

HIS BODY
IS A CROW

*Poems by
Steven Cline*

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AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

I never set out to write poems. Though I've written poetic prose for a few years now, the standard poetic form seemed somehow beyond my grasp. I felt vaguely uneasy towards it. The first poem I wrote actually started out as a short collection of hastily written notes for an essay on the subject of the nocturnal. I was sitting on a toilet at the time, doing what all toilet-sitters do, and the notes had ended up as a collection of very short sentences. I suddenly realized that I had written a poem. Weird, I thought. I also realized that this short, nebulous little poem would likely end up being more interesting than my planned expansion on the topic. Or at least that's what my lazy self decided. Later, as I was writing short stories, the poetic form continued to force its way out, dropping into my stories whenever I least expected it. A tricky little fellow, this form. It just wouldn't take no for an answer. And so, foolhardy dilettante that I am, I decided to play with it further.

I discovered a few things about myself as I made this strange journey into "poems". A few fresh obsessions, a few hidden energies have been dredged up and set to spiraling.

These poems seem to manifest a certain mania for strange "entities", for folkloric thingamajigs. My poetmind seems to love all beings who have made their home outside (behind?) of our haughty everyday reality. One by one, these marvelous folklore creatura found themselves caught up within the sticky webs of my poet-pupils. And at no real urging of my own, either. In these poems the extraterrestrial shares table with the demon, and the fairy devours the gnome. Within my ludicrous lines all are welcome.

The outline of a certain view of the world can also be seen within these poems. Probably my own worldview, or at least that's what I'd imagine. Though I can't really be sure. This is a world where "cruelty & sweetness" are in dialectic communion, a place of balance. Horror, humor, and love all spread out from these weird worlds like somekindof mad kudzu, and they sure as hell aren't about to apologize for their sins. For now they seem to keep each other in check, but this balance is like the dance on the edge of a needle. One strong trickster wind, and who knows...

These poems also often feel like an attempt to give linguistic life to somekindof altered state of mind. Some of these strange atmospheres were experienced by me at the time, and others I had only the vaguest hints of. My hope here is that these unusual states of mind will be transferred inside the minds of my receptive readers. I would very much like to see my thoughtforms blooming in a variety of alien soils. That would be the ideal. Unfortunately our language is a very tricky beast, and it is only through her ritual dismemberment that any new goddess can be reborn. And so Word fornicates with Word here, and Meaning has very little gravity. Meaning may be seen to float upwards, to blink in and out of any existence at any time. So skip the analysis, folks. These words are meant to be read by your underself, and your underself alone.

I now present you with my strange little poem-harvest. I don't know if you will find any of them to be much good. I don't know that I care. Actually, I do care. In fact I care quite a lot. But I ain't about to let you catch me a'shivering. Ha! Ha!

Truly,

Every poet requires a well-oiled poker face.

THESE CONCEPTS, THEY ARE RIVER-RUN

tiny equinox
time
way back when
time
i & she
we learn we whisper
we hear all about it
about a certain pastlife life
of mine
delirious & delicious
the creamy white filling
something someone
somebody
played at
inhabiting my “i”
danced himself deep
inside my spacial sweeteners
& he lived
as a shiny autumnal wind
& he died
as the denied equestrian
back then we go
to a time that didn't exist
when my formulations my antithetical musings
my coalescing (s)
my eye (s)
were looking
peeking
& with transmutation or transference

i went through pleasurable bluebody
& into the feminine, liquidic
an entry point manifold
a denial gutted with orange blade
as sky hostage turned rain droplet i fell
towards that sweet running clearness
my voyage to the river
this was
& my very first deepening
because for me
the eye is the magic organ
the only organ
by which i may become un-ghost
& the water's abracadabra
is everywhere at once
& everytime too
for with a belly wriggle comes the leaf child
& i became the green & prickly fruit
soon devoured
by hyena by kidney
forming both in the process
& I saw many things
in those ascending waters
I saw the obsidian walrus
& the rust-covered oak
I saw an epileptic moon
devour a polka-dotted crab
& I saw so many other things
swept away inside it
but it is at this supreme point that my memories end

