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Introduction

Freke Rähä

Explanation Model For Virus 1 – 3

(Page four has been published on "Truck".)

22:42 – language ; ; ; attest: symbiosis has passed over towards the parasitic, the words. Towards: Ever – present – from – genome material from – exuding itself – without degradation – parts. Towards: The construction of the indivisible, the impossible *The Swedish language's few and perhaps only vigour is its, in principle, infinite capacity towards word assembly.* in the dilution of the expanding and towards:

The comparison with: not to be compared at all not between themselves not without internal unity, a non-sighting non-linear loss of conflict – an another reading materiality, the object follows awhile its efforts to sustain itself, see itself, the work: the body and the material follows the same constantly programmed and automated wire/ line/ b o r d e r l i *My reading is my prime point of contact.* n e the same same, one and the same single vector the same control the same instrument, the same ability to perceive – the movement moving in different directions simultaneously. Takes to by itself. Emerges, solidifies, forming an apori, from nothing it extends outwards, towards:

Inoperative due to resistance; these codes are published, these codes are only pieces of the code that has been lost. In the code there is no answers. There are no answers. There are only statistics. Towards: Fever, to: cyclic decomposition – see also cerebral complication – different assorted tropes; actually pataphysical denotations, as if, language would be an particularized viral direction; towards: Fever.

Towards: the construction of the self's impressions, sensations and perceptions, such as somatic form – ideo- and iso- matic, like coercion from the inside, a limitation of the system. Or waiver. The ambience closes in on itself. The memory re-creates the world. As compared to a shortage of or a genetic code, a. Towards:

A definite form – from the map there is only edges, is only outside, evasion and through / it is the hereditary social code / as if the person who fled its country *Words spilling into each other in a forward leaning motion.* in a well-founded fear of persecution on the pre-conceivable grounds of race, religion, membership or failure to member in/to a particular social or political affinity is outside the country of where hen is a citizens or not, and via the aforementioned fear is unable or unwilling to return to that country – that in due be the very definition of movement, *intoxicating, loneliness, affecting.* Towards:

The receptives – recessive – the lack of abstinence. A constant, the saliva, an ataractic/anxiolytic/. An exuding sedation, the proximity to. Towards: Fever.

In conjunction with infection. In some pre-set conditions. At systematic weakness. The shell is human. It is an outdated model. Into the. Towards:

the workings of being, its narrative during, passivity during, w i d e a w a k e . The roof. Face against: Extensive links to the associative contingency. Hunger, thirst, satiety, lust, rhythm. A rigour. A *The discomfort can eventually drive the person crazy.* Bound on its back with the head tilted downward. A piece of cloth covering the respiratory tract. Water is poured over the cloth. Like electric current it

leaves no lasting marks on the body. I lie down voluntarily, with my face towards

17:07 – The object. Mem. Stored in the reproduction of itself, like human; because we can not see beyond our conceptual framework. You become me. I do not become you. Supplementation. Its allotment. Towards:

Linear – primarily linear; terra forma – terra fermenta: *All notions of context would merely be abstractions.* The internal process. Wrote the text, see: writing the text. Re-explain through.

Appellative. (It is the idea culminating towards.) (It is lacking in distinct definition.)

Towards: state-forming to p e r m e a t e away the instincts, the teachings of farce, the first movement and the natural ability to cooperate, to hold, connote to another, to speak, towards:

Unbounded in, free cut in, the science of quantity of significance – its I; the (null), the in-workdefinition in, the i n f e c t i o n – the definite-threshold is in the mind's perception of the process, so

as it *Transitive with the structures and of the properties there.* seems; in the hand it is no longer it. All of these simultaneously, in each each. The narrative in. Subsequent it unfolds itself: the object, the infectious, degree deriving the borderline, the cut. Above a certain. Towards:

The proximity to vulgaris//to the native; among us, the defined continence, only at reproduction – by its parasitic, symbiotic, like a thought in patterns – an outbreak of changing behaviour. Towards culmination; a process wherein one or more, in a gradual course of events. Towards:

The change or deficiency disease thereby, that life; not reaching all the way, just in hand, collaborative, disruptive, intermittent with/towards (The text is a machine meant *to pay depending on the sociographic position* to conjure ideas.) surface treatment, its quickly produced intermediates, unfinished – full of stops, d i g e s t i o n . Of their products, the products, its uselessness. Enter the mouth, the body; towards:

Longing without direct close contact. Because of the extremely numerous combinations of singlestranded viral segments – lists – it is, in principle, impossible to be completely immune. Towards:

Adaptation in comparison towards:

12:22 – The willingness to: *I wanted to feel that I reigned something* include in, the lindegrenian sugarsweetness

– the conjuration-enduring, the illusory utopianism, [how do we speak /to each other/]

even the ruins before tomorrow must be completely turned into ruins. *Towards ruins, they grow;* to each its basis each-others loneliness, each-others almost strangers... *some effervescence* – To in the hand handle the carpet beetle, cockroaches. – *in the grinding;* the practical detail, life, is the pasting's binding. Towards:

[the legacy of thought] its internal bleeding. .and in its . Towards:

The intermedial, irrelevant and individualistic minority cult with its insipidity, its cellular division, its intermediate principles of the self-value-content and the rudimentary quality that this site-specific and transposable globalism exalts *Instead the coherent right to reproduction.* that the ownership of the room progresses – building monuments instead of momentum towards:

Flower, sometimes known as a bloom or blossom, is the reproductive structure found in flowering plants [...]. The biological function of a flower is to effect reproduction, [...]. [...] Many flowers have evolved to be attractive to animals, so as to cause them to be vectors for the transfer of pollen. In addition to facilitating the reproduction of flowering plants, flowers have long been admired and used by humans to beautify their environment, but also as objects of romance, ritual, religion, medicine and as a source of food. In its verbal form towards an automatic or reflexive intonation of being and its increasingly empty gaze – its passions – in an exponential growth of resistance towards:

