

## Sequence For Drowning - I

Dedicated to the exchange students who kept my polluted American life from being a living hell in college. I love you all, and like us less now – but we too have our moments.

Sequence For Drowning

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I get great joy out of creating. Your payments keep food on my table, and mean I can dedicate more time to writing.

If you're interested in commissioning a poem, a piece of art, or something stranger, I also work by commission, and would be happy to do so for you.

Many thanks,

Roland W. Coryell

## Sequence for Drowning - 2

Back

June 30, 1992

there is not a thing but silence  
not a thing, not a thing  
stretching long, drawing cold and slow out  
within there is nothing but silence  
without, silent inquisitor  
what has become – of life  
where have the times long ago gone  
what is left but silence  
and since there is no devotion left  
nor murmurs in the dalliance  
the question waits for the sun to rise

in the whiskers of dry gray dawn comes the sun  
no wind beckons out across the wastelands  
all remains an even dusty shade  
no shadows even – one could think a moment  
to cast a shadow formation must rise above ground  
in this stale shade of gray lays particle mater  
sun round, sun sets once more

no one saw the sunrise  
no one left to pay the sunset  
and if they were, would the comprehend  
how the sun can set without a change in color  
how the sun can rise without warming land

a person standing here would see but vale  
and this person standing would cast no shadow  
even gay the single shade  
as was gray the heart of man  
so many years ago

if anyone were left to search  
if they were clever to survive  
if they found a standing thing  
some single shadow where the mountain came down  
a clear impression fossilized where stood the razed command  
light on the black of the buried stone  
silicon shelter gone back to the world

this may be the last memory of a race  
I do not know  
can only claim what I have seen  
stencil of the generals  
and flat the crest, world monolith

one thinks of this child race  
looking into the sunlight  
and in an instant it is gone  
dare I speak of dreams become  
simply over – dreaming useless  
in death, simply walk on looking  
remembering

there is no wind  
nor color sweet nor mild  
no textured to the powdered ground  
the land consumed in mute eternity  
preserved unending

should someone, I know not who, come looking  
this may they find  
only a world with no survivors  
no evidence of life excepting fine molecular reduction  
a wasteland so sterile, production was process

they may come to stand where I now am  
wearing lead to protect them  
to look at the wall within razed mountain  
and see the only lasting human mark

while I wait, I stand in durance  
fading in and out of existence  
all the same whenever I return  
the sun rises, the sun sets  
I can only walk about and listen  
do nothing but listen  
the silence graven to my world

and I cast my eyes to the shadow  
who waited to watch the sunrise  
who waited to see what the new day would bring  
I heard no noise  
just a moment of infinite atmospheric light  
a single neural compaction  
here I am –  
I cast no shadow  
my shadow embedded in buried wall

## Sequence for Drowning - 4

Style

July 18, 1992

I had so much left  
it's not unfair, I know  
but all the same I am running out of time  
I wanted to get to be  
the person I knew I would become  
given time  
but that's just life  
there's a saying ringing in my ears  
          we all have to die  
maybe not today, nor necessary morrow

soon –  
where do I look for comfort  
my friends all fear me now  
but I'm still in here  
body changing, boy erasing  
I want somebody to talk to –  
but they have no eyes for me  
open accusation in the glare become my greed

I want to rage

I did not do this to myself  
this is just life, it's all just life  
eventually they have to look away  
I'm hard to completion now  
I guess this hurts beyond the threat  
the pain doesn't matter on the threshold  
twill be darkness come and make it gone  
day after day, each new surprise  
reverting to the physical child  
unable to walk, unable to creel  
and the world looks on

I want more time to smell the spring  
to love my friends  
before they glare away forever  
from this thing I have encompassed

To Close Away

July 15, 1992

dig –  
down –  
make your line in the ground  
raise barbed wire  
duck –  
dive down  
escape into your line in the ground  
pop up every once in a while  
to assay the enemy  
and down  
wait and load  
raise to fire  
mow the enemy down  
they should have dug in  
but half the soldier on your right  
refuses answer – doesn't matter  
you can be safe in this body lined ground  
dive down

