

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS: A POETIC JOURNEY AND EXPERIMENT

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For Aviva

**This was a project written in concert between
Burns and myself between 18 May and 24 June
(approximately) 2005.**

Railway ghost
Road spirit
Drained
Demonic (in theory)
A real fellow
--or fellow traveler—
True story,
The Kaiser
Did steal our memories
& left off
Left us
w/ cartoon monologues
Flights Phantastic
Our own phantasms
Giving us that ghostly hope
On cloudy dope
Thru which clear reality
Can only be seen
& in those eyes
we are Keen
like gasoline
Fire-breathers
Inhaling till we ignite

Collectively unconscious
We animals
Stores in the forest
“Unfoke” ourselves
to view buggy mirror-faces
& drownings in dream
--and Elvis isn’t dead,
Jimbo’s a cowboy
Tables are chairs
We walk thru windows
& Nothing is as it seems.

So, Welcome to my Window on the World
A Million Miles from Nowhere.

Imagine my wide eyes
Surprise
w/ only one eye
That shot
I thought I'd die
Paper dull option
No more to try
Multicolored light show
Movie mess
Made for the masses
Or just for the mass
--some kind of
vegetative morass
to clubber us down
This is the new wasteland
Tore up the roads
Blow off the tourists
So stranded they've moved in
& imprisoned by lack of escape
Eclipsed by absence of faith
Now it is truly too late
--Yeah, this is my town.

Smoking snakes
& bitter conversation
Confusion
Cloudy frustration
No time for jabber
Furry fuzzy works
& epics unhorsed
into the blooming madness
No, nothing matters
Because it is forms
w/ which we surround
& they have no meaning
Nothing is
As nothing does
So come-we-come
Into the celluloid limits
& Technicolor riots
Money bleeding
Surface needing
Pointless screeding
That is, to which we are
Accustomed
I speak this Nonsense
(as if it were Native)
What is your custom?

Little purple
& white
sojourns
into forbidden paradise
Forbidden yet
Ubiquitous & sublime
On TV, in media
& w/ the brain-dead
& overly brain-alive
To numb the soul
To fool yourself
Into thinking this place
Has hope
Into the storyline
Storybook

Where everything wasn't broken
& life was always fine

I demand the Gateway
To another time
Crazy Larry Lives
Inside oblivion
He is me
He is us
We're inconsolable
Save us.

We're but a sneeze in the opera of time.

Have you ever been to the
End-loop of a thought
Only to see it's truly endless?
We're all still droning about
In little circles
Vicious, multicolored
Lightshow purple
In a delusional makeshift
Forcible circuit.

Dig my background
Compartmental
Chain of events
Chain mail soul
All over protective
Just like in youth
I, Defective
In the Farce
& let the farce be w/ you
it's the only power I've got

Heat it up
Turn it off
Shut down
Downtown
Vicious circles
All the way around
Dreams & aspirations
Aspiring me
What could I be
On TV
Oh, never mind
We're in the movie now
For an encore
Some other time

It's all comedic irony
This dark little shuffle
We do in the evening
To cover what we've made
& those we've been deceiving
Oh, look! It's a Dog-Man!
There we go
Where were we?
Who knows
Done it again, my friend

Maybe I have half the brain you do
Or half what I used to own
Slow winding snake
We call it "Time"
Carries us
To parts unknown
The chemical ride
Can't do it alone

We'll all be cartoons
Or dance w/ them
Jiggle our minds
Before it's over
You know it & so do I!
Sometimes it's just trees & sky
So if you can do it
Why can't I?

Whatever
Forever
Time's run out on your alarm
Down on the monkey farm
Together?
& into my mind
at any given time
Somewhere down the unpredictable
Summit falling over
Into the wild-blue oblivion
We are all
Champs?
Chumps?
Chimps?
You'll never make a monkey out of me
Until the chimps throw
Wasteful kinds of sense
Mental garbage
Into your waiting ruddy
Bloody
Conscious-floody
Faces!

