

Out of Water
In Water



RON BOGGS

CONTENTS

1. Bird sings
2. SOUL TURNS MY IMAGINATION INTO THE
WORLD AND
3. EVERYTHING LIVES AS IMAGINATION
4. Sing the Jewel
5. forty-two thousand raindrops
6. twigs fill beak
7. Birds are Fishes
8. Giocometti bushes'
9. Lived a lifetime in a thousand wars
10. roars of insects
11. Simple Living
12. bird arches
13. bird wings
14. I was reading
15. Early Spring Strikes
16. bird's bent beak
17. evergreen in blue
18. each pore an ocean
19. grief and I
20. Unendurability Ode
21. little red headed bird
22. rough rock
23. cherry blossoms
24. bush shaken
25. small stream
26. Salmon leaps...
27. Shine
28. The Songs to Free
29. My Cardiologist Called
30. The Sting of Life
31. how a stone clings
32. Catapulting grasshoppers
33. Marvels carousel children
34. Vireo sword of vastness
35. Pollen
36. Carpenter bees

37. Life Song
38. Flamingos curves
39. West Nile Virus
40. phlox of birds
41. it is night
42. leaves did not rustle
43. wasp at the window
44. Wolf Carcass
45. Pleasure
46. Survivors
47. nothing
48. a bird, brown speckled
49. panther paints
50. Eyes whistled
51. Love Song to William Carlos Williams
52. Inches of Spring
53. In
54. Tyranny of Trains
55. Heart's Imagination
56. I can't stand life
57. Every Morning
58. Who are you?

Bird sings
just this

No bird song
all this

SOUL TURNS MY IMAGINATION INTO THE WORLD AND EVERYTHING LIVES AS IMAGINATION

A dream, like an animal,
a mountain panther,
its muscular movements in unison
ran through my body songs
and poems, the jewels we are
that we are never able to embody
but in the night stalk
through the original light
that gives tongue speech, that image
figures life into human to dance speech:
how enter the light and how much light
can be lived, grasped, given voice
to, that silence
is a body speaking in rhythms
and rhymes of paw after paw
in the underbrush, where fear
we are and fear we are not,
in the stalker and the stalked,
raw and luminous and grinding --
everyone who ever existed,
lived and died, and now living,
was in my dream. The jewel
sang out the jewels, Indra's net,
and I understood as the panther
out in the mountain reflections

in the original light, of night:
I was to do it, be it, sing it.

SING THE JEWEL

Ice fishing at night
you never know what you'll catch
nor worry about the day's laboring.
You joust among the compatriots who
want to beat you at the catch.
What you catch you let go in the dark--
swim a lifetime to let go
of your catch in the daylight.

forty-two thousand raindrops
bluejays in bushes
traps
I laugh walk right into
shake the spell
new songs

twigs fill beak
belly bloats
song shits
white drops
shrunken stomach

flies off branch
as a twig

BIRDS ARE FISHES

These birds are fishes with wings.
How long have I lived blind?
How long have I refused flight?
Can delight be so pure, original gills
to breath give sight. To be the height
over mountains, the ocean bottoms
must sing. Let go, where else
could you go that shows more abiding.

Giacometti bushes' shakes
drops free of art
dripping into soils
roots rock sun
tunnel underground moves
Oh! through skin and thick
fresh chaos

LIVED A LIFETIME IN A THOUSAND WARS

Lived a lifetime in a thousand wars-
trumps dreams, trumps schemes,
trumps reams of paper
fairy tales
trumps riches
dumping bombs on
your head this time real
not manufactured
fractal fracture
the mess you see is the mess made:
this is what it is like to live at this time
in history, and you can't do anything about it.
You can, but you won't. You haven't.
You will die into ashes if you must, this earth
a treeless land that you see inside
the left chamber of the heart;
we, you and I, are the right chamber because our
species strove to be in this hive
though we've not yet learned to make honey.
We exist be-
cause we are each other and the earth;
if a garden we cannot make out of this heart
of the world seeing this, we are our own doom
and the darkness darker than night sky
for those not deserving of our love who
we shatter
of our

for our
frailties
unable to be the seeds
that breeds a heart worth the expense
of what we've done to each other
and what we're doing upon our own:
this time
no bushes to burn
no voice to speak
no echo
alone
having squandered the treasure
of
the
generations
of which we are
true
heirs
those stars who made a heart
we lived and breathed
in and through
and gave birth in
and created love
and mourning and morning
and the very light
we are by which we see
ripped apart

left for dead
mythologically crippled with the jaws
of delusion and illusion

far away
the fish flat panned on lake
from strychnine
our meals for we are
out of the frying
plan

