Though I try so hard to be modern—
(My wife has a cell phone; I use the internet)
There’s still something ancient in now

Like this instance, when having coffee
While staring at the vegetable world

How the kaleidoscopic bloom
Of some emergent gesture clicks—
(Imperial display of what’s not
In the face of all that is)

Say, neighbors leaving their homes
To form a crowd without any
Shared declaration—

Only the ethos of possibility—
(An alarm, or the coming of love,
The alarm of knowing at its edge)
May permit such sudden transfers

Like most any inauguration
Before its dissolution

Most anything you can surmise
Before its certain collapse
Entering White

It was marvelous! Fantastic!
How the neighborhood so rallied
When they heard of this Great Attempt.

And it was you. You adrenalized
Who boldly one day stepped forward
To say—that you were entering white.

Could it be possible? Or was it insane?
“But who’d ever want to go there!”
One woman exclaimed.

What carnival as stage and band were set.
White banners spelling C-o-m-p-l-e-t-i-o-n
Hung from every village tree.

—And what courage was shown as
You took to the stage to address
The extolling crowd.—Children dressed
As regal birds to show their unity.

Entering White!—“Please remember your thoughts”
The crowd implored. “If it’s heaven
We’ll follow.—If it’s hell we’ll not!”

“Farewell!” you hailed, “Goodbye, I’m gone!”
Turning to enter the white. Ecstatic as you
Stood there knowing nothing lay beyond.
Proper Acts of Vision

I took a cripple outside today
& wheeled us into the world—

Not to feign some noble pathos—
Nor to heal by sudden lightning

But just the two of us wanting to go
Beyond our normal motor-notions

“Look,” I said, “a yellow finch!”

“A bird!” my friend exclaimed

& so we continued all the day
No more needed to climax and join
Each Time

Each time, I swear, a call emits
Whenever I’m unmoored

Unbearable witness to the
Red banner unfurling

Or each time: incompleteness

A subject without predicate
Black on white: vivid and sharp
Like viewing the newly dead

(So fresh. So cold)

Each time, a bee-like verb
Just behind the dimwit’s eye

Each time: the mundane
Each time: Vajra clear

And failures, and failure’s
Intimate laughter—

Bequeathed with joy—No,
With the crown of gravities!

Each time: Rocket Power
Each time: poverty

Can you believe it?

Each time
Flicker

to Elle

What instant animation as
I turn my gaze to you—
A motion-sensor carnival
And you, the essential color

Gorgeous pretense with
Geode green eyes

My rendezvous with a blink
(—Lips of copulate red)

Your laughter brings such joy
To the architectural flowers!

Me, a furtive witness to your
Perfectly placed hand—

You, my never queen,
With whom I’d share
All loss
It’s an ecstatic pain the horses
Seem to mirror: a rondo
Drenched by enameled rain
Sweeping the edge of time

Blow, bluet angels—
Your tin trumpets herald
The blast and boom
Of the presiding Nowhere Kings!

We to spin innocent captives
Of this mechanical carousel—

Our pneumatic cavalry
Plunging toward cessation
Random and sealed
A woman’s body
Is firmly established
Within a room

The governor of the sun
Forming trapezoidal light

She and the objects mostly
Yellow or blue—a still-life
Without sympathies

But who’s to say the woman
Is not a willing collaborator?

Preparing to release a
Gesture—endowed
With private meaning
Deluxe

I display my golden Being
As a statue in my foyer
Essence made plastic—
(Stasis made divine)

And the sign around the neck
Inscribes:

~ All is Sublime ~

Above, tied to a string
To add to the dream a
Polystyrene dove—

Glass-eyed, with wings
Made of cartons and things
In the act of coming home
Ready?