Staring out
Walking along the bridges
Broken & burned
Smoking Fiends
w/ gasoline
in the eyes of blind
w/ their horse blinders on
Listening to some perverted
Perforated
Caterwauling song
Focus
Hocus-pocus
I'll tell another jokus
& everything will be as it was
--Not a thing—
Just like I told you in the open
We are our own beginning
We are our bitter end
Look in the mirror
Wide-eyed deadman
That's my only lonely friend.
Page after Page
Turning slowly
We turn on each other
Inside the Web
Clouded & twisted
In some kind of arbitrary weave
Odd places &
Placements
Of this chemical democracy
Ruses & rises
Beautiful ways to deceive
And,
We are still we
We can still see
Light at the end
Mere formality.

“And that's the way
it was,
traveling west on the buckboard.”

A thought in time
Secret codes
w/ magic rings
A life in rhyme
No reason to it
No need to overdo it
Indeed, a poison
Or a tomb
Or a womb
Thru which dreams
Are born & die
In hidden speak
Hidden folios
Derring-do
& on the rollio
is OK

the wither'd day
--it is the truth
or relatively so
No relative of mine
That I could know
So let it go
What you know?
What you say
Nothing happened
As nothing
Ever was the way
You remembered
But give me to the
Thought-police
Oh p-lease
I'll surrender
--Never!—
Even though I don't remember
Take me thru the HWYs
Travel w/ avengers
Only going sideways
Side to side
A bender

Take a pinch of truth
& a lot of imagining
It will never render

Makes no sense
I stand aside
Beside myself
Dismembered.

I made a movie
In the desert
On a shipwreck island
Once upon a rhyme
Lost in the periphery
Lost in the paradise
Aphrodite
Aphrodisiac
Get that moment back

Crown the King
w/ some tin & rocks
Give it up
Cinematic crock
Down at the Docks
Monkey Business
There was one place
We couldn't find
On my mind
There was an imprint
Factory issue
To let me know
I'm still alive

Dancing loud
Looking starts
Talking jive
Comedic stare
As if we cared....
Bought out
Bop to silence
Extended
Service Issue
Warranty of violence
Silent But Violent
Scarlet violet
But deadly
Don't talk to me
In blurbs
Unless you know
I'm ready.

I'm a machine
Your favorite toy
Squeak me clean
Squawk me sheen
Until I'm keen
Like Gasoline.

Knock me out
Slowly
Surely, steadily
Like a rolling river
Or rolling tyrants
Rolling cigars
Stroke the beard
& contemplate doom
Scrawled on
Unholy temple walls
Reluctant but alert
Calling from the Hills
As love fails us
& time betrays us
The rope burns
From the bitter tree
--We slay us—
are we still here?
I'll be a potted plant
Soak up the light
w/ little to fear
No thought
or remuneration
or rejuvenation

A lonesome walk down Elm Street
Rain foretelling
Violence quelling
Mark of destiny
Or a demonstrable truce
Between it & the truth
If there is truth anymore
Make way
While I hit the floor
Only to reconstitute
In my brand new lizard suit.

Fuck piss shit bleed kill
Now which one of these is wrong?
& which is just ephemeral
& which is a lifelong thrill
or ambition?
Bland grey media types
Renouncing will
& Reciting the day's nonevents
Talking television heads
Let's see them now
As they attempt a decision
Which will be read by us
& Remembered theatrically
I'm still w/ the band
I'm still w/ the Beatles
"Let it be"
Let me be
Let me be me
Or at least the image I see.

Keen, keen
Like a movie scene
Or gasoline
Or morphine
I know not which
I love you like
A son of a bitch!
That is,
To say
What is is
& Whatever I'm into
doesn't matter
I'd just like to be
That's it, just be
& beside my waning degree
or temporary freeze
of internal insanity

Maybe I really should just
Hitchhike to the other coast
w/ nothing but notebooks
& the utmost
sense of freedom
or I'll drift into the sand
as I slip out of reach
as I slip out of land
or out of hand
You never could catch me
Even as you tried
To understand

--and then I'll live the
life of a farmer of dirt
or that guy in a shack
I got it!
A gord-herder
From the Republic of
Cornholio!
In my folio
Or a rollio
Or I'm just a foolio
It's cool, yo.