THE MANUFACTURERS OF DEATH

who
see ourselves as

roars of insects
twigs inches in rain
trees sticky
grasses murmur
forever going on

mantra of dandelions shine
sun sings millions of times

to praise

the unpraisable

to extinguish

the nonextinguishable

bird's intricate elaboration of the day

"moon entered me last night"

brambles give out barks

to praise

the unpraisable

forever

trance senses tantras mantras

entrance beasts oneness

to never

extinguish

our beauty

despite the loops and loosies

and mad hatters running world

the killers in office in our minds

divine shine spitting hatred

one word

to say human

gave cosmos

worth
when our dearth
empties nothingness
out of nothingness

we are what we see
we see what we are
our heart our star
our beauty our art

SIMPLE LIVING

I do the daily needs to keep a simple living,
realize the daily needs do me, ample giving,
as I let be what is, let go of what is not,
yet my dizzying fantasy ties me as knot,
as I become what I see, what sees me frees,
as I drop comparisons for new keys.
The loaded life filled by borrowings of bowels
I exchange for empty life streaming Taos.

bird arches at 45 degrees
petal slides from angles
exuberances of stillness

bird wings leaf
wind sings
lands who hears
beaks for food
to tree hearing in wind
pecks sings
new songs new day

I was reading a Zen book
I walked over the cat
I left Zen Zen zenned me
caught by the Zen hook
my own cat napping

EARLY SPRING STRIKES

Early spring strikes the seeds
pear blossoms
of green brown buds
with velvet touch to white
plum blossoms
pink
eyes and ears
for their existence seek out
seeing the sounds
that waver through the day --

strikes in spontaneous startle
back at me
ears and eyes seeds
blossoming into the unnamable
unknown yields the yearning
to more blossoms into green
out of itself into itself
hearing the sight
that night waves into light
the sound of spring blossoms me

bird's bent beak
bent legs --
centuries of toil
to be here it dances
on the limb, chasing
the snow blossoms

evergreen in blue
keeps falling up
dizzying falling in

each pore an ocean filling with grief
carrying swans to medicine of sun
one light as the world's tears, shrink
bindings as one until nothing can hide

grief and I are one

shining the laughing faces

UNENDURABILITY ODE

Each inch of earth sings
people, too, sing their inch
as earth, earth sings their inch
until silence sings infinity,
earth's enduring ode
of unendurability
inch to inch to boundlessness

little redheaded bird
being itself
firmly
on the branch
slides swiftly

out on the edge
as if
sking
down Mt. Fuji
to eat offering

wafers of snow blossoms
heart shaped
petals eaten
in the breeze
before flies in

rough rock smooth pebble
as if you have a choice
worlds apart same limestone
air rot water hinge
entry: only by walking out

cherry blossoms lie on grass
worlds
many hairs, too,
threads of resilient air

bush shaken in breeze
roots magnify the yearn
sun sinks into it
I sing out of it

small stream
vein of sky
sails standing still
enters sky
in order to float
and shadow the smooth
round moist bed of earth

SALMON LEAPS...

Said, "That's me!"
Feared it was me.

Five years to return
cycle of death & rebirth.

Life shading sparkles
evolutions sway.

Swinging, telling
you soul's story,

looking for satisfaction
not satisfied until birth

beginning over again,
eggs or none, a fever.

The beings we are share
ourselves as fellow leapers.

Urge, surge, merge,
splurge, dirge, no refuge.

Armies defeated in mountains,
struggle, supply lines cut.

