

RON BOGGS



Songs of Soul

1. POETRY OF EXISTENCE

Failures

My failures write the lines
my dyings curl its rhythms:
alive, so sun moon drawn up
that I throws away It,
which pitches it back. I
learn to catch nothing true,
forgive myself, let go and through
all nakedness, give away the ness.
Your life, give away again
and shine as glory robes of suns.

4am, salt shaking

4am, salt shaking
falls
salt, par-
ticles pre-
served and falling
salt shaking
wolves, millions
of years, dream
visions, agonies
of, making love to god,
devil, angel mercies
to comfort savage
wounds
falls
salt shaking
at 4am
whole body poured out
wounds walking
dreams rain
space between falling
between space
invisible cloth of shaking
out the dream wounds
that turn you into night
who pours the real
world un-

relieved and unrepentant out
through the stomach viruses
at 4am salt shaking
years, equators
task of mortality
wishing for tongue eternity
forty-two lovers last evening
and one heart open
wounds, salt licked
I invite her in
to lick my heart
I am so poor I cannot
I am not yet free
free enough
to not wake at 4am
salt shaking
shared bed with hundreds
we are lovers
and stars made out
of the alchemical materials
we gather
collages of each other
gem like in luster
am in love so
do not disappear
evidence
of existence, lick
lips salted at 4am
Its presence will pour
again, announcing

sharp trumpet eyes
night woven ornament shared
by ogres and lapidaries
cows milked and wages paid
as at 4am, salt shaking
wakes you as it has before
as it will again

Totem

When you emerge out of the bowl
(bawl and brawl with all)
you are the totem carved
four, five, six, seven fathoms deep
carved from the inside out
flawed and imperfectible of a beauty
surprised that these many beings
bring you alive so you are
the print of the animal
who makes anywhere the center
of the totem, disappearing,
never to be seen again, covered by jungle
while it springs to life butterflies
and hungers, three thousand miles across.

Roasted Hearts

Around the fire, they fire up
the roasted hearts they've won that day:
do not see what they eat, living
in ice world of talking heads.
The river's whiplash
will not relinquish
entwined flesh, forever negated,
obsessed into living the other's lives
who they hate. The heart they eat
is the one they refused to be its beat.
The heat of the fire will not release me,
as it will not release you. I fear my sanity
is there, too, as roasting is this world.

Never

At the top of trees where we live
geese sway away through the sky,
flies being sun swimmers:
in this canopy we are told by the killers
for all kinds of causes we are tethered
to our post left 30 years ago,
a continent away. Never
is never for a long time.

Castanets

My feet tingle
they want to dance
go off on their own
leave my thinking mind behind
a dust fresco
in love they move in groove
pulling 5 toes down as castanets
making a living kissing the floors
and walking the doors of those
who have the urge to relieve themselves

All day you listened

All day you listened
All day winds ripped leaves
and exposed roots to gnarled knuckled
hell and windows popped out

All day you listened
to their arguments to their horror
stories of agony and unceasing anger
at the arrow of their lives that pinched them
to a tree, the tree
that they hated ignored.

All day you listened
as they pleaded justification for their lives
justifying their existence as we do
when we cannot justify our existence

No
echo listens
Nor do we need to justify our existence
we are as we are - it is justice
enough though it is a hot ball from hell
that you must bounce from hand to hand.
So scalding are these conditions for tiny
animal who like Mt. Fuji lights up inside

each one of us,
yes,
each one of us is an evil vile liver who
sanctions war on himself with no salvation and

Only existence is fire to light night.
Walk on coals, walk of fire.
Fire dance creates the world.

As I look out at mid-February

As I look out at mid-February
from my window, cold curling wind
wrapping my legs
with winter: pear blossoms, cherry buds
unfurl in warm day -- waiting:
warmth, light, insects, and desires

As I look out returning to me knowledge
that I am being looked at
with the scrutiny of an open curtain
with equal revelation, praise, desire,
clouds,
and spiraling loss
to fear fear and change and know their
season here
and be the change, unfurled

As I look I see no human I know,
myself included, in the sentencing
as exposed as this mid-February
winter's
hiddenness and richness,
a cosmic nebula, not yet taken in

As I look I see a long way to go, an earth
that has no bounds of infinite complexity
and simplicity that words border as temporary

raindrops for the immensity of the magnitude
of what is before
that I've not seen before
and has not been forthcoming with me
to show me the grandeur before me
as a mid-February winter, unique,
universal, uncovered, unutterable

To be cleared and without clothing
and open to
the frightfulness of our lives. I will
walk
the next step out through the window
into winter - into finitude of the
blessing,
a branch forever of the tree, that this
day,
has bestowed on the granary I've
turned
into the curling of, of

A beggar came to my door;
He fed me; I took his place.

Redbirds

Two red and black marvels flit
slit the thinnest membrane of air
show each other's tail
chose each other's marvels
so impossible who led who followed
who followed who led who red
who... whose territory it is: desire's
territory twirling among the branches'
song, unloosening
the leaves to fall and...and... wait...

Edge of Darkness

We heard at the edge
of the forest beyond the meadow
through the gully, around trees,
along evergreens, tall and stately,
tellers of bird song in the clarity
the dark so thick and growing and cold
that nothing moved around trees
no sounds met us at this distance
though we heard at the edge of darkness
the sound of our own voice, a song
so mellifluously strained in loops
around branches, calibrated
calligraphy of dark dreams unbound
as we were carried to the edge
those miles of everlasting lostness
to be the darkness of the dark,
the speaker of the unspoken,
being the notes inside the maker.

blossom bee
three two one
none
never always

Purple Phloxes and Cherry Blossoms

Singing phloxes
peers out of left eye

Operatic cherry blossoms
tenaciously holds chords
sighting out of the right eye

Companions, purple love
and intimacy contiguous
limbed orgasms in
and in and insight

Out in the rain left
abandoned child loved
this spring the choice
is made arrows, needles
drawn slowly through my heart
Weaving with windblown hearts,
everywhere in everything,
so carried was I by spring
this day, a haven of years
intimate with kiss of eternity,
in awe phlox and blossom chose me

At the cusp of a bud
one moment long
by three hundred years
of yearning
to be present
forgotten

It rains, dogwoods blossom
white with ten thousand words

Bush in April, Derelict

One moment, nothing -
clouds of flowers;
next moment
missed -
the moments forty years
of absence;
clouds
pull me in, resist -
the very being it is
one moment
every moment
how?
blossoms you -
forbidden to you
to know the lives
of the bushes

Cloud's Song

My ear caught me out -
I did, I heard the cloud's song,
I swear I did, as mercy
mesmerizes when it flows
and you never know the blows
that opens the pipe of the stream -
closed for eons: so long you've lived
that all you've ever seen, until now, steam,
evaporation's joy, a loud thunderclap,
marveling the sky with notes.