Self Stasis

July 15, 1992

I glue myself to the TV screen  
while I'm here no one else can touch me  
I can let my mind placate itself  
it don't take no one else  
I have the view of the camera man  
I look at the characters as he would see them  
they are the only people I can know now  
and no one else matters  
I watch the commercials every time  
I believe what they are telling me  
I can recite every last one to you  
they are printed on my mind

it don't make a bit of difference  
that I live an unreality  
I submerge myself in dreamless wonder  
I can leave the world today

Unicycle

July 10, 1992

I almost can't write any more  
my hand does not want to lift the distance  
stretch from me to the board  
bit by bit  
I don't know what my purpose is in writing  
what I write cannot mean to you  
what it was when mine  
in any case, you changes, render to reader  
I almost ask if I layer any more  
that the writing is me more than voice  
yet in reading  
if this is me, I am terrified  
closed, reticent, acting out alone  
I cannot pass about writing, nor pass  
exposure unmakeable  
people get to know you too closely  
see who you are, make meals of you  
take only the best, leave only the shell  
at other times I wonder  
would it be worth the thousand first chance  
that someone would notice  
I can see only the two goods alone  
feeling better about myself  
and showing others knowledge of themselves

I certainly know myself  
I know by indecision  
I know my face in the morning  
fragmented by the mirror  
this too is true –  
I know I am in a depression, but not yet disease  
this truth sends me shivering into sleep  
disease comes, always comes  
I can cope, fear withdrawing  
never tell –  
never tell

what they don't know can't hurt you  
I don't speculate on the who they are any more  
they are just people, yet they, they  
this must be truth  
I know I laugh at my fears  
taunt them  
chase them screaming from me  
hurl them down and kick them into submission  
winning sometimes  
I know that no matter winning,  
there they are again  
some day, I fear, I will not win  
and fear will become me

I may return illogical  
this truth I fear more than life itself  
loss of the mind  
it seems each day I grow weaker, I grow  
stronger –  
at the same time  
this – ill of logic  
my hardwired mind makes me strong  
drags me down in my strength  
this seems to be the truth

after this – I can't write anymore  
because I don't know when fear began writing  
this is my truth  
I am afraid

## Sequence for Drowning - 6

Sparrowhawk

July 13, 1992

darkness  
no one wonders why it rules our land  
a shadow cast, untold disaster  
looming hence forward, eager the falcon  
diving driving down  
as falcon kills the sparrow, so the darkness burrows  
no one wonders much why we feel safe no more  
followed one step from the other  
to leave your safety nest of home is to become meat  
victim of the knife fed unto the raptor  
it just happens, we all say  
and prey upon us raptor will not fall  
no one even asks questions any more  
nor questions made intense  
we hear why me again and again these days  
no one asks, why anyone  
and if the street lamp by your door flicks out –  
don't go outside  
someone's called it out with a stone  
who waits for you in instrument darkness  
weal your peace, steal your wealth, seal your breath  
used to be could walk safer in the dark  
take to ourselves alone at night  
I used to run in the shadows, now from them I gun  
what waits, killing patience – hawk's harbor  
gore me dry if I don't gun  
and fear  
no one worries, no one cares about the screams next door  
the light across the street shines not on your abode  
let it be  
darkness no longer bashful gathers speed  
and it's you and me the sparrows  
flying in willful ignorance  
darkness wings us down

**Overcoming Darkness**

**July 21, 1992**

I did not believe it was possible  
without light I cannot see  
how then can I recognize  
you need not say a word however  
for I can tell you from the thousand  
emotions locked characteristic  
I can tell you by the way you breath  
shaped inside your mouth, that subtle sound  
the way your walk is dance, swing time  
even scent  
I can caress the way you smell to me  
pale and sweet (two senses for another)  
lily delicate, flexible designation  
nor by sight alone  
who sighted, remains  
inconvenienced, forgetful  
but blindness gathers love  
dare I say love

simple recognition  
and I can tell you in the dark  
and I know you in silence, in sleep, in dreams  
that crux of being, from when skin texture  
told who you touched, their job, their leisures  
simple reality – even by your hollow I know  
you  
for even in depression, I find the lightest hair  
in depression made light  
and I laugh gently as I cry  
I do not fully understand this realm  
where senses were made for the enemy  
now turn to dearest friend, bring significance  
know who to trust in black silence  
and belief, however faint, keeps me alive  
that I have a place to turn to  
even should the lights recede forever  
and maybe guarded  
I can sleep