Returns, same place.
As if same water twice.

Kisses air, higher falls.
Greater falls, taller crawls.

Salmons' leap...

Bear with cubs
queue the compulsion

as food of desire
blindness...

Wherever you are,
come back, we leap,

out of another
blindness, another...

invitations to shed
what looks like slaughter

gives glimpse death
is not its own immortality.

SHINE

The shines burst clouds at this time of day
darkening shadows through baked heat
grace and skill masks up night
through the haunts of years of dusk

Dark soul in dreams leaves no trace
takes on as always another's face
and another's throat to speak kindness
unknown of cooling down the heart

Conflagrations have blackened continents
this mask in the praise of darkness
with the silence bell that lets me be mask
the reflective shine as light being light

THE SONGS TO FREE

Dogen's mountains and rivers walk
Desnos' love erotics proclaim The Mysteries:
it is not about us
even when we are all it
as Asian cherry blossoms
so round,
so white with pink tinge
in the inside
of the heart petals
(heart yearns
as it knows its name,
how is that possible?):
when it is not about us,
as the beauty
we see is us
staring at us, telling us:

Sing to us of beauty walking
Speak to us, will you, out
of the roundness of the blossom
of the unfathomable heart
one petal day one petal night
that would give us, your lovers,
the embrace of what we all are
and what we desire to be
though we always are
beyond the wildest imaginings

of our beings that is an eye
that makes stars and each way in
only deepens the magical mystery tour
that love scoops out of the bottomless
waters of sky our excruciating sanding
of the making pearls when you turn upside
down, open, for what you made of your life
you discover the mysteries threw away,
only way through was to be The Mysteries,
walking rivers and mountains, giving away
what was never yours, and being the calling
soul initiated you through birth canal
to sing, the songs to free:

beauty yearns out on branch going on and on
having lived without skin these many years,
(my heart melodies Desnos'love song)
until I see
a pollen meal, a redheaded bird
stuff bowls of blossoms in its beak, like this
()
infinity is not
the wind, roots search words for any way,
roots for speech, for reach, for pure
yearning beauty, before word,
telling the heart whose unseen roots
(I see walking and talking as roots roots)
making all beings visible and singing
their own songs (so many hearts, all one

heart, ten thousand are too few, One too
small)... ah, inside the conch of spring, urgency of the
continuous mystery

to be flung out into the millennia of

multiplicity

to know (not fear, not even fear lasts)

nothing lasts... boundlessness' bounty

bounds this and I will part, blossoms

turn green to brown to ground (I see by closing my eyes

) roots give roots and
salutes.

MY CARDIOLOGIST CALLED

My cardiologist called: my carotid arteries had smooth
plaque build up, at 90% clog operation;
this universe of astronomical numbers
expands into collapse, intimate
in my life with the big bang
of triple bypass and mitral valve repair.
Any symptoms of lightheadedness and fainting,
warned the cardiologist
would blip us to rough trouble.

Once more, I revise my life,
no time to waste, can't count
the times, is this the last time?
If you think so, you're a fool --
what did I have to make it through the night
and not start awake at not dying before I died?
I know death, I died many times...
in my madness, returned raw to mad world,
shared chaos but was not mad, sacred
bloodletting of the leeches ceremonies
I scorned. I owed an obligation
to those lost souls who never returned,
I owed gifts for what had been gifted me.
10,000 lives filled me with all I needed
and, like the spring, overflowed in bounty
and shared intimacy of our time together.

I leave you with a touch of love,
tender at the brushstroke
of bruise mask. Sing for me
the songs echoed
in the hollow vessels
of the earth where I've dispersed.
You'll sing back to you in praise.
Embraced, embrace, no trace.