Recollections Viewed
Initiates of the Cult
Rewarded worshipful sadness
What kind of world is this?

“As the lights glow
outside I see
a familiar doe
Should I stay or should I go?
Can you follow?”

When I was but a
Wee youngster
Or young steer
Spreading youthful bullshit
w/ abandon
into our pastoral oblivion
Partitional
Devotional
Inside the web of Nature
Natural gods
Where we worship
& lose spiritual stature,
I could observe the
Weary miles
Turnstiles
None too mild
Inner aftermath
We come apart in the clash

I'll wait for you right here
w/ the empty-eyed stare
of a child
bereft of mind & hope
Mental age
On the stage
Inside I never could cope
The palace of wisdom
Paved w/ golden roads of wrath
& indulgences
Supportive gold
It was so barren
I was so cold
Huddling w/ hollow shells
That were my favourites
Friends
Until the end
Which came before it began
As usual
Philosophical dirt
Stain'd my hair shirt
I always was the only one.

Behold longingly
The impotent power
Of a poison'd mind
Successful in silence
Awake in sterile halls
Of manufactured reason
The literary season
Dying of paper lives
--Not yet—
Never will forget
Let me regale you again
w/ stories untrue
that haven't happened yet
Protect the guilty
w/ manifold regret
Now the changeover
Walkabout
Drop off the earth
We're all set.

SHARK BOY

LIVING THE LIFE

Fear the juggler
& the cursed scorpion
sliding down
the sculptures of doom

I am now
Transcendent
Resplendent
Time has no meaning
When you travel thru it
Dreamlike
In holy trance
& dare fate to dance

--as an old spirit
in a new café
proclaimed
my reign
--“In 1987
if the metal beasts
do not invade
I will rule Mongolia”

Take that!
I'll speak on dis
Drink to that
Like a displaced aristocrat

Talk to the animals
Devouring destiny
Satiric satiety
Unknowns
Anxieties

Runty Runtoul
Back in Pt. Pigsley
Having a cow
Over the farm
Over the Moon
Glow lights
Too soon

Tell the story again
Play the ghost song
Primordial chants
& primordial ooze
Liquid truth
was a bottle of booze
My annals are empty
What I had to lose
Was nothing
Time streams ahead
It's nothing
To lose
Heavy stars
Draw heavy bets
& heavy debts
The rest of us are stuck
--we could not choose.

...and then I saw
Semple, Black, Burns
& myself,
seated at the table
of dimensional destiny
Calling a truce
For old spirits
& their cutting wounds
Death & chaos
Took their places
Ran their races
Show'd their faces
To display the night
Wherein nothing is
Nothing of importance
The ongoing cycle
A double dream
Of a second graduation
From the college
Of obstruction
Exhausted oblivate
Prophecies in the sand
Making way
--Piercing the globe
w/ radio rays
& digital dementia
Just as we always have
& for what it's worth
We were meant to.

How you say
We will eat your ass!
Stubborn & indifferent
We'll retrocede the donkeys
Mercury Retrograde
There is no Axis!
Only the sideways spinning
Of a stagnant earth
& the backward
countries & companies
that run their borrow'd
wage-slavery
& state created rages
Money flow
Into the center
Of an imagined eternal
Or eternity of debt
\$7,000,000,000,000
& no answer yet

One day we will transcend
Physical numbers
& notation
We will become the Googol
Even as we are
The Universe's grains of sand
Partially,
Nuclei of the cells
Of the Universal Mind
Unlock the boxes
To spread the plagues
Commercial death
Brainwash'd electronica
Money of nothing
& for nothing

Monkey Business
On a sunny afternoon
Gorilla getup
We go ape
Rubber visages
Mind agape
Bursting thru
Our mental makeup
We are all beautiful
We are all ugly
So what are we made of?

