

THE CRY



RON BOGGS

The Cry

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DEDICATION

These poems evolved out of the Greek god Hermes. Hermes appeared in me at one the lowest ebb of a life of scree, and with whom I dialogued in an ongoing conversation using techniques of Jungian Active Imagination. He is a god of communication, messenger of souls, and integrator of serpent energy giving psyche Eros and direction. He manifested as a boon companion at a time when I hung on the edge of survival. He constellated in my imagination and life the inner healer. Hermes gave me two gifts that helped sustain me. One, when I felt totally an isolate, abandoned by the society, world, psyche, and heart, and alienated in the most desolate of places, inner exile, a prisoner of my own tyranny, call it madness if you know nothing of the phenomenon, he said to me “You will never be alone.” I, who had flipped Sartre’s condemnation of the human race as hell is other people to hell is yourself, always yourself, nobody but yourself, as an existential crisis. You are never alone gave me more than comfort. It became my battle cry to gather the courage to change the direction of my life.

This change of direction was the second gift. Hermes spoke to me, “Do. Just do.” Repeatedly, like a mantra, I began the slow torturous process of turning intellectual rigidity and sky walking and airy bullshit with no feet

on the ground, never able to make a decision or change direction into doing. The intellectual work whether it was a mistake, a failure, a disaster, I let psyche be what she wanted to do. I attended to the activity of doing. Years of doing, just doing, broke the frozen logjam of emotional malaise, intellectual fear, and egoistic suicidal refusals to live in reality.

I promised Hermes that I would one day write a book on him. After he announced his presence to me, who at the time knew little about him, I shortly entered Jungian analysis with a analyst upon whose desk stood, to my surprise and wonder, a small statue of Hermes.

Synchronicity. I researched as thoroughly as I could to prepare the work and have intermittently thought about my promise as I gather more knowledge. My goal is to write a work that more fully reveals Hermes, who evolved in the alchemical arts into Mercurius. For I have lived the truth of each one of his names, his words, and his guidance, as well as his role as the messenger of souls. His lyre of tortoise shell slowly over years and years rose from the bottom of the seas onto land and into air as music that sings the transmutation of a thousand pieces into voices and visions. My thanks can never be enough.

This dedication to Hermes is a small honor for his services to me. He always is with me although he has

never appeared in any form in the hundreds of conversations I have had with him.

THE CRY

The tears shed from your sun and moon
Have streamed into the bay
Of your wails and laments whose long sigh joined
The cry that made of ocean
The seven seas that sails of elegy's bosom
Had not the capacity to soak up
To enter the cavern at the bottom of the earth
Where the cry waits release
For no ears have the shape to hear it.

Your tears have realized the fears and ears
That made them yours.
You no longer flail cries to rent the heavens
Along a dirge of funeral pyres
Wrapped around the earth 2,928 times.
The ocean gives the tears
Lived in heart's unheard plea to your knees
That felled you like the oak.
The sigh surfaced with obligations to the cry.

You come to this shore, launched from this pier
to center of sunnight blast.
Here, to give you your question: what do you do
For earth to art
Your stay a love, a kindness, a pray, clay mold?
A tear with no ghosts

Of which you no longer are the host.
Presence that can be ocean
Carry the cry into markets of the world.

WHITE TABLECLOTH

I lay out white tablecloth
rub my hands across its surface
to still steep mountains and rift valley
of circuses, halls of Congress, shuttered
mental hospitals, leafed streets,
poets in political dudgeons,
galloping panics and paranoids
as well as baby oils. Shrouds
and clouds, neither wait.
The lily pad moves, launches ships to sea
like earth leaf fallen from tree
at the horror rolled along the tableau
of beauty no one wants to know.
In solid rock they insist it's silk. We forget
why we set the table for a meal.

ROAR

Roar of oak roots
hollow forest
ten million homes a canopy
wherever you walk
without looking up
without dropping down

CROSSROADS

In the desert, feet bleed wet oasis, of snow and meadow;
Clarity demands every ounce of saguaro and sagebrush.
Hermes speaks: what made you made you here,
Where you go is your doing its doing,
Parcel the four directions into claims to build a herm.
Spontaneously, ten directions arrive, like the ancients,
At the epicenter of Navaho sand painting and
Mandala of Vairochana Buddha, in this desert of
decision
In the original country where its space
Is all you can see for as far as you can see, and beyond,
From which this adventure whose tale metamorphoses
This song to keep me awake to the desert
That walks the crossroads I am. Disappeared,
The sea is my anchor, the wood my skin,
The sail soul, as always, and I am never lost.

NEWS

The news is always bad.
Why read about it, then.
It may change. Never has.

The news shatters 1,000s a day.
I'm glad it's not me.
It will be one day when you
least expect it. Expect it today.

The news is useless,
it shows our messy mistakes,
we make into ideals
we hone into swords
to run through the heart
of those who refuse our news.
Those who use the news
Con us with new fur masks.

The news when good,
why would you change?
Bad news gives reasons
to fight for better change.
What that would be
is a fantasy of Disneylands
for Stalins. Fear made
the alphabet, its spaces

were left with hope.

Everyday new disaster, new flood,
cyclone, fate, sex hating, and political
chicanery wrapped in love wars
and mate whores of columns
of marching soldiers on
senseless, endless battleground.

News is to second-guess ourselves.
You go on about your living, happy
it's not you, worried about crime
over there, around the corner, of trends
of sex parties, of infidelity over the fence
and making the paper useful for litter
for cats and dogs who read the funnies
and obits, just for fun, and make their bets:
who's the next famous person to die.
How much are you in for?