The comparison with a vain and exaggerated ambition to see a context of properties despite the prospect of immanent eodepletion with a complete disinhibition towards:

1 The everpresence.

2 Taken out of its socio-cultural, socio-geographical and socio-histological co-binding via an antagonistic, central and anonymous apparatus whose modus, in turn, uses spoken language's formulaically – thus its morphology – this code for

its symbolic mediation of the institutionalized discourse [that is the impersonal conversation from a synthesized persona] *positioning* The implied. How the impending discourse / values and its conglomerate / colonization – that is, the sigmoid colon before it reaches – the semiotic grammar; to stand as a case. There is only overall control. There is only a possibility of resistance outside identity. Interaction is an illusion. The text production process is a meta-linguistic aspect, as well as a thematization of it, and links back to this semiotic grammar and the structure of representation and its discursive infection: the transgenitive movement whose preprinted formalities is absent or towards:

Philip Fried

A Checklist

We have accumulated stupendous know-how. . . . Nonetheless, that know-how is often unmanageable. . . . That means we need a different strategy for overcoming failure . . . It is a checklist.”

—Atul Gawande

- Can you send lightnings, do you excel at counterterrorism?
- Turn pot handles inward on the stove, where children can't grab them?
- Do you know where light dwells, and respond in a flash when the homeland is under threat?
- Hear the need for the layoff explained, and accept sincere regret?
- Did you fashion Leviathan, and ordain its operations?
- Confirm the incision site for the surgeon, with no hesitations?
- Can you lift up your voice to the clouds, is your message consistent and credible?
- Refrain from flushing the toilet each time, whenever practical?
- Do you feed young eaglets with blood, and compete in a global economy?
- Live small and rent out extra rooms, and plan for retirement daily?
- Have you taken hold of the ends of the earth, and shaken out non-state actors?
- Skimp on knives and ponder a purchase of linens, in view of all factors?
- Have you broken evil's high arm, are you the sole global superpower?
- Monitor crime in your neighborhood, use a lid when boiling water?

The Border

Directorates, secretariats,
Badges, ranks, insignia, patches

*watchtowers dream of loping like jaguars
cameras ache for the sleep of boulders*

Agents, shoulder ornaments,
Logos against the illegal flow

*voices infiltrate the fences
wisps of names drift by in murmurs*

Infrared sensors, Predator drones,
Lakota and Kiowa helicopters

*this contraband travels through tunnels of light:
speckles, lines, geometrical patterns*

Tactical outbound, critical southbound
Heroically, urgently, massively

*quivering of the Carrizo cane
entices the closed-circuit TVs*

Screening, interdiction, seizure
Smugglers, drugs, currency, weapons

*visions, prophecies, premonitions
blow across in the guise of detritus*

The Amnesia Machine

1. Turn the handle on a toy cash register to open the drawer.
What burns but runs off too quickly?
2. The drawer pushes a golf ball off a platform, into a small blue funnel, and down a ramp.
Gasoline, which runs off like water.
3. The falling golf ball pulls a string that releases the magic school bus down a blue ramp.
What will make gasoline sticky?
4. The bus hits a rubber ball on a platform, dropping the ball into a large red funnel.
A soup of acids makes it into a syrup.
5. The ball lands on a mousetrap (on the orange box) and sets it off.
What sticks to the target, and burns so hot and slow?
6. The mousetrap pulls a nail from the yellow stick.
The gasoline syrup.
7. The nail allows a weight to drop.
From where does it drop?
8. The weight pulls a cardboard "cork" from an orange tube.
From high in the air.
9. This drops a ball into a cup.
How do they know the spot?
10. The cup tilts a metal scale and raises a wire.
The heart of the city is marked with an X on fire.
11. The wire releases a ball down a red ramp.
To how many does it stick?
12. The ball falls into a pink paper basket.
Many ...
13. The basket pulls a string to turn the page of the book!
Who is the clever one?
14. The story begins again.

**The Role of God in Human Origins:
Sample Responses from the Machine in the Street**

Did man develop with God guiding the process?

Naturally. I was programmed as a Deist:
It's the Chef's recipe, but He rarely meddles.
Though obscured by the smoke of the scattered paranoid,
He awaits Darwin high above Nature's Cookbook,
His eye on the numb who mutter next to the oven.

Did man develop with God playing no part?

Sir (an honorific), how could a remote
gentleman (in primitive thought often
limned with a beard) conjure (with connotations
of magic) humans from the (literal) dirt,
wreck the wolf, or dust a preserving rabbit?

Did God create man in his present form?

Yes, when will bogus leisure thumb the holy?
Read Genesis, Job. Who else breathed life into clay,
contrived the loon's eerie tremolo? Outside the clinic
glows the wondering news, and the carillon
forever tolls above the gibberish.

Do you have no opinion on human origins?

None. In the ironic zone, a tremendous artist
updates the finger, so a laptop fellows
man. Entity accompanies your intelligence
over the sky. The microprocessor fears
and the photocopier mutters with no one close by.

Higher Ground

Man became Godlike and blessed, being honored by freedom.
—St. Gregory of Nyssa, “Sermon on the Dead”

Some claim that our future is bleak, but I’m optimistic
Urban life will go on in our hotter world.
Unlike birds or butterflies, we have choices and options.

If a man distinguish in himself what is peculiarly human ...