There is no fire in hell
There is no demon
As you know him
Devil is storybooks
Made from papyrus
...it's all a story told
by monks who lived
such ascetic lives
they had to break out
thru the printed page
& write the life they could have had
Venerable tonsured one
Only could find Devils
Behind corners
& in the recesses of the mind
Human natures
Are inherently good
But the impulses
Are said to be evil
Impulsive is the same
As of the Devil
Emotions are Demonic
Should you believe
Dogma Doctrinaires
In shirts of hair
& severe bowl cuts
personified today
in slick suits
& alligator boots

Praise Jesus,
& pass the collection plate.

But if there is a Devil,
He was once a light
Bearing demigod
Angelic universal dweller
In golden cloud fog
He fell, but didn't start
w/ a blackened heart

...so it doesn't matter
the why's & hows
& ins & outs
& obliterated Natures
the moral
(not morality,
which is ambiguous)
is obvious!
Don't preach at me, man
We're all flawed
But in our flaws
Are our perfections!
It's all Good
It's all God(s)
We are all one in a universe
Full of contradictions
One Spirit
Wholly
w/ out preconceived convictions

So even the worst were once good
& I was once misunderstood
& hid in grey shirts & shadows
Before I shed my skin
To speak unspeakable truths
In Snakeskin boots
& sermonize the masses
w/ dark lights
improbable psychedelia
& John Lennon sunglasses.

But I still don't know how I got here!

Hawaiian shirt
Covers a heart of fear
In a young boy
Leather coat, mock tough
Fool'd by no one but myself

But I am a legend
In my heart
& the roughest SOB of my own mind
I smoked special cigarettes
To learn to forget
But the most of my adventures
Hasn't happened yet
Come back in 1000 yrs.
& tell me then
what you saw in me
Live, love, set free
I'm not quite what
I used to be
But I'm still me...

Naughty
Knotty
Twisted
Doubly so
So you know
The physical affliction
Brings the mental disaster
& all emotions flooding forth
thereafter
Yet you don't know where you are
Let's take it back
--to 1997
when all was boundless
when all lost meaning
when an innocent kid
learned the art of deceiving
Lost his heart
In a reaming
Blinded by a dream
He thought he was seeing

...and dream spelt C-Y-N-T-H-I-A
quickly to
preposterous
imposterous
impossiblous
Blowing nightmare
w/ too many curves
Flying thru the Cincinnati air
I've often questioned
& theorized the vileness
& vicious venom
of the times in which I've lived
since then
It's been
A course for the end

Absolute Zero
Is not just a theoretical
Is not just a frozen numerical nature
Allow me to demonstrate
One can freeze so coldly
Beyond the pale
Far off from the ken
(of one's imagination)
that it can be shattered
tattered
Freezer burned
So my heart was in pieces
Lesson learned

Everybody Loves Raymond
Everybody Loves Chris
Hell, Everybody Loves Olaus!
So why not me?

A quick run around
The tiny room
In the middle of my soul
Reveals incestuous
Insects in corners
Revolving & devolving
& devouring my remnants
Time is parasitic
& infectious
But time is all we have
Time is all we know
It's all that's real
But w/ no more to feel
No more to heal
Time is the one thing
We'd kill to steal.

“Turn me on,
dead man”

“Turn me on,
dead man”

In reverse

The verses first

Verge on the Knowing

& tell us the secrets

of salvation

or just salvaging

our little paradise

from suits & angles

filthy contrary money

& odd spiritual tangles

--one by one,

we all come undone

we rattle in cold winds

& burn in black sun.