WAVES

waves of pebbles round
hewn stone
fingers of the moon

OLD SHED

Old shed abandoned a generation ago
revealed weathered addictions that cut
tree into lumber and years of rusted nails
among prickly vines, hungry entanglements
of weeds in multiple disguises, leaving no trace.
Crumbling into an open field with no center,
There is no one to walk among the ruins.
No dead bodies had been discovered, no estate sale,
As the property lost value. Original survey papers
Burned in courthouse fire. Not even nostalgia
Regales mossed over tears, nothing of original weather
Has been lost or aged in its new beauty.

I WAKE

I wake
from where
I feel the brush
paint me
into who I
am to be today
what lizard
and giraffe for gawking
children, cantaloupes,
jackaloupe, oh!
Fun dizzies around
 repugnance who spew at you
in another dream.
 Now, I confess, I enjoy the mess.
 Tatters, shatters matter.
I love the alliteration & association.
What can I say to defend myself,
no longer care to defend myself.

I wake
I'm here
beyond any recognition
and reconniter.
It could be hazardous,
risk

no longer look to GPS,
fool is dancer who rearranges maps.
How you ask? Don't ask.
I could say, but I don't
for if I knew the answer
I won't be here talking to you,
beyond all the brittle litter
of peanut brittle and divine swans
though I give them their due
as they gave me hue and now
I do not shout in the donut hole.
I let the cry clay its way.

I wake
no way to compass
where to say I am
on the stream. Does it matter!
It always has, where stories
Myth forth with sword
To slay dragon. Here, in
dragon's lair to be here in
Ovid's Metamorphosis, everyone
I was and Rilke was not a hair off
nor Jung, the dragon flies you out
to here to be here, no other way.
Its fire may burn this love letter
for its never seeable scales
are what we call love,
a name we know nothing of,

except that we breath it
and as we breath it breathes us,
and, alas, we are the fire
the yearns and burns us.
Free we see we miss what we
can't put our fingers on, riding
depends on where we stand or
be metamorphosis as never has
there been any other way to be.
Our minds blind us to our state,
which is no state, no fate, no date,
when we are awake.

You wake
every form and deformity
as humans have gift of this rift,
that waylays welcome
every brushstroke of old dragon,
blues new, yellow fellows
in the sea, green sheen.
You glow as, purple pleases
only the royals that give
to the empty country free reign.

I wake
can hardly wait to mate,
it doesn't matter with what.
I let the appearance
be what's being painted

with brushstrokes over
square frame as I swim
beyond in green open sea
that was always already here
that was the way went
as no other way to go
when drawn by call of soul
you give to soul as soul
gifts you.

I wake
one day no brush stroke no appearance
no erasures. Dream newly spun
with no name to call it.
Call it pure light,
what we're called alive,
another name could do
of bouncing electrons, protons.
We live in world of opposites
because we are opposite
Of what we thing we are,
apparently, no other breath
can breathe life, consciously.
We live in body too small
So we struggle for soul's call
to clamor out of our wall,
to no avail and so we're hell,
we begin to stink the smell,
the rot our gut staring in front

of us in plain sight of earth,
sun, and moon, of each star
in the firmament, a jewel
of our sunken treasure
that oceans reveal cannot be
hoisted up. We must dive down,
live at the bottom of the sea
because nothing's to be won,
nothing's to be done. You die,
you buoy, rise to surface,
gift what soul has given you
for you no longer live in the body.
Unable to divine this ripeness,
Its music intertwines into song,
you undone.

BALLOONS

The girl looked up at her mother and smiled,
“Why don’t we float up into the sky like the balloon?”
“Oh, they do, they call it flying to earth,” Mom sighed.
“Like daddy, he’s so full of himself, unless he’s drinking,
He goes off like helium, uh?” She nodded, handing her a
green one.

Mother asked, “Can you blow up the balloon and tie it?”
“I can,” the delighted girl squealed, “We put two and
Two together. We learned that in school.”

Mother laughed, and in the laughter ten questions
Bodied forth fighting to be asked in Plato’s Dialogues.
She felt squeamish, relented, let the air go out
Because this balloon she was determined to live here
With her daughter, no matter what anyone thought.
She was done with living her life as an emergency,
Squeaking out in sounds of inflated air to collapse,
Exhausted with life. Instead, she let her daughter
balloon

Full on a meadow of golden yarrows, star-bursting
milkweeds,
And simplicity of purple coneflowers and black-eyed
Susan’s.

BOTANICAL GARDEN

Cherry blossoms from Japan, river birch from China,
Boulders from Pleistocene planted in botanical garden
Of the empire builders of a century ago, whose voice
Of sea grasses planted by Walt Whitman sung
With barbaric yawp of the spellbound river,
Wending its way through anglers with a mission
To cleanse the stream of song fish, end softly
Or harshly gentle waters to let the stagnate gnats
Never cease, while along the banks everyone admired
Brochure visits among peeling bark of the birch.

CAT'S BALL OF YARN

Cat bats ball of yarn
off floorboard, paws under couch,
stretches deep
100 miles of desert to arrive
at this spot that bats me
around unrolling me
until I don't know what's left
or if anything is or anything worth
anything. 1,000 ways to cook, why use
so few utensils? Why do you think
the fuel comes only in a few tragedies
and energy scenes, call them what you will?
You may hide under the couch,
the cat will get it or you will move the couch.
Chew on it awhile, the flavor of the yarn
will come through, let it unravel as it will,
Be thrilled! You are here.
Ah! Not wanting to be fuel, also, burns up.

“SHE OF THE MANY LEAVES”

Move boulder with rope over my shoulder,
pull out fence posts, and with wooden wheeler
I roll up the barbed wire, despite sharp cuts
that cannot be avoided when the land I labor
to clear is the silk I dined on in making love to
“she of the many leaves.”