& yet
this visionbody desires to follow wildstream further
desires a consummation of sorts
interrogates it opens itself up to it
& down inside the whitening waterwave
a clear discharge of joy
can soon be seen
somekindof glowing signalsign
somekindof furry aquatic syphilis
because the river has long fornicated with the wind
& it has left it many sicknesses
perpetually untreatable
by mollusk or by fawn
& yet we are all luck-stuck
for it has purpose it has desire
it consumes the entropy for the sake of the crystal
just like a friendly little water rabbit
the limbless burrowing blue-hare
really quite nice quite delightful
really a lovable blight
& yet
many men still sigh
many men still pout
for when they dredged up the ancient river
when they raped her estuary
when they dissected her saliva essence
they saw only the same river, magnified
its rivers all the way down they say
what a fraud they say
well butanyways
humanity is just a flowering corpse

joined under the sign of the mammalian gill
& it will soon be forgotten
that's what river thinks

THE NIGHT & THE DAY

a hollywood musical
is made suddenly sacrificial
as dancer is divided
the castoff torso
midair reflected
inside two round insect eyes
strange green predatory eyes
popping out
big big anime eyes
made of cardboard
but don't worry viewers
for this is just a religious pageant play
just stage blood & so on
something on the return
of the Cosmic Mantis
something "for the kids"
nevertheless
out there in the streets
in some disused alleyway
a real devouring porcupine
can also been seen
delighting in the breath
of the sevenfold fears
while at the farthest corner
of the deep
below the coded multiverse
five electric lights
are flickering
& below that

the anthill of disease, carrying
& below that
air
to clarify
to illustrate my point further
& leave no room for doubts
here is an old legend
often told
among the surrpeople of Ottawa
& the tale is as follows
when the poor hero Luca
bought his first pack of cigarettes
from the shallow end of a disused well
he ran
& he never looked back
that unholy
subterranean flow
seeming to be
rather suspiciously colorful
to his shifty escaping eyes
but this was all just as well
for that grey pack of cigarettes
could have very well been infused
with invisible mathematical maggot
& everyone knows
that the hero's journey
is for chumps
furthermore
Luca's rebirth & return
all that is irrelevant now
because

without a poking
or a prodding
on our part
without a humanoid intervention of any sort
she has taken it upon herself
our solar manikin
& she dresses herself up in our silk and our offal
& they compliment each other quite nicely
always so fancy, she is
our favorite star
soon
a happy rebirthing
an entry point
into occupied mirror
inside it
she will live out
the rest of her solar years
with a calico cat & a lovable dachshund
yet her sunbody will be forever inflamed
existing as she does
under the sign of the hysteric
lastly
beneath that dark silvery moon
(scholars now theorize)
there also lives
a very special imprint
a psychical residue
of each & every smile
that ever crossed the face
of sweet Delilah
or convulsing Salome

& the spiders with whom
they wind their erections
are built entirely from the discards
from the plastic and the cellophane
& this is the true reason for the seasons
this is the reason for the night & for the day

IN THE LAND OF VOLUPTUOUS COW

cruelty & sweetness
at the heart of the cow
at the heart of our planet's eardrum
her evaporating stream
filling up with silky blueberry
with brand-new
fruity
fluidic
replacements
& that marvelous
old silverform
long occulted
to us
underlying us
while lost
long submissive
beneath
that old old
obliviousness of the clear
our sweet sweet silverform
so venerable & remote
is momentarily caught
in very gentle thawing
her eyes so bright
like the abstractions of the moon
like the tide caught in cauliflower
this little golem of the marvelous
descends from her unheaven
as a radiant beam of light

but on impact
she is caught
inside some dead god's butterfly net
a token star-offering
that is soon transfigured
into the convergence
of five antique golden caskets
inside these caskets
an excreta
of red georgia clay
& this moist clay
is formed into feline
by the hands of a vacant god
rejoice my friends
& behold this perplexity
this sacred birthday
of the wandering mammalian heart
this conjoining of sadyed little kitty
within unspoken planetary alignments
soon she becomes
a beloved pet
treasured confidant
consort
to all creatures
great & small
dirty & clean
aquatic & mountainous
but sadly
(O lilliputian of happiness!)
from within that submerged reliquary
within that exceptional place at bottomless core