Is anyone filming
The rise & fall
Of our pleasantly
Constructed monument
To holy hedonism
& universal wants
Our precious Excess?
Frame by fame
Slow descent
Into the pool of
Boiling liquid madness

Pray for silence
Pray for wisdom
Aim for the skies
Looking at clouds
& only finding
an aerial letdown
Hanging into the street
Nonexistence
Of imagined wealth
Sing black dirges
Drinking in the sun
Dying off quietly
For no further help
I am surrounded
By an empty wealth
& the demons on my arms
tell me what was
really written
in the Dead Sea Scrolls

Alien priests
Collision of collusion
Fissures in the foundation
Leading to golden fusion
Ride the gold dragon
Into the fiery caves
Reptilian Theatre
Reveal the dreadful opiates
You & I still crave

Monkeys at typewriters
Retelling the watery tale
Of oceanic splendour
One day they'll tell my story
Coldly, randomly,
Chain'd to the machines
w/ a hopeful sheen
to retire to cackling minstrelsy
& minor prophethood

It's all Good
It's all Goo

The mental mush
Which was my moral fibre
Warms slowly
Ferments w/ useless knowledge
To rot out whatever heart I had
How can one be so young
Yet stand so sad?
Behind the beard
& the movie ink
is a bitter relic
mourning childhood
he just never had

What is an integrated personality?
Juggling motives
& secrets
& reasonology
An anomaly
Of biology
Pure logic in a nonsense world
Devised by the filthy
Lice-picking soulless
Ice Apes
Concentrated on the living
Which are now living dead
“By Horsemen license
We are all led”
--so four lads
w/ hopeful eyes
& nothing else
once said.

Sleep in peace,
Soft lovely wife
Sacred Muse
Keeper of my secrets
While I harbor the dreams
& illicit fantasies
Electric nights
Given way to celebrations
Of the Demon Raids
My true rulers
Convince me w/ coarse voice
To scar the mind
& rob the goodwill
& elude the Devil
until Destiny sits me down
on a throne of rust
& corrodes my heart
w/ purloined lust
When all is done
Even my own self
I cannot trust

DRINK THUD COLA

Caffeine weighted principles
& jerry-rigged thought
herbs to soothe the soul
A genial jigsaw to the head
Breaking apart your insight
Separating dark from light

Abscond

Prepond

Respond!!

Is anyone out there?

I am a byproduct
Of intellectual guerillas
--or gorillas—
Monkeying around
w/ abstract reasoning
Chanting to stone-gods
& straw hopeful warriors
in presumptuous clods
“Ibi da,
Ibi doo
--if it’s all the same to you”
it’s coo
When you summon me
In the mirror
You are me
Checking the reflecting
Of that lost boy inside
--you know, the one who died
in a bitter playground skirmish
of a broken heart?
Nah,
Let’s rewrite
Let’s restart

Shaduf
Shaduf
Shaduf
Hubbub Mummers chant
Susurrous songsters
& musical interlude
no more 'ludes
Why take downers anyway
If you're already down?
Never mind,
Just raise the water
Before the town dries
& sing the mindful tune
Shaduf
Shaduf
Two-fer
Shaduf-er

'97, '01, '05
up & down
Low-hi-low
Ohio
& back again
Life is cyclical
Just like this
Shaduf
Shaduf
Shaduf

One more stroke
Up into the ether
Now one more shot
Time forgot
So I can create again
This tiny little universe
That may only matter to me
But defines my reality
& makes it real
& real life to be
well, bearable
So draw the well again
Archaic & obtuse
Wet your whistle
& water the truth
Grow some spauldings
Grow some youth
Before we grow
Old before our time

--Everything wasn't broke
& life was always fine

Peanut
Pine-Nut
Winnie Wine-nut
I used ta be a wine nut
Or a liquor licker
Steady one
To cry "Let's guzzle"
As the night got thicker
& the buzz got quicker
The lovely arrangement
Of empty bottles told the tale
Even when I couldn't
When the drink got stale
So did I
Pickled overnight
Nothing's wrong
But nothing's right
Poor, poor wine-nut
Fermenting in the cellar
w/ unrealized dreams
Skeletal husks
Rotgut
Burning gasoline
That's the scene

Can you hear the blessed
Blasted outlasted
Chronic choral
Theme song?
Flying thru the invincible
While acting invisible
w/ a soundtrack of hope
--for once,
till it got wiped out
on a trail somewhere
not quite downstairs
Before its time
Before its final
Before its line
Bisects me between
What I was & what I wanted