To melt
to be left
standing beside
yourself
for the first spring
see yourself standing

I still smell the dirt
of Tu Fu in the clouds

Water poured down
through the old man's hand
borne along by the downward urge
to kneel into the earth
waiting for the heron to call

The Thinly Year

Living in the inside of the grain in the wall,
I've heard it all, seen it done
in every possible tongue and hand
Macbeth to guillotine, lover
making child, child killing mother,
Medusa-armed. Nailed, to hang
crosses of Jesus, Home Sweet Home,
coverings of corner, coroners covered
corpses for the thin rail of unfed child,
left abandoned - this thinly year of fated
structures that blow away dreams
and the compost by which they hoped to rest.
Death will give you no rest.
No one ever sat in the sand next to the waves,
sutured by the climax with the sea
so no pelican came to talk away
the lovers still hand on the wall
and all I do is the hearing

And echo you hear are the stories
that I've heard and the claustrophobia
that darkness wears naturally as this being
listener of arteries of the desperate,
well-worn mud slide havoc

down hill, sluicing sludge
through graveyard of familiar long lived
and long forgotten.

Where you are alone, abandoned,
as an abandoned mine is abandoned,
and you must crawl, learn sight anew,
make sounds, hear echoes bounce
off the black walls, where you are born
where the dead speak in the valley,
where you are never alone, never
abandoned as dead are never alone.

It was as if the clouds spoke
in me and were the forms shaped
telling my tales thousands of years
old and in the making, making
sky blue out of the darkness
that I inhabited and inhabited me.

Untraceable Day

This whole day
sheerness in the untraceable
beauty
fragrance and fragility
as if it were holding up the world
will never be remembered
for anything through the chronicles
even the squawking birds by the tens
flitting into the hot grasses
from early spring heat as
worms, bugs, insects, berries sought,
met death, met the flocking birds
moving about the green yard
until frightened into another feast
on another green table.
The absence of this day in history
of memorable days
for the ineffable beauty
written on my eyes
that will forget for
tomorrow's beauty
until the end of recorded times.
As if I've never lived, never
remembered,
no trace but the untraceable beauty

in this one day
in this one heart
meeting its one life
the whole day
appearing
in its presence.

Birth

At one time, I was in that woman's belly,
waiting to be born. You remember when
we were twins and talking and laughing
with the joy unalloyed with nothing
but joy and the salubrious tongue
of laughter loosening all the holds
that held the floor in place, sluicing
open the door with bangs and hoorahs.

Soil

Fingers pushed themselves first
through the wet soil,
darkening the forefingers until four fingers
and thumb urged up out of the earth,
would not be denied, would allow no denial,
never refusing life and the death and the shouts
and trauma life brings with soil.

Vireo

Vireo sang me awake
inside my head
big as world
of dreams of two millennia
heartbeats of every existence
spinning top never stops
gives you tongue
never had
nests of fledglings
bells sings clouds
to clamor where you belong
slipping down into the lost city
at the beginning of time
the pungency smell between
a woman's thighs
sinking into the sands
as if the natural beachcomber

It rained today

It rained today
even though I've
no power over the day
or over rain. At the same time,
it rained today,
as I allowed its fall
and the guffaws of laughs,
nervous horses at the trough
grieving over the dead mare.
Who knows nothing, anything,
everything - we lean into the wind
hoping it will not rain.
It rains. We return tomorrow.
Hope tries again and grief pound
and it keeps raining.
I hear it in the roof of my ear,
a waterfall cave for bats.
Come out in the rain today,
jumping up and down, splashing
pigeons and people, who swim away.
You splash and dash through
the brushes of water in the midst of
the day of rain.

Firefly
black on black
no body all light

Death and Everything

Homage to Pablo Neruda's "Nothing but Death"

Death pantomimes down the street
as balloons fill up, not able
to stand itself being itself,
being other welcomes, signs fall off
the posted way and wander off
Rundown sound rebound, gravestone herm

Running through the canopy monkeys
the churlish scoff at death
the tears of the bereaved congratulate
the original course of the sun
All is done and never any fun
corsets are worn and women
in the beehives of the lanterns

Forty-two years and the family reunion
visits the mausoleum for china set out
is the alabaster that the barber runs
up the head
to clear the lines and lavender pearls
her neck loves in a desire to stay on earth
wear the genes that appeared her, hovering
and dowsing driving arc sparks

The green quiescence that looks like a heart
tombstone has written on, erased and movies
to see the life lived and passions drooled
the eloping couple found true love, gone,
forbidden hue acts in bed putting the head
to the snow of mountains and lusts of creeks
The butcher married Hortense, never to meet again
Cats buried all over the years in green, no
Yes - green is death, is earth, is green
The torpedo goes through the coffin souls
unleashed onto the world in vengeance, clinging,
haunting, wastage and feast of full nativity
As they began the species again so railroad tracks
upended are the yogi sitting nowhere on the edge
of mountain he has fallen down and celebrates in the
graves, meeting the dishwasher man
who repaired the valves and the hamburger
woman who lusted after strangers

Death keeps grieving born, is welcomed sight
for fright sight human, a joy for earth digger's
digging the depths of fooldom for the human size
you misplaced They find only by being
misplaced the rocket the child busted
after it would not go off,
playground, and leopards in broad daylight
repair widows to the advertisers' amazement
running death notices off the mimeograph
and seeing the way clear of the foliage marbles
that roll random and with abandon of a child

that grasses abandon the ground, taproot
roots and all as whales surface, avocados
undo themselves on the table across bandwidths
as the donkeys and zoo animals clabber out
release into death and death personifies and photo
drippings the 1893 World's Fair
timbers off earthquakes in Lisbon, utensils
put in coffins to ease the journey home.