It could be, it already is, that we
(They, you, I—the imaginary public)
Decide to—have already decided
To lean upon nothing—but air

Go for it. Drop wingless past
The flat world’s gate—Limbs
Akimbo flailing beyond
Whatever net awaits

It’s the necessary enactment
Of some sheer asphyxiation

The way a lunatic enters
A storm hoping to be hit—

Your very own
Apocrypha
Being written

As you

Fall
Emily Figueroa

Emily Figueroa is someone I named

She may be like me, but I’m not so sure
(You could seek her on the internet I suppose)

She stands at a kitchen sink

Her thoughts arise from the first person
singular

She randomly transcends

Exterior powers will batter her

She will navigate the world
Across the tracks, at the station, I counted thirty-two or so people milling about, waiting to go north. The engine pulled up and, once it left, everyone was gone.

So too earlier, on the plane—the experiment entailed shared privacy:
A furtive glance at Passenger 34-C (window seat) next to me revealed an older woman with eyes tightly shut. Her head an amalgam of gravities endured.

We lifted: the shuttering lights about her head forbidding any conclusions
What I know of
Oneness is similar
To what?—

A vast compass
Without edge—

Hygienic modeling
By elected inductees

And what I know of
Particulars is similar
To what?—

Infinite conveyances
On a finite string—

Endless hieroglyphics of
The ten thousand things
Construction

Please turn me into a line drawing
And wash me with bright colors

Please, I ask you to do this

My frozen contours captured
By a thousand colored fractals

(The cat can be vermilion;
What’s sublime as pink)

Green gesso to wash the
Window’s light to a weird
And hallowed glow

Please   Do this for me?

(Make my costume a jubilee)

I would do it for you
Transmission:

Today marks the 16,829th day
Here on the foreign planet

That equates to over 47 years
Since I regained consciousness

I yet struggle to self-nourish
Habituations continue to be
Caffeine, cigarettes, and repeated
Attempts to form monads
Which, of course, always fail

For over 22 years I’ve worked
For an institution—and yet
Like others, I forget why

On Tuesday a woman engaged me
In conversation—She told of her
Fear and compulsions and I said
“Yes, I have them too.”

And now, as I pause to think
About this entry, I see a crow
On the street below
Staring into the wind
And two blocks down I see
Children running in circles
Breathlessly running and
Running in circles

Reply
1.
The blue man has etherized
A sky of flawless hue.
Aerated, his every thought
Absorbed by what is new.

_The Blue Man_

2.
I propel by the words I say.
Their utterance rings wide
Like some gong’s clear song.
A stranger’s embrace in motion
I once hesitated to dream.

_Profusion_

3.
The dirge breaks down a mangled machine
A stopped clock’s pure embarrassment.
Imagine the mirthless gargoyle’s hiss
As I leave the dead-house behind.

_Enactment_

4.
The enameled-throated lily
Unfolds a concentric silence
Alerting objects of lethargy
That my heart’s about to burst.

_White Frequencies_
5.
Generative architect
Automatic god
Discharge your vision—
Infatuate the child.

Logos

6.
Deity of the objects—
Pure contemporaneity!
May your structures
Endure the epochs
Wherein phantoms
Go slowly by.

Homage to Factuality

7.
Stupid gray brain—
Now the canvas is ruined!
Benevolent golden giants
Cry in colors as they brood.

Forsaken

8.
Oh tiny timorous engines and
White-slashed sparrows sleep.
Only fearful insomniacs
Would murder what intrudes.

Negative Saviors
9.
Any mirror holds the drain
Of our three-dimensional beating:
What we are perpetually leaving—
What we were always receding.—

*The Funhouse*
On Mercury!

The florist had warned:
“This spray of flowers—
This tangle of beauty will
Die soon if not delivered.”

And though I rapped and knocked
And announced myself—
No one ever answered the door

The next week it was
An imperfect bouquet of
Mostly ragged dreams

The note on the door
Read “At the store” so
I left them on the stoop

Then I delivered bright
Flowers of fire—(which
Took the upmost care)

The note this time scratched
“I’m at therapy—Please try
Not to burn down the house.”