**Intersection**

**July 18, 1992**

the telephone and it's likenesses are placebos  
misleading, the talking by wire and light  
I could be conversing with synthesis  
some created replication of my girl  
and soulless, and unnatural – even when she's she  
but it's never enough – that spark of life  
no substitute for the realm of being – with  
to be able to lean over, take comfort

my black plastic phone sits in my hand  
and in the static masturbation lies a voice  
some concurrence of pitch and timbre  
that might have been lover

simulacrum of together  
an analogue (digital, digital)  
only the real satisfaction

## Sequence for Drowning - 8

Power Again

July 21, 1992

I used to think I was strong –  
I know different now  
all resides in will  
with the world so big and I'm so small  
can what I do amount to anything  
I know  
Gandhi seemed like a god to me  
little walnut man  
but I've wondered is the world real  
seemed so for a while  
but chaos or chess, circumstance or action  
all the hatred those among us will try to fight  
and the get killed in the end  
make a shorter impression  
then gone  
trapped in the winner's history  
amber more subtle than from trees  
and is the world a real place  
ideals, laws, and governance  
this cannot be so amidst lawlessness  
so amidst my craven peace  
n'er peace to those I crave  
what then – is my place  
to covet and dine in my own little clover  
and I wonder is my corner phantasm  
the world real and I wondering, law, do I exist  
and if I die, does my nothing matter  
ready to give up on the natter, game and now and then  
the world is hurting so many, cruel old world  
rolled over in my mind  
and brother the chaos is better to me  
I hate the world of is today  
see no possible victory  
and me, I'm one of the little ones  
people of whom the world questions  
little people, little cruelty, madness  
little poverty, dying along the rat's swift race  
and I could be Gandhi again  
anyone could be him, begin – in madness most assured  
vision lacked, most will alack, awoe, aday and so –  
the convent has retreated thorough  
and I order all I believe as true  
and madden my madness, make it so  
in a world not made for understanding  
guessed at – everything guessed these days  
I see no way to win, nor wean from our destruction  
I can only let tears fall where they will  
given to the memory  
and Gandhi, he's thirty years gone to the grave

O heal my world again  
I can only watch the waves close in  
circumference deadened, fight while I can  
and I am nothing in a world where from nothing I came  
and maybe loving chaos is the only world I know

**Live and Let...**

**July 21, 1992**

god  
I asked you a question  
why is it the good keep dying  
evil keeps going strong  
evil keeps grinning

god  
why is it that no-one destroys evil  
is sanity coming to grips with the enemy  
yours said turn the other cheek  
if I turn my cheek, the enemy puts a bullet in  
and carries on

god  
where now do I turn  
to steel  
evil is supposed to come to justice  
where then is justice  
there is hell here  
where evil burns –  
while we wait for evil to go to hell  
who protects

god  
can I lend my hand  
destroy what evil you saw fit to let be  
creating cardinal the sins of the enemy  
what then is the moral  
how can evil be restrained  
where am I to trespass

god  
are you listening  
your children are killing each other  
and I have the gift with guns  
preying on predators  
you gave – your son?  
and now our sins remain

god  
I hear no answer  
feeding, feeding again

## Sequence for Drowning - 10

### Ballad After The Jungle

July 23, 1992

I am frightened of the pictures in my mind  
they reek of death and destruction impossible to avoid  
and I go walking where the angels fear to tremble  
and I'm all laced up and battened down  
ready for the firestorm

I carry a gun  
mint new carbine machine to kill with  
and the other guys can't look my smile in the face  
cheer red dawn's rise at two AM  
pain the forest's bloody red, my gun a burlesque  
and most everyone died in the firestorm but me  
though I kept right on painting

it was children  
swear, god, I didn't know  
how could I flicker comprehend  
I follow orders, orders I swear it  
it came from my own side too, what can I say  
I died almost like all the rest  
just haven't had body to figure out yet  
I couldn't let go the trigger  
and wherever I danced they flew apart  
and the screamed, I dream it over again, and over  
oh, and what the hell have I done  
some of them too were burning  
I smell them, I can smell them even now

post traumatic, and distress – disorder of the psyche  
I ask – who can come out of that false dawn with full mind  
I get the shakes just thinking  
of an enemy I miss – and a village of no enemies  
for what!  
what were we doing, error  
some grid misremembered  
and the madness comes and goes