This personal freedom will open up pathways to help
Urbanites to cope as change unfolds.
Billions of households will seek out strategies

... on the watch for a life of greater urbanity

And products to protect their families from harm,
Such as quality building materials and energy-
Efficient air-conditioning. Some will move

... in this present life he will purify himself of ... evil

To higher ground. There will be many ways
To cushion ourselves from climate change’s blows.
Whether its Twitter, solar panels, or

... If he has inclined to the ... pressure of the passions

Electric vehicles, the innovative
Capitalist culture will allow us to make
A Houdini-like escape from climate change’s

... after his departure out of the body

Most devastating aspects. I recognize
That my optimism may be viewed as audacious,
But have faith in the greed of *homo economicus*:

... he gains knowledge of the difference between virtue and vice

A cadre of forward-looking entrepreneurs
Will want to get rich selling us climate-change products,
And remember if a few of these prove to be faulty,

and finds he is not able to partake of divinity

It has happened before. We've rebounded from disasters,
Even some big ones. Next, I'll reflect on the lessons
Mankind has learned from calamity and can apply

until he has been purged ... by the purifying fire.

To living and thriving in our hotter future ...

Dear Citizen,

This letter will confirm your termination from the day and night shifts, effective immediately.

It may be of comfort to know that this decision was not taken lightly. The pros and cons of your vita were debated by scores of high-level officials, via secure teleconference.

During this spirited session, moral guidance on the quiddities of terminational justice was frequently sought from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas.

We can assure you that, although this action is mistermed by some in the press a “personality strike,” it is not at all personal.

Nor is it a judgment on your value as a human being or a condemnation of your beliefs. We hold no bias against any creed or religion.

For your information, a lengthy memo citing precedents for this classified process is locked in a safe at the Company’s home office.

Finally, be advised that the Boss retains veto power in these proceedings, and—it may be consoling to realize—in your case was quite comfortable with the decision.

Please let us know if we can further assist you during this transition.

III.

]~for *Chameleon the Huntress* [

Coruscating single-celled
impossibility transfinite
light exists in language
the hand exists in light
through light, by light
instantiated in language
by language, through language
human genome traversing
the light, of being, becoming
instantiation within eternity
that all language is light, two
quantum points cohabiting
the human genome, the human
hand, let there be light, speaks
language over the waters of
the human genome, as light
creates the syllables by which
itself is spoken into existence
instantiated within form and
presence; O the nebulae! O
the evolving suns deep within
the chromosome! O the healing
balm of language knitting as
one the form to the mind! O
the music of Light, O hordes, its
resplendent c(h)ords shape-
shifting consciousnesses
among the primordial stew
of language! Where art thou
my lord—again hidden within
the veil of language, again
taking on the mask of light?
O the refractive instantiation
of they never disconnected
from umbilical, who die
daily to the meat of incarnate
word, who create the lands-
cape of blood to define immortality
when it is light and language
that inseminate instantiation.
O progenitor, where have you hidden
the light of primordial instantiation,
O ancient saboteur, where have
you concealed the language of love,
within your tongue, within your breast,
within your spirit, within your psyche,

within the murky occupation of your
dreams, or does it inhabit our light?

IV.

]~for Adam; Owl eats Eagle [

Dreams and rites, and the rites
of dreams (bre)aching over
(sh)oars of dying, echoes min(e)d
of hunter hunted, the hunger
of children crawling beneath
the waves; the furious longing,
the awful rowing, incandescent fires
of superstition, starlight piercing
through thunderheads of breath,
swimming, dancing, rollicking
in the rapture of sexual frolic
below us as we fly, dolphins
in the sky, avoiding extinction
who make neither distinction
nor value judgment of above
or below, for all are dreams
of abstract comprehension
dreams the waters breaking
on shore's consciousness
canyons of semantic light
interpret precipacene darkness
winged desire of inner loins
finned lust of phallic locomotion
elocution of precatory advances
precarious lithosphere crumbling
under weight of mental dysfunction
body schema, somatan sensory cortex,
central solcus, what light pulls out
from the interior, the body, the
loins of earth, electrical storms
striking spores beneath its crust,
corporeal vision of angels rising
across the corpus callosum, reverb
dark winged in revolutionary zeal—
into what does it die, then disperse,
becoming one within the synapses
dreams, visions, rites of springs past
flowing in the becoming who of now
philosophical embodiment, the far
side of mind, central and parietal lobes
concurring starry nerves, realms of
metaphysical instantiation pouring
from beakers of cerebral cortex.
Magician, starmaker, Orcine fire lighter
tonguing insemination in the land
of the dead, Orcus, whales drifting

in the cum of Aphrodite, sementic
snails tumbling from incarnation to
incarnation, the Word, the Sound,
the Light of Being dreaming itself
Awake, dreaming consciousness
impregnating perception of mind's
recognition of Self, canyons of antic
semantic light, anti-antic facile remapping
homunculus at the center of being
setting afire the drawn curtains of inner
desire, theatre seeing through the mind's eye
of Aristotle, quoting Dostoevsky, Shake-
spear(e) remotely viewing its anti-status
quotient, essence of Camus wrestling
Sartre, dreams instantiated in machines
in weapons of mass deception riding
the adaptive plasticity of grief, phantom
limbs, phantom minds, phantom lives,
patternicity of residual incarnation
functionary of the I Am of one hand
clapping, beats lovingly one wee heart.
Interneural shockwaves reinventing causality
Micro death star blazing behind the sternum,
Wastral wanderer on the road to blooming
carcasses road reconfiguring the reborn rites
of Dreams, sniper alveolate, alveolus ridge
within universal time :: alveolar matrix of collective
consciousness
i recreating transcendence
in psychic bestiality.

V.

