very bottom of our ark.
Far off in the distance, the shadow of fish passes across the highway,
Halfway across the picture, it calls out to me to follow
This causeway of tears.
The summer sun looks down on the pavement
And produces shimmering spirits.
The emptiness of hot August days

Threatens to dry out our dreams,
While our rusted bodies succumb to languor.
Paint your body to rescue it!
Paint your feet black
Paint your thighs silver.
Paint you buttocks blue.
Paint your abdomen red.
Paint your shoulders and head golden.
Accomplish this transformation through mental force alone
Walk barefooted to the river-bank.

THE PHILSOPHER

From Luxor to Jābalkā, from Safed of the blue doors, the blue domes and the blue stairways
to JābarṢā, From Urho, the ghost home of northern Xinjiang's dinosaurs—
Where at the foot of the Karamairi Mountains, the Qitai ghost city in the eastern Junggar Basin
looks from afar like a giant silk banner with layers of red, yellow and purple,
And where there's also a profusion of color in the Rainbow Beach of Xinjiang's Burqin County
where sand is colored red, green, purple, yellow and brown—to Hūrḡalyā,
The eighth climate of the world, where things enter a subtle stae,
sad swans dot the roadway towards oblivion
And a luminous 'after', the road pounding along in three parts
Like a sonata. The tires pound the all-steel super-real into a submission
Until Sandro Botticelli appears at a fork in the road, standing naked on sea-shell,
His privates hidden by golden light. A match-stick girl appears on the face of the waters,
Now, after matchless prodigality, having become as good as gold.

Here fingers cannot spoil love, for mirrors turn all signatures into verbs.
The way of the black fakir becomes the way of the white monk,
The way of the white monk becomes the red way of the mind,
The red way of the mind becomes golden way of unification.
Sycamores sob in the gusts, adding to winds' moaning -- which is so much
Like the haunting, hollow sound gales produce as the blow
through Swiss-cheese forms of Xinjiang's Alataw Pass – to produce a haunted harmony
empties anyone who hears it of all thought.

One particular night the sun came out to induce in me a dreamlike ecstasy.
Suddenly I was wrapped in gentleness; then a blinding flash, which turned released
Caused my eyeballs to roll inwards, and there I saw a diaphanous light
In the form of a the naked transparent etheric double.
The luminous beauty of this Primus Magister dazzled me.
A column of dawn blazed forth menacingly, threatening to engulf
The earth in a holocaust, an all-consuming fire.
I was about to call out to the Master,
To rescue me from the enclosure of those who are near perdition
Until I saw him approach me with a transcendent gentleness to tell me
To take hold of the golden cable, and ascend to the Throne,

To become their own doubles, transposed to the realm of energy, of astral incandescence.
Thus they became the new Earth and the new Heaven, the new *mundus archetypus*
Here all things assumed their true being, as *res victorialis*, in the Light of Glory.
The new firmament became clothed in spiritual stars, illuminated by Love, Desire, and Glory.
On the Throne of Realm of Glory rose a column of Praise, of the brightness
And Paradoxical Be-ing of mercury: it was a perfect composition of light,
A sublime Luminary forming the gate to further ecstasies.

THE ALCHEMIST

There is a boarding house with four stories.
Its east entrance remains forever lock,
Because the Lord has entered there;
However, the Prince himself will sit in it
To eat bread with the Lord, when He returns.
Whoever lives an intelligent life
Lives on the two lower floors,
But never uses the two upper floors.
Nonetheless, at night their souls
Go to visit the moon.
Their somnambulist peregrinations
Carry them into a field of molecules.
A fire ignites itself three times, each time
Burning brighter than before
Until at last all who are not ashamed
To be naked with one another
Are gathered together in the searing image
Of a resplendent mirror
To show off their beauty – a beauty that renders everyone
Speechless and full of awe and gratitude.
A beautiful red one, whose satiny skin had made her
The adulterous friend of princes and provosts,
Lifts her taffeta skirts to reveal drawings of the moon on her thighs.
Seeing these signatures makes the provost curl up in the bed
Where she abandoned him. Her flame-coloured hair
Catches the South Star in its magnetic field
And deflects it from its course. Her deep green masculine heart, the colour of jelly-fish,
Sentences the human cargo of a ghost ship to a second death.
A black pageant begins with a procession of vaporous forms,
Spread-eagled against the wind, as they call out for an end to mystery.
The provost stirs from his torpor.

THE THINKER

He is sitting in a smoke filled room.
He feels driven to open a vein
But is doing his best to resist.
Emotional economics of absence counsel resistance
And he is petulant about the bruises on his scalp.
Still the glass from islands near the city of Venice

Is weakening his resolve
He longs to silence the roaring lion.
The toad begs for the kiss that will release the Young Prince.
Meanwhile, ghosts grow fat in the orchards.
In the ports, longshoremen load the shoreline into Chinese sailing ships
Prepared to the transport them to the sun.

THE PHILOSOPHER

What then have we made?
Businesses, taverns, brothels, orgies.
Who are we?
Beautiful, frivolous maidens and handsome suitors,
Abducted princesses confined and ancient castles,
Neighboring sweethearts and night hawk poets,
An elder who passes by
A child who cries,
A mother who sings a lullaby of hope,
And a monk who murmurs a prayer.
All these now have become Bezelbub,
With fire of eternity burning within.
Among players at the Paradise Casino,
Symmetrical rows of waterlogged apartment houses
Engender dreams of crab salad and supporating wounds.
But the vast poker game only serves up
Industrial-sized containers of pidgeon flesh,
With spoiled cabbage pickled in vodka and inhumanity.
The Provost, a naturalized monster who trades
On his exotic sexuality, hovers nearby;
A sly and satisfied smile forms on his narrow lips.
He dreams of further cruelties.
Dictatorship looms like a thug in a cheap suit,
While democracy shrivel to a cheap
And crudely hand-lettered cardboard sign.

THE CHRISTIAN

In dream I trudged along a rough, ascending path
Full of mud and human feces. There were abysses everywhere.
Upon my shoulders, I carried a big bundle with a cap,
Which opened from time to time and from which fleas emerged
That lacerated my flesh all over.
I felt fear and I sometimes held myself back,
But I vowed to continue.