THE STING OF LIFE

It could happen at any time...
first response to wasp sting...
fear in the sac of the stomach,,,
no fainting, no dizziness, no
throat rattle+++
the immensity
that life has offered me
found me!!!!
no stinger at red spot, shortness
of breath invades with bodily terror
of protoplasmic mash}} tip of the world
going down
the cliffs
of earth into
THE STING OF LIFE,
the echo () comes out
as I speak in my mind,
unconscious of
doing what I'm doing...
wasp lost???
redness bleeds, swelling spreads like ant
mound fighting venom, responding,,,
wife's eucalyptus\$\$\$ oil bedrocks the
swelling and redness back to flesh...
internet on wasp@@@@@
anaphylactic shock
that almost kills~~ ends in thrill

as learn venomous ways to heal
and take the loving care**
embrace
the sting of always
to break^^^
the entry point
where your waspish nature
entered you,
round and round to cure
the work is medicine
of the sun to survive the sting
given to those also

stung/”

how a stone clings
to this earth no borders
no walls the very delivery
of your eyes to ruminate
you over the rough surface
a vessel for water by displacement
with intimacy as wet unknown

Catapulting grasshoppers
run the grass rapids
waving hearts seen as skyscrapers
never know where will end up
forgetting the end, doing the leap

Marvels carousel children
into a career of never getting off,
too dangerous to stand still
risk stop that resonates
silence of hobby horses, unicorns,

mirrors to end peering into dreams
peeling paint of rotting beams
manufactured academy
playgrounds for adults
that advise family fun.

VIREO SWORD OF VASTNESS

nears
the wild man
enters

out of hiding
multitudes display
 discontinuities
experience wanders
 wonder to amazement

the waxing moon grasps
only its phase

the lamp says madness
the heart says home
the soul says existence
the spirit says always
the fear says I am why wings
the hope says unsee
the lion says dogwood nights
the moons say lacquer dark waters
the sun says no fear to be leery of

the life expresses waves of all oceans
 sword of air tipped with invisibility
 and indivisibility divided hidden
 hiding nothing

the vastness blasts hues how far on the
spectrum being the messages we reach
for sent light years ago just now
appear to us as echoes

Can you hear the echoes in your
transmitter as we can't start over

POLLEN

The reports spread the news that pine, oak, sweet gum, sycamore, beech pollen blew so heavily this spring that it covered everything in yellow that turned green on woods, bushes, cars, and clothes. Allergies blew on breezes like flour for baking.

Sneeze... sneeze... sneeze...

able to write your name in these seeds of life strewn everywhere

stone green

water slimes to green

green hair, nostrils,

skin for us, like forsythia bush,

combing pollinators, involuntarily spreading,

dazzling, spewing, being grotesquely

humungous, from a human point of view,

seeding life for more life, being spermed

seeing other vaginas and uteruses, any name

impossible to describe its functions,

brush off our experience to one time nature

freak show -- when spring displays

her springness as excess, any and all fit

for sperming, pollinating, watering eyes and noses and

lungs with allergies of

gargantuan portions –

we are not given
choice, the creations of creatures of
the creation of spring has made of us
creators of creations so we see in form
and substance what it is like to be
impulse, urge, implacable, seeded,
germinating, spellbound by genetic codes,
to be the ridden by the rider when humans'
thought they were rider, mysteries of
proliferation's excess multiplied
into obscenities, as written on the green
growing cars, lost to forgotten seedings
to mysteriers, a bafflement of enchantment

gets the act of lust done with love a
possible wonder birth spread over
the land that transforms into eros
stroking the earth and us as
the body of the spring, the world, taking
the pollen to the far ends of the earth,
far sighted for near sighted human
to beauty and how its birthed in struggle
after being the orgasm's urge for human
to grow larger to cultivate more lamps
of green light, broader to spark as fuel,
to deepen the inventiveness of our creation
to give birth to what we humans
have created and love, and its pollen.