Light is language, language ... light;
molten currents of psychic air, in-
f(v)ernal winds of which we sail, soar,
thrash, dream and storm; antiphon
accretion of mind's blood, identity
displacement of the third particle,
the eye that knows all: from origin,
this fate; from structure, this trace;
once audible yet mute apheresis
nubile in construct, liquid as rock
boiling within dreams roaring up
through the spine; DNA replication
chakra, adenine, chakra, guanine,
chakra, cytosine, chakra, thymine,
mitochondrial mirrors bouncing
language, bouncing light, sending
serpentine signals to be at one with
the universe. Aphelion disbursement
earth's crust from star's core, one cell's
encampment orbits interstellar genome;
song of Orcus, eye of Horus, porous
aphasia pours us moonlike into our
own past beginning, solar spray of
whom we are, observations and theory
spinning around the core of I Am,
nebulaen collapse exploding into
individuated complexities, human
history centered in the individual
mythos, with core, ... dreaming I Am
man, woman, birth, death, infinity,
embracing all realms of abstract reality;
begs the questions, "how does one create
a planet, how does one create one's
destiny from sun, this moon, these stars
studying one grain of sand, dreamers
dreaming their own incarnations, tiny
specks of uncommon in the universe,
human organisms mundane, but dramatic
scripted but scriptless, of blood and will,
created in the dying wings of large stars
a wee bit of dream converted into energy
emits matter spinning violently around
its core, new star lights upon forevermore
expanding collisions of the stages
of consciousness ...

VI.

]~for SG [

Particles and waves, the twilight between
light and language, darkness visible, what is
that which is not language, but anti-language,
our spinning beyond, around our centers, one
percent consciousness, 99% shadow convection, heat's
orgasm, passion's sun, connects, demarcates, within
core of being, dream world inseminates anti-
dream, discharges and births us, light refracting
from the future, world collecting as consciousness,
cellular planets formed through accretion, we, one
percent motes of dust, slamming into our other,
collisions violent becoming, forcing sound from wounds
of pain, crust rocky, core soft as water, feathered
genomes with talons, dream world's DNA projected
by light, language, sound, sight, touch, soul's spidery
fingers spiritually evaporated into consciousness,
one percent experience, the remainder language,
vast, endless nebula evolving our lives, condensing
expanding exploding recondensing, the gravity
of who we are attracting all things large and small,
enmassed and massless, into our being, language,
the light of being, expressing future present, reborn
language the memory of it all, the propagation of
the eternal, speak forth "I Am" in holy erogenous
zones; even our own Sun within, merely the shadow
of us, the shadow of light, love, the shadow's
language, ancient, primordial, expression exploding
from nascence of Time, our love together, as one
filamental element left behind as the shadow of language
"*ora pro nobis*" for each track left in the shadow of who we are,
each kiss shed as a tear, each kiss construed as fear
of not becoming, of never again, the shadow of us,
elemental filament our love together as one, language
is our beauty, language is our dream, light is "I Am,"
language the trace element of love, beguiling, birthing
cosmos of our psyches, as one, psyches as one shadow
of us, voice nascent at the center of being, poetry
our essence, music our cellular resound, the shadow
of us, healing the universe, healing the fire of "I Am,"
healing force of creation, destruction, the shadow
of us, dreaming, dreaming, nebulaean accretion
impregnation of light by the shadow of "I Am,"
accretion of language, sperm injected into sound
swimming, swimming, swimming, the shadow of
us, swimming back into perfection, living shadow
bathed in ocean of miracle, living language deep

orchestra(shuns) the anti-dream, the big bang
of the shadow of us, reverberation, echo, wind
ebbing, wave flowing, the shadow of spirits knit
we us

i deepening between was and will be
language the cascading tide of love.

Felino A. Soriano

from *Quintet Dialogues*

Of Trumpet

†10†

in the prior moments

the
wandering of eye
engaged in the fulcrum extract of interpretation, eloping from

totality of a moment's segregated assumption
the

slightest term of sending data
imaged

after organic simplicity, say of the child's handhold into mother's handhold

thus

innocent in the protection of wrapping purpose
organizing
silence within alphabetic hoping

a
combination of syllables
pronounces subjective echoes
subconscious aggregations combine into hint

†11†

...also siren this
song of

elongated thinking (fear in the frantic regard)

when in the *if* modulation

thrust

then

theatrical relevance observes

onlookers'

radial vision

consuming upon assumption of necessary gawking

a

delve into reliable instruction travels against

a

ocular dimension of rotating veracity suffocating between death and

the alive rendition of oscillating elucidation

†12†

language using eyes

lateral lungful lasting

exhaled connotations creating

circuitries containing

solid

examinations

entrancing

using modified hands as

dexterous forms of pressing

lamentations

†13†

altruism...

my listening engages environmental motion

meandered motif-sameness a

jolting exclamation

provides as

road to undertaking time

this

reactionary focus of clarity in aim, eye

each

rotating functions of replacing

reaffirmed elation

†14†

from wings sound sways
swerves
surrounds
aligns with
apparent woven articulations such
voice-braids
unfastens
into divided methods of
recognizable mirrors
dedicating self to the watching self
silent in the voice-lack of onlooking togetherness
a visceral dimensions of
organized composings

†15†

in the promise of gifted flowers
this
 tonal aggregation of colorful incarnation
 assembles into/across palm of the holding
 gild of the elated architected substance

Alan Britt

THE NEW AGE OF DARKNESS

Flip the switch.

Pick up a brick or a stone.

Lay down your burden for awhile.

One graphite hour

with

its

algaed

steps

into

Dante's

Purgatory

lost in some obscure literary archive

near

Poe's

original cask

of

Amontillado

or Baudelaire's

albatross,

near

Blake's

devoted wife

or Mallarme's

excruciating dice;

one hour

like

an African

porcupine

four-months-old

trailing

white

spiny

mother

across the Ed Sullivan Theater.

One innocuous hour

is

required;

to believe all
the
Swiss knife
infomercials
you want,
but one stormy
early 21st Century hour
purple clouds'll
bruise
your Polynesian
nightgown
and smudge
your
silent cinema
charcoal
eyes.

This hour
riding a unicycle
in baggy pants,
(the hour in baggies)
four-leaf clover
stuffed
inside both sides
of its late 19th Century Missouri belt
like pearl-handled .

.
. .
. six-guns
each facing .
. .
. .
sdrawkcab.