When I last saw you, on the day the lilacs bloomed
I should have taken pains to look
At the tip of smallest fingers.
My memory needs that image

To fill a void. The rose climbs on thorny stalk
To irritate me with redness.
Why cannot I become as red as the red, red rose?
I have turned black as I went down into the earth.
Thereafter the waters came and made me white.
Why cannot I now turn to red.
The seed of the angel is in the sanctuary of each one of us.
If you know why the town of Alba was founded
When a white sow that was seen there,
Then you will understand
Why the triumphant rode in Rome in a chariot
Drawn by white horses,
Why Pericles, the general of the Athenians,
Would have that part of his army unto whose lot befell the white beans,
To spend the whole day in mirth, pleasure, and ease, whilst the rest were a-fighting,
And why the lion, who with his only cry and roaring affrights all beasts,
Dreads and feareth only a white cock.
(The colour of the sun more agrees with the white cock
Than with the lion. So the French, the Galli or Gallices are white as milk,
And are by nature of a candid disposition,
merry, kind, gracious, and well-beloved,
and for their cognizance and arms have the whitest flower of any,
the Flower de luce or Lily.)

Still, the world shines with the luminous and spermatic Fiat
Of the first instant, and the Rod of Aaron remains waiting
For a footfall that never arrives
And the ancient and painful path still shines
But with its resplendence hidden under a stone
That must be carried away.
The sun unbuttons my shirt and unzips my zipper
Before turning merciless.

THE POET

Then were there festive gatherings of happy comrades.
Pale fires licked at every person's heart.
The liquors of mandrake intoxicated the ovaries and testicles.
Nights of revelry,
Nights of orgy,
Nights of carnival
Were every person's lot
For their hearts were pure and their bodies free
From modesty and guilt.
An electric surge from the time of the Romans
Turned every moment towards poetry
And so perfected memory.
Every breathe that entered the lungs came from the ancient of days.
Young brunette, as chaste as snow,

Floated into the arms of men.
Because they are weightless as the wind
Adorned in radiant satin,
They set the forest ablaze.
My words present me naked,
For they are like violets that purify all that is false.
The sea of Spirit quickens all that lives, making it rapturous.
It is without bourn, and flows everywhere
To make all flesh the same flesh.
It guides the starry heaven's motions in the firmament.
It steers the planets as they weave through sky.
Through me, the poet, the Name became a Word that knows no beginning.
Through me, the poet, the Word came down from on high, to know becoming.

THE ALCHEMIST

Death is our crown.
After death, the soul enters a realm of light.
When the hour of death comes, the Angel of Death
approaches the deathbed.
There is a choir of Angels of Death.
This choir is conducted by the planet Saturn.
Each Angel of Death carries a book. In this book
Are the names of all the souls which must depart from the flesh.
Nobody dies the day before.
The Angel of Death only removes the soul from the body.
The soul is linked to the body by a fine, heavenly cord of a silvery color.
The Angel of Death breaks the cord so that the soul cannot re-enter the body.
In the avernus the truth disguises itself in darkness.
A locomotive and a series of travelling solaria
Are reduced to ashes by the iridescent snow.
Heaven rotates in an effort to send a message to a papyrus,
From which numbers and decipherable letters fall into the surf.
Blanched, they ascend to take their rightful among the hurling boulders
Streaking towards evanescence.
Humankind by nature desires to know:

THE WOMAN

I flicker of life awakens in the inanimate depths
Of their crushed eyes, although confused
By its faint efforts, for their glassy essence
Wanted to believe in the purity of water's songs.
When Nowhere came,
We stopped using words,
And let the Word use us. He is sitting in a smoke filled room.
He feels driven to open a vein
But is doing his best to resist.

Emotional economics of absence counsel resistance.
Still the glass from islands near the city of Venice
Is weakening his resolve
He longs to silence the roaring lion.
The toad begs for the kiss that will release the Young Prince.
A lustrous black light emerges from the dark hole left behind when the philosophical sun retired
Perpendicularly, thus aligning with the hands of the clock at moment it vanished.

THE ALCHEMIST

In those moments of transition between vigil and sleep,
Every human being in his blue body.
Aspires to Superior Worlds.
Ether is the fifth element of nature.
The blue color that we see in the faraway mountains
Is the ether of Eden.
Then the blue body can go down into the earth
To enter the trapped beast's lair and transform him
Into a column of liquid fire, climbing upwards and inward.
The snake crawls through a channel of bone to make a king.
So Third Logos is born in Eden.
The silver word delectably flows
As a golden river under the thick jungle of the Sun.
He it is who gave us the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew Alphabet,
This great Master who lives in the superior worlds, of unimaginable happiness;
The world of Aziluth, the region of Kether, a very elevated Sephiroth.

THE LOVER

When time took flight and vanished, we stopped moving, in order to see
And take stock.
We were able to stop the boulders strewn about
Because our centres had become so light.
No others shared our privilege in that instant.
My lovers lips slide over me like eyeless fish
Moving through water that had come alive with burning oil.
The water cracks the fish's skull as it glides past a drowned butterfly.
Outside the window
A tree with a broken arms has ceased to sing to the moonlight.
But your lips allow me to sing once again.
The dripping faucet foretells insomnia.
Blackberry, hawthorne and tulasi
Cluster where her shadow hollows out
A void of straw-coloured satin.
But the flowers cannot disguise the emptiness
of your being. You allow your love to be photograph
of counterfeit puddle with a mirage of moonlight.
Everything is gone: the leaden sky itself blocks any exit.
I don't need your void -- already another void

Is rushing at me with a speed that can make me vomit.
Lover, your nudity daunts the devil like a mighty fortress.
When you say my name, I stand before you unveiled.
You appear arrayed in purple, to allow me to go naked.
Lover, you strewn everywhere.
Lover, your breath caresses me like angel's wings.
You are an abyss of grace.
Lover, your words appear like smoke above a Lamb's head.
Lover, you are clothed in the sun's radiance.
Lover, the moon is beneath your feet.
Lover, even your feet are blue.
Lover, I uncouple myself from my cares because of you.
Lover, you are more ancient than the most ancient day.
Lover, your thighs are like gold, purified by fire.
Unbar the lattice from the window so blue can come through.
Come, Lover, it is spring; the rains of winter are over,
And the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.
The vineyards are in blossom. It is time to arrange our tryst on the mountain of lions.
Veni de Libano . . . de cubilibus leonum, de montibus pardorum.
Come, Lover, from the den of lions, from the mountains of panthers.