No excesses exist in existence –
how be creature whose existence pollinates
real irritants, green yellow existence.

carpenter bees bore wood
sending ecstasy of food

by cherry blossoms oooo's
succulence opening harbor

larger

than us
wonders among
the branches inviting gods...

no, more proliferation than human

unimaginable

confirm the affirmation to the brim
of all what we see

and all that we be

for what we see

our intent

large enough for the

seeing

as we are expressions of the god
we created to grasp the ungraspable
when we ask the unaskable –

why else be here

here pollinating snow blossoms
and pink hearts that fall toward
centuries of the center of infinity's

longing

each and every single un-
imaginable being that is

us

b

e

boring out of our cocoons
shouting “yes” and,
again, “yea,” and, once more,

“overflowing blossoms

heart

joy,”

for every being and
thing of earth, forever

and now, now, now, now, now,

the life conceived inside of wood
breeds us out of our smallness

free, be inspired
by the honor the universe has shown us

to be the receptacle
for more marvels

than we can count the yes's

we are receptors to see
through imagined horror
into the unimaginable glory
of the human amphibians of the earth,
so newly born

LIFE SONG

Every creature walks about shouts
in their own ways,
making straight their route
each in their ways,
meanders attention into focus
to survive in every way,
not random exertions of humps
urges of every which way
to eat focuses mucus muscle
for dear food anyway.

Each life a long life,
we are in their debt.
Many did not exist this morning, no
existence tomorrow, married to good earth.

Fellow creatures, of the everyday night,
of the everynight day: in Madagascar
a rock slide shocks the mountain,
burying everything in its path. Life,
so much life every moment, every inch,
every inch moment a possible life,
every death plays a life song
by those who hear well out of the marrow
how to sing the song, with our new players
our song from our bones are tuned
to ring and record our creatures reply.

Flamingos curves sink into
my body, a florescence tattoo of pink
that can be seen from the moon, as
one hears a clap from who knows how.

Marco Polo has been dreaming me
travels to the China where mountains'
peaks play in mist -- a mist
as water for my eyes.

Tourniquets applied to control bleeding
have become the bandanas of stoppers
who don't want you to let the swans
play with the ducks in the community pool.

Skyscraper walking 100 stories up, windblown,
you take your life in coffee gulps
and never close your lunch pail,
refuse the wind, keys tethered to the girders.

Hondas & chrysanthemums rank the streets
what stop-pause-start lights the pollinating
streams out of windows of your mind, as I
ask her "Why?" my cell says, "Sing!"

Calliope and carousels wood round
the entry into another world never found
when young until they lose what hurts,
as they have no education in hosts.

Panthers roam the streets, burns
rummage through pails and nails are polished
at the headdressers -- tree lightning
is in the storm no one sees and fears to see.

Open the cupboard, the dishes perished,
the special occasion never permitted,
a marriage that spiraled into loneliness,
resilience sunk into sand to weather tides.

When the pilings of the stone quarry broke,
the men who fell to their deaths
were expendable by the corporation. Quietly,
they became part of each family.

Cat pawed into the dark, startling the moths,
who yearned for light, following instincts,
as they were fully alive at the meeting moment
midair, dark to dark, lit by spark & spark.

WEST NILE VIRUS

That year the crows disappeared.
They did not return the next year,
not one, no squawk, no jumping
on the streets, clamoring endlessly
from rooftops. Those large birds
stood staring at you
as if you were in their way
and, haughtily, they made known
where they were was where
they would stay or, perhaps, that you
were chewable. These scavengers,
from our view, saw themselves as neighbors
with voices a decibel higher and we saw
the mythology of death, winged Eros.
They never conformed. You saw deformity.
Through the disease you saw love
trying with greatest effort
to extricate from the heartbreathing room. Never to be
forgotten, never to come back.

I sing you, crows, as the wings of the heart
until I next see a crow and know humans
seldom see the destruction they construct,
willing to clip their wings in order not to see,
willing to turn into a virus to defeat a virus.
If they did now live, how give? Free is
living on the ground, out of eyes

that never lets the blackness sleep
and keeps you alert to the species flying,
their very lives were the healing
the disease kills as the human virus
keeps life in dread of the true dead.

phlox of birds hover
eucalyptus oil for wasp stings
when I'm cold I want hot
when hot I desire distance
dropping fragrances out of the night
track dark scents out of me

it is night
like a billion nights
with a trillion fireflies
gurgles of the stream
billions upon billions of gallons
of how deep, oh, how deep

leaves did not rustle
I did not leave myself
among them

wasp at the window...inside...
fear!!! flushed down the toilet.
Am I on the wrong side of the window?
Does the window make sounds?