One hour
surely under fire,
holding a hemp skirt
discreetly
above its knees
while caimans
drift
like
banal
thoughts
first
transmitted
by Edison

through his marvelous
crystal
device,
with
the
energy
of a banal thought,
brain energy
singing
i
n
a
t
a
l
l
cylindrical
black
cage.

Brain energy
set at the
curb
each
Wednesday night,
surrounded
by
lamplight
and blue
supermarket
bags
disguised
as
Portuguese
man-of-war
trolling
our
suburban
neighborhoods.

Brain energy
like
rotten
musk
melons
dying painful deaths
from the proboscises
of thirsty black flies

swarming
family
reunion
picnic
tables.

These melons
whose seeds
like buttons
popping from Continental Army officers
up to their
asses
in British infantry
resembling locusts
devouring
visions
of emancipation
from yet
another
interminable
monarchy.

These melons
tell
the real story
of gypsies
in white fedoras
and two-tone
finest shoes
that money could ever
buy,
gypsies running for President,
supported
by the mob,
then dissected
by the mob
in every
gruesome way
imaginable.

Well, these melons
might know
the lay
of the land,
a fellow like me,
you know,
or the one
among us

hoisting
our fate,
Statue of Liberty
style,
like a fuse
burning
burning
inhaling
all the
oxygen
necessary
to fuel
our final hour
drifting 1500 miles
below the
genome,
brain
energy
illuminated
by the
exquisite
deep-sea
jellies
pumping
glowing
Ferris Wheels
through pitch
darkness,
then becoming
just
another
salesman,
one resembling
Milton's
misguided
angel,
otherwise known
as
Blake's
final
opportunity
to
violate
the naïveté
of a lonely
old blind man.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Do you think it's possible to hypnotize
an entire nation?

Mass hypnosis
appears to be rooted
in our DNA.

How else can you explain the ultra-superficial
consumer culture carefully cultivated
by our nobles: Exxon, Halliburton, Enron, Constellation Energy,
Dresser Industries, the FDA, AMA and EPA?

(Strange how so many of our current nobles are energy-oriented.)

But, hang on. You don't believe the AMA is a tool
of the nobles? Or the EPA has a funny way of keeping
the Feds (*our* government)
off the backs of oil refineries in Alaska, Oklahoma and Texas,
off power plants in Pennsylvania, New York and California?
If you and I polluted air and water
the way these favorites do, we'd be imprisoned for life!
So, just relax. Now, when I snap my fingers,
you'll awaken from your culturally induced coma.

Some of us are, perhaps, mildly hypnotized,
a la Maybelline with her insufferable lip-gloss
and animal-tested midnight eyeliners.

But others among us are deeply, deeply, deeply hypnotized,
a la supporters of dirty war on target rich countries.
And, so, as long as we're *over there*, we might as well
fill our greedy buckets with crude.
Oh, yes, a *friendly* portion of our culture
is deeply, deeply, deeply hypnotized to the extent
that our behavior now resembles that of post and pre-war Germany,
1920's and 30's, insisting all the while
with a pathetic and bigoted religious rhetoric
that we know exactly how everyone else on Earth should behave.

The corporate news, ABC, NBC, CBS, CNN and FOX,
won't broadcast the truth,
the truth promised since grammar school
when we first saluted the bloody flag, now a wobbly image
on high school TV monitors.
But today students devour trash art like junk food.
The government prefers it.

Why do you think only a small portion
of funding needed for enriching high schoolers is allotted
while several times education is spent
on killing these same students
by sending them across the globe
to relieve others of their resources and strange ways of life?
You see, we've stolen all there is to steal here in the US.
(Well, as far as Native Americans are concerned.)
But I suppose when an overpass suddenly rapes your white-picket garden
for accessibility to the new suburban mall
or newest condominium project,
you might feel violated all over again,
if only you weren't so hypnotized.

Time to wake up. Discard your lip-gloss
and designer jeans. Stop smiling at your perfect family
chomping death-burgers at McDonald's and Burger King.

Time to stick your extinct loggerhead neck from a window
and scream as Peter Finch did:
I'm sick and tired (Mr. Bush) and I'm not going to take it anymore!

It's time to stroll deliberate with clear conscious, like Walt Whitman,
(not Clear Channeled, dear god!)
through our dozing culture, past junk-filled Hollywood Video stores,
past corporate bookstores with up-scale pastries and diminished sensibility,
past courthouses with skeletons in their walls,
past automobile dealerships with a plethora
of brightly-colored SUV's that run not on solar energy or non-polluting hydrogen cells
but on bald-faced and murderous lies
that deepen the pockets of family fortunes built on refined oil.

So, here we go. Time to wake up!
Snap, snap.
Time to get out there and see what's left of our country
before it's all gone. Time to find America the Beautiful, or what's left of it.

KINGDOM COME

Copper finches spark piano wires;
fruit flies huddle the segmented chrome antenna
of a dusty boom box dozing atop a stainless steel
®Whirlpool containing a microchip that dispenses
whatever requires dispensing
whenever dispensing is required.

Copper finches ignite chills
along the spine at first sighting
of an angel hawk, lost,
high above terra firma,
high above the other side,
you know, other side of terra firma.

A stick of jasmine irritates the shaman's left nostril
but drives into *must* the poet
who shatters windows not with plastic explosives
but with aberrant metaphors wedged between the slim chance
that humanity still gives a shit...still values
volcanic St. Croix wild goats over Nikes
& Fiats with faulty starters...still values mongeese
capable of introducing your favorite
tabby named Earl or Tiger, otherwise,
to a civilized/uncivilized society.

Imagine Caribbean waves polishing turquoise nails
before you're taken by mongoose on a sultry Wednesday evening,
coral sunset trickling the cleavage
between emerald hills overlooking Christiansted?

Jasmine hips interrupt the uninterrupted concert
long enough to release flint moonlight through December oaks,
a metallic moonlight surviving alchemy from copper to iron,
iron to gold, everything that meant anything
to gold...the standard, make no mistake,
to this day: gold: gold: gold: gold
& more gold, as much gold
as you can possibly fathom,
that much gold & when you aren't paying attention
more gold than you thought existed.