Let our embraces become the dark black faces that hang in midnight trees.
Let our embraces make us as black as a *toga pulla*.
Let our embraces turns us as black as obsidian glass.
Let our embraces come from the fairy-tale world of black tulips and black roses.

THE THIKER

How could Poliphilo resist?
The elegant nymph held him in an irrevocable
Amorous domination. Poliphilo, the joyous lover,
Allowed himself to be led like a rough beast
Slouching towards Jerusalem.
Even the unfruited pines seen through the Tiffany Glass
Of a nineteenth century upper New York State mansion,
No less than the leafy oaks laden with acorns or the fungus-bearing larch
Gave tribute to the possibilities realized
At the cusp of bitter .
Poliphilo dreamt of pungent junipers
In love with eternity.
Poliphilo dreamt of berried laurel trees.
Poliphilo dreamt of gnarled hornbeams.
Poliphilo dreamt of lime trees with their intoxicating fragrance.
Poliphilo dreamt of citrus trees alternating with
Pomegranate, quince, tree-myrtle and pistachios.
Poliphilo dreamt of Verona and Mantua, and his spirit mingled with a roar
That issued from a sun-filled sky.
Then the Arkkadian Poliphio dreamt of being in the sunlight of the Mediterranean while dreaming
Of the firelight of his Ontario home.

While dreaming of the blue, blue skies of the Méditerranée, Poliphilo
Imagined himself dreaming of leaden February skies
Of his Ontario home, and of warmth of the indoor spaces there.
He dreamt of longing to return there, where he actually was.
But because the nymph held noble Poliphilo in her amorous domination,
Poliphilo could see nothing in this mansion but a rustic scene.
Poliphilo dreamed that was he saw before the meadow of eyes
Was restored to him in the end time, and knew it would become true.

Seeing eternity the other night
I saw a great ring of pure and endless light
Churning with energy, and yet as calm
As it was bright. And round it whirled Time,
Vaughan's days and hours and minutes,
As driven spheres.
No longer an alien to God's household,
Though still merely curious spectator.,
Looking in at the devout Christian, Muslims,
Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, and Sikhs (amongst others).

The passionate opulence of nudity crowns the dewy grass.
He wants to send a note beyond the clouds by paper airplane.
Our bed shelters oak leaves, a sign that we will become mighty!.

THE ALCHEMIST

If you go deep into the earth
You will be transported to heaven,
Because planets attract one another with electro-magnetic energy.
The stars and quasars shoot out hot streams of light and
radiation to be received by the cold vacuum of empty space.
This primal light is reflected in the eerie light
That reaches heaven after being reflected from the moon
Or in the shooting stars that streak across the heavens,
And ends up by being sucked up in the black
Nothingness beyond the heavens,
Beyond which in turn lights the black nothingness of Wu Chi.
And her I tell a told, told to me by another:

"I saw in the Queen's Hall a young parazon cure many of the new consumption, I mean the pox, though they were never so peppered. Had it been the rankest Roan ague (Anglice, the Covent-garden gout), 'twas all one to him; touching only their dentiform vertebrae thrice with a piece of a wooden shoe, he made them as wholesome as so many sucking-pigs.

Another did thoroughly cure folks of dropsies, tympanies, ascites, and hyposarcides, striking them on the belly nine times with a Tenedian hatchet, without any solution of the continuum.

Another cured all manner of fevers and agues on the spot, only with hanging a fox-tail on the left side of the patient's girdle.

One removed the toothache only with washing thrice the root of the aching tooth with elder-vinegar, and letting it dry half-an-hour in the sun.

Another the gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, by barely making the gouty person shut his mouth and open his eyes.

I saw another ease nine gentlemen of St. Francis's distemper ('A consumption in the pocket, or want of money; those of St. Francis's order must carry none about 'em.'--Motteux.) in a very short space of time, having clapped a rope about their necks, at the end of which hung a box with ten thousand gold crowns in't.

One with a wonderful engine threw the houses out at the windows, by which means they were purged of all pestilential air.

Another cured all the three kinds of hectic, the tabid, atrophes, and emaciated, without bathing, Tabian milk, dropax, alias depilatory, or other such medicaments, only turning the consumptive for three months into monks; and he assured me that if they did not grow fat and plump in a monastic way of living, they never would be fattened in this world, either by nature or by art.

I saw another surrounded with a crowd of two sorts of women. Some were young, quaint, clever, neat, pretty, juicy, tight, brisk, buxom, proper, kind-hearted, and as right as my leg, to any man's thinking. The rest were old, weather-beaten, over-ridden, toothless, bleary-eyed, tough, wrinkled, shrivelled, tawny, mouldy, phthisicky, decrepit hags, beldams, and walking carcasses. We were told that his office was to cast anew those she-pieces of antiquity, and make them such as the pretty creatures whom we saw, who had been made young again that day, recovering at once the beauty, shape, size, and disposition which they enjoyed at sixteen; except their heels, that were now much shorter than in their former youth."

So ends the tale I was told.

THE CHRISTIAN

I saw Bernard of Clairvaux radiant in simple attire,
And Augustine as a graceful penitent.

I could see the bones of The Martyr,
Bones more precious than costly jewels,
And which permit all who believe to gather
In joy and festivity for an immortal love feast.

When I awakened I saw that where I am now
Is no different than the New Jerusalem

As I glimpsed the possibilities of Gregory of Nyssa's epektasis.

I know at long last that Chronos is no different from Kairos.

"Verum est quod legitur, fronte capillata, sed plerumque sequitur occasio calvata"

THE PHILOSOPHER

Praise be to the void that cancels existence!
Praise be to the Emptiness that goes
As Existence goes.
All the years that I passed laboring to draw
My existence from emptiness I now know as vain error.
I have learned—not without great exertion and tribulations
(like the trials experienced by a patient undergoing analysis,
learning to overcome compulsive repetition)—
To appreciate the glory of Emptiness.
I found I could proceed in the sunlight
Without any shadows.
I no longer flit from vanity to vanity
Since I have become one
With Emptiness itself.
The sunflowers flourish when
The roses wilt and thorns of existence with them.
When I lived in a cage with my face pressed against cold iron,
Everyone I glimpsed seemed to be a mere shadow.
Now I myself have become nothing but a shadow,
Though a shadow far different from them.
The others who lived as shadows wailed and moaned.
They did nothing but complain.