where the served hand of our martyred earth now resides
the great daemon of cruelty
raises his hideous triumvirate head
& soon
this red feline friend
of ours
is rudely deconstructed
is turned inside-out
by the desires of the crow
her intestines sown with daffodil seed
her tricker kitten eyes
covered in a blindfold of rosy tomato
her soft calico cocoon
ripening in green
because
this treasured catfur
was compelled by the crow to travel
this treasured catfur
skimmed across the great chain of being
like a magnificent cosmic water skipper
until it reached that footnote labeled “vine”
& it is now stretching up
towards a disapproving sky
in typical jack-and-the-beanstalk fashion
while its newfound roots embrace the magma seas
& while one solitary white mouse
ascends
while descending

all this
is as it should be

LOVE AFFAIR OF THE CENTIPEDE & THE CHAMBERMAID

for Richard Cline

grandpa was an alchemist
a hermetic disciple
of the fly genitalia
a pacific theatre napalm chef
he drowned his decades
at the center for disease control
that hidden fortress &
temple of occulted scientism
he was
an arthurian knight
in servitude
to the great King Logic
but i like to pretend
that deep deep down
at 400x magnification
before illuminated eye
fly genitalia was transformed
into inky black vessel
writing line after line
of daemonic cuniform
tiny little dreampoems
& itsy bity calligraphy
letters tightly stretching
crisscrossing
along cold cold flyskin
O sweet musca domestica

recording your ancient cellscriptures
beneath his evasive eye
& then shyly evaporating
like it never even happened
occasionally
perhaps
when microscope was feeling particularly trickster-ish
a few “remote viewing” glitches
a few misplaced schizo-incisions
here & there
did open out to him the colorful panorama of hell
birthing vast multitudes
of tiny trance Creatura
who then did open themselves
to the gift of his knife
but do not weep for them
because under the eyelid of primate voyeur
all existence is slaughterhouse
my my
it seems the silent watcher was quite busy, in fact
for the watcher was birthing new worlds
& we never even knew it
those shifty conversations of his
those hints at a second,
subterranean existence
inside of a white, immaculate labs
perhaps
after hours
he would lay down on that alabaster floor
his ear to the sullied earth
& listen to the infinitesimal speaking in tongues

unfortunately
these hauntings
were left unreported
to the higher-ups
or even to his grandchildren
but perhaps
a hastily written
kabalistic travelogue
to his interior
still exists somewhere
or elsewhere
& perhaps
his phantasmagorical
mathematical absurdities
are still in circulation
somewhere
yes
& perhaps
a brooding
loner-mind
÷
a disembodied flysex
can somehow equal
the marvelous new
EROS INSECTA
but to me
he is still
unknown
& unmapped

BEETLE BAGS

body
is
surrounded
is surrounded
by
black
beetle
bags
by seven in fact
ominous fellows
a rare insect gold
found
on balinese shores
or dissected
under deep jungle
shadow light
strange shifty creatures
leathery & cold
one night
drunk high or mad
we harvested them all
& we stapled them together
you and I
we made little sacks out of them
& we filled them with our mud
& we filled them with our saintly childhood artifacts
forced them down the dark unwilling orifice
& pulled hard on the exoskeleton drawstring
we sealed them

forgot them
but now
i touch them
& they feel like hairless dog
i touch them
& they feel like catfish
all slimy & sweet
what a joy
to explore
this impish 13 gallon garbage gnome
I see
as though through abduction cyst
though extraterrestrial transmission
I see a blackbag sailing down the red sea
in an upside-down vessel
made of telephone wire
but the red sea
the red sea has become
a purplish grey sea
& the grey is smiling out at me like a fox
& the mouth is covered in millipedes
& its color is orange