Where the boulder sat, I sit my chair,
a chipmunk scurries by as if I were transparent,
like I had my mouth full of seeds. We look
at one another. I’m wonder, it shines clear
through of light brown and vanishes into one
of its many homes.

After torrential rain, the shine from earth is deeper,
almost as if this was how our original ancestors saw
the original world in original speech that urged them
to shout out of this intensity, “Love.” This ache of
labor
honors our original home as the original taste,
gentle along the tongue and cutting to the mouth.

WHAT IS BEING ASKED OF US?

What is being asked of us?

Nothing is being asked of us.

Then why do I feel that it is?

It's intrinsic to us.

That is not acceptable.

Ah, nub of wars and delusions
Ropes of tyranny appears right
In front of eyes.

The ropes move

Through so subtly never realize

go

No to yes, yes to no. You are
Upside down.

Then, there's nothing to do?

There is, do it, always do it.

Lacks reason.

Is the essence of reason that
appears

As a hole that can grasp another
hole.

Then, we need new reasoning.

Modern totalitarian like ancient
Kinship of myth, stores to soothe
The savage beast.

As Shakespeare wrote with his bloody pen, "How with
these rages

Shall beauty hold a plea whose action is no stronger
than a flower.”

We never get anywhere.

Where to get in our brief passage
Except give others better passage,
More soulful passage that rests rage
So the flower can undo bloody cage.

TRUE DAY

This day
like every other day
had never before existed. This day
would never again exist. Yet each day
was every other day
and had never been any other day
than the day
in which appeared every other day.
New land appeared as ancient day,
Old land surfaced as new day,
with shine eyes new every day,
new me's that existed other days
yet never knew existed those days
until I confound myself with dailies
with what I really am until daily
releases seeds that free true day.

DEATH AND DYING

Every day, a new death or dying.
You'd think by now I'd be used to it.
Eastern bluebirds plummet with loss of habitat,
being particular where they nest. The flood
of hillside, spring deluge, dam breaks, agonies,
cattle float on. Hummingbird flits faster
than life to pink petunia, hmmmmm,
trance, flings off, faster than life.

Every day, a new death and dying.
Why go through this birth canal,
Call it any name you can imagine?
No other way than this way?
What we see as tear, depression, suicide
are not gambles of random digits.

Every day, death or dying.
Old as the most ancient of us
have ever conceived, standing
in our shoes today. A native
to these shores we stand in their shoes.
Ancient life of existence nothing
Other than death and dying.
No other way than this way?

Every day, death and dying.

Our breath, next moment, death's gift.
Every moment new, hue, hew,
if you think, your mind has a lock on you.
No key ever found, just confounds
looking for what has no keyhole.
You live every day anew as death and dying,
as one life lives through you, working
hard to imagine other ways than this
that's made this way death and dying.

HARD HURT

I hit full face into a sapling.
It appeared before me
Out of nowhere.
I thought I was paying attention.
I thanked the sapling,
Let the hard hurt go its way.

HEARD

I heard twig snap.
I thought, "deer."
Looked around looking
For the sound
That had already gone
That was sitting with me.
I waited for another map.
It did not. I heard
My waiting, never gone.

MOUNTAIN RIVER

Mountain river
Flew down the tree
As wolf pups trailed behind.
Sassafras roots tasted above
Timberline, the amber rocks
Cascaded up.

MAGNOLIA LEAVES

Magnolia leaves bounce with rain
Sound of one hand clapping
Runs to edge of canopy
Drops fears on the way
Fear does not grow from earth.

SILK

Her erect nipples hung down to my mouth
Like two grapes to suck from its juices,
But my lover hung them on a vine
Just out of reach, asking, "Have you ever
Had your body silked? It's divine!"
I hadn't. She rubbed silk cloth along my body,
Like the lover she was, that grape filled
Moisture of imagined head that becomes
What imagined as she danced me
Into heightened frenzy before I sucked
The grape, as I silked her as she did me.
Both sides of the silk, by the time we pierced the veil
Of one another, divine marriage, out of both sides
Of the silk we emerged as silkened one.

JUNIPER

hanging over cliff resilience
deepens roots endurance
bends holding
itself up in the middle
of nowhere else to go –
funnel of the fantastic
curve of laughter or sly frown

LEAVES KEEP FALLING

Leaves keep falling
Like eyelids in my mind.
They never land I never sleep,
Following them everywhere
They go. The days are long,
Yet ten thousand silences.
Nowhere do I fall.

EVERY MOMENT IS A PICASSO

Every moment is a Picasso
Short, cut, jagged, edgy
With eyes to see space of disgrace
Is smooth to shatter the lawns
Of our minds that we manicure
& pesticide & cut & trim & compare
To neighbors & fear for shame
When each slide of grease is a nerve
That alerts you where you are,
Not only solid landmass but through cracks
Falling down & up with no glue or honey
Holding you together as you start each moment
At that moment new, anew, a hewn grace
That laces the vertical vertigo of its virtue

NIGHT INTO DAY

Fingers on coarse rock
night passed through me
grindstone of multiple star caterpillar
winged feathered serpent
deluge poured out the river
passed through me transformed
I could live another day
proof of its power
dawn passed through thistle
weed violet and grain
of the meadow in glow
passing night into day
through me as it

BISON

Bison painted on the cave walls 40,000 years ago
Roam freely among the city dwellers and cabinet
makers.

The markets' formula to crunch numbers to make it
exchange

Fail, depress the agitator trader, but the bison
Is on the loose, roaming where it waters.

No one can stop its command. Bison will not die out.