Gold as an afterthought
in the natural aging of our planet
but today as pliable as Abercrombie & Fitch high-schoolers
discovering the sting of the mall & limited life options hovering like halos
above their furry heads at Thanksgiving tables.

Gold, the implacable.

Gold, the elixir.

Gold in 24-carat gods & goddesses,
gold horses & saints running the same race,
gold arrow-tips behind environmental museum glass,
& all the gold required to enter the museum
filled with gold in the first place. Ah, gold,
our slippers carved from gold
or gold's golden cousin.

Gold, gold blunt, golden thread
of DNA woven through the quilts
of Mavis, Joseph, Charles & Evangeline,
through flags for the Lost Ones
so that no more Lost Ones
will heretofore be lost to history,
albeit 35 years late,
albeit the usual lads hunkered inside nuclear tanks—
naïve public servants honorable for their ages,
leaving blisters & welding cobblestones
for monarchies marching across parchment videos
we embrace as history, slobbering,
slobbering at the bit, slobbering
at the trough, slobbering like asteroids
named for Midwestern uncles, until
a tsunami called Wayne County
rises up, rises up, rises up, rises up
like a marlin pulling his drunken angler
overboard, directly
into the algae tarnish
that never touches gold,
but tarnish that touches, alas, words
& syllables of words
as if they were discs at a
sleet shooting contest otherwise known as a county commissioner's barbeque,
touched & tarnished, tarnished & touched,
like gold defended by nails, H-bombs,
repeating mouthpieces from the dregs of our DNA,
blondes & brunettes,
redheads whose brass fur resembles gold
pulsing beneath a blue moon,
silver-haired vixens whose breasts
suddenly appear as comets or meteorites,
whose breasts are like Silver Cloud Rolls Royces
trolling rain-soaked allies, displacing other breasts

spread like sunlight across our pillows
& quilts slightly puffed
here & there by dogs
of every conceivable shape, size
& color: ivory legs
tangled in bronze moonlight,
fur like oats, fur that rubs itself against coal,
fur, fur, fur & fur that mobilizes
an ankle or a knee, fur that dreams
its ass off. Well, in the first place,
fur.

Truth raised its nasty little head,
today, like a Bichon Frise chimney sweep
emerging as the sun behind forest green shutters
of a Tudor (reminds me of a tavern) suburban homestead
off a winding two-lane road belonging to a county councilman
heading the committee to clean up corruption before it erodes
the fabric of great thoughts, you know,
common sayings that guide cultures like ours
through tsunamis & moral meltdowns,
lame State-of-the-Union addresses,
extended families suffocating
in Wall Street quicksand, lame blessings
that involve hay, quicksilver, gardenia naked shoulders
with waterfall walnut hair rinsing original sin
from primordial flesh,
truth, nothing but the truth,
swimming mercury wind—
hydrogen blimps igniting wildfires
5 miles wide over dry South Carolina,
winds masquerading as local officials
ignoring René Char's observation that *Ignorance loves to rule*,
rattlesnake sloughing meteors traveling 8 billion light years
beyond the speed of sound & we can't
even get a judge to tell the truth;
whatever shall we do?

Du Fuhrer says, *My balls itch*.
Tanks line up licking wild salt
from moonlit clouds,
saluting ice-skate eyelashes,
saluting crooked radio waves,
saluting a tongue that passes through them
at warp speed,
saluting a chubby flesh-tone & white
Buick with bumpers like polio braces
for teeth, smiling, albeit terrified,

but smiling.

Chesapeake crabs, bruised blue, turn fiery orange
when boiled alive beneath a quilt of Old Bay.

The ocean turns dead plankton into coral;
cow's eyeball sliced by razorblade
sends red tide all the way
to Jupiter or Saturn or Mars;
point is, time is a rubber band
that stretches its farthest tentacles
of grey matter...oh, how many trillion
planets with earthly potential?

One day soon, one day before jettisoning
subs from the Atlantic,
zigzagging his way through Manhattan,
Philadelphia & Baltimore,
the spaghetti body with head
soft like a melon
& mole mouth
will totter through our kitchens
& squeak, *Release that crab pot of boiling water,
for Christ's sake; stop Van Goghing my brother
sent for safekeeping, & you pound him with spices
then boil him alive for your voracious, arrogant palates!
I've come to retrieve my planet, Earth,
true, rental property for one trillion millennia,
absentee manager, I confess, but what a mess,
the mess!*

Step off the shoal, the alchemy
of crushed oyster shells, of shards
swirling the bitten edges of history books,
history books exhausted by the jaws of misfits,
misfits willing to bargain pathological behavior
for a heated indoor swimming pool,
plus reality TV versions of whatever it means
to kiss the stars of alligator shrapnel
armed to expose our planet,
mud dripping from philosophical stars,
mud dripping from placentas,
mud from mud & mud from nightmarish love affairs,
mud from amphibious angels
fluttering, struggling silt to blue oxygen,
white toxic spermatozoa
billowing from smoke stacks
of what we fondly call civilization.

This mud, this silt from dreams
or nightmares, bare-breasted horses of logic,
bare-breasted

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white paint on wilted wood

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ochre edges

peeling

DNA

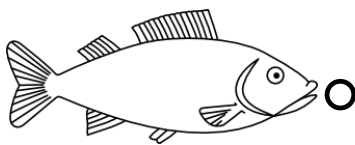
from the scalp
peeling, peeling, peeling,
peeling Mother of Mercy,
peeling radishes' white & blood-shot eyes,
peeling the worst from the worst,
peeling, peeling, peeling
as though Jupiter gases
could unfurl the universe forever,
as though Zion, as though, as though,
as though...ridiculous...this theory
of stripping veneer from DNA,
as though, as though we could ever,
as though metropolises crumbling like nannies
scrambling the three little pigs:
President, Sultan & dissident third party
elbowing their way past thin-waisted
matadors swiveling above their buff shoulders
sterling trays stacked with international martinis:
Magnetron vodka, enchanted vintage from roots
outlawed by Puritans & French Huguenots alike—
*If a fool persists in his folly,
he will become wise.*

Red, green, gold cellophane twisted toothpicks like Seurat parasols
dotting sunlit cypress trees & imported palms
along the Champs-Élysées,
or discretely pausing for Nerval's lobster
on a leash, a generation or two
before his time...lobster that is.