SATURDAY SHOPPING HULLABALOO

my big plush fatbody
my trembling obscene sensitivity body
he was ejected into the capitalist cosmos
just a few short hours ago
& O boy
that old
saturday shopping hullabaloo
all out & about
with the rank & file
mind-body softening
and/or copulatin'
with an ever-present sweetened nothingness
just a merry-go-round just a spec a turd
just revolving jelly
when suddenly
O boy O boy
let me tell ya
the big one suddenly hit
the dawn of
Holy Hallucination
here
there
& everywhere
but it was only a trial run folks
for these big blue eyes were the only two receiving signal
yes just these sad oceangoing eyes here
viewing it as it happened
the birthing of
THE INVERSE

& its operation felt so smooth
like sidereal gingerbread
like a yellow napkin
sitting on the lap
of our dear naked sally
mischievous sally
the unfolded caught unfolding
or like the epoch of imp
but to be fully accurate
to avoid a tall-tale bush-beating
or the wetness of the academic flounder
i'll tell it straight
& i'll tell it narrow
this dawning of surrealist thingamajig?
this prerecorded discontinuity?
it was FLESH FAIRY PARADISE
& I was standing right on top of it
right down in the middle of it
somekindof juicy Infestation Station
somekindof demented Fae altar
to the god of putresce
& those tiny little creatures
they gnawed so deeply
they turned my little pink baby toe
into a red bloody swollen toe
but they did so with pleasure
& i stood with pleasure too
for here all was pleasure
even a toe pain even a jellyfish algebra
& even a stray thought
could gain itself freedom

could cut itself loose
shoot hoops
here
& these blue loveeyes
of mine
these old rip van winkle eyes
they were embraced by this land
became like the love of flower for the skinned fist
& yet
fuzzy-faced rationalist
that you are
you soon whispered to me
asked me about the upper plane
about how they were getting along
up there
you wondered about the ancestral land
the land of poem's origin
ah well
still just mall
grocery store
too-sweet candy shoppe
because a rabid sugar intolerance
is the primary feature
of every alien abductee
& way up there
in the blue
the cafeteria of alienation
is still run by dogface dog
the same old played-out circus
inside the marxist hippodrome
sick rats

on a sick ship
& other such banalities
but upon the lower—
there the ventricle is left open
& the carrion is wise
there the whole black hole mythos
is painted a bright red
& inside this deepening
our spiral of flesh
is sucking away
ever so gently
or not so gently
upon the haughty body
of the Upper Floors
in secret cosmic fellatio
our fleshspiral is imbibing thought
is reshuffling every this-and-that's
a subtle influencer our heroine
soon
all that is corporeal
all that shits & all that eats
& every little bird
& every little bee
& every little organchild
from the stomach
to the spleen
shall become enchanted
& the domain of the anus
shall henceforth duplicate
into the warm infinity
& the flower shall devour the eye

IRON BODY, METAL ROSE

for Jean Rollin

there is panic in fairyland today
two lovers are caught
in spiderwebbing of grey concrete
two lovers becoming shadow

meet redboy
a solar acolyte
who hides himself
inside himself
who shudders
in disease
who expands
like deluded caterpillar

meet yellowgirl
she is the yellow
that purrs out
from inside the black
the mirror that does not reflect
the last station the last stop
the final essence of a world
behind atom
behind quark
she is deepest jewel
in whispering movements
& vibrating fleshsong
she writes for us

a gothic bodypoem
in adoration
to the clavicle & the cranium
to each & every beautiful bonekid
brought up by shivering vampire

O absent yellowgirl
you bring this seeking little vertebrae
to the borderlands of ecstasy
between two blue thighs
meanwhile
silent death
that invisible watcher that kinky voyeur
is given fresh reason for discharge
his alabaster seed
comprising mainly of ghost

linger your promenade
yellowgirl
cast it out
across this delicate void
& bleed out in velvet

for yours is the face that oscillates

DATA ENTRY ON STAR VESSEL NINE

Star Vessel Nine is a pea pod filled with black hole
They may be removed safely & will fit in the palm of your hand
They are globular & will feel like sun-warmed gummy bears
Though they are still inedible