I've never been able to stake a claim to much of
anything

Of worth in this world. No formula found me to play
along the banks of the waters, yet the compounding
saved me,

paid me in coin I needn't exchange. The bison roams the
rooms

and diners of this land as inhabitants plot to take skin
and body

and waste for salvage and change in hopes bison freeze
forever onto the 40,000 year old paintings on the walls
of the cave. Bison will not die at its waters.

ACORN OUT OF OAK

You are the acorn that is an oak, you just don't realize it.
Half eaten by monsters, swallowing or spitting you, I
name

Them to separate from the dreams, from the monsters I
am.

In the naming, I go lame, like Hephaestus, gain tools of
the forger.

Monsters of myth and legend are smoke in my eyes
Because they are making my eyes. I cannot get them
to stop.

I wrestle to the gristle. Dragon, conundrum with no
roots

And no echo. Embrace the face shakes the fear.
Call them every name they slide into another form.

One day you can call it love, reveal their immensity
embrace.

You realize that is where the monsters wanted you –
To see your own monstrosities and learn their ways –
But knew no other way than your ancestry to get
attention

To look down deeply as the oak that makes the acorn,
And that long intertwining birth is so delicate and
inexplicable

In its simplicity, no names can ever slip through dream.

Allow yourself in each dream, as in each day, to sing
Alive every monster for their presence gives what is
impossible

For you to do yourself, until they have given up their
secret.

You are their secret; you call soul to harbor you.

Soul takes you to open sea, and flings you to the
elements

To die or survive, as you must unfurl the knot of will,
Be lame to forge for soul an acorn out of oak.

TRAVEL

You have arrived by car and plane
With your checked bags in trunk,
Holes in shoes, and stale smell of travel.
What nerves you have left behind
Wonders through you like a terminal.
The ATM machine eats my credit card,
And no human answers the 800 number
At the bank's data center. An endless loop
Into the virtual "splat" of being mere bug
That has been smashed flat against car window,
No way exists in Kafka's hell logically to escape
From what denies you exist. Windshield wipers
Swipe me away. I take it personally.
I lay on the grass, naked, look up into the blue
That breezes life into me that refuses denial.
The bag and hell open like a spoke. I look down.

CONEFLOWER'S BEARD

Coneflower's beard acts as an observatory
With antenna all around, petal hairs
Reach back and down as far as its sun can go
Of insects and bugs into nature's dance
In a world to which they belong. Petroglyphs
Archeology sartorial splendor in the deep sea
As we hack through air to cut the weeds.
This is not on any map, remaps every day.
Like aliens having just landed their spaceship,
We encounter totally unknown planet whose
Inhabitants are gracious for our awkwardness
of not belong here. At that sound, our friends drain
from us color, like being sucked insects or bugs.
In its place, as if we had lived here hundreds of
lifetimes,
We are natives to the coneflower and need no map.

I PEER INTO

I peer into
The round pool
Of water into
The mirror of the
Boulder behind me
In front of me
Reflected in my
Transparency.

No face but the space
Appeared, no danger
Of face to face of
Narcissus, drowning
In his own tears,
Called love, by those
Whose have not lived
At the bottom of the
Pool that looks up
To see you looking
Out at you.

Which one
Is the true one
For there are not two
Of you, is there?
Each appears to be flow.

RIDGE WITH CLOUDS

At the ridge with clouds
That hair trees bounce
Tulip me in throngs of
Longing clouds pollen
In never appearing drop
That turn the bend of
Joshua tree
Down switchbacks to
Trail of downed trees
That appear as ridges
Among passing clouds

WILD WEED LIVES

POISON IVY

I smear poison ivy around my body,
As the raindrops of the longest descent
Shreds into a thousand ascents
That wilds bear of the litmus test
Between the jaundice and the juice.
The skylark hovers with the sparrows.
The tender earth endures footprints,
Leave scent for tracker of end of footprints.
Leave no poison behind, the ivy itches
As I let the wild field smile.

DOVE

Sagebrush in the night
Heard by the saguaro
That yucca saw, too.
They had not moved
By morning, neither had I.
Famine of my desert food
Would end at the mountains.
I chose my death. It was dove
In intense stares pecking along
To eat all earth allows
To take flight to release
Into the fire of wings,
Swooshing ashes' acrid taste.
Rubbing through raw redness,
Dove flew out of me, living
Lifetimes in stillness in me,
Into the mountains so moved was I
That it made my fingernails grow.

WILD SNOW

wild snow off trees
clouds of yesterday melt
colors of tomorrow evaporate
wild smoothness
leaps on tongue of wind
in a fury that melts
into a soothing wildness
that never melts

GIANT OAK AND LIGHTNING STRIKES

The giant gnarl of oak arrows out,
A mountain of accords, in the round
Of the meadow
 Of lightning strikes
Whose charcoal nuggets demand attention,
 Draws all
Who pass through to it
 On the way to someplace else
To be here and no other place. I stood
 Mighty to me without
Knowing why this windswept round
 Threw me out
Of the world of no return.

a sky
 a fern
 acorn squash
 a leopard in heat
 a juice bowl
 a howler monkey
 key
with numbers
on them useless
keyholes

a parakeet

a stupid gardener who lived
a beautiful aster
yogurt swirls
a dip
in a 6 foot pool
drawn into lake
eroded dam

I wanted to hold it to me
In my dreams to roll it up into
It
Come back out as my life forever new
Unrecognizable dream to lead
me
Beyond beyond I never knew where or cared
So long as beyond
Its attraction heard by me.

The umbrella let the rain through, tossed and turned
Reached out
Lightning
Juice
A charge through the
noosphere
No harbor
A leaf partner
Original mate life and death

I took it in my body, its scars of perfect beauty,
For a decade's turmoil inside hollowing trunk.
I could not get out until winter killed again,
And the sawdust laid next to empty cave.