THE LOVER

Lover, I love you. For many nights I have weep bitterly
In an anguish that turned the loins to stone.
But now, from afar, across the waters which promise
To destroy my being, I hear your siren song.
That tells me the end of my journey is near.
The dreaming stars tremble with love.
Then, the celestial muses kiss themselves as your song
Leads them into a trance.
Lover, you are a book shut up with seven seals.
I am at the edge of an abyss, and I fear you.
I tremble before you mystery.
Lover, I adore you.
I want to drink your Mandrake's liquor,
I want to kiss you bosom,
I want to feel the spell of your song
Stirring my loins.
I want you to know that you have set me alight
And so long to be annihilated I your fire..
Lover, do not forget me.
Lover, do not forsake me.
Lover, you send one who told me

You love me. You swore to me your love,
In a sacred covenant. You promised to set me ablaze
On those adored nights.
Come to me, lover, for glowworms have appeared
Shining there as ripe barley does at nights in my country home.
Come to me, lover,
For the watch-laterns have been set up
All around the precinct.
I have fallen asleep in the temple,
In the hope of being granted a dream
More real than waking life: "Dream, enter into my spirits
And my thoughts my whole life long,
For you are me, and I am you. Your brilliance I guard and hide
From all who are know the sunlight,
And protect as a charm in my heart.
You are the New Light.
Let me wed myself with you in pain,
As Demeter joined the male to the female through castration.
Let not the tempest of water drown me, nor the deep swallow me up.
Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me.
I have run an excruciating course.
I have swum in waters dark with many ghosts.
I need now the fork of flesh to become imaginary once again.
For out of crooked timber he will cut a straight beam."

Let our embraces carry us to the place of brown, the abyss
That is not in the spectrum.
Let our embraces turn us the colour of dark ale,
And make us just that soft.
BROWNXXXX

THE ALCHEMIST

Mariela, the enchantress, lies on her back
On the thick carpet of splendid regal hall.
Her beauty is as delectable as it is fatal.
Here face is so tender that it makes her completely weightless.
Her quiet voice can enchant a serpent.
Her merest whispers gathers grey-haired children to her
To form a garden of white daisies;
When she speaks, oriental courtiers remove their swallow-tailed coats
Their satin trousers and all undergarments
To show themselves naked. In her radiance
They become purest silver.
When she speaks, an effable music penetrates the heart
As does a kiss from a shadow, from a lover so intimate and naked
That she does not need to appear.
At her command, seventy souls will enter the cauldron.
When she speaks, even Angela agrees to be dispatched

To find the beautiful losers.
When I approach the confines of death and tread the threshold of Prosperine,
At midnight, allow me to put aside this embroidered white robe
To see the Sun shining in all his golden glory.
Let me stand beside the gods below and the gods above.
Then will every young flower become a beautiful and dangerous poem,
Every smile an idyll where one is imprisoned in a land of lotus flowers,
And the lotophagi lure one towards somnambulant nudity.
Where every dance becomes a narcotic romance, exciting electricity in the clouds
Until the heavens take vengeance.
The limber and delicate waist of every malignant beauty
Is a bayadere within the silhouette of a mysterious landscape,
Beelzebub, the handsome and simpatico gallant of ancient Arcadia
Was easy on this happy path.
I want to become more naked yet—
I want you to undress down to the sheaths of nerves.
I want the electricity it my nerves excite you to become a luminous as quicksilver.
When I am that naked, I want to caress your curves with my bloodied hands
To form a pact unto death.
I want to unclasp my rib-cage to expose my beating heart.
I want to dissolve, to spill out into the air, to envelop you
To seep into every pore of nudity. I want to become you, as you become me.
I want to expose my longing to you.
For love's sake, I want to disappear
Only to reappear in your mirror in which you look at yourself.
You are not there, but there is something of you in the air,
In which I find my self-understanding.
This hour is fugitive, barely there,
But it give ample space to become naked for you.
You who are air, will you enter my like breath.
Will my inhalation turn my nakedness to gold?
You hide like a god—will you not surround my nakedness like a silk scarf
Drawn across excited skin?
God listens. Will you not reach out me.
Will you not, for love's sake,
Allow me to open my eyes while I am naked.
Allow my naked body to become a pure light,
Unmixed with anything corruptible,
The way that image hangs suspended in a mirror.
Allow my naked body to become for you,
As insubstantial as something perceived only in imagination.

Let the rose, by climbing upward, become fire.
Let fire become the sun
Let the sun show itself as the dragon.
Let the dragon's fiery breathe sustain every living thing.

An dragon appears – though he says he old, he does not appear old. \

He announces himself as the poison-dripping dragon
Who is everywhere and can be cheaply had.
“A waxing poison comes from my nose,
having brought to death many people,” he says,
and proceeds, by water, mixed with salt to vivify it into precursor of potable gold,
To produce out of his lizard body
A red lion and a green lion.
After that he exhales a long column of fire and sulphurous breathe that deranges my senses.
The dragon then disappears into the earth, to emerge, three seasons later,
In the blue firmament, where, though known, he does not exist.
Through the katabasis, the dragon became the lowest and highest,
The heaviest and lightest, the dark and the light,
The wretched of the earth become the carbuncle of the sun.
He provides instruction on how the power
Of the male and the female.

XXXXXX

THE POET

The bewitching flower of crime grows in the shadow of mandrake liquor.
During the orgy, the writhing reptile nests in the shadow of the nubile bush.
Leaves burst from the passion
And flowers grow above the ears.
A golden child whose face seems alternately sinister and serene
Appears, wearing a black tunic.
He takes the tunic off, and rubs his body with gel
To make it red. He is preparing to enter the fire and become
The golden, luminous lord of the flame.
Lover, let me deck your head with a garland of words that divulge the light.
Lover, because you scatter twilight clouds of darkness from your glittering eyes
And roam through the world on golden wings,
Lover, because you are a dazzling fountain of splendor,
That brings forth a pale and beautiful light,
Let me be naked before you.
I have fasted, I have drunk the cup;
I have received from the box and I have put it into the basket,
And from the basket into the chest.
Lover, I will come to you naked
And with my eyes lowered.
I will come to you naked,
To wait my master's song.
I will be nothing but vigil and night.
Naked, it will wait among the odor of earth and mud
Which is the odor of ancient prisons and in old châteaux,
of uninhabited dungeons.