Women in aprons look out of the funeral procession
while crabgrass replaces geckos as vireos robins
as bones dance, mix it up, awe with devil,
funeral director selling rotting flesh and cannibalism
rites of the freedom's nipple give off no succor
Balance beam over Niagara Falls
cave the faces of the audiences into escarpment
death splashes and tumbles and sings waves
upon waves, never ending death in glory
and orbs welcomes and cantaloupes
The first visitors of spring tell sofa fashions.

The vision green that all visitors home have seen
doves and eagles, claws and paws,
knobs without doors, no turning, no opening
what is here, a coffin coffee latte with your sweetheart
as junipers stifle dissent and the pig masters decree
absinth
Caves curved graveyards, hundred trumpets unleash
death, a shirt of every occasion, a razor on rough
rubbery growing, appear every day until

growings outlastings of the death maker and
dance in suit with no salivator in them. Dance,
a blouse clouds spreading rain grief to salt
and pepper dinner lightning with flocks of geese
in a clearing blue, in releasing pigeons, those extinct
exterminated, here in the heart bone
dug up by the dog in fealty to fidelity

Marco Polo flushes and keeps the flies buzzing,
trips up the Amazon with creams for the face
and dreams of smoking, an addiction to cling to
that the clinger must find the dream that lights singers
Autos cloth the collapsing ice caps in frosty cups
in children's ants in their pants. The death
pronounced is never announced. Sudden
yet invisible, a walking stick on a turtle,
left out in storm at times, stolen by a bear.
The hare arrives again for breakfast, fed the
striplings of eggs, bacon - killing the mall.
Death is a lover of nothing's left, not even the but
Green insects bore into the railroad tie openings
Death waits dressed as the President.

Blinds

Blinds

haunt America with lice eradicated and emaciated
revealing
the languishing marshal of law, "who is that man?"
underwear and t-shirts
grab headlines you can't miss that misses the deadlines
forever
egregious denial and fault lines shuttering blinds
between
open and shut while the manicured lawns hand
over
to the sheriff the legal thieves to be released
spotting globes
with globs of blood running now fictional rivers
erased from the face
of the very monuments blasted away to stay
furrowed brows
peak through the blinds to see erect cock in cunt
delightful sight
geared as car
to ride for miles to nowhere and forget fun
spun
joy rides on elevators and steeplechase
toboggan rides
Flanagan died and died and died though multitudes
demurred

would not let Flanagan die roller coaster alert
arriving
the trick of a lifetime a landslide into oblivion
winced
between a candy bar and pick up bar hard
never forgotten
barreling over Niagara Falls in love with Gracie
echoes
down the Main and New Yorker fortune tellers
hint
the last Mohican again and resurrect the native
again ad nausea
you learn balance see through clarity and deception
ink is ink
1,000 images of denial and powered exertion
in sinkhole
history with the asshole pistol shot off to spark
belief
so seclusion silks over the delusion left over
from the ice age
one more page from dust and green lust bells
tree rings
stay eyed to eye the place they lie all destroyed
destroying

dragon wind

dragon wind

vegetable stew

cranes cloud ends

as pipes blow new

shuttlecocks flutter

fierce points

large grocery bags

feeding and joints

animal skins

beetle hives

beef jerky astounds

for calling jives

finger rings

leopards wait

fortunes spin

ants taste

visor grips

halo raises

lives lived

give everything all

Everyone voted for the fire engine,
red and clanging by,
when taking the underground subway
found the way home

Picnic

We spread the blanket for the picnic,
uncorked the wine and decorated our food
for our conversations' spirits became raucous
with the ghosts of dead, dying grandmother,
lover's invocation as two lover's bush baby,
shells were heard far off in the distant,
after a few had too much to drink,
laid down, slept the sleep of the avoided worries
to death, snoring, even in the dream
picnicking picked up from the lover's
inside the dead ancestor's who let the child
never run free, expectedly, so they
would years later remember this day:
its baked beans, barbeque, hamburgers, coleslaw,
potato salad, pickled beets and eggs,
and gingerbread to feed the wind
and stretch out the picnic until the end of time,
til the end of childhood, end of love, and loving,
until the shine that was that day, even in grandma,
danced between those who remembered that day
that was buried in the shine coming out
to play in the playground, seeing them still,
living inside the picnic of that day
that never ends while ending, giving release, ending
envying leftovers.

Baby frog sits timeless,
body points toward pool -
another frog, another day,
same stillness

What Falls?

This sycamore, here,
the hundred year old elm, there,
by the white clapboard home,
with the wraparound netted porch,
have been ground, tree rings and all,
into wood pulp for mulch,
for decorations, for siding -
no carving for canoe, no head for totem,
no shade for abiding, no tranquility for birds,
no voices to be heard, never to fall again.
Rivers are trees, trees are sun.

Hurricane Mountain

Husband and wife, we strained on switch backs
to the unknown meadow water
up the mountain curtained by felled trees,
of trees on top of trees, cross pathed,
jumbled and tumbled, rotted and empty,
impassable, with thin stand of trees,
as we marveled at the destruction,
fear welling up like the mountain at hurricane,
that had chopped this kindling down.
Then, we realized the haunting, spooky silence:
not a bird called, not a squirrel moved,
not a sound, except the beating of our hearts
in our own shell mountain, two orphans alone, felled.
We reached our hands out to each other
at the roar of the tangle of silence as the
mountain entered us. We lived
inside the silent mountain for years
and made the marriage a hurricane,
a spook of silence, until we learned what attracts
wildlife to mountains to live.