Until to my surprise, the oak tree
Acknowledged me, gave me relief
Of wounds with resilience whose capacity
Healed wounds. It knew blood.
The attraction of lightning shone stark
End of the earth of the meadow.

My wife asked, "You know, it's you talking to yourself."
Of course, that's how beyond beyond gets here
In the clearing, alone with every grass as companion,
To release the oak of the acorn is the oak of the
meadow.

When you pick acorns across the meadow,
Hang off limbs, none of this terrestrial feast
Is missing in its kiss that was revealed by lightning

an air trellis

caravan of oasis travelers

HERON SNOW FLUTES

heron snow flutes with no holes
the geese of yesterday come out
today with slow moving grove
of how inside the inside of the holes
of silence music snows

STANDING ON ONE LEG

Standing on one leg. Nothing else to do.
Coins tossed by passersby as in a zoo,
Aiming between the bars. Someone had torn
The stairs from the house.

AMERICAN BOAR

The bust of Shakespeare rises from the writing desk
with squalls, Falstaff regales, and magical kaleidoscopes
of the New World country where he walks aching
to sublime a dive of our hive to transpire
with a flower whose power outwits rage,
feckless or even one or two Rosencrantz's will do,
to wind useless brutish mules of whores
in a cruelty of the crown of this day that is on display
in full on the stage. Squeals the boar
as clothes sniffers rule the politics of intriguers, many
humps
of sugar corn whose devilish delight rhymes vine
climbers
who never pay a dime in time in modern dungeons
for today's slime legalize crime, in full employment acts
for the lawyers. Yes, trickery dickery dockery mockery
slockery,
with his ark of a book that give instructions
on how to jump off the pages of each holy cloth in
festivals
of delights and spites to knock at the door of old, old
blood red
that are on the loose for our modern boar
abominations.

ANOTHER WORLD

Bee hovered onto another terrestrial.
Wild impregnation of the hairs. Hills
Held in suspension of another world,
Entirely of unknown tastes and scents
Of a 1,000 hands and eyes. Meet me
Where we have always met.

EXQUISITE PIE

I'll never know
What the hell it was
I went through hell
To know.
I'm together enough
To fall apart
By hitting the brick wall,
Not together
Where I could find
My way through
To this side.

Buddha eats a piece of pie
Says you'll never stop eating
Until you reach the piece
That can't be eaten,
And then you'll know
Each piece is hell
The pie heaven.

Neither one
Or the other
Leaves you with
Anything to know
That is worth knowing,
Which when it shows you

What that is you autumn
Your leaves and boundless
Summer out of spring
There is no thing
Nothing to winter.

It's all to be done as one,
All to be forgotten as two.
One heart makes two lungs,
Two lungs make breath,
In and out, neither
Hell nor heaven,
Neither earth nor below earth.
Exquisite pie.

40 BEES

40 bees glowed in night each
Wild dream a path to wilder flight
Black and yellow wilderness
That taught me to fly & laugh
Uproariously with their pollen
making 41 to flap wing to air
nothing's extinct in voice
or choice of honey that wilds
a new bee dream every night

AH!

Ah! You live behind the eye.
I thrive looking in.
Oh! I weave by walking through.

THISTLE WEED

thistle weed
burnt to crisp –
what a surprised life!

A DARKNESS OF SOUL

A darkness of soul
Outblasts the sun

No moral cement prevents cracks
And weeds engulf the climb
Of the vine

That wraps around the heart
That will sputter, aghast
At the complexity
Of its dilemmas

Until the wax loosens
And the hardened glue
That held together becomes
A wasp that attacks the nest
Without relief

& never brief
That bleakest despair becomes a hope
Held out in false light by bitter
Poseurs of immaculate conception
At end of the tale of many empires,
Campfires , & fairy tales of
Unhinged republics of the heart,

yes, that small tatter of flesh
Is all that holds the spinning globe up
In the war of destinies for heart loses
To head of a class of asses whose sluttery
Of con men and hate baiters
Who they discover to their horror,
As in a movie, their childhoods will not save them
sands of torture haunts the land
fills the hollow marble edifices
hallowed out by burrowing from within
by the sway of the bray of asses

MEMORY

Don Corleone in the cornfield
Chases after his grandson,
Citizen Kane chases “Rosebud”
in the snow globe of memory:
A piano key over and over
In jungle full of myna birds and
Howler monkeys and a hundred silences
Of hot and cold. The extravaganza of
Scheherazade, the cruelty of Hansel and
Gretel, and the stab of pain at the joke.
Hold them down they fester,
Released they eat you that desire juice.
An empty bowl leaves nothing anywhere
On which to chew and be memory.

IN BOWL

In bowl of bird seeds,
Ecstasies unbound.

EYES BLOSSOM

Eyes blossom clouds
I pour into soil.
I wait, patiently,
As the clouds
Have taught me
To do to be here.

HOBBY HORSE

Hobbyhorse
Has lost its paint
It flew out the window

MOUNTAIN HEART

Sail, the direction-
Less heart that howls

Howls echo the storm
At the top
Of the mountain

And the soul
Says no further
Sleep, lay

On the ground,
A blanket of
No comfort, what

Need you of what
Has not been given.
Earth gave you

The mountain for
The cave & the
Weather to be it.

Out of the mouth
Every vegetable,
Tuber, flower,

Insects fly,
Animals alive,
Moisture, dust

Mote of the
Garden and
You did not open

Your mouth to
Pen heart, on this
Mountain.

NIGHT STREAMS

Night streams murmur by
Rushing you down where
Orion, Nile, Poughkeepsie,
Juneau, Paradise Valley
Welcome you. A myth,
a person – always itself.