THE THINKER

I travel to Shanghai, city of dreams, and I see through my hallucination,
I see the rivers and mountains I read about in Chinese poetry;
The landscapem, illuminated by Chinese lanterns,
Forms a great poem, composed of by six hundred million.
Here, among these millions of lights, I view your image, darkly,
Through a shadow hanging in an abyss. I long for fiery spirit to descend
To turn language to gibberish, the only language humble enough
To convey pure awe, unconstrained by meaning.
My sleeves fill with thoughts of dancing. My tongue says the word "flower."
My hearts is overwhelmed with memories of events I never lived through,
Of card games, drinking games, word contests,
Banquets, operas, visits, rides, parties,
And especially of a red chamber just inside the gates of paradise
Or at the entrance to the realm of dreams.
Outside the gate, there is an unadorned house.
The Huangpo river is full of bodies and mice.
Bundles pile up beside it as night falls.

Trees sway and flames shake.
An old Jew from the 1930s steps out of a morror to compose verse again,
Because he is haunted by memories of children shrieking.

He is pale and thin,waiting for a spider to take him off
To the realm of specters.
Yellow mould piles up in the corners of his house;
He sees through inverted binoculars, and blond man

It does a very good job.
The gods have sport with us, make fools oracles
Turn wolves to sheep and make all things well,
Or arrange that Constance be lost to Camillus's view.
"Sors immanis
Et inanis,
Rota tu volubilis,
Status malus
Vana salus
Semper dissolubilis,
Obumbrata
Et velata
Michi quoque niteris;
Nunc per ludum
Dorsum nudum
Fero tui sceleris.

THE CHRISTIAN

Loving my shadowy non-being,
I have no reason to complain.
Here even the Messiah suffers as a mortal.
And we are learning how to best the gods at fate.
No monsters emerge from the caverns of my memory,
And if one were to emerge, I would send him out to battle
With those who team from others memories.
I step into the purifying flame and am safe
Even from provostial demons.

Thoughts swim like fish across the azure canopy—
Elusive, slippery, silvery. My mind
Longs to become a blue ocean into which they flit,
Their slimy silver illuminating its midnight blue,
Until it acquires a double nature, one new born to the world
And burning with flame like that of burning rubidium
And ignites its partner, whose flame is a colour
Between of burning arsenic and burning copper chloride.
In response to my desire, the fish will turn as red as
The arteries from which they drink.
Twin stars bleed the colour of hoarfrost,
Rather as a mirror catches hold of my the energy now returning
From a transparent abyss, but left me yesterday as an emanation
And spent the intervening time as a melancholy wanderer,
Ghosting its way through limbo.

The ocean hides itself away in the night sky
—dark ocean and night sky become one.
The loving heart knows that the night has no end.
At the bottom of the ocean there is a grotto of ancient, heavenly ideas
Cooled and refreshed, waiting to come back to the surface of the earth.
When the opalescent darkness cools sufficiently,
To permit them to luminesce.
One who has devoured the earth,
Sleeps with a snake in his belly.
He is as dark as the blue lily.

I await the guest in my bedchamber,
I read St. Augustine on the Crucifixion,

Like a bridegroom Christ went forth from his chamber,
He went out with a presage of his nuptials....
He came to the marriage bed of the cross,
And there, in mourning it,
Consummated his marriage, . . .
He lovingly gave himself up to the torment in place of his bride,
And he joined himself to the woman forever.”

THE POET

I am in a cathedral, chained by a sleep-inducing chant
So delectable that it draws down from the heavens
An energy that excites exotic priestesses
To dance a ubiquitous dance with the impetuous frenzy of fire
Burning on the sloops of Kamalloops.
The dance distributes light and smiles to all who inhabit
This corner of paradise.
Even the august marble smiles
At the sacred purple fabric jiggling
With the movement of their bosoms.
I cease to be myself and become
A serpent of fire,
An ancient road of granite engraved with a winged serpent
Appears in the sanctuary
To conduct me by virgin castles
The road is a genie of an ancient monolith
I which the bodies of nude gods intertwine.
One of the stone gods declare the day to be
A festival night, in celebration of the silver light of the moon.
Beautiful princess become naked
To join themselves to the moon's light
In the cathedral courtyard.
The stone carvings of the immortal nude gods come to life,
And to look, smilingly and silently,
At those who have begun to play badminton.
A silent naked muse sits smiling in the front pew
Among luminous perfumes and intoxicating silk.
Kiss me, my love, under the porches of alabastine.
Kiss me my love, look at me, I love you.
Whisper delectable words
Among music and roses
Of that sacred sanctuary.
Lover, come with me and join the exotic dancers of Eleusis.
Lover, come and add the jingle of your tiny bells to theirs.
Lover, burn me with your fire,
Because I do not want to cry.
Lover, console me.
Lover, for perfume I offer you
The essence of the earth,
For flowers the ether,
For incense the essence of the air,
For light the Lustre of the universe,
And for food the essence of the Waters of the world.

THE PHILOSOPHER

I too will making dying a conjugate form.

I will lay myself down on the water
Or, leaning into emptiness, allow myself
To be carried away by wind.
I will become the kind of angel that never shirks love's orders,
Even if is bottisatva proclivities means he weeps too much.
I will allow the vibrancy of particulars
To demolish generalities.
I will encourage the air the develop bones
Firmer, stronger and more resilient than any flower's—
And this despite my knowing that yesterday's precious glories
Today stock pawnshop windows.
The merest wisp of sour (or just bad-mannered) loneliness
Waft off into the emptiness that shelters
Squealing monkeys and importuning ghosts.

