

## SOUL'S CLAMOR

The clamor woke the dead  
so tumultuous were fists flying,  
wrestlers in the mud:  
“The world bleeds,” came the cry,  
“entrails of rivers prove it.”  
As I listened, blistered by existence,  
I could not fathom that, as I listened,  
I blurted, “No world, human slaughter  
barters to never halt insults.  
Planet stink runs raw and saws.”

Joined in the frenzy,  
I arm wrestle a bear, saying:  
“I’ve been given...to understand  
that...I am...responsible for a-l-l  
uh... I see and everything that is.”  
Bear pins me down like a landslide,  
and he exclaims, “Throw away what  
you understand.” As I hear, “hoorays,”  
and declarations of guffaws,  
and “you’re nuts,” moves wind,  
wild, untamed.... I blow a wind.

Wrestling the dead I now must do.  
Return from the landfill of relief,  
release the invisible hollow of grief,  
where I pled the nothings of slaughter,  
with silence, with coins in mouth,  
by bargains through the underworld of soul,  
my companion, in a language of true anguish

upside down that tows a world  
larger than the human inhumane.  
Be crazy for the bleeding gums of shut jaws  
that insanes a splatter crew of display.

Poems are cliffs, not all cliffs are poems.  
Cliffs built from the top down, soul claws  
are fresh in your flesh as always.  
You will know you are alive, down under,  
thrown up, for the rise of soul:  
“Call it suffering, pain, agony, jam,  
pleasure, you are thermometer  
taking the temperature of the slaughter.  
Do not turn your head away  
and do not refuse life,  
life does not refuse you.  
Any wrestling leaves traces of blood,  
you are a bloodhound for love -- enter soul  
from the center in order to staunch  
the hemorrhaging without being bloodied.