Companions

Companions
for the night
under the stars
in the shack we built
in the woods so far in
we had to be like the stars,
totally awake,
with five bunks
filled with those stars,
though on that night we,
meaning our teenage heat,
had the mind of the nails
and wood of our shack,
not the tree
from which we were made
and the stars that appeared
that we never saw
for we refused
to see
for years refused
to yearn for what we missed
for our pint of heart
did not knock on us,
a door, we did not open,
that night, for years,
as the stars, our knobs,

unseen clearly,
did not turn, unaligned
with earth's magnets,
like the jaguar turning
to see behind the trail
it backtracks over,
as Hermes did, we went unopened,
unscooped out by the god,
never stealing ourselves
from ourselves, unlit candles

The man bent into the wind
reached the point
where he could reach
around
pull himself around
the corner

Turtle
holds nose up in the air,
one leg raised -
his life out of water

Tremors

Tremors
shake the table
china coffee cups cringe
up to the edge and over

My knees propel movement
of the table across the room
and will not stop shaking
the words loose

as I search for words
I cannot find in the cupboard
of my mind I bounce
the words come to me

tremors from land
that stills my hand on my legs
as the table bounces against stove
My chair holds me like its word.

The tree I see
stands erect in me

The tree is me
I stand as the tree

No tree
No me

Jack in the Beanstalk

Jack in the Beanstalk
the returning pedestrians ignored
let Jack climb
feared the giant and cavities.
A crew flew to chop it down
as a hazard to traffic and zoos
also little children. That was when
the tiger walked out of the clouds
the crowd released rehearsing
from the baseball game upturned
slowing to crawling making neck's sore
so unused to seeing giants
that they arrested Jack for practicing
medicine without a license.
They made a beanstalk pie
of the leftovers that stubbled
from the roots of earth through clouds
to the skies above where
they still feared hovered a giant
they kept forgetting growing clouds.

Nothing Personal

Nothing personal

you've shot my daughter

Nothing personal

you have bulldozer breath

Nothing personal

your knife skewers the heart

Nothing personal

beauty vanishes into slag heaps

Nothing personal

personal is all there ever is

Bullshit! We need jobs, need timber,
fuck the poetry slag heaps -
you've no voice,
no inch, no "Munch Scream" to defeat me.

True, this is no poem; I'm not in rhythms:
I could spew a thousand epithets to condemn you -
condemning myself. I will speak, let you speak.
You judge what I say - does it kill? thrill?

spill? maim? cripple? slaughter? fright?
horror human hands held? malignant blight?

That is our fight.
This fight never will end,
until the human ends itself,
the earth,
the cosmos turns its back,

Nothing personal

I do my damnedst to love you,
give you succor and compassion
for any loss that your bullet eyes
and machine gun heart forked
echoing in our halls of congress

Nothing personal

But I must spit, once,
condemn the light discerned:
beauty breeds my fingernails –

All's personal
tongue screaming personal

Red flight -- delight...
Winter's moss remains

Sun horizons hues.
The coin in the pocket
glows horizons, too.
What hue are you?

Silent Voices

Angled wood...grained
split hollow

for the turtle sits and suns

the ants discover shades
of black among the buildings
of grasses melodiously swaying
with the winds

...inside the wind, silent voices

of millions of insects to be heard
waiting to be heard out of the unseen
moistened earth

what animal stained the wood yellow
last night with an odor of offal
marking territory, am I territory?

...these washings to open the prisoner
to true freedom

heard, barely... "death by cage"

crawl on angled wood

Do It

I can't do it
I can't do it
I won't do it
I don't do it
I can't do it
I can't do it
I refuse
I do it
I did it
damn, how did I
do it
but I did it
and I can do it
again and again
wordless
hummed
across meadows
how could I
have never done it
doing it was easy

Wind of Pessoa

A tall, scrawny, tawny skinned man
wearing a sailor's cap, with emblem
of an anchor, came into the house
swept me away, let me play.
I was a mouse. I had chosen to be a mouse.
Wind of Pessoa blew me into the mouse.

I want to be everything. Everyone.
Impossible.
Then, that's what I want.
To see. To be.
Other glees write me.
I'm a calligraphy of cranes
landing on your shoulder.

And I'm waiting for you
to come out of the woodwork,
chase the solo man with the broom,
thinking he is sane and frightened,
of wanting you off the earth.

evergreen star bursts
sun in fog
even the darkest hours

birds clamor over grass
of winter for meals, a chaos
of greed...yet, everyone a seed

dug a foxhole

slept on a grave

hilarious hole

fox says

keep on digging

until you can't stop laughing

until you're rolling over the earth

laughing so heartily your stomach aches

you can't get your breath

you think you are going to die

fox picks up the shovel saying

I'm taking it with me

The Appaller

As I've appalled 30 times,
I'll appall again: never born,
hatched, a before Grendal,
the deep root of plants hanging
down in water even deer,
and you, would not escape in.

I've introduced my meanness
to you. I am no dream, nor
out of dream. I've returned.
I've lived these years to fear
and tear and territory un-
bounded. Hound you with quivers.

Your fences against me are toothpicks.
Your stone fort and cannon shots inspire me.
Your running away, I smell your feet.
You cannot escape, can't fly,
Can't spy, fight, give succor.
Nothing you can be to flee
the horror that appears to see
you in you in me, us three.

I'm the beast who electrocuted you,
who sees the beauty you've cloven
and her horse she strode through your life.
Her power to end you strife
with my might and monstrous clutches

only time, plight, sight, might
will tell if you've the power,
the power to kill or the greater power
to wrestle me into release as I've

introduced for centuries my howl
that I have ever claimed lives and lovers.
Though you dive, I go deeper and seep in
and will rise out of your human well
to pull you under. You need grease
for release, wheel for lightning cosmic flight.
And, can you change me? Or will change
be you, a broth, a stew, you brew
for you and I are twins of the grin
of contentious strife. You claim outcome
of centuries are done; you are not carving to win,
you spin sin out of window and your beauty's
galloping sword to change my sway.
We will see, bleak or eagle has its say.

2. SONGS OF SOUL

The fingers of the water
smooth the hand of the stone
The song the stone sings in desire
replete the kiss that forever tastes.

Today was our day being green
cloth of yellow, blue, gray and black
inside the pattern made by the thread
thread maker caused to blossom a violet,
and our green we blessed as green.

This twine of wind levitates the heart
from breaking its anguish upon the river
of loss and duress, gold coins eaten,
turning black, two glowing horns of ecstasies
where never the never that stops the uncorking
of the bottle that breeds tongue and largess.