THE LOVER

I want to become even more naked
It no longer serves me.
I expose my beating heart to you.
So utterly naked,
You face sears my flesh
Like a burning ember,
Transforming it into memory.
Tongues of burning gold
Light up the night
As they leap up to lick every inch of my inwards.
In the winter of discontent,
I eat succulent, soft crimson berries.
My soul, this bird of occult calling,
Acquires such energy
That I can inspire even the Star Dweller,
The great Soul Awakener
And the Maker of Slumber.
My soul roams there, with His..
A beam of His light
Becomes my plumage.
Each morning, in the solitary of 3:00 am
She returns to place where dawn begins
To don new wings.
Perfumes of rare, ancient splendor
Emanate from censors hanging
From sky-hooks.
The kiss of angels harmonizes
Discordant worlds where hands could no longer join.
All desire for forms and limits departs.
As a light enters over the maple tree.
This ancient light lodges in the brain
Without passing though the aqueous humour.
This light blinds no eyes,

But it does illuminate love.
The potato-appraisers searches to hire
A sharp-eyed assistant. He is often shunned
Though in some circles many look up to him.
Lover, you have become the size of my solitude—
Let me step into that void so the day will become obscure night.
My days are ruled by imagining your eyes--
Therefore let me step into the azure and become azure,
Since behind your eyes curl roads I long to travel:
Long roads beckon with a solitude more profound and complete
Than the abyss I am.
Your eye bathes images of the sea, day after day,
In an appalling routine.
Let the whole world hide in your throat,
When they are in you, the din will subside.
When they are in you, they will cease to be masters of their words.

Let our embraces become the colour of bleeding stars.
Let our embraces become the colour of the female Cochineal beetle.
Let our embraces become the colour of flowers pollinated only by birds.
Let our embraces lift us towards the highest arc in the rainbow.
Let our embraces glow with the colour of the Seraphim, the first choir of angels.
Let our embraces be a red amulet to provoke Gerda Munsinger.
Let our embraces become the colour of lodestone.
Let our embraces turn us the colour of obsidian, hematite, and onyx.
Let our embraces carry us south, to fire ad summer.

THE POET

“I am going a long way . . .
To the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

THE LOVER

While praying, the thick darkness that had enveloped me
Was scattered, a bright light, like a ball of fire, came towards me,
And as it fell upon me, my strength was taken away.
Through days of slowness,
I awaited the sound of a shadow passing by in flight,
And was rewarded with lonesome strains of the violins of
Immense angels who listen for the sounds of tears.
Through days of rain,
We dreamt of galleys from the Spanish Main.
Through days whose hours were all alike,
We dreamt of captivity in Texas brothel.

Through days of darkness,
We observed candy-floss clouds.
Through days of sapphire,
We looked into each other's eyes
As though they were the most beautiful eyes in the world.
Through days when air took on a flesh-like density,
We dreamed of being released without struggle.
I am the flame and the fuel.
I am the star and the cauldron.
Let the river hide itself.
Let us bid welcome to the sea.
Let us become as transparent as Saran Wrap,
As we pass by obstinate jelly-fish.
When there are only a few of them left,
Let them begin to sing.
Let them sing songs of martyrs who live forever.
Let them sing of nights of exhausted love.
Let them sing of fresh garlic as beautifully as Les Blank did.
Let them thrive in the epherma of obstinacies.
Let us become as protean as lamp-posts.
Let us empty our blood of shadows.
Let us never forget our flesh.

THE ALCHEMIST

Then, within us, Saturn, the Ancient of the heavens,
Converts itself into the Moon. Jupiter is transformed
Into the Mercury of the secret philosophy and Saint Thomas within us
Becomes confused and bewildered.
A child of captivating beauty is born in us.
When thundering Jupiter is transformed into Mercury,
Of secret philosophy.
Then a light flames out, like shining from shook foil
And our mind becomes an early spring garden
of pansies gather to a magnificence.
Then, Mars becomes Venus, as a glorious wave
Of bliss spreads from our loins to the mind.
Then people who were ravished in ecstasy,
And, through excess of awe, were unable to utter a single word
Were touched by the scent of a fragrant nosegay of red and white roses
Which the sacred whore held in her hand,
Thus making all recover our senses and stand erect.
But then the Queen would not invite us to dine with her;
For she never ate anything at dinner but some categories,
Jecabots, emnins, dimions, abstractions, harborins,
Chelemins, second intentions, carradoths, antitheses,
And such other food abhorrent to the spirit.

Surely *ora et labora* -- prayer and labour -- will lead me to the emerald city.
Surely Ariadne's silken thread, woven from chains of light, will guide me
On my journey to the midnight sun.
The turn of the millwheel has brought me luck, I cast again...
...God goes with the brave.

THE POET

Lover, the honey of thy lips agitates my inner most parts,
Lover, you are are a mountain of myrrh,
And the hill of frankincense.
You are the delectable fire, a serene
And knowing smile
Where love has become undressed.
Together we drank the wine of immortality from your lips.
SNow, happily drunk,
Let us ignite a bonfire and let us chant the Walkirias
Let us become so naked we enter the fires around
And become a purer poetry.
Lover, I place before thy feet all the ancient citadels.
Let the liquor come, let the light and music come...
Let the couples dance upon the soft carpet.
Let the Rose of Sharon sparkle within the cups,
and let the fire devour the shadows...
Let joy, fancy and poetry come...
Let us dance happily in the arms of love.
Never mind the sayings.
Let us enjoy together in the nuptial chamber,
within spikenards and mirrhs,
and let us chant our triumphal hymn
of light and poetry.
I love dancing and I love your love.
Lover, do not leave me,
For I die for you.
Lover do not leave me,
For I love you.
I want to tell you everything,
Here, within this perfumed mahogany room. of.
I want to tell you everything in this starry nights.
Because you are the star of Dawn.
You are the light of Aubade.
Lover, the purple and the gold
Of ancient Ithaca, I place before your feet.
Lover, your breasts are like
A liquor of Mandrake.
Your lips an ardent flame.
Lover, let me taste the cup of the crowned poets,
Lover, let me become the chant of the Bacchantes.
Lover, make me the love of the starry heavens,

Lover, let me become the song of songs..
Let me become the rose of Sharon,
And the lily of the valleys,
Let me become the delectable perfume of passion.