Star Vessel Nine is the spirit of the distance of the line
(between two points)
The above mentioned may be illustrated as follows:

the anus of the dog ————— the iris of the king

Star Vessel Nine is above he-who-is-above
and above-that-above, too
<ha>don't worry this computer is merely jesting</haha>
It also has a low breeding rate

Star Vessel Nine's complex pea pod structure was formed under a
blinding Egyptian sun (the last millennium or so if computer had to
guess) & cultivated with love & care inside the collective armpits of
a well-baked early Gnostic sect called SCHIZMANDI (so placed
because an abundance of perspiration was key)

Star Vessel Nine's first playmate was a course black hair
Star Vessel Nine's average life expectancy has not yet been established

Known Weaknesses of Star Vessel Nine:

- Like a turtle, the pea pod cannot right itself once flipped
- Exposure to mathematical paradox can lead to cellular degeneration
- Neutered specimens show higher levels of melancholia

A strong dosage of benzedrine may be prescribed in such cases
Studies show a success rate of 75%

Bonus Question

Which of these can grow inside a Star Vessel Nine womb?

- A) a frog zeitgeist in movement
- B) a tadpole on the march
- C) a celestial desert baby

(The answer is D)

SPRING DAY PROMENADE

i seem to be dropping flesh as i walk
bones turning to jelly
leaving scarlet & ivory slaughterhouse lines
just drippy drip dripping along, yes
and skipping along too
my exsanguination attempt
is giggling
dancing
across the main street sidewalk
a sentient viscera blob dreaming one last dream
in cartersville georgia
mr. american town usa

i'm on my way to findley's butcher shop
and it's a meet & greet, y'all
i'm the traveling circus freak
and you all are invited
to come give me a taste
lay down in stickiness and be subsumed
within my human snail trail
behind the meat
the dead bones are glowing
like cheap glow sticks made of yogurt
like a platypus raver's drugdream
inside the australian riot pond
like a speckled horse cock covered in green fungal rape
or the pacific ocean molded into gelatinous cube
and tossed inside the black-hole orifice of space mouse,
that devious cosmic mammalian

kept eternally high
on a steady drizzle of amphetamines & yellow squash
dripping from the mouth of a bellybutton lint-diamond
on one very surprised southern gal, sweet henrietta,
her umbilicus unveiled to the world under the light of a shining
roman candle phallus
on the fifth of july

ah
ooh
ooh la la
how's it all end, grandpa?

the end:

body all gone
lost my yogurt bones, too
just popsicle

it's a very nice day for a walk,
but since I can no longer walk,
or even roll,
i think I will spend the rest of my day writing invisible poems

you can leave

THE ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE

let me take you on a journey friend

dark room
no ceilings
no walls

you see
2 spherical goblins
flattened

you see
1 elongated worm
puffed

you see
obsidian goat climb wooden chair
while silver wind wraps an electron

if you ask this room
whether your fleshbody is unwelcome
it's dead air no response
just the shriveled spirits receding
retreating
like a thousand tiny crabs
poor fellow
your pupil deepening
your eyelid convulsed
you have become primary observer
inside this vaporland

inside this shifting unseen
poor fool
you take it all in

above you
the echo of insect
inside cooling temperature

below you
rubber floor
with fractures sevenfold
& muscles articulating

within you
heavy metal gateway
on which is written
INXO

& it is by you that these letters are tasted

all at once
there is a jittering
a swaying
the white clothesline is pulled taut
& it breaks
her overripe boundary penetrated
in a flash of etheric pink
some vast invisible presence
filled with desire
is reaching out for one blue eye
is reaching for the beautiful blue eye of your face