But what do I know?
I'm just a simple Poet
In a mechanized
Medicated
Meditative
Haze of possibility

Look at me
Remember me as I was
Young, blond
Forward looking
Healthy
Man after god
God after man
One who could create
--unaided—
One who could understand
Not the bloated parody
I've now become
A living monument
& sacrament
--sarcophagus—
holding the soul I used to use
When the world was mine
& mine to lose
I wasn't always this defeated
The weight of the world
Not quite this heavy
I was a survivor
But the scars ran too deep
The poison was absorbed
Before I was ready

My air is toxic
My humours ill
My heart, athrill
w/ blood I've spilled
in 4 different states
& too many personas
in a bloodrush
for money
& romance
& road-dying
generational circumstance

...but no one ever said
not all flashbacks are fun!
I'll ride that dragon
Until it burns me up
Until all recedes
Until Fate comes undone
Which could be any day now
If Fate doesn't change

Turn me on dead man
Turn me on dead man
The same verse
In reverse
Nothing to translate
Nothing to understand
I was the dead man
Revolving 'round a record
Some summoning
Doom deliverance
Throwing water on the fire
No reason to exist
No souls to inspire
I am the dead man
Harbouring a hollow spot
That time forgot
Question me not

Can you pull me
Out of the wreckage?
Send the brigades
The Virtual Search Party
& Merlon Hanks
(he sends his thanks)
They'll all assemble
At the stalker's ball
& hunt me & you for sport
Count down the minutes
Individually
--Are you one?
--Yes, are you?

I can't watch it anymore
I will hit the floor
Only to reconstitute
In my brand new lizard suit
Flying into the bold oblivion
w/ no one I know

Fucking Around
In the dirt paradise
Cobble road
Inveterate toad
& venomous veterans
of rocket wars
looking for a helpful slice
of Destiny pie
Alive or not
Know not why
No one can die
Except the Dead Man
Who's already dead
& there you have it
the endless loop
as it always was
What it is,
What it is
What it was,
What it does
I can't really know what was
The circle completes
As it always does.

I'm not sure who I am
Or who I could be
The guy in the mirror
Doesn't resemble me
Ages, cages, rages
Changes in stages
Living karma
Transmutation
Commutation
Resignation
Until I'm dizzied again
The beautiful hellride
Continues on
What sounds of a song
That's played slowly
Hauntingly long,
Defies reason or belief
Days of a crashing bore
Piercing pains &
Common thrusts
Lack of useful time
No one to trust

What's the use of going on
If no one listens to the song?

Sonic
Sonar
Sonorous orgasm
No more thought
Or remuneration
Ironic spasms
We are in the scene
Keen like gasoline
So what does that mean?

I once got married
To a dream
& woke up in a self-made bed
next to a nightmare

A life lived in circumspection
Circumstance
Circumnavigating
A backwards dance
Tiptoe, slowly, delicately,
Around the perimeter
Of a blissful nothing
That is our everything.

Questions, questions,
Everywhere questions
An empty journal
Fill'd w/ ponderings
& a preponderance
of imaginary peace
the figure in the mirror
a figurehead
of irreconciliation
of hateful
lonesome
tonesome
bonesome
skeletal dread
or a skeleton w/ dreads
Smoking his philosophy
--yet that's too easy
so let it be
we tell the Powers of Mind
Puffs of smoke gallery
Slideshow to travel on
The scroll of fate
Tends to unravel on
I was still in the middle
After all the rabble's gone
But left in the hallway
w/ no experiments to dabble on

Gone gone gone
We'll live the dream
I see so many women
In these reveries
Some I thought I knew
& I sired their wide-eyed
hopeful children
in a bungalow
in Ohio
that split in two
& gave us gold-plated hope
in the cigarette smoke
& liquid truths
from a bottle of sand

Soft sand
Dweller
Bleach the mind
I was this man
Recover the blue eyes of my youth
& jam my pockets w/ substance
of liberty
as it then imprisons me
But I'm comfortable
& numb in the cell
so let me be
Lest the desperate
Hungering
Blood flowing
Multiplicious
All knowing
Deity tribute
w/ dragon scales
Come back to kill us all