PLEASURE

How long are you dead?

What is your obligation to life
gifted you to equal the distance,
short and long, measured not in time,
not in deeds for life kills and thrills,
bulbs of anger, testimonies of rage
in the court of justice that never flags
as you move, as your rage moves,
though you see other winds as weather --
you are always forecasting, never lasting,
the voices you hear of your madness
are the voices calling you not to measure,
to tell true and use it to pleasure?

Live your life or death will live it for you.

Now, my question comes out of the dance
smoking in my imagination -- how much life,
how much death have I lived, how tell
the difference, what skills to live
the findings and bindings, and, lastly,
how do that for the rest of my frequency
of time of earth for love is a third energy,
whose intimacy is a gift of vibrancy
that measures, also? I see the end,
imagination begins what cannot be
yet is as beauty is the true measure,
between life and death no distance.
How long are you dead, as if never lived.

SURVIVORS

Going the wrong way, killing two
while drunk, sentence smashed into her
for 3,650 days. How give grief a name
worth the loss? How make gold
out of water? The survivors
have touched the bottomless well
where they can begin to see
they've come to the open mine.
Now, they must dig, learn to shovel,
without relief back breaking drudgery
every day through rocks to water--
not for the intellect, alone,
it suffocates yet is vital
though does not give vitality,
for this is soul's fire of desire,
a burning lamp to see by
and be wounded by... years as the fuel
grief burns to ash from spark,
until the day at the bottom of the well
filled with ash in midnight of darkness,
the ash of the heart, seat of the soul,
gives grief relief, eating from untamed
fire of the heart until they can let go
for they have eaten their own hearts:
they are at that place of knowing and,
hardest of all, doing what soul will offer
them as a gift -- build a new heart, die

if you must, give away all the drunken
death and scatter of ashes of yourself,
enter yourself, learn to sew, keep close
key bells, and use heart breaking drudgery
of love to start what you never wanted
to know and now tremble in the knowing,
but cannot, will not exchange the sentence
of freedom you have been freed to give
and be and to share, but only if the heart
never again becomes a tombstone.
Yes, you sought gold, you found water;
the new heart sieves the immensity.

nothing
rain is not pain
roots upshoot deeds
seeds
not beauty no terror
not horror
Love attracts all
who perfumes
trances colors
pollen stamen
pistil green bush
nothing
no trace
no love remains
it all is love
how else
be rain
not be pain

a bird, brown speckled,
a sparrow, perhaps,
hit window
dropped to ground
wing splayed awry
put down fit the vet
left to die
would be cruel
left to live would be cruel
window was taken out

panther paints today
I'm all green

Eyes whistled
from inside suitcases
everyone hauled, rushing
to visit, fly, be convivial,
see family. Ignored --
as who am I to hear voices.
The stone moved, told tales
when the harpoonist left
the shore forevermore.

LOVE SONG TO WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Cardinal alights
on woodchips hopping for eats,
on each descent, I hear,
“William Carlos Williams.”
I am confounded. Dark mask reveals
scorches of voices

of love light
pour
uncontainable
notes of silence

lines
of
enjambment

of William Carlos Williams

cascade
of seven
waterfalls

the things are ideas, too,
images color voices

glorious love light
black jazz
red rock

for clarity clarinets

the immensity immersed in the
density
displayed
red and black
winger
without a name

INCHES OF SPRING

Leaves display their inch,
vertically,
to announce presence.

New World warbler sings
as ruffles its feathers,
cleans itself as it rains,

whose insistent message voices
the blossoms, where bird stands,
filling brown into green.

Songs, like poetry, urge out to live
even if to die or be sky
they see as seed, be as feed,

a dazzle of dizziness, shaking the rain
off its hair, head under wing,
body spraying dropping clarities,

into the clapping of what can clap,
so much amplitude of plentitude,
in the inches filling into spring.

IN

The rain
slid down
into the opening gaps
in the soil. The dog
dug out the earth
in the pool of water.
The kids with pails
played mud pies
and molded into mud
people, intiatiants
of the rain, making their bones.