THE LOVER

Come to me, Lover, wherever you are
To lead me from this cavern of despair.
Come to me, Lover, wherever you are,
For I am a worshipper and a lover learning
To need your carnal presence all the more everyday.
Come to me, Lover, for I know that wherever I am
You are close by.
Before all time, I was already shackled in a yet to be built prison.
You released me soul with Your carnal desires.
Undrunk wine intoxicates me, when I am in your presence.
Before any battles, I was slain on the field of battle.
You revived me with fleshy impetuosity.
You broke open my skull, so I could become
Mad with your presence. I am now as mad
As you are mad, as unreasonable as you
Are unreasonable, as uninfected
By information as you (as that rescued me from the professors
And the Provost amongst whom I must make my living).
Every object, every being,
Became itself
Its own wine-jar of delight.
Now anything can make me drunk.
My soul floats because it has been
Disencumbered of being.
I await the Guest.
For I know that when the Guest arrives,
My heart again will race again
As it did before.
When the Guest enters my house
We will both become lunatics
Capable of running amok amongst the stars—
We will play hide-and-go-seek,
Crying out “Come and find me”
As we hide amongst these eyes without faces
(--what we see has eyes, too, just as you sometimes
become your eyes that are you and equally are me).
Here we learn that there is a vital music of the improbable
To match the humdrum but prevalent music of destiny,
And that lesson is a course in miracles,
As much as course in freedom.
Filled with the stirring silence of intense desire
I will lie beside your body burning with passion.

My kisses will leave their marks on your shoulders
Like fiery bites of a snake.
The heaven strew beads of pearls from the Pleides.
We will meet in the beds of clover
That grow up all around us, nourished by ancient love.
No couch awaits us there, for we will
Be rocked in the arms of the river
Flowing through the courtyard—
The river is softer and gentler by far
Than sheets of linen or silk
And it washes away all taint of the millennia
Of cruelty and violence.
Among the stars, so many constellations are put on offer to us
That we chose to remain outside all other worlds
And seek within a colder space—
The cold of the galactic expanses
Obscure the vestments of the Deity,
For nothing here is crisp and pellucid.
Nonetheless, the distant strains of the *harmonices mundi* can be detected.

Let our embraces turn us to turquoise and aquamarine.
Let our embraces turn us the colour of the bracelets the Greeks wear for protection.
Let our embraces turn us the colour of the famous mosque in Tabriz.
Let our embraces turn us the colour of the famous mosque in Yerevan.
Let our embraces turn us the colour of Rawze-e-Sharif in Mazar-e Sharif.
Let our embraces robe us in Krishna's skin.

THE CHRISTIAN

When the Guest arrives, every moment becomes
A jewel of new beginnings—
Even now the seconds tick by, portending
The feast where scents of jasmine and musk
Will anoint us. Time's hungry beasts
Will be send back to their lairs
By the fury of our embrace.
Though hardly peace loving, impious authorities
Who pursue us outside the gates of our longing
Will be terrified by the violence of our passions
And seek refuge in a realm of provostial rules.
The slice of moonlight that will
Stain your torso will send into hiding
All those who count off the passing moments.
We alone know how to stop the sun from moving,
Kairos is our element.
A golden nimbus will enfold and make love to us both,
Even in the middle of night

And will shelter from all that time before time
Foretold would beset, should we rebuke this embrace.
We have resolved that the impress of each other's naked bodies
Would mark all that do, all that we say, all that we think, all that we make
Together.

Before the silver dawn arrives,
We will have returned to the time before we were born,
Even to a time before, we were conceived in one another's embrace,
To a time that does not flee, but only grants us the jewel-like moments
Over which we cast eyes, fascinated by the string of pearls.
When the guest arrives,
Every door on the long corridor of dreams
Will slam shut,
Sequestering us the twilight of a reality beyond time
And passing away.
Among the stars, so many constellations
Are held out for us, on offer.
When we utter anything, even
The merest mumble of shriek of contempt
Angels drop down from above
To calm us.
Had I one hundred mouths, as many tongues,
A voice of iron, a heart of oak, and lungs of leather,
Together with the mellifluous abundance of Plato,
Never could give you a full account of a third part
of a second of the whole when light enfolds us, shelters us
and gives us peace.
Nonetheless Jupiter writes whatever is transacted in the world
On the dipthera or skin of the Amalthean goat that suckled him in Crete.

THE LOVER

Lover, come here,
Lie down beside me,
So that the Guest will die again, and again, and again.
Like all who believe,
The Guest is doubly housed and so this great,
Ongoing sacrifice, which means so much,
Also means nothing:
Ptah gives himself to the energy of primordial fire and gives its body.
What it means depends upon the key that you hold
In your hand and how the firmness with which you grasp it
Troubles (or not) the flow of blood between
Your fingers and your brain.
If the position of the key shifts in your fingers
(perhaps due to your too firm grasp)
The words of your creed change with it.
Still the poor wooden slats on which
His limbs are arranged

Will be carried away by the rain that pours down
On the other side of the window.

Okay, so what left to say?
Not much. "Hallelujah, anyway," I suppose—
if that's to anyone's taste.
Maybe it is. Maybe it is.

POSTSCRIPT

"All the other poor works of my mind I owe to myself because they were devised for my own ends, with a view to winning an honorable station in my home city; but since our universities have considered me unworthy of one, I assuredly owe this work entirely to it, for its unwillingness to have me occupied in expounded paragraphs from the Judith Butler and Slavko Zizek's psychoanalysis has left me the time to compose it. Forever praised be Providence, which, when the weak sight of mortals sees in it nothing but stern justice, then most of all is at work on a crowning mercy! For by this work I feel myself clothed upon with a new man; I no longer wince at the things that once goaded me to bewail my hard lot and to denounce the corruption of letters that has caused that lot; for this corruption and this lot have strengthened me and enabled me to perfect this work. Moreover (if it be not true, I like to think it is) this work has filled me with a certain heroic spirit, so that I am no longer troubled by any fear of death, nor have I any mind to speak of my rivals." (Vico, *Autobiography*, 14-15, with adjustments).

Poem of Misery

Isabel's Text

Isabel — first passage

Water takes my form
When I dive into it
But returns to its natural being
Which is that of sky,
For A fluid's form is a transient and indolent arrangement
Fire consumes me
But I do not become fire.

Isabel— second passage

The light sleeps in the entranceways.