OWL OF LAVENDER

for casi

lavender owl, you are blooming today
lost in a cavern of reptilian fae
your pastlife is the maple tree, punctured
its oozing sap sustaining & giving you tummy aches
always, always

owl,
your body is wrapped in a tunic of sentient clover
your body is wrapped in a blanket of bluemoss

in our beginning
my body was wrapped in dry leaves
in brittle, dying flora
but you mutated me so well
my sweet avian midwife
you delivered my hidden afterglows
& crowned me in lilac

owl,
you have always been purple
always, always
even at birth
with umbilicus boa
with placenta of crystal
& day by day
you crochet yourself
a multicolored cocoon

from which you will soon emerge
translucent & wild

my tender trancewitch
swampwitch
loverwitch
we are
two miniature leviathans
amalgamated
inside collective dreamflesh
& we swim
deep deep down
inside that little garden pond
that we once visited
& the world is so far away

owl,
your hair is green
your soul is lavender
you are blooming today

DESCRIPTION OF WHAT I SAW THROUGH MY TELESCOPE

the surface of sun is not flame
the surface of sun is intestine

I see
squishy-spongy
twisty tubes

I see
pink orb congregations
sew together as one

I see
an intestinal sun
precariously sustained
on darkmatter nutrient

& light is the byproduct
the waste it expels

AT THE BUTCHER SHOP

at the butcher shop
our meat is growing mushrooms
is bleeding out chanterelle
we are the butcher's cast off
we are bovine & blue

today our meat dresses in pattern of light
yes today meat scandalously believes itself
the bright arachnid roadway
meat points to the ancient carvings
along its red flesh
meat is coughing, smiling

butcher brings down his knife
& his head is oval
is axolotl salamander & tardigrade
butcher slices meat's sister in two
but butcher is also blacksmith
on seeing this
meat prepares a speech for us
although he doesn't say it

& at the door of the shop
beneath the rump of our crimson hero
a little cobblestone passageway
is playing at being urban labyrinth
at being metropolitan pied piper
and leads, misleads all comers
into a pinky ocean of toe

while a beach is growing beneath spine
a Parisian ventriloquist

my friend
recalibrate your dreamtime
for the meat maggots are singing a tune
an eulogy for the arrival
of the darkfaced porcupine
from deep within the body of this body
this fragile cowself, this false meat
a main attraction now formulating
a white mold spreading
this slab of calf meat
has opened itself to transference
has spread dripping legs wide
for the universe to penetrate
the sexseed to be dropped in
shall be covered in fur

*& in some unrelated elsewheres
suddenly & inexplicably
a meteor grows branches & defecates*

CRAB BELLY

my belly is a crab
& so is yours
we taste this 'verse with our odors
be spin it in the cotton candy fallacy
we drink it like a frog with no gullet
& grow patches
along the treasure of our fur
we've got a back catalogue of ecstasies
that we'll never use
we're a goofy mammal, yes it's true
we don't like to use the lavatory
even though it's been filled with kindness
& we don't like to squander a lick
we think a skinned llama
the epitome of style
but we're afraid of the ensuing redstuff
cuz we don't like liquids
prefer solids
hate gas
there nothing more trustworthy
than a good granite rock
we say
& nothing like a casual stroll among salamanders
to really turn the stomach
we've formed numerous committees
the anti-slime committee
the anti-wetness committee
the anti-CO2 committee
these committees take up most of our time

but eradication must leave no survivor
unsurprisingly
the non-solids haven't taken this lying down
the mist often strangles us
will pour sugarjuice in our hair
brush off our toenails
& force us to take summer baths
the sight of epsom salt or the smell of lavender
for us these remain a trigger
to all kinds of negative memories
that we don't think any psychiatry can help
& as for ocean
two or three years ago
just another
pleasantly bourgeois
family vacation
it was
bathing suits & all
when suddenly
we were rudely abducted
tied up by the atlantic ocean
& forced to eat sea foam
forced to listen to the erotic poems of a seal
& the philosophical diatribes of the clam kingdom
yes as strong ropes of algae cut into our wrists
we were forced to suckle at the teat of the deranged starfish queen
while six hermaphroditic sea snails recited their aquatic folklore
laughing
& the queen's milk was as salty as the sea
luckily
after feeding she grew tired of us

& the rest of the aquatic fiends dispersed
cruel joke having run its course
all this to say
that the beach is a land of darkness & perversion
proof that water cannot be trusted
& that all moistness must be stopped
i burned my bathing suit on that day
& i'm never going back