Spiral coils spring

Fog salts rain
evaporates when you do

Trees and bushes yearn
long into the night
their light alarms morning sun

Your thighs were earth, 3,500 years
to birth me. I appear, first lover
pulp seed inside the lover's skin,
peeled by passion that blossomed food.

All varieties of trees have broken branches,
shed their leaves, snakes of wind,
breathing, learn clarity at your ear.

In grip shiver of wind
the sliver you appear as
is deep enough, forest O

Beauty of the bush - all there is
and all of its beauty rings enough.

Stone vibrated the world
whole, no way back.
In love, no care.

Mountain Aquifer

In love of Pablo Neruda and
Gerald Manley Hopkins

Mountains spill out of my mouth
I watch them
Remember: earth sky opens
and rolls me up
I am mountain

rivers pour into me
birds sing out my ears
for being here, now, vibrating
I live and teach myself

Horizons are hungry hearts
and the mountain rivers seen
over seven ranges aquifer
until the end of time, beyond

love, one true word, forever
Why?
I can live there and be
born
and born
and be new ancient

Narcissus' Other Face

Looking
spiraling depth charge
down
looking
full frontal into the scalding
burns of hell waters
snuffing out breath
so lacking in glass
our mythological Narcissus looks -
as I did not in that mirror
see my reflection
though mirror appeared before me
and me - I scanned naked frantically
for footing and falling and failing
flailing
until behind Narcissus' face
the never seen face
one never revealed to the amoured:
the face you take first to be God's
then realize it is the human's earth's
round orb -
it is a face of the other universe
whose secret you are, reveals to you
Oh, so slowly, over years the revelation,
in pieces, patches, picassos, passions

so as to vibrate you to disappear out of existence
so earth shaking who you really are, uroboros,
you see the bull (Minotaur),
and as your heart peels the masks off
and opens the fluid of eternity poured so
wonderingly into your being: to see true paternity
real maternity: one, two, both, neither, all
enters your being and your face in the water
clings to it, falls in, does not drown, is Oh so
cleansed by the fall into time, into eternity
the waters invite the dance the vision of the vision
how birth is birth, igniting the light in the stone
at the bottom of the pool waking the young Narcissus
that he is old and has seen what lives in him,
like the new born smacked to breath --
your original glory a radiance that outshines the sun.
Bodily intimate animal lover with lover's who learn
to speak the universe, a voice out of the water.

Secret Footprints of Silence

Would you have kept silent,
not destroyed your life that day?
After the many deaths, would silence
have been your last moment on earth?
Even though you had composted your-
self, uprooted, blown continents away,
retreated to the cave of secrets,
where the alphabet of the darkness' scattered bones
to all continents and climes, redrawn, by the true artist,
into a surprised animal, hunting at night,
tracks the secret footprints of silence.

Soul's Eye

When soul pours out its heavy rains,
rises to the surface to touch you awake
to appearance
beyond the appearance of life

or travels distances over 10,000 year old sands,
to enter you, like an Egyptian alligator,

or you are a tuning fork and vibrate
with soul's voice
and you disappear,
are gone, not here,

in another world,
invited by soul to see
this world truly for the first time
with the oracular lens.

Fright of the Night at the Sight of Our Plight

Scattered around about surrounding woods
I have disappeared into each bush,
each flower, each leaf and dead leaf,
each stone, each insect, each worm,
every tree and stream and boulder under-
neath the sea of reflection, one and all.

The news shouts out, "You lose, you are you
writing at your desk," from those who
have never been here, where what you wear
is the visibility springs they've never visited
inside the cave of the mountain left to husk
that you've scattered waiting patiently
in cure of impatiens learned by the still feet.

I don't know
I just don't know
I've given up, let go, released myself
to forgive the violence I do by too long efforts
into mortality to be unwilled,
undone, unclosed, unhumaned, left for death -
I don't know, so many dyings
I desire to speak "Why?" Once scattered
by shatterings, living lost in unknown country,
psyche has made me into that native to give her
the love of many beings who can tell soul:

strange lands, strange loves are we
the harbingers and discoverers of.

“You’ve lost your way, have nothing to give.”
I’ve no way, lost is my way
without tabulation, tabular waters’
fall, tongues of fire on the conflagration of the heart.
I give away myself. I know I
do not know for what inhabits me
I am not I and I’ve died
and am compost and decaying leaves
for what arrives next at my doorstep.
I will open the door, even when I know
in the most fearful of moments, I know who knocks,
today or many years. I walk through the door
and scatter my remains as my birthright
to be light hidden in the dark scatters and shatters,
mining the invisible to make light of beings
evolving me and teaching me to be them
so resplendent are the grafting and splicing.
I don’t know and I seek its knowledge
to stop seeking and be the sought
and fought over as I have strung out of me
like a diamond body the inner light sparked by the
fright of the night at the sight of our plight.

Onion Earth

What writes me
makes me visible
what you cannot see
insists on speech
sizzles water steam
clears for no scar

Being sky, you know
the secrets of being blue
revelations. Deer tracks -
they would not revive you
no mouth to mouth breath
of life for us animals,
us creatures of the minutely
large universe. What's hard
is the slap on the baby's ass,
a baby left to dangle for a lifetime.

The loss penetrates anguish,
your love, our making what we can
of love, pains of mountains,
moon's kiss that soul does not let
rest the open door, your entry
into the disappeared world who
knows when? how? is it true?
We get used to inhalation of

Soul's breath and the blow in-
to your heart.

You become a river, soul's embrace,
that is so bending for me, curving
the sand rocks to pebbles,
down here, in the floor of life,
whose beauty of face
marbles thousands of years
in onion earth.

In the Cat Hours

In the cat hours
out in the swirling dark
soul's trials
whose hands contour
your face to change the hour
when the very form of foam
looms you out plaintive cries
of lost souls who wail inconsolably
lick your face and your moon eye
closes and collapsing you
through the door that never closes.

As it flew in brushstrokes,
in dives, and swooshes, swallowtail
spoke, "Come, join us."
No - turning - back

Wind

Have you been wind -
so roasting the killing, they want you dead:
never constant, vague, ghost filled
as the wind, too, has direction
and changes always. Wind loosens
like the shedding of caribou so bugged
that the living flesh thousands eat alive -
many deaths, natural and unnatural.