Winds speak 10,000 years
As companion trees and rocks.
Shoulder the burden of light.
Open the gift that sings us.

Open wide, wild
Without remorse, recourse,
Nothing held back to
Receive that welcome
That welcomes back
To where never been,
Knowingly.

The gift sails you
Around the world with many
Ports of call. In the desert,
Rain comes. It was not needed.
In the mountain, snow comes.
It is not heeded.

These new places
give no pull or undertow
Back down or up stream.
Not one hair off.

OUT OF THEIR CRIES

When the world fills you
with cries that reap and row,
Angles teach you silence.
That is true.

Their scream pores skin,
Its animal makes of you
this earth heart, never heard
Among the anguish fields.
They ask for succor. You hear.
Let it abide.

They asked their stories be told.
Mad in madder world, asleep
To sanity this deranged world
A closed canary cannot sing. Sing,
Be their song.

The obligation, one to free their lives,
I lived from the day they fed me.
They could never return, rivers
Of sirens and burrows underground.
I welcome fish in water. I return to
Free them, burns me.

I wild the ways to find plays

To ease release that gives them life
Worth their curse in this verse
To nurse their unity with universe
In which they live, ask forgiveness.
Give of the perfume that jewels life
That you can take in what can never
Be taken in unless you have lived them.
Life never needs forgiveness rises
Out of their cries.

SILENCE'S RESONANCE

Spring flowers in
Midsummer's heat died
In silence of
Yesterday's dead deer
And last month's dead cat
And last year's dead parent
Is a hundred yellow moonbeams
On one plant of galaxies galore
And a thousand colors of silence
And a million galaxies of hearts
Is counter of the countless
Whose silence's resonance tunes
Universe between you and me
In life's silences

WILD DAY AT SEA

Took dynamite to the roads to my house, let the
neighbor's dogs
Worry about the smell when they came running for my
crazy ass.
Then, they leave me alone. I can't make them well. I
can't, I just can't
Make myself well. Why think the lake is a place to
dive into in mid-winter
And sauna and refresh? This intensity is to blow
apart the density.
The space is all silence all my companions know I am
mad,
Come around, and we smoke the silence out of the air.
Inhale,
And exhale, without thinking we will survive the next
wild breath.

CRUEL BOY

I picked the leaves off the tree.
I was a cruel boy of fool's persuasion
Living the marrow tunnel with narrow credulity
As I was not real and nothing proved I was.
Shallow pool on side of stream
With schools of guppies by the dozens.
It took the tree to be the boy
Before the cruelty that twisted the boy
Relinquished its hold on his folds
Of years in the river that scoured
Grime and insult, over and over.
Shirt faded pattern to threadbare
So soft, so pliable it fits perfectly,
Even the collar no longer burned.

SQUEEZING GNATS APART

Squeezing gnats apart
They never lacked for
Things to do or to think up

SQUEEZING DISHRAG

Squeezed dishrag
Until sponge
No longer

CURLED RIVER BIRCH BARK

Curled river birch bark
Avalanche
You know when
You hear something
In the distance
That comes roaring down
Until the light, you see it,
Comes on, then recognition
Tells you

Not one idea salvageable,
Buried under the weight
Of traffic that curled these barks
Along this river

All the precious jewels of the wilds
That jungle you as you watch hyenas
You go to sea level enter inner sanctuary
That throws you weightless.

I fall back in the curling to the verge of the edge
Of all the riches that the legacies of tragedy silence
Of the screams in beneficence so profound
I walk among the forest embraced by earth
Whose warmth flows forth from my mouth.

CHIMES

The rain softly washes
The chimes that do dance
Song of wind. The pond full of
Frogs and fishes have a love fan
That cools each one. In the
Avenues of power, they split
The poisonous pits to prohibit
any congress of love to quail
Offspring that would save a girl
In Adirondacks who is bit by spider
And recovers and wonders why.
The long journals her sister wrote
Tell to raise the blind, see through words
To smell the cedar in all of the room
When she lay down on the pillow
To the chimes of her earrings ring.
The world came to her as death
To destroy the chimes of her time of earth.
The world never recovered from the softness
Of a tune that played just beyond the ear.

TALL GRASSES

Tall grasses first said:

Cobra, fishing pole, slinky,
Jet streak tail

Through every invitation
Vulnerable is nourished
And nourishing

Plane jousts through with raucous
Of 24/7/365 fingers of the sky
When stop saying your say

Aphrodisiacs to insect of unknown
Countenance and berry for others
A marvel of inconspicuous elegance

Your name feels its silk go through
The body until you realize
You see you an amazing space

Only because it woke you
Through it again and again

You step out wonder – true or myth,
Cliff or desert? Take your wild

Where you get it, let its tensile
Blade stronger than iron be the sea
Its songs music out of it. You let it
And you let it flow

You and your songs sing
Until you who is not you
Comes out of it. You never knew.
Inside the singing songs.

SONG OF EXISTENCE

A colony of gulls, a metropolis
Of gregarious flamingoes –
A day through the town.
Their resilience opens every mouth
Like ever new song of existence.

NO BLOOD

You can't say it. No scream,
so deep a gauge. You calligraphy,
remove primer, have iambic pentameter;
be sung lyric hung on strings of grief.
A whale song from the bed of sea
tosses you out of the churning chaos
like a needle without a drop of blood.