I wore a vest of metal plates, decked tightly in grenades  
and I had some flares to light the killing ground  
and I had been told of the powerful rush  
young god and blush and this illusion  
and the iteration of should have knowns  
what can I scream –  
I saw them well before they flew apart  
and kept right on killing, painted them like all the rest  
and some of them were burning well before I shot them down  
and some of them just sat there crying  
and some were children and some were... and...  
what differences we make, assigning value  
guilty by location – I killed them all

got to be a patriot, boy  
go kill for your country, go kill for your god

we can have a jolly old time, later some smokes and a laugh  
did you see, some choked on their blood  
and that's the funny thing – blood for their free country  
our free country never the less

and we raised our flag over their burning houses  
stars and stripes forever man  
red for the blood, white for the bone  
blue for the empty infinity sewn  
and I think of my country's honor  
my country and it's honor can take itself to hell  
I've finished killing, but for this one last son  
and maybe when it's done I'll feel better

and I come home  
they raise me my flag and I spit  
unnoticed, who cares anyway  
pinned a medal through my heart  
last of my battalion left alive  
god be damned to them  
the only medal I want is small and bronzed  
driven from my gun  
and I think I'll put it in my brain  
let the burning children's memories flow away

## Sequence for Drowning - 12

Cary Out Before

July 30, 1992

I saw an old soldier walking blistered by the side of the road  
he carried a canteen and a bayonet flush against his back  
he walked never slowing, never speeding up  
eyes to each careful step in the choking dust  
refused to raise his grimace to my calling out  
so I followed him for a time

he appeared a ghost from a past I hardly recognize  
blood dirt brown on his old fatigues  
and he hummed a marching tune out of key, out of time  
shuffled his stripped booted clip as I followed  
matching his pace only to the ever present road

while he sang his marching drill he cried  
shuddering out the words of a song I thought I knew  
to the measure of Onward Christian Soldiers  
his tears eaten now and again by the dust

'til he stopped singing  
only then in the hottest sun did he raise his head  
looked up to the crucible blue sky  
dazed as he was by the sun  
blind, he may have been, in turning looked right through me  
but he must have gathered something, distance to his spoken word  
"who's blood is on my hands?" he asked, "mine or yours?"  
and I knew not how to answer  
"I think I killed today, perhaps  
some little killings, some little killings"

"when we marched on the hill where they'd dug in  
I don't know if we won or lost  
but I saw such things as non should see  
and I don't know who's guts I'm bathed in  
I couldn't ask, nor hear a question  
above the stutter of the field guns  
but we've been told necessity is right  
jurisdiction of the must, over the top –  
and then it all grows gray"

he looked again through where I was  
almost saluted and turned away  
took up his step by step through the dust

"onward christian soldiers  
marching as to war  
with the cross of Jesus  
carried out before"

faded into the road like the ghost he was  
ashes to ashes and his dreams sold back to the dust  
and I don't know if he'd even raised his bayonet  
all I saw was – dead old ma  
a man who did not know if he'd taken my blood  
broken by memory he still walks, I'm sure  
and his singing haunts my dreams  
for there can be no more joy to a song  
sung marching off to war

**I Must Close My Eyes**

**July 30, 1992**

button your eyes down baby don't cry  
fire roars  
the loves of the many cave in  
so your parents don't tell you of the end  
you must be strong  
the armies of the air overhead  
firebomb your home  
don't be scared  
don't you see it's all part of life  
some must fall, the leaders to rise again  
sometimes the fire burning is you  
I know –  
but it must be right  
the armies of the air see beauty  
set morals and erupting art  
they must succeed, justice  
and if their fires burn innocence away  
and it hurts too much to see  
button your eyes down baby don't cry  
this is what it's like to be free

## **Sequence for Drowning - 14**

### **Determining Factor**

**July 30, 1992**

don't believe what the people say  
they don't understand the situation anyway  
they sit in their bars, talking and drinking  
dreaming they could be free  
but my friend bow your head down  
you're the last one they'll ever see

there are psalms and melodies  
people write what they don't know about  
about winning and loosing, and how to play the game  
but I know how it is for you  
it is that which you must do  
so as your turn your back I understand  
just go out as you planned and win, and win for me

you can always look back from the head  
but from behind you must fight  
and as you turn over the pace to be set  
just remember you never saw the light  
your are the best there will ever be

so kick in the pace  
win the race, carve your place  
step it up and learn to fly  
and looking back on all of this my friend  
the winners never die