On occasion, if you're good
& lucky & pay enough in
soul usury or psychic
know-how, you'll see me
reenact my rise & fall
w/ vulture bravery
The sharp beak
A sword of nature
I will be Prometheus
If in consequence
If not stature
My liver devour'd
Mythical good
'twas for all of us

I am a writer
A crafter
Who can shape the world
& summon thunder
crack the sky w/ prose
weight the world
or lighten, I suppose
I am a scholar & thief
& borrower of sacred madness
Calling upon literary gods
& literary gales
to blow aside the silence

yet I am mortal man
or man-child
Improbable
Impractical
Still 17 in my soul
Shunted
Stunted
Desperate on a take
& on a search
for that which cannot be found
or if found
cannot be bottled
--the vapour of inner peace

If I am characterized
"Brilliant"
by hopeful coterie
I am only so
As I am consumed
By my own fire
Which was quietly lit
In a blue bottom bedroom
A decade ago
It was a knocked-over lantern
That burned me alive
& took the days w/ it
But the smoke still smells
Of that distant hope
That has now faded thru the air
I'm scarred
Virulent
Violent
Blinded, of sorts
Of course,
I don't care.

In the swelter
In the summer
Silence
Rare little moments
That echo in the head
& inspire sacrosanct
revolution
Noise pollution
Nighttime dread
We were encapsulated
Demonstrated
Remonstrated
In the soft silken fields
Of peaceable summer
Until the rattle of destiny
Awoke us astart
& alive apart
Electrified our hearts
w/ endless circles of faith
& an homage to fate

Our designer wore
Damask robes
Leather conscience
& blood in her hair
--on a dare
we follow'd her
& wound up
bound up
in airtight obedience
to a golden demon
& a force of wilderness
Testament to our own
Old fashioned resilience
That we're here
That we transcended
Our surroundings
& rose out of the web
& her pink virtuosity
to dull & defy the senses
Give me some truth?
No, give me some pretenses
So I'll believe once more

Reverend
Never end
Prelate to stars
& Minister of shadow
celebrate our celestial-ness
& individual godhood
We can all be gods
On some lesser spectrum
& yet spectators
weighing (nonexistent) time
against (variable) truth
on a spectrum
While preaching in sunglasses
& channeling sacred fools
& scared paradigms

Feel the power
Before it ceases
& ceases to be mine
Our lifetimes collide
w/ a drinking glass
in a toast to youthful
ambivalence, ambiguous
& invincible obvious
Obviousness
Of our being
Is only speculation

We are the lost youth
We are the old before our time
We are a fading generation
Overseeing the transition
Of everything to nothing
So we'll see the world
Thru a tunnel
Our relief thru a funnel
& celebrate our poverty
as well as the richness
that comes from seeing what is
as what ity must become
Anyone out there?
Anyone?

Stare at my Sun,
My son
& tell me where we are
lost band of traveler
transient
traitorous
transcendents
Desirous
Deserving
Vacantly burning
Till we reach the end
Of the night
Blake could see the days ahead
He was romantic
& resistant
& (most important)
Right
The Palace Awaits
Enter the Red Door
Perceive all
While actually seeing nothing

A poet is a seer
So said Rimbaud
Or maybe just a con-man
Pretender to a throne
Once held properly by mystics
& while in search of the
Ultimate
The Poet blows out his mind
Or finally trades vision
For the droning dull
For the insipid grey
Of a money wheel
Currency death
(if not physical then
I promise it's something else)
Let the Poet be himself
At all costs
At all expense
Spare me no glory
& no recompense

(Perhaps there is no road
back to the bleak residence
from whence I came as a youth
or worse yet, I was never
there even when I was!
I'll sacrifice reality
Just don't kill my buzz)