Wind gives no agreements as soul -
it comes back and goes forth
with no announcement and yet your posture
to its ringing is your turning
toward the wind that speaks in song hurts,
drawing the spirit animal through brambles
out of the underbrush to claw you
and you release wind, let it flow, go
where it wants. You never know wind,
wind knows you - so love your tenderness
when your seasons grow a voice for wind.

No One Ever Speaks for Themselves

You see over on the pier those
who have come out of the boat:
they are for whom you speak.
No one ever speaks for themselves,
no one exists alone
even when the seagull shits on you
in surprising urgencies of dithyrombs.

Ripped apart, you've been taught to breath.
You speak for each one.
No one will save you; no one can save
anyone. Salt stored for generations
surfaces in the lake of perspiration
made by human's grief wails borning
swells of acid tongue, and never waking
silence for more than dear moments.

Tunes of you are never alone,
never one always many - forever.
You've learned this song among seeds thrown
never you look back, bring thousands
with you when hate throws evil you must lyre
strings of compassion as acid is tongue
and tongue made with the fires
of those who you are when you are
most yourself, speaking their silence.

The children blew the white dandelions,
crowning their heads with stars.

Light Beings

Night lightbulb
lightplug
First hint - heat
touch burns skin
having sex
and living to tell revelers
inside the circle, initiation -
heat is the indicator
at its height and length
peel off the dark
fingernail by fingernail
to see circulating heat -
the source the light
marveling inside
Unplug the light being...

Soul's Surprise

Vasla Popa and Rumi

Tongues splash at the soul's surprise:
We're here, caught, mind numbing,
bees buzzing, animal meals,
slices of spiritual feats of meat
with asteroid heart,
threatening earth.

You can't get out. I see the trap,
smell the food, walk right in,
find no exit, either with a bang
or one's own hand: the questions hang
over life and death, form daggers
put here for the caged to feast
on the chipped china.

You have made calamities be teeth

You have made calamities be teeth,
given you as gifts, each trauma enameled
food for both and multitudes -
abstracts, cool distances are intimates,
lovers who invent you and suffer you
into happiness and fasting.

You are so many people who've appeared
out in the afternoon sun, unseen
afar, appeared through the steaming sweat
of heat, whose voice of the rivers of tongue -
you are never alone, never abandoned.

Who speaks? Who gives? Who guesses?
Distress falls like rain, full lines and cloth lines
that wash you clean for you will soil
your clothing again when the panther
meets you in the mountain night, all eyes,
alert to sound - you risk animal.

Delicious are the trees that grew you
and the fires that blew you just here
where you need to be, where you are
in the center of the lostness that are woods.
Only place where you can really appear-
do you know how?

The Armies Mass, Want to Take You Prisoner

The armies mass, want to take you prisoner,
want to put you back, again, into cage,
where rage comes naturally, wine age.
The leak you hear, the heart ink
you must turn to exuberant drink, refuse surrender,
die if you must, from their lust battles.

Tender mercies in deadly atmosphere for years
of the godly gnomish grog of dead skin
and drilling. You travel equators
with your dysentery and fever never leaving,
gives you impossible strength and food,
delicacy of life, sucking succulent watermelon.
Worms wait; you see soul in the worm,
shrunk by the coughing spirits. Fire.

Art of Innocence

Cherry blossoms and tender flowers
fall as drenching deaths of beauty,
as I sit in the dark, as the electric off,
and Nancy dashes in from yardwork,
see greens green greener; thunderclap
skips a beat with sudden flash:

I yearn for lost innocence, for some reason,
and unbidden powers image the Chinese hermit poets,
clouds dirt white art dark in the void of innocence
cascading down through what is absorption,
mixing the neverness with silence and loss,
and, in the dark, the downpour drinks me up
and, in the void, falling dark of drenching beauty
drinks me up as the art of innocence.

Tale of the World in a Bowl

The desert hermit
mixed the world into a bowl
he made from the cactus
stirring up until I spun, too.
Then, he sprinkled salt
and paprika and went to the arroyo
of the last flood for drainage,
pouring forth a seeming forever,
a seeming world.
He positioned a glass over the stirred pot
whose pungencies crumbled the sky
and the hairs on my neck stood up
and my nose carried fuel
that after a while turned into smoke,
then flame. He asked, "Do you want
to quench the fire?"

Monster

The monster of seven arms and four eye teeth,
of red blood, of hanging flesh and con-
torted body, held in his one deformed hand
the gun that went off in dreams and was full screened
during the day - until the monster walked
out of the dream, ate my heart in fits and starts,
laughing, drawing laughter from the stadium full
of watchers who hid the butcher of geese
and arrows through their neck, that piercing
they carried for the rest of their lives -
until sizzling grease woke me of my ear as conch
to catch dream's throated warbler. I invite him
to dinner. Give him juicy morsels to eat
and get drunk on. Let him sleep in your bed.
Ask him after your hospitality and touching him,
as you've never been touched before, to bless you,
to give you the release and churned guts
that weathers tornadic minds, hanging birds
upside down, from the trees to sing you awake.

Many Ways of Being

Her entry in her journal:
After the storm, the limbs directionless.

Necessity knew no bounds,
the back of the bushes lashed out.

She was found, whole, among bushes
she sang other wholes of her geranium roots,

four stones had moss of which she was a spore.
It was the time of purple summer, druidic

rites as color oozed life out of hiding,
two mountain lions ate her and she

next appeared as a cloud human telling tales
out of mind, the language lay about

the ground, waiting for the pouring
pulling that no one ever saw though never knew.

Wind exclaimed it was "Wind" when the beating heart
of the moving leaves registered "Yes" of the Yes.

Tasties

I sucked on the M & M's:
flavors of Cary Grant and Joni Mitchell
colors flourish Marco Polo
with horse of Shakespeare,
teeth chews of Lucille Ball -
into the nugget of John Donne,
a forty year mystery, spreading out,
wanting so urgently to taste of divinity
that never disappears.

I taste another handful:
Marx Brothers dance with Fred Astaire shoes
while the Wabash whistles, "Hi, Ho, Hi, Ho,"
evaporating Swiss yodeler shivers
valley calliopes of dense underbrush,
catching the silent sound of peppermint.