Way of the World  
July 31, 1992

I am disturbed by the ways of a world  
one that believes violence solves things  
violence solves nothing  
in my country some kill the killers  
they say they are right to do so  
they say because killing is wrong  
in the town I call my home my people kill each other  
I don't even know why  
in my country I can claim killing as my legacy  
as I am nationally defined by the dead  
a way to pass a rainy day  
now people say races should all belong  
but races still riot and chant for murder  
or worse –

I am disturbed by the state of a world  
where people must kill for food, for survival  
I believed survival of the fittest was an animal classroom  
and among the animals  
I believe it neither right nor necessary to die

I am disturbed by the ways of my world  
where people refuse to learn  
the doomsayers repeat: history repeats itself  
if we do not learn from our mistakes  
what then is the state of the world  
do we truly live glorious prosperity  
killing, killing

I am disturbed that murder is allowed to hold deathwatch  
for anyone  
I believe the world sick  
that humankind might just be disease  
and if we cannot cure ourselves –  
the world is dying  
and friends –  
progression, dead world, dead race  
arm in strangling arm to destruction

and yes, I believe we are animals  
only animals could be so unthinking  
only animals could practice survival of the fittest –  
only man feeds until he dies

## Sequence for Drowning - 16

Master of Death?

July 31, 1992

a spring morning like every one before it  
rich in decay and apple blossoms  
ripe with death outside my door  
and the dream was ended so long ago  
raised rifle, rim fire machinations, bad tidings  
and I watched from the apple trees, the change come  
spring day redefined, elimination of comparison  
generation day, singularity up among the apple blossoms  
I slept the night away in my friend the apple tree  
afraid if I came down the dead would take me with them  
but I watched and they didn't move  
mother and sister beside the man in iron gray  
and I didn't understand death back then  
dreamed if I could put them back in order  
all would self repair  
to hear them laughing as I had before  
so thinks the child, so like child I endeavored  
raising from the dead  
tried to sew their bodies back together  
and in the mind of the child, this should have made well  
I thought I did my job badly  
if I got the stitches close enough they might resume  
and if I pieced them back together they might resume  
and if I found enough of them, they might  
so I stitched carefully for always, until the flesh grew too rotten to hold  
finally assured I wasn't talented enough, missing some stitch  
stared into the sky and screamed silence  
and the sky stared back into me

and as a child I learned  
death is invincible  
you can put them back together, but they don't begin again  
I wonder, humankind's fixation on slaughtering itself  
and I put pennies on their eyes  
to ease their immortal souls at the ferryman  
but I couldn't make their beds in the stony ground  
nor master oxen to the plough  
too small to trick either oxen or earth to direction  
and I think it would have been me I buried if I could  
in the hole I wanted for them  
and I still remember coming down from my place  
struggling from the apple tree  
until that moment I was god  
and god, he was me  
but I could not return them  
and I knew godhead was empty

I will never forget how their faces melted in the sun  
and the child I am still breaks down and cries  
in this world there are no answers, and godhead failed  
question what this world has done with me  
I neither understood truth nor death  
'til I found it had won a battle I hadn't begun

I stared strait into the sky and screamed silence  
and the sky stared back through me

**Web of Me**  
**July 31, 1992**

I am a fool  
I should have realized  
none can know those who do not know themselves  
I learned this hard  
discovered enemies in my shadow  
hid them away –  
this though I did not encounter for a long time  
none can accept those who do not accept themselves  
just surface patterns touching surface patterns  
nothing in the deep

I hope I have discovered this in time  
I saw only a creature of myself  
the beast within the mean  
an hourglass monster all the time  
spider in the mind illogical, disorderly  
disordered sought to cast the spider out

I am a fool  
one cannot cast out self  
as well to cut off one's whole life  
all hurting, all of confusion  
there is only mastery  
where I sought to kill the spider  
a search truly for my own annihilation  
I dislike the spider  
a tapestry of anger, deceit  
yet I am the spider and have spun mind  
no longer a question of killing out self  
being, simplicity  
such killing never succeeds