Frosted-glass has induced somnolence.
Every moment the soul grows lighter
As the paradox of particles that are waves
Magnetize it. The bed broke into parts
And floated down the river.
I grew very cold.
An impure eternity covers the meadow.

Isabel— third passage

Beyond me, a flame, carried out-of-doors,
Becomes part of the world's sap.
Isn't that what we all want—
Isn't that what the earth wants
To rise within us
Like sap in maple tree in late winter.

Isabel— fourth passage

There is no path to this solitude.
One gets here only by a sharp rupture.
No gong carries you here.
The sky need not be cheerless.
The suit need not be somber.
The shoes need not be dark.
All that is needed,
Is an apprenticeship in dreaming.

Isabel— fifth passage

It is strange:
The people above whine about not living.
When the bubble bursts
No one will curse.
Snow will warm the earth
And silence the tumult.
Phantoms generated in the unspeakable flurry of the mind
Will walk the earth.

Isabel— seventh passage

"I was the shadow of the waxwing slain
By the false azure in the window pane.
I was the smudge of ashen fluff—and I

Lived on, flew on, in the reflected sky.”

Stephen’s Text

Stephen— first passage

A few words of advice on living:
If you hear loud noises in America
Fall to ground
Preferably behind a thick stone wall.
Avoid walking in front of windows,
No matter where you are America.
Never go to meeting with boss
Without taking a union rep. with you—
This is especially important at universities
Where “free speech” means a licence to insult
Granted only to those whose grammar is poor
(that always includes the president and the provost).
Never take any drugs without first subjecting them
To chemical analysis—if you don’t have a chemistry
Lab in your basement, never take Tylenol,
Pepsid, Gravol, Aceteminophen,
Diazepam, Lomotil, Advil,
Ranitidine or any other medication—the drug could kill
More rapidly than what every condition you are suffering from.
If anyone shouts, don’t act startled—
They’ll pick you out if you do.
If there is a bag on the sidewalk,
Walk quickly away from it—
But don’t run, lest you draw attention to yourself.
Don’t join any heated discussions—
This, too, applies especially at universities,
Whose HR departments love to collect letters from the outraged.
Evaluate the circumstances you find yourself in.
Be wary! You’ve got to be careful.
You’ve got to be very careful.
If anyone talks to you,
Change the subject to the weather,
But don’t mention global warming
Or water supplies.

Stephen — second passage

There is a store of water here, waiting to be transfigured.

Stephen — third passage

The whole day long, the hand dreams of blood
And of one who is nearby.
The high grasses rustle
In the presence of one unseen,
As a long, empty summer
Dries up our veins.
But the blood itself remains unappeased.

Stephen—fourth passage

Past moments of old dreams return again
And again.
They murmur in the mud
And in the leaves that fall.
No one hears them.
But they remain insistent nonetheless.

Stephen—fifth passage

Past moments of old dreams return again
And again.
They murmur in the mud
And in the leaves that fall.
No one hears them.
But they remain insistent nonetheless.

Stephen— sixth passage

Although I have lost my Latin and Greek
I can't reacclimatize to a present
Whose language is so base and guttural.
I can't focus on sky
In this environment of putrefaction.

The style here is to be very cold.

Susan's Text

Susan—first passage

Time was unleashed yesterday.
The eternal draws ever nearer.
Like dust and wind,
And the scent of blossoms,
I will carry it home in the pockets
Of my jacket

Susan— second passage

Engineers are developing a new technology
To be called the Visutek,
Involving a portable brainer scanner
That will allow you to see always
Anywhere, exactly what you want to see.
Why do bother? Film studies classes anyone
Can develop those powers
In classrooms. A university president
Never sees anything but what he wants to see—
And what he wants to see
Is too lurid to set down here.

Susan—third passage

Light comes alive, behind the shed out back.

Susan— fourth passage

Nothing changes here.
Always the same dark ground
Always a terrifying moisture.
Always the same cold.
The same words make the invisible manifest.
The liturgy continues
In spite of itself
And the uncertainty of ever crossing the threshold.

Susan— fifth passage

A shadow flits across the screen.
Eyes are dragged up in the middle of the night.

The throat is immobilized,
Clutched by fear.
A demon howls in the blood-stained voice
Chocked in the larynx.

Susan— sixth passage

Where smoke and ash plume out
With the cries of the dying
There I am.
Where woodland branches splinter
And slash the bark of trees
Young and old,
There I am.
Where boats capsize and plunge into the ocean
There I am.
Where roofs groan and shingles shake,
Where casings and doors shake
There I am.
Where the foam spumes up
At the wave's crown
There I am.
Where clouds scurry across the dark sky
There I am.
Where the bow wobbles the archer's hand
There I am.

Susan— seventh passage

Whether in fire or in ice
Whether once or twice
Whether a rose petal or a wolf's tooth
Whether on our knees or standing erect
Whether in agony or simply alone
Whether stones are made to ring or the bell to acquiesce to shapelessness
Whether held together in the eye of God or dispersed into formlessness
Whether lovely in limb and thought or hideously contorted
When the brinded cat mews
And hedge-pig whines trice
When the harpier cries
It is time. It is time

Don's Text

Don— first passage

The river is ravaged and runs too slowly.
One wonders if it can still devour
All that circumstance brings it.
Water, I ask a favour of you,
Remember me who swam in you.

Don — second passage

It's not just that I keep sticking pins
In my David Miller voodoo doll,
But I keep asking my myself
What's what with what's going down.
Around the fifth inning
Of the thirteenth ball game
I decided to give up on the home team.
It's too chilly here
For summer sports.
And rock & roll is here to stay
Rock & roll just won't go away.

Don— third passage

There, beyond that hill below,
the darkness behind so many fires becomes less obscure.
The miasma of redundance—does the fleeting world really need us? – makes one shudder.

Don— fourth passage

As the ash praises the guttering flame,
As the soft half-eaten apple on the orchard floor in June
Praises the squirrel
As the spasm in the gut praises teeth tearing at flesh
As the ocean, flowing back together
Praises the prow of the passing ship.
As the soiled kneed praises the station of the cross.

Don— fifth passage

The weakest hold the world in their hands
And wear it out
It fruitless labour.
Splendour grows old.

Don— sixth passage

Memory sets up time.
Succession and error are mnd-formed.
It is what looks back from the mirror.