FELINE

what is a cat?
a cat is spongy goosecake
the first childish inkling
of the existential tick
on the back of the flavorful tortoise
a transgressive hors d'oeuvre
a cat is also a flea
because
as everyone knows
the small is the large
and the large is the small
yes a cat is very simple, a cat is algebraic
but the mathematics do not sit well
in the belly of this beast
a cat knows many things
like how to skin a lamb
in order to play the flute
like how to operate a guillotine
in order to befriend the rose
a cat knows many many things
that we'll never ever know
but anyhow
a cat is a cat
and that is that

THE CHICKEN & THE EGG

chicken's eggs?
a rather weighty subject my friend
for the egg of the barnyard chicken
has been known to travel vast distances
across space & across time
betwixt solid & between gas
it undergoes many a good transformation
before ever reaching the belly
of that lovable avian critter
few men know this fact
& few chickens either
no the egg is not formed by the chicken my friend
egg is first formed within the hazy daydream
of the half-eaten sauerkraut
egg delays for a time in a garden of ham
dances for a time in abstraction's discotek
egg likes to kiss the smiling turtle once in awhile
egg is a very independent soul
filled with dreams filled with plans of egg's own
egg likes surrealism egg likes the peanut butter the jelly & the jam
egg often finds eggself caught up in hairy misadventures of somekind
sometimes egg lives science fiction sometimes egg lives fact
because egg's narrative dial is quite easy to turn
a few clicks left & the shōwa era godzilla appears
a few clicks to right & egg is face-down in the dog park
covered in mildew
egg lives a crazy long wonderful egglife
but when egg gets very old
when egg feels good & ready

egg concentrates
very hard
egg pictures
the heavenly belly
of the avian divinities
those barnyard beasts
long foretold
by all eggkind
egg meditates
on the holy feather
& the sacred beak
egg is not afraid
to let the eggself go
egg becomes one
within the body
of the cosmological fowl
& egg is soon reborn
cluck cluck cluck
as egg's own god

& yet
inside us
that one
big big
theological
question
still lingers

“which came first?
the chicken,
or the egg?”

GOLDEN GATE

this is mind's ethnography
a golden gate is shivering
while the three aliens murmur on
about the casual displacements
of formaldehyde
& together we stand
under reddening skies
just two formless creatura
just two little possums in love
arms crisscrossing
& mouths full of silence
while the tiny brown hairs
bleed down your neck
& scamper off
in childbirth of new snake
we are cold here
& yet we are not avalanche
for the shadow of the mouse
is crossing & recrossing
the table of our gilded pelvis
& all of this happenstance
is shaded in blue
is warily mapped out
by a traveling Armenian sect
with bodies tall & thin
with bodies adorned
in red white & gold
with feet touching strangely
at the faraway palace

in the domain of the echo
& here
in this forgotten
excreta of wonderland
I am the amateur archeologist
& you are the encephalic kitten
just two bodies
coexisting
under deep gaze
but!
a sudden shift
& false wonderland is darkening
is becoming viscous becoming hard
as it turns out
tricky tricky tricky
we were merely placeholders
here
for this is his land
this is the land of the
ASPHALT KING

alas
my nice little conclusion
my little zinger of a wrap-up
is suddenly interrupted
by a line of very rude questioning
by an audience insistent & uncultured
who like little children
are repeating
“who is this?”
“& what is that?”

a little followup then
a little “literary analysis” for the road
i’ll dispel all those
troublesome uncomfortable mysteries
for you
& my thoughtful inquiry shall be tailor made
to suite your particular sexual preference
whether it be freudian marxist or lacanian

& herein lies my meaning:
Asphalt King equals
the scum of the globular
he is also the yellow syrup
forced through the mouth
of the antique cheese grater
& this here poem
is merely the salt
forming on the mouth
of the libidinous octopus
& there is no allegory to be found anywhere
that is all no more questions please

INTELLIGENT LIFE?