## Sequence for Drowning - 18

Gandhi

June 22, 1992

and a man had a dream  
most do  
like all the others  
one would expect a but –  
that he was wealthy  
could carry it  
that he was born into power  
and so could follow through  
it was not true  
though classed well born  
he was a simple man  
with simple man's confusions  
small of stature  
color of warm mud  
to work for him he had no servant  
though some saw his kind made for servitude  
he had only will  
will enough –  
dream of water  
dripping on stone  
such nonviolent action  
yet the stone is moved  
dream then of water choosing  
how to wear the stone  
that the will was water  
his chosen stone, world  
his water dripped aside  
time and time again  
but returns to the stone  
so it goes, so it's been –  
he took no hardest action  
stone to stone –  
hit two together and you will know  
shattered fragments on your floor  
fragment further to sand

he had those to help  
lived as he lived  
and human perhaps he used them ill  
for water attracts water  
and nature calls water to it's will  
by this  
by dreaming  
for it was in truth but a dream  
the water wore the stone

dare we look at the aftermath  
the single stone becomes many  
success so easily perverted  
misunderstanding mason  
as can be blind the faith ideal  
it works both ways

upon division, stone drives against itself  
knowing –  
fearing only differences  
yet the water washes on  
merger in this dream  
we look into a cave for clarity  
where water washes away  
water rebuilds  
so it goes

this little brown man of water  
in this dream  
shaping the world and his dreams as well  
water is ever the strength of will

**Will**

**June 23, 1992**

I am what I do  
nothing more  
until I do, I am nothing

**Carrying Over**

**June 23, 1992**

the will to survive is a strong thing  
we are all striving  
out to break free  
food for our minds –  
it's what we all look for  
our educations open the door

Equanimity  
August 5, 1992

I sit on the shore of my ocean  
fog obscuring most of my vision  
alone as always surrounded by humanity –  
I gained some perspective today  
watching the waves  
always they reach out almost touching me  
promising death in the sea should they reach  
I don't care  
here I am alone for my peace  
people look but I don't give a damn  
they don't see me  
all they see is a body almost lost at sea –  
I watch the controlled chaos break  
spray me  
mist my hair, mist my eyes  
perhaps only here facing the violent sea  
can I think –  
the tide rises  
death on the rocks that much closer  
it's like ice in here  
in me  
I watch the fog close in  
surround me, close me away  
good

it rolls, that sea  
siege of constant motion  
in here god is dead  
out there the world is dying  
in here it's just me and the fog  
listen to the waves  
stare death in the face and accept its truth  
death is peace  
but on this rock death can't quite reach  
control stasis reached  
all remaining inside is peace  
mortality accepted –  
I stand to the spray and turn my back  
on death, perhaps on peace  
carry only calm with me  
some people stare at me unbelieving  
but I know death  
sometimes inches are all that remain  
believe me it's stark within my mind  
I am held stable by the sea –  
the people can stare all they want  
call me insane  
good

but I have found my peace  
safety on a rock  
inches from death  
fear relinquishes its great hold  
only calm can remain  
and I rejoin humanity  
in a world where my god is dead  
my humanity dying  
death is one solid reality  
I regain my grip  
no matter what they call me I am free –  
finally the fog curtains over all  
the sea can pound on now  
it feels good

## Sequence for Drowning - 20

### Those Forgotten

August 9, 1992

softness some say is mercy mild  
the softest of heart can never cause harm  
the soft of heart are first to fall  
up come the battle  
and they the last to raise the call to arms  
strength some say rides on wings of eagles  
iron talons with which the strong can claw the sky  
and wings outfitted with bright feathers  
it is the strong always who die  
but let us ask ourselves this question  
who belongs right  
is it better in battle to be strong  
and in the battle sure to fall are some  
while the soft sit home and talk and cry of better days  
the strong scoff, see dishonor  
weak always filtered in behind them  
but is it not better to retain strength  
choosing when to fight  
then to be blown away in any old storm

too many people now hate the world  
too many oh so willing to kill or be killed in honor  
the strongest one I say is not the automatic fighter  
but the one who faces down the guns  
not backing down  
but it is strength that weakens  
for in battle, this is the one who walks unarmed  
and mercy mild may be the savior of the broken hearted  
one who knows all their pain  
how in pitched battle all is lost to all  
even to the winners  
in blood a tale told can never gain  
only in open arms and open hearts comes greatness  
yet it's these most often killed for naught  
and they most oft destroyed  
and mercy mild carries no banners  
only mends  
the broken hearted put together are their pain  
and those merciful are declared weak  
though they are eternal strength  
no battles won, no matter the fighting  
harder to find

and so I believe in mercy mild  
I hold it true  
and it's to their arms I'm running in the night  
and crossing battlefields in my way  
may I stay strong  
to turn and walk away before I fight