A Song of Soul

You well remember, soul says,
standing in front of the stove
in your studio apartment
in Chicago steak knife
pressed against your right wrist,
moving in shudders, opening
and shutting, holding back the dam
from bursting over the kitchen floor,
moving to the sink sharp serrated edge
making a well against your neck,
in unbelieving heat without ventilation
as you saw the blood filings drip,
escaping magnetism, don't you?
You sing the songs of soul, why did the dam
not break for the magnet had no glue?
A lifetime you lived your death. You asked:
How did I live, how survive to here?
Wrong questions.

the still pond
waited
- until stillness -
no pond, no stillness

Sometimes a duck is a swan;
sometimes a swan is a duck.
Sometimes neither.
Sometimes I am both and neither.

birds clamor over grass
of winter for meals, a chaos
of greed...yet, everyone a seed

Who Will I Be?

I've escaped
I don't know where I've gone
I do not see me
I fear both the escape and the finding

I burn autumn leaves as sacrifice
acrid smoke of remembered summer flowers
I disappear in the pile of leaves
though I fear I am not underneath

I dance the dance of leaves
the dance of the unexpected
not knowing where I am
or how to find me -

When I return, who will I be?

After the Meal

From across the globe
where it was evening
as I slept into dawn
came the knife in the back
that urged me out of the dream,
startled me upright
and alert, as a hunted animal,
disoriented
until it dawned on me
the sun shone out of my eyes:
If not now, when?
So began the new life
after the lion had had her meal.

Dreams are Our Prayers Answered

What's it like
being in your skin?

Just like being in your skin.
No.

We look like clones.
We act like mirrors.
We skin out of animals,
differently,
not washable in rivers.
A combustion of fire?

Some say god, some bliss,
others a unique, never before or after,
a marvel, a miracle.
Which one do you believe?

Which one makes you desperate?

The wind releases me from my obligation
that I to you owe my skin,
a degree of inches over miles
of five continents, one river, washable.

Do you feel you are a dream as a spring

of water? Is that you? Or, you are
the house soul built from ashes.

Your dreams are never mine though
I've been in yours.

Dreams are our prayers answered.

The Chair

The chair
stood beaming
a vibrational glow
a flow seen only in humans
out of the utter stillness
at sunrise that the day flowered
into sunbeams out of its soul
out of the deepest darkness
flowing kokopelli's flute
beaming. The chair
remained beaming
for no other reason than
it was a chair and
it had never before beamed
and, perhaps, would never
after beam vibrations out
of the deepest darkest stillness
the glow that moved the chair.

In the Pillow of Moonlight

In the pillow of moonlight
beetle crossed out of view
wood ached to bending winds
nothing to be done hunched alone
against the echoing night owl
hunting jaguar backtracks birds by
the hundreds on branches in silence
is their squawk a twig twinges
shadows of shadows finger figures
every phase of the moon hanging
on every branch around dropping
into the bed of earth evaporating
into an undercurrent to the bed
of the sea -- swimming up,
moon on pillow, ceremonies of innocence
blood for slaughter, we've never slept
alone nor are we awake alone, we fear.

Estuary

Dreams of the mountain
carry the never in you
always to the sea

Dreams of the ocean
wave the ever in you
inevitably to the shore

Mountain: on river of resistance

Ocean: on sea of yeas

Estuary: wheels of two worlds

swirls of urgency and pull
riptides and sandbars
inducements and undertow

Mountain: life resists death

Ocean: Life welcomes the end

Estuary: Dreams never end

run through the streams
make waves the sea
Pleasured cries; indifferent skies

Dreams: What have you done, Ron,
with the estuary of your

life?

Craft wheels across chasm
released by eagles turned by
night owls.

You have to honor the day
in some way
so give away a piece
of yourself a day
for you've no say
in the swan who plays
you and who you play

Ears hold storms
to born stones
petals fall as cattle
bang the soul for scooping
out of unheard
diving bird starving
for sea's fish, penetrating
through the blue labyrinth
to the scaly truth of singularity

Wolves' eyes stare into you
from behind the birch trees
whose eyes shade the grim maimed
blinded by the snow whose
silence you see is the white
of the eye of which you are the cornea
staring into the pupil, black
center of the iris -- Iris, Greek
messenger of the gods -- seeing
through from the long snow down
out into the naked abyss cold stars
colder hearts

When water carries fire
the living white doves
that live behind waterfalls
fly through the falling

Three crows caw
on the limb
for the no crow

Turtle
sinks in the waters
still

Questions

As you walk to your mailbox,
woodpecker echoes the hollow tree.
World alive? World dead?

Azaleas in the backyard pruned
in the wrong season, decimated
out of love and care. A waste
of plumage? Desire for plumage?

Walk through the meadows of pheasants,
shake them out of the deep grasses.
Hunt for pleasure? Hunt for food?

Songs of the roots that have lived with
these things grow better questions.
Even death is a marvel? Is all music?
Be in the Tao? Make void of grief love?

Red Fox Song

Go where the red fox dens
go there to be in the lair
of the fox - not to be the fox,
to see as the fox -
let the being clear out of itself
for the mind is a mighty wind
before your days are done
and nights are sung
you will build a den
with the materials of the red fox
and know the glory
of being wind's chime.

Twirl of wind

Twirl of wind
two ten year-olds on trail
lament
each other's parents
ignore
twirl of wind
next moment
two forty-five year-olds
speaking
over the water fountain
in the break room
lament the rent their families'
cost each other's lives
echoes ignore
twirl of wind
two seventy year-olds
lament
the parents they'd been
the horror of the child's death
the drugs they were
in the home the office
the coffee the bosses
twirl of wind
ignore no longer
two dead souls
lament

their losses
the wine not drunk
at their funerals
the ten year-old
parents their parents
parented
twirl of wind
laments
ignore never grew up
never supped
never ignored ignorance
for twirl of wind

Sleep with Your Eyes Open

Sleep with your eyes open
soul announces on entrances
they're coming for you now
do you know what you have done
to havoc order
chaos santa man
on exits
goes to Tahiti and fragrance
wafts over me and my erection

Sleep with your eyes open
soul takes your eyeballs
perfumes the night
for lighthouse tests water's
sincerity - behind the eye-
balls steaming fissures giraffes
owls lions Athena swallow bitterness