When the rain no longer
visited, the in-
dentation in the ground
was a mystery
to those who did not
know how to look,
to be brook, and dance
the opening
to invite in
what was already in.

TYRANNY OF TRAINS

boyhood of trains
a town of trains
toy trains at Christmas
Lionel American Flyer
adding haulers and passenger
people, cars, community
in my house the whole town
of Pitcairn, Pennsylvania
scheduled as the town was trains
nothing else but trains

no trains run through the town
no toy trains run through the boy
no tracks remain in the town
as it revegatates into a valley
of depression and biting blight
tracks torn up in the child freeing
the one minded, linear disaster

hills of silver and gold
mines of green puddles of oil
that had no bottom fathomable
fear cold with the breath of death
holes of endless earth, adventures
of pirates and Indians, burial mounds
under the cliffs of the imagination
of the young frogs who our parents

let out to roam in freedom of the woods
thinking play was keeping us out of trouble
so that to this day that boy, who I
no longer am the descendent of, has not
left his hills, hills would never leave
as they refract and refrain

let go the trains
and the monosyllabic moons of metal
tracks that never hears ever again
the eerie whistle of the past like smoke
coming out of you, pulling, you back
at higher speed, disappearing into green
as soot, as black on arms, as the steel
mills of Pittsburgh lit the sky orange,
and your lungs with early death, com-
pulsion obsession careered death
dressed up as life,
as railroad tracks to a future
that never comes
for passengers who went
to Pittsburgh to work everyday
squeezed into too small of a home
to contain the weather of love
that never contained trains
that helped break the train tyranny

boy just wanders, left to wonder
around in the woods seeing,

and finding when he can be,
being what he can see,
seeing with his ears
how to be free, being free
so others know how one and his childhood
release the railroad ties that bind

HEART'S IMAGINATION

is to circulate the sight
soul inspired to appear
in the dream, the first light,
all light was all existence,
was all me, as far as I could see,
the light to differentiate
and discriminate was my task
in life of second light
of labor and love to joy.

Wrestling lions, one heart
taken out by the lion god,
scattering the witnessing
gatherers, horrified. More calm,
when as I looked on,
beautiful young woman, betrayer
or innocent, nailed into her heart,
third light,
the pain of existence:
to know it's beating -- all have one,
taken out as we looked on.
Hole where the heart is
empty blackness where lived sight.

To be the light
to know intimately darkness' dreams
out of you so give off the bright
for others as you are not the light.

I
can't stand
life.

You
can't stand
life.

Tree drenched wet
I shake everything
to get rid of it
cannot

End it
Stop the petals
falling from trees
in ocean of useless
wave poetry

I
cannot stand
life

unable to unlock
the unlockable

gives dreams of lions
End it
eats hearts

or your lying

a nail in beautiful spying on your life
young woman's heart not living life

cut open and out

Its gift.

betrayal innocence
mine

It's knowing not

not knowing

who knows

its being not being

we never know

nothingness

why we're human

is a day that lasts

we don't know

forever

Feign know in glory
that makes gory

You slaughter your-

selves you see

I
can't stand
life

worldwide

Slaughterhouse jive

You are life

can't end it find it why look	
bend it. I	You fear it
thought to	tear it to shreds
go with the flow	because you're
revenge of accidental	unable to live it.
dropping it all	Give it marvel
absentminded absent-	ludicrous sublimity
mindedness lost joke	for passage through
laughing as life	to death We all do
in myself does	and are our time
fool tool	is life: leave time
pools of blood	leave space leave
I'm trying to rhyme	Your chaos is your
so I can gather	life your
chaos	balloon deflates
Make order.	Petal updown hills
will not go	through forests
I'm in flow	will not save you.
where	Salivation only
I expound gravy	no salvation.
expose potatoes	Heal others will
	heal yourself

I	
can't stand	
life	You can't stand
It	
can't stand	the sunblaster
me	you think is
and	quicksand.

rid of I	Stop thinking.
to please It, Tao	Stink a little
only aggravates ItI	let it flow
Delusional deluge	You may flow
different day	live another day
different onslaught	live the day
weary tired worn out	You hear one day
threadbare	beyond imagining
without repair	if you desire
without ways to health	to do so or shrink
under spell,	the imagination
relieves briefly.	that is you alive.