ROSE IS

Rose is the space
Not the shape
The cusps of petals
Urges to display
What is
Red roots
Rootless

TREE IN CALDERA

tree in caldera
speckled bird only here,
decaying leaf warms in humus –
nothing dear, more dear

GRASSES LAUGH

grasses laugh with the wind
ships on their seas never meet

UPSIDE DOWN

Upside down
Under the leaf
Unusual use

ACT OF MIRRORS

Boy and girl play hopscotch between sun and shade
Of 1,000 eyes seeing sounds flowing through them.
They play for hours on the piano keys composing
A life they would like and think they live
Until the inexorable throes of union of sexual heat
Moves with the sun and moon like mirrors
They fear to step outside of and disappear,
Never able return flow, to miss a space
In the secret play of the sun of the shadows.
How strange is need for compulsive desires
To hire a body to perform the act of mirrors
That in plumage and subtly display what composes it
In the sights and sounds of the notes the flow
Like a mirror that never sticks, so love always
is grasping and gasping and the gap is mirror
That goes its own way. Net eyes of love see
The tightness of love's thigh folds whose steep drama
Plays out as if no one ever hears the sounds of love
For the bodies have mirrored playing music.

COBWEBS

This corner of the room
No one visited
Because of hazy cobwebs.
A place
No one looks into
Is a space you walk into
To feel
What fills your mind.
They were not cobwebs.

IIIIIIIIII

I took the candy wrapper off the Milky Way,
Went to the drugstore for a few essentials
Through the cold snow. When
I returned the wrapper
And bar lay on the coffee table, waiting.
I took pills
For headache that left me cold.
I went
To Detroit instead, took my trail of blood with me,
Devoured frozen Milky Way, left the blood be blood.
I crossed the border into Canada, rolled all the way
To the North Pole.
I never knew why I did these things –
Thought I'd hear a ring, in unstrapped galaxy,
No longer mixed at the factory with substituted
Ingredients and flavors let the chocolate melt
Into a mess that covers the furniture in cold slime.
I ask, "What happens next?" I respond, "Wrong
question."
I sit along the brook under linden tree,
Meadow goes by while
I use all my utensils to feed me,
For advantage, to poke, or make slice.
I never care what function.
I am a utensil for unwrapping, even melting
Cold discoloration can be of use

As a way of being a skill that gathers
By scatters what otherwise has refused to
Be put together
In a way that divulges a new use
For chocolate, coldness, and doing
Psychic loosening of the constrictions
Of the mind in the bindings of the times.

SKIN MASK

Skin mask
of 10,000 totem faces
everyday stirs
shock and dread to awe
looking at inside
of the mask looking at you –

Awake paints
you your game faces
for the day totem
travels around the world

When you hear walking
in the ravine
the red winged blackbird
crows you
do not go into throes
of 3am

Paroxysm confuses
the game

GLOOM OF GLOUCESTER

In honor of Charles Olson

Gloom of Gloucester

for Mayan ruins full of Melvilles
made into the bright star
always stood astride and far
to borne a human universe

Of all days gloom first, Gloucester followed
roots on to rootless
begging food as Berryman when
an energy fire grabs to
place it in our throat through crown

It will speak & you'll hear know
in this terrible initiation of its flexibility
name the human what is always missing
always not there that know you are
the gloom so deep you turn inside art out

No way other than eye the missing
we've found very difficult impossible to do
it acts itself as your life as you sing it
in breath not here yet here being you always
as nothing missing nothing silently sings

You must open the door
enter the abyss span the river
when return you are the missed
you drop out go missing yourself
What other universe could we use?

WHAT TO DO WITH NO HEART

On the white tablecloth,
I laid out my heart.
Nothing of quintessence lasted
After the casting of the die.

“It never was yours. How many ways of world
Words do we have to say it to you
To penetrate even this skin deep.
No die ever cast can last, nor quintessence
Found except hopes lost.”

What will become of me, then?

You are the heart that is not a heart.
You’ve hit the wall into which everyone bites.

Today, a squirrel
Yesterday, clover
Tomorrow, raven

The stream had no waterwheel;
the fish floated on the surface;
the water across the stream
is over here before it is noticed.

One eye – stream

One eye – water

Other eye – right in front of your pupil.

GROWING YOUNGER

I entered the room of my nightmares,
All gathered for a brooding party.
Set up workshop. When I opened
The door, I was unrecognizable.
I had grown younger.

NOW

Plane flew inside the hanger
Dew on the eyes, bird walked up hickory
Green sprung from rock turned wet
Armies took lovers, waves of green galaxies
Silence turns around past no longer stand in
Into the present organ, what is to be what is
Silence that sounds the ground through soul
Whose voice floats, now, out of the galaxies
Cherry blossoms in choral praise greets all
With its own essence, each one always is

FINGERNAIL

Every encounter this morning
wakes green in me
in circles

as far as horizon
on my fingernail.

I watch as what I watch
which was me
just orbits

Imperceptibly
like sunshine.

The melodious finch sails on
of being each
magnified inch

births a million
galaxies

Impossible to see
appears as wings
heard as songs

Fingernail magnifies
the galaxies

THE BLUE SKY

The blue sky
Of my forehead,
The clouds keep passing
Through – hoot for rain,
Howl for heat.

BREEZE BRUSHES

Breeze brushes through me.
I float with it, no dragging
Of feet to resist, as hovering
Hummingbird
Nectar's here, where
I take drink.

HOW CAN I

How can
I
Not give you
Everything
I am.
You already
Are
What always
Was when
The seagulls
Are here.
You
Hear them.
I feed
Them.
We
Skim waters
Below
For movement
For ease of
Our sustenance.
I never
Saw it,
Pulled up
Out of the sea.
Yes, you said,

“Land mammals
We live in the sea.”
Who feeds next?