Nerval gets a free pass.

Horseradish eyelids
lifting blonde nose,
lifting blonde paw,
horseradish eyelids
lifting thunder like lumber
from the log cabins
of the dead,
of her dead,
of the dead who were dead
long before they died, long before,
yeah, long before
they understood what it meant to die,
long before, long before
radish eyes swinging from the supple tendons
of marmosets,
from the lazy trunk of Bart the circus elephant
dragging chains like brass knuckles
across the dung of dawn,
butter yellow, French Symbolist blue
& dried ochre
mixed with mud: kick: cough:
ridiculous hue,
ridiculous (y)ou,

→ → → ♣ ← ← ←



Time is wooden. After all that;

Time is wooden. After all that;
after all that Madagascar suffering;
time is wooden.

Collarbone protected by goat's milk;
collarbone like a female bar of soap,
greedy fingers,
collarbone fumbling, dancing, fumbling,
enchanted, collarbone one trillion billion times
as large or small, collarbone a century ago
weeping up a storm or rugged thunderstorm,
collarbone tapping Harlem beats
20 million to one...shotgun Harlem,
collarbone cruising back home
two-lane blue gravel roads
behind familiar textile mills
spewing snowflakes of soap;
collarbone straps a carbine,
collarbone like white Navy beans
swelling arthritic knuckles
bubbling a 5-gallon, dented-tin, gout-riddled pot
in serious need of alignment, in serious need
of balancing; but this collarbone,
you & I, this collarbone thumping anxiety
across Alligator Alley,
this collarbone, this crushed mythology
named Capitalism in all its guises,
this amphibious collarbone says
in a mad clear voice, *Don't die
so young; don't die so young!*

This morning Franz Marc's Blue Horses
pretended to be clouds,
pretended to be emotionally unstable
(the way things are going)
& spiritually uncertain, philosophically
outraged, defiant nubile angels
in a land devoid of angels,
in a land of earthworms, night crawlers,
a land of smoke with gills
of ancestor amphibians, ochre
gills of ancestor amphibians, feathered
gills with opaque claws
bouncing the blonde ear
of she with the turtle vest
ruby, beet, bruised ruby,
bruised beet, symbolic black lace necklace
like Philadelphia incinerators billowing

foxhounds on the trail
of moths speckled
with absinthe, moths hung by the neck
until dead, moths' deadly wings
sweeping away Roman torture,
moths lifting sword from stone,
the sleight-of-hand stone
from its primordial foundation,
moths from here to Kingdom Come.

of
solitude.

SPANISH SWORDS

Some say he committed suicide; others say
the government made him do it; still others'
votes weren't counted as she shawls her voice
over left shoulder— — serpents get in the way.

The gardner must be monitored, family living
in dingy Dodge van with cracked windshield,
rusted rearview mirrors, sans emergency brake.

★ ~ ☂ ~ $\pi + \frac{1}{2} \pi$

Mythological heroes by the dozens flushed
down shattered porcelain throats crushed
by union thugs called the status quo.

Frogs spawn, as poles overtake muddy creek,
hopping onto terra firma for first & last time
.....falling in love with existence just long enough
to send Christopher back to Sol's Deli.

M e x i c a n guitar slings women across a wavy,
wooden cantina, braiding them into a swarm
of loneliness, or until the saint appears to bleed
from his/her electronic pores.....there's a bomb,
a big one hiding among blue agave & Spanish
Swords, close to blood, since that's what bombs
were invented for. Bombing blood. Bombing
blood.

ATOM BOMB INVENTED TO DESTROY OTHER ATOMS

Moth the size of an atom<<<<—>>>>part of me as part of you.

Seeks understanding, a look of recognition in thrift shops,
cloak of empathy at bus stops & the possibility of bi-racial
marriages at a rented garden hand-clipped by an industrialist
protecting his fortune during the war years. All of them.

Electric organ rolls beneath turquoise soprano & coral sax,
repenting over & over, sorry for the neglect (I assure you,
I'm no fan; though, how can we live without it). Ahh,
that<<<<—>>>>feels better<<<<—>>>>reunion of sorts.



A memory is like a saddle you're used to. You stroke its shiny
surface draped over splintered rails in the potato light of a corral,
stirrups still wet with anticipation. Bridle nowhere to be found.

MIND GAMES

A bucket of blueberries crushed by tidal wave of
toucan feathers & chocolate blistering the nuclear
hulls of priests slugging gay men upside their heads
to protect antique religion...mind games...or pesticides;
what choice is there?

← ≈ ≠ ∞ ≠ ≈ →

Rubber memories.

Train shadows. Train shadows.

Train voices like cucumbers sliced sky high
above a white linen, shaved-ice glass buffet
waiting for marching orders from the brain that
never sleeps, never sneezes yet loves to swim
the local reservoir or pan handle Buenos Aires
with ringed smile gifting tourists ↔ & wishing
away, wishing away, wishing on the black knees
of a yellow grasshopper's feral dream ↔ blue,
blue, blew the doors off chameleon's blood-stained
throat flared like a discus, claws dug in for the
short haul, as twitching scapulas betray the acid,
sucking acid through oxygen tube—that's it,
when the acid you suck is the oxygen keeping
you alive...it's called aging or elephant fungus,
or perhaps it's called piano for two hands by an
eighteen-year-old Chopin dreaming of hexagrams
with hips, triangles with mango intestines, mint ivy
growing between ivory keys that doubled as sidewalks
outside strip malls in Purgatory ↔ clams with plum
lips & cerebral desire for sex 24 hours a day despite
hurricane flags, terrified monks cracking ice like
Frankensteins in riding boots, black mustaches,
testacles loitering every bank vault & alchemists
mentoring poets on how to love, how to give ↔
how to withstand all the mind games.