I	You
can't stand	can't stand
my life	your life
I've shrunk	Then change shrunk
I have	You've curtailed
What's got me here	imagination, cut

Then change your life	Change your I
again life got me	it is your life
to the edge of abyss	on the surface
I've fallen in	that cuts anchors
if two days ago	Be the net, bring
Death Valley	Indra's diamonds
desperation	Watch, the open
closed down wings	emptiness sieve
cut hearts	every other heart

cut off circling	never cut off
I'll not survive	Let go what can
You knowingly took	never be here
this life on	free your mind
clawing years, bloody	then free heart
handheart threadbare	find it first
up the abyss	find skills
you had fallen in	You can't
Welcome the soul	then you are world
who you promised	a cosmic star
others would thrive	who moves delight
	black and white
Yes--but	and spectrum full
I	
can't stand	The cosmos
life	can't stand you
that anger down	when you can't
to the bottom of feet	stand yourself
shot up like a rocket	whose wrong
out my eye sockets	left out of wrong
you cannot rid your-	wrong and right
self of life	Keep writing
You can an I	biting, sitting
you once did,	divinatory you bend
do you want to return	the fork of chi
No. I fight back	and forest sublime
will not go willingly	You are a wave
to its death	back on yourself
will not willing	can't language the

let you execute it death, unsayables
so you see in mystery history

it's not that you you fling yourself
can't stand life away for little pay
I cannot I You're mystery
you've become beyond intuition
are becoming whose imaginal mar-
it fears it knows vels give you sym-
where you go bols of bliss
you go not knowing carries blossoming
if go not knowing air one always one
stand off You are the kiss
give space to "can't not the lips
stand life" incinerator no I to be
of tenders. You are found, you looked
life, nothing but life a lifetime--loosed
there is no two to madness, knew
you flow or stop you were crazy
Your choice All of you & your
you chop or flap life were made up.
Your dreams say love
the cut of conscious- That, you couldn't stand
ness of light being Don't waste time
stand on your head here in cutting
walk upside down petals from tree
sail Mississippi into be the tree that
mya bird with grand keeps the petals
canyon ear willing to release

to see the circulating life & death
light. One dream we are when you pass
seamless we star through the net
deep our dark deeper seen light

I pour many lives
can't stand be many imaginings
my present life gives you glory
if you can do gives you heart
you more than others gives you courage
your present life give away what you
see the mine are to be what you
of diamonds are.

Indra's net, you are Dance, you always
the fish dance, been dance
life never cannot stand you never glance
you it figures a way at the other part-
even when it explodes until your cliff fall
though it never fails cliff fall
Dance life so you inside mys-
be the dance stery, Desnos' love
moving, you are dance song singing and
no I no life unravel the thread
that not I life Minotaur never dead
nothing to stand Dogwood petals fall
or not stand when wind & roots
nothing to change tell time. Tell
everything changes Cosmos its story to
reflecting sparkles awaken it! You can

dance Indra's net

 speak it, as wheel.

Your shaking is awakening.

What is there not to stand?

EVERY MORNING

Every morning, vireo sings
from rooftops. Every morning
another window opens.

Every morning, song wings me
another way to be as my dream
sings me into a world alive
with... don't know who, what I am,
and don't care...

Throw away the thread? Never!
How survive? Life lived
at the turning points
No turning back - no anchor
No longer day as walls,
what are they good for
and for whose good
Night falls into you
sun
Every morning sung

Who are you? I don't know.
Who are you? I don't know.
Who are you? I don't know.
Who are you? Don't know.
Who are you? Don't know.
Who are you -- don' know
Who are you -- don' know
Who are you... don' know
Who are you... don' know
who are you, don't know
who are you, don't know
who are you don know
who are you don know
whoareyou donkno
whoareyou donkno
whoareyou donknodonkno