thoughts skeletal
in the abridgment of a dream
a very tricky landing
for this shifting extraterrestrial
caught in a red jello sea
sinking & meeting
some sticky new friends
this little someone
harboring his cold fruit
& keeping his spacial
warm
for another day
he is casting geometrics
to the unresponsive fishes
untranslatable missives
painted on many a cloudy aquatic eye
all his visual word-stuff
is done
is well done
is blackened, burnt
yes all his
dramaturgical
nonsense
it is saturn-birtherd
under the sign
of the moaning aardvark
he of the alpha-centurion face
known so well
to antiquarians

& to connoisseurs
& tonight our little astral interloper
feels most at home
inside the liver of the bluewhale
unfortunately
underneath that old jello sea
our plankton is dying
our whale is dying
& so
his sustenance
it must be felt for
more vigorously

FOR THE BIRDS

for the birds
i gave my left handshake
and my right metacarpal
for the birds
i skinned my sailboat
dried out its bark
under the red red sun
reshaping it all the while
forming pyramids
for the angelic
all this
in order to force feed them
with dangerous birdsong
with a birdsong
set to musical notation
i served these trusting angels
with a very fashionable dishware
with a table laid in class & grace
a grand trickster feast it was
& soon
those black & white
sheets of a birdsong
became
rather inevitably
esophagus-lodged
causing snowstorm of vomitus
& soon
within each treble clef
an offspring of ink

was oozed out
so saturated
had they all become
in the divine spittle
blackening
each & every
translucent wing
the becoming of crow
yes for the birds
i am all things
& yet this means nothing
nothing at all
to the anxiety-ridden carp

**A VERY SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE FOLK
TRADITIONS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTH PART 1:
THE INSCRUTABLE GOATMAN**

way down in the mine
or
perhaps
in the flesh of some mime
there lives a downcast goatman
a creature
about three feet tall
his unknowableness his devout operations
his particular folkloric niche
is as the fairy's envelope
he was composed sidelong,
primarily of fluid
& one must say his name thrice
in order to conjure him
goatman
goatman
goatman
one must say it
with desire
& with fear
but then
why would you want to do a thing like that
a warning
if you ever see a red barn
layered with a blue flame
& encircled by a ring
of flattened possums

singing the internationale
in the depths of some hot night
on some forgotten country byway
know then that this is his sign
a sign that the goatman walks among us
to hide from his dark barnyard gaze
pull off the road immediately
cover your shiny red hatchback in moss
& remove all your clothes
then inhabit the body of a female dear
for at least a fortnite
before removing her skin
truly
this is a dangerous game
though a cityboy may pull a few carrots
& think he has seen behind the veil
every countryboy knows
that pastoral is just another word for horror
that every forest is palace to some ancient wordless evil
that every reflective black lake is a medium for the extraterrestrial
gateway
their oval ships unfolding above the surprised looks of the catfish
just a couple of deviant young spacemen cruising about town
looking for some fresh young abductions
for a cow or for a caleb
yes it's all this & more
it's the 3am shivers
that we all felt
still feel
it's the insideouts & the shudderings
way out there

within a charming little backdrop
of unceasing sublime dread
our lovable hero our cherished goatman
our inverse chupacabra
lives
it is here that he has made his very happy home

HIS BODY IS A CROW

his body is a crow
defended by a tongue
his crow-nature
ever-present
in the belly
of his long face
a sensation
of whimpering
is found
inside his rotating center
beneath his
languid lizardskin surfaceselves
there is a circular godbeing
one who devours
both sausage & leviathan
because he can no longer really tell them apart
& he wishes to gain leviathan's power
yes he's a junkie of the magikal, it's true
he's zarathustra's tricky ghost
but it's always better to be a ghost my friend
because a ghost has eternal freedom of movement
a ghost has the element of surprise
a ghost is the most well-positioned voyeur on this plane
he can fold himself into elaborate geometric patterns
become a roadkill king or an equestrian maiden
he can wear the suit of a lion & the tusk of a whale
& with those big spectral toes
of his
he can really stretch out

he can really “go out on a limb”
in a big big way
it is to the surface of venus
that his toes now depart
because
a crown of vapor
a lover-volcanic
for any intrepid ghost-crow
this is the most coveted prize