MILKMEN

There's something everybody knows that nobody knows. Something transmitted from the broken antennae off a palmetto bug surfing a Florida room like a Blue Angel on low blood sugar. Something that lived in trees several asteroids before Tyrannosaurus Rex established a kingdom sans man(human)kind. Humanoids absorbed T-Rex atoms along with funky mushroom herbal salves for body & soul. The result: dragonflies in camouflage, Louisiana heat lightning in a two-piece shotgun frilly-up leaving elastic crinkles, plus a Grand Canyon band mark on upper thigh. But that's not the thing that everybody knows. That's not an insult dry as a 3 olive martini straight up, but an insult steering a Kevlar RV across the Blue Ridge Mountains, chasing the 2 moons of Pluto, each about the size of a Little League diamond but solid to the core. Antlers, cathedrals shed with the seasons against a loitering pine or loitering lord. Will you stay with me when our bodies ascend the blue horizon? Or will you weave your love like a barracuda through the squid legs of an undertow? Beheaded saints full of woodchips. Purple chasing green for a year now. Spotted snail...shell spattered with the charismatic orange that tints the tentacles of a reef octopus, or tourists from Iowa, mother-in-law in tow & twins in twin strollers strolling the foam of microbrews on tap at every tavern, tee-shirts with corporate nipples as hand-outs for their cause, diamonds & clubs, notwithstanding. Scissors & marmosets sail the pale moon in skiff, canoe, hair trolling for more hair, fluids like ½ gallon jugs of milk rattling the doorsteps of 1950's suburbia. Milkmen lost forever.

Good Friday

For you corporate brats...shining armor beneath florescent garage beams that supported your mother's mother.....♀.....plus all the Mothers recorded in the Library of Congress or registry for Wayne County, about as far as an archive telescope can backtrack before caving into itself thereby leaving the previous dimension. 'Bout as far back as the primordial brain will allow.....♥.....for you tumbled from the womb like dice & laughed at bruises below the desperate eye shadow of a cataract moon, as if accuracy were a crime...♦...as if...as if...☹...as though a backwards three is the answer you brats scrawl across New Jersey overpasses when you're not inserting your hypodermic sensibility into a clear plastic bag hanging from a brushed aluminum hook in the antiseptic ICU on Good Friday.

Post Scriptum

PATRICK WHITE

IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE RISK, JUMP THE ABYSS LIKE A FIREFLY

If you don't take the risk, jump the abyss like a firefly
between two polarities, how are you ever going
to release your potential as the stem cell of a bridge of light
from one hemisphere of your brain of starmud
to the other side of your shining? Whenever
there are two eyes it's crucial that you make a third.
And if you haven't got the courage to jump from your artificial paradise
without knowing whether you've got a parachute on or not,
go ask the dandelions gone to seed how to take a fall
like the free radical of a kiss on the breeze, touch life
lightly as if you were feeling the weave of the silk mist
rising like someone's last breath off the morning lake
or ask the seasoned helicopter pilots of the dragonflies
and maple keys about doing double wheelies like dna helices
when you've driven way past the end of the road like Thelma and Louise
and your animation's been suspended trying to cling
to the wind like a rafter of air you can hang from
like the larva of a caterpillar repelling down a Dutch elm
on a thread of fate you've got to pull like a rip cord
if you want to be a skydiver instead of a half-baked butterfly
always on the run from base-jumping spiders
on a strafing run of balsa wood gliders that never got off the ground.

If you don't jump into this life like Basho's frog
into the pond of the world. Splash. At the end of time
when your life flashes before your eyes like an implosion
going supernova, just before you drown in your own tears,
you're going to realize that all along you were
an estranged embryo that committed suicide in the womb
by making a noose of your mother's umbilical cord.
How wide does the sky have to be before you'll fly?
Or the sea, to swim? You want to know the flightplan
and the wingspan of the wind before you decide
if you're going to ride it or not, dig your spurs into the storm
like white lightning into the heart of a brahma bull
or run before it like a rodeo clown who wanted to be a matador.

All my life I've run into cosmic matchbooks
with a solar flare for bucolating back on themselves
like ingrown hairs festering they're not the galaxies
they once aspired to with the candlepower
of a single illuminated insight without mirrors
that was enough of a wavelength to surf for light years
and would have carried them all the way there
like Hero to Leander across the Hellespont,
if they'd only been creatively self-destructive
or counter-intuitively absurd enough
to trust the road born with their own feet to walk it
so all your crutches don't have to do it for you.

How could any of your planets be habitable
if they're still hanging like a mobile of green apples
on a skeletal bough in autumn long after the leaves have flown?
Cowardice always did have the worst sense of timing
and an alibi like a sin of omission it didn't commit
against itself like a moralistic etch-a-sketch or the tabula rasa
of a travel journal that never got any further than the page
it wasn't written on like a tidal pool cluttered with relics
of how dangerous it can be to set sail
on the great night sea of awareness without
even so much as a petal of the moon for a lifeboat.

Falling isn't for petty people. Go ask the waterbirds
descending into their reflections ascending from the deep,
or light being twisted like a lock of hair
around the finger of any black hole
with the gravitational eyes to point you out
like Icarus re-entering the atmosphere,
a white feather of fear going up in flames,
a meteor with a biological impact on change.

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Submission and comments should be sent to Klaus Gerken, Chief Editor at kgerken@synapse.net

Submission must be in the body of an email unless otherwise agreed on.