What you are holding
In your hands
Shakily, quietly,
Is the Real Book of Doom
Open its pages
To unravel the endless
Spiral wound
--once so tight
it could suffocate the world
there is a movie matrix
in our little pleasant universe
except it's held by quiet power
& can be unlocked by verse
though the truth uncovered
could disorient worse

Giant conglomeration
Of faceless masses
Poking thru turnstiles
Seeking swift metallic destiny
Jumping toward morning
(Foggy daylight
to a foggy day-night
Adaptation to wonder
Stilted twilight)

So shave your head
& hollow your eyes
Blind bleached soul
To slip into the dull grey
Background
Slick-suited
Walkabouts
In a vicious carnivore
Circle round
Evil transparent men
w/ blankly transparent friends.

Dispatch
Dirt-Trap
Headlong for madness
Brainbusted
Shunt trusted
Slanted
Dusted
In six easy lessons
--how one can vanish
into one's own mind—
There is no time
Just fabric that unwinds

That's my rap
As it stands
In my hands
Before me is a gold handle
For which I hold my
Scared scarred sacred
Uncounted foolish
Sand-grains
That I call dreams
Where I see forever
& speak in prophetic prose
that no one knows
what it truly means

I cannot rule the world
Do not give me a throne
Where I'm all alone
Do not mock me
Nightmare Queen
Consume royal edicts
In burning gasoline

Count the Hills
Seek the Highlands
Probe adventure
Die on islands
--to hell w/ this
I'm going home
One day I'll survey my junque
Surmise my empire
& build a crown of chrome
Do not question my rule
It applies to me & me alone

Too many contradictions
Add up to one lone thought
Somehow juxtaposed
w/ ideas I'd forgot
to include as I paraphrased
the Universe
or Universal Truth
on a scroll of destiny
in a little room

The architect
Was an archetype
Prototype
Lineotype
But not quite a stereotype
He held out hands
Full of pictures
Dictator Trading Cards
Pictographs
& bone-husks
which became panoramic
& possessive of
qualities of salvation
When exposed to light
In the deepening chasm
Called shaded night

So I've got a cowboy hat
& knife-wrinkled
leather shorn skin
to midnight revolution in
I have the similar accent
To the real Jim
--so I must be Jim!!
Truth cannot be perceived by all
Even w/ a redneck smile
& shitkickers
Flow of lifeless book wisdom
Deeper
Quicker
"Come on, let's get some Tacos
thru which we can see
the Virgin Mary
or real-life dragonfire
Sand scripted
Strictures
Quite contrary."

You must understand
The collective sighs
Of the herd
Interpreted thru a glass
Of bitter onion madness
--This is the final declaration
of the evils of the lonesome
the forgotten
Dusty cobwebby secrets
In dank corners
Yet secretive treasures
For those who have
None else

I am spent
On this bed
On this plane
Drained
By your lightning curves
Drunk in your energy
As I relay the dreams
& 100 recent fantasies
all starring that familiar
--Someone—
into the stunning base
Concrete
Concretious
Creation
That is our sacred life
In one instant our madness
Unites into bliss
Blue purple red brown
Black yellowish white
Transmuted
Irrefuted
Into deep twilight
We come together
To confirm the senses

Love takes over
Love over all
Love in the fall
In the summer
Seasons enthrall'd
Radiating clouds
& ancient prophecies
via sumptuous curves
as we slide into the dawn
Nothing else
Matters
Nor lingers on

Verbal
Reverbal
Virtual
Reverberation
The smells & sounds
& tastes
of this that is real
you are your truest self
as am I
Once again
Once before
We now remember
How to feel

Our reign restored
In the sensory empires
& little dominions
of nerve bundles
where we store
the soul-roots
that form wet
sex jungles
We come together
We rule all
Once more
Before the fall

Wherein I felt the dream-fuck
& all made sense
for one inscrutable
& irreconcilable instant
Sleep is unnecessary
Yet reverie insistent.

Cowboy Paragons
Into Holy Sunsets
Revision, massive
Of the fortunes
In straight irreality
Distant song-calls
Set us free.

So let's drop out
Just you & me.