**Someone Stay From Ever**

**August 9, 1992**

I though I had dreamed of you for so long  
that I could remember so well without tears  
that in you I saw the joys of a song  
but the memory fades with years

I thought your face would last on forever  
that memories could be indelible  
there would be a moment none could sever  
and I could link the past infallible

you told me dreaming was better than death  
I told you my dreams were never to die  
and I grasp my dreams while I still have breath  
though through the cold echoes of life I cry

and though my dreams of love still scream at me  
my memories of you will set me free

**Glimmer of Hope**

**August 9, 1992**

I tell you of a girl with flowered hair  
who's perfumes of summer life I once knew  
she told me tales of castles in air  
I could almost believe them to be true

here tales were of a land in her mind  
where a loving people ruled with wisdom  
a land without wars and its people kind  
so she portrayed her magic kingdom

she knew of nothing through life but pain  
yet still she would imagine such stories  
she told me they helped her escape life's flame  
enriched my summer with magic glories

I told her I couldn't escape life's hell  
but I was wrong, her life has taught me well

## Sequence for Drowning - 22

### Shutting Down

August 10, 1992

self defense  
I suppose this is my legacy  
you would not understand, you would under-  
stand  
so I will tell –  
I once loved a woman  
not as you love your wife, for I was young  
but as you love a friend  
she taught me a great deal about life  
and she was always there  
she was old enough to be my mother's mother  
perhaps older  
I do not know why she accepted me  
I was, as I say, young –  
with all the traits of youth  
yet she did, letting me stay over nights  
when my home was too much to bear  
she played cards with me, read my books  
taught my love to read  
she showed me nature, living little things  
I believed that forever was a place  
I did not believe in endings

one day she died, as old people will  
she left me behind  
I did not know what to do  
the loss tore me apart, separated me from reality  
reality hurt too much, so I let go  
drifted for a while  
able to grasp back only after a time  
I adapted  
I taught myself to love new friends  
yet friends always disappeared one day  
never to return  
each time, release grew longer  
I could not accept what happened to be  
I wanted stability  
I wanted forever

you may look at me all you want, today  
but your closure remains at your side  
I won't let your gap diminish  
I discovered via repetition – love kills too much  
so I cast it aside  
never let another in  
for in the end they fracture, let in hurt  
I remember forever –  
this is perhaps the worst  
I feel each distance at its instance  
I don't know how to release the moment  
it seems the world is set on my destruction  
I can't stop the love  
all I can do is try to seal the inside  
despite repeated failure  
the world moves away from me  
I have no solid ground  
every time I love it ends in pain  
but I need the denial

each day the absence is new  
I wake and find it takes a moment to remember  
my friends are dead and gone  
drifted away  
this is act creation  
if your reality gets too close  
I can't let you know  
close begins the process of ripping free  
spinning pain to keep you away  
but worse to begin again  
your disappearance is my needle  
I compensate, retreating into myself  
attempting rock in river  
letting life flow by, letting it wet me well  
but the river simply wears a hole

soon I fear all that will be left will be stainless  
something so cold none can touch it  
a falsehood, unreality  
I am on my way there  
when I see you, or one much like  
or find a friend  
but the river is patient  
and I close in

soon I will be nothing  
I cannot tell you how much this frightens me  
some people are strong enough to accept the pain  
I am simply hurting  
I wonder at how nations war  
each death another love shattered  
and I look to the river washing at me  
I have no answers  
each and every one of my friends floating off  
and soon I will be alone  
the only way I see to be strong  
is to never let life touch me  
and soon I will be nothing but stainless  
alone and untouched by my memories  
I see it coming you know  
though I am only defending self  
and though the world scars me  
I scar me more

## **Sequence for Drowning - 24**

**Lucidity**

**August 10, 1992**

I do not understand my dreams  
unfolding as I