“MADE FOR HERE”

As I peer deeply into maroon myrtle flower blooms,
A voice I've heard before booms out of the blossoms,
One that's carried me aloft before, and one womb
I'm given to trust after years living in many a tomb,
“Made for here, how otherwise see to be the beauty
As the whole of creation. No sight to understand
The sun spot behind your eyes.” I've no right
To this life. I am like butterfly long on scat
At the end of the summer desperate for refuge.
I am not at home here gets to the feeling of late
Summer blossoms as tributaries of arguments
Of my life's anger. When behind my eye, the spot
Circling out to the whole of creation, and in the jaws
Of ugly hurt, the voice cries, “Made for here!”

CLEARING IS BRIGHT

Clearing is bright.
Stone scruffs from cold soil.
Jagged edges are round to ant
Who walks upside down.
Silence does not know my name.
As I see myself walking through myself,
Like moons caught in the soft ripples
I slip silently away, no memory.
Trees walk me through the forests.
Finches carry flavors of trees
To the mountain, leave no resin.
Even vertigo gives clarity when the arrow
Of brightness is lost and never returns.

PRIMAL CANARIES

Dancing on water
Stone eyes
Of primal canaries
never die

One rock slips its mooring
Falls 1,000 feet to bounce,
wings, rolls over
Another cliff on its way
Into its constituent parts,
Whatever they are

This glory like the one
Tree dancing on edge
Of existence of 20 mountains

Being sewn like this nest
Flings out

Unhooked as

pure air

Into refreshing morsels

WICKI

wicki lonute matb uve
iche yalm tetremafssl
iiVMZ41

6 LEAF

6 leaf fan/Wind

Nowhere

Else “\”\”\”\”\”\”\”\”\”!

NO NEED

No need to overthrow
The government – it's done
It on its own. No longer
Are we importing jackals.
Monster crows play
Bowlegs around the farm.

HOURS

Hours in eye of blue
See was thousands
Moment ongoing hours
Among the grasses of dew
Along the soil of time
That did not move

Though I got older
I did not age
Passing through
What I was seeing
Being the seeing

I was free eye
That saw me
That wasn't me
As the body of earth
Is the body of blue
Until the hue
Of sky and earth is one

Not free not eye
Not me not sky
By being not heaven
Not earth
And not lost

As never found
Younger each time
That calls me rhyme

The joy inside of
Is being the thousands
Of so many
The delicious hanging
Tree of the sky
I'd need centuries
To quench this beauty

EMPTY WIND

Salamander on rock
Earthmovers up end
Leaves Mongoose loose

Airplane flies in
& out of chest, wanting
Acknowledgment

10 stones ceremonies
Hammock across the river
You swim by

Insect that never wants
For a name ignores
The empty wind

The empty wind
10,000 ways of going
From here to here

I HEARD

I heard smashed rock broken
Into small, crumbling pieces

I just felt its splitting splatter
An army of unceasing hum of maneuvers
as relentless lightning plague of locusts
that lay waste to lands as spittle

Predators on the march with map of skulls
To crack the pattern of evidence to keep hidden
The secret whose electrical silence runs
In a flash around the world through every human
We know its truth as we know our eyeteeth
We know its ageless risks for its sound wakes us

THE BUTTER SPREAD

The butter spread on the branch of Chinese elm called
sun

Soothes its way along into pores of wood urging it on –
At midnight its absorption through branch to branch to
trunk

To roots, you can see when you know where to look for
the sun.

ARDUOUS ARDOR

Arduous ardor.
Intimate as bark,
Out of red oak, fire ants.
Hollowing from the inside out.
Scratching stickness away.

THE WELCOME

Among the tall grasses of late summer
One eyed Susans fan in breeze. I acknowledge
The encompassing silence. Purple coneflowers with
Yellow finch beak at cone, cotton of milkweed explode
For wood's butterflies, and the goldenrod have eyes
And mouths that deepen the meadow into bird feathers.
At a small stream instead of crossing, I walk in water
And water in wetness upstream and return to the
garden.

I have been walking inside myself with
acknowledgements,
To my amazement, that I have always been this.
Whatever this is!

I walk upright, and whatever this is is what walks me
upright
As the meadow walks me through by walking through
me.

What did not give freely all of itself, even the chipmunk
Who warily watched my approach. The welcome
Never wears away. Its embrace encompasses all.

SASSAFRAS ROOTS

The word, sassafras, calls out to me, says it's alive,
Pay attention, listen to sassafras sassafras. Who am I
To argue. I'm just borrowing the ambulatory
knuckles.
Having taken over the airwaves, the talker will not give
up,
Wants commercials for its basket of goodies, and gives
Entreaties to dance while refusing to relinquish its
existence.
It's sassafras in my face, no place for me to get another
space.
Lively suitor never gives up, in my ear, suns through the
whites
Of my eyes, you know the refrain, like true lovers do,
No matter how hard the "no." Shouter visions
sassafras sassafras
Madness in a gladness of sheer immensity of the
infinitesimal.
Proceed on. Boxer will not take "no," let alone a "yes."
Heart beater is alive, a mottled crew, to tunes of cities of
catacombs.
Usual themes and schemes, stories and worries relent
to sassafras
That stomps the room to laughter that clears a way
To animal the human with unrehearsed waters.

Right on my case, won't leave me alone or to rest to
make a nest,
No matter where I turn their speaks sassafras telling me
there I am,
Let the parties begin, and don't forget to invite words
and swords.
Wren with purple clematis gives love a taste of life
enjoyed
Beyond blueberry wars with elderberry in grassland of
cow manure.
Sassafras roots sucked clear through to the other side of
the earth.

LIGHTEST WORLDS

When unbreakable wind stirs
seamless waters as conflagration
seas fathom full of catastrophe
float radar eyes sonar ears
that awaken lightest worlds