Sleep with your eyes open
we are swimmers as gold knows
where it is hidden in earth
never go for the food on the hook
fish out of water starves the abandon
abandon the abandon eyes return
forty worlds, 1,000 beings, ten
thousand things as gifts as

soul sails me through abandon waters

Sleep with your eyes open
travel dreams to Egypt the shore
the allure desire of a pearl
enter you with strangers and ghosts
hosts to larger beings daemonic lovers
swims eyeballs through night
an appearing disappearing ephemeral
candle consuming itself the face
of Psyche herself salivating not
for salvation for the tongued kiss touch

Sleep with your eyes open
the Dream walks out of sleep
you inkle its resonance its glow
as soul glows in vivid tinctures
of the jasmine of the hearts,
yes, the heart's imagination testing
you by the pain of ringing do you
sing bird on the wing on the limb
the first year of the tree's rounding
center vibrates outward palpitations
of a banana and orange and song

Sleep with your eyes open
soul has left eyes inside you
use them whiskers of slimmest hope
to satisfy by disappearing drowning
knowing drowning so many dreams no

longer drowning protest on waking
closing the eyes because can and will
the human ever run the knives
of the horses remorseful for not riding

Sleep with your eyes open
to welcome lovers drifters erections
guests gifts in the form of deformity
eros lusters birds by the tens and tens
pecking the earth to eat moving to...
driving with the dream of desire
being inside the orgasm of Laura
ejaculating to the steering wheel
to the window windshield you are
spreading out into the world

Sleep with your eyes open
seeing it for the first time with eyes
of soul has taken from you
and like Rumi, Shakespeare, Pessoa,
Rexroth, Snyder, Vallejo
rolled you down the river bank
enter the stream sink learn to swim
swim up the mountain to find
we are born thieves for the treasures
are buried deep or scattered
and swimming to the ocean soul travels
you to encounter the thieves that steal
your life from you wrestle its treasure
to unglue its trickster's lifeline

of deaths of you yet the thief still stands
call him brother, call her sister

Sleep with your eyes open
Soul's eyes have blessed you and no hook
would you eat no dream will go
undreamt wild the dark of night clothes
you the one the Dream dreams up of you
in the eyeballs soul has colored
for the world to shrink let the
balloon of world float away more graphic
life has awakened in dreamt you
will be in our dreams tomorrow
when you sleep with your eyes open
my brother my sister
to get to where you cannot get to

The Awakener

In sleep
nothingness
no consciousness, no remembrance
no existence
absence, no there as not there
void that has no feeling

Suddenly, awake
out of nothing
aware of darkness
of consciousness
traveling weightless
inside an egg
woken by urge to waken
pushed out by nothingness

into the darkness
of dream half awake, half asleep
littoral affinities, aware
awareness told to be aware
to be awake
though by whom? what? where?
escaped? pushed?

In the dark balloon of dream
sleep, mind not mine, free

poetries of lines and images
over and over to write through
and suddenly
in sacred space, felt the hum
the holding of consciousness
in bliss: sacred gems
those poetries of dreams
awed free floating me
All of me entered the night
I was the sight not the seer

Forlorn, lost, aware
rest of the night, fought to return
to the scene of pure attraction
never found the way in
through the turmoil
so many entrances into the cave
looking for the hold
bending all of myself
chasing the Sacred
that came to me in the night
and left me with a cave
of emptiness to fill or leave still
to explore boundlessness

Looking for the Awakener
that threw me into the womb
of the unknown nothingness
that

3. ODES OF INCONSOLABILITIES

Poetry saved my life
May this verse disappear
when the slaughters of innocence
are never heard
even in echoes out of
the cave of ignorance
to the edge of the universe
and beyond

An Offering

For Dr. Robert L. Moore

The universe is a wound
who will not relieve you of its clutches
will make you the wound it is
will turn you around,
over, inside out,
upside down to openly cut
you as its wound as heart being
never to let up the bleeding, the pus,
the soreness raw, the pain, core ache,
beat the existence, another fevered heart,
wants it pure in you
so down into the core you sense
you are moon, you are sun
you are wound, become them,
refusal you can never ever do, forever,
for intense, profound into mystery
so being the beams of sun, clouds of blood,
blue sky, a healing scab for night, too much
for sight twenty-four hours a day,
blue sky of hope, what hope drips out of the night sky
in desperate and holy despair
so unwound, unwinding time, is its power
that you roll down hill, like a dung beetle,
run the death valleys to strengthen
to pull the claws strangling your neck

and find never, never
you are released, no peace, ever, forever.
You must never cease to be its wound.
You are its voice, kissed by its needs,
you owe it gratitude, your life.
You praise - the struggle - not to survive,
for what is death?
You see what you carry in your hand
to the world, an offering.

Another Fire Starter

They hung the woman by her arms
on the branch. The crowd who raised
her to that height were in their delight,
taking bets: would she hold
the night, would she die,
or break bones on the fall, which ones
and the odds. Smiling, they clamored
for her falling
though a few of the most intrepid
in the bushes of the shaking heart
shook, "Hold, hold."
Fire rose as night robed those clad
as they danced, syncopating her fall
from disgrace into a pile of human waste.
At dawn, she barely held with strain
and weakness, as many slept, refused to be wept
or regret. She was their energy.
When she let go with the cliff fall before her
she spoke her first words: fall with me,
odds are against agony.
Your fire starter undoes not night
but inner light.

Refusing to appear

Refusing to appear

not out of shyness or care

they cried they spoke

the earth

its atrocities and

most compassionate love

their appearance as who they were

would never let humans

be humans take real earth lives

they spoke out held out

unseen tacklers knuckle

the turn of your life bent back

wind

they call it no name

that all may be it

appear

Revelation

Revealed naked,
appalling others,
laying in an alley
for a week, stubble
pencils draw out
revelation - the horror
that lived biting in-
side those who did not
want to see what they saw
that lived inside of them.

Forensic Traces

Blood ran out of the houses,
dribbled darker on the paved streets,
as the kids skating by
became limbs of the myth that lived,
that lived their lives and the three
were never found except in the floorboards,
drenched, in the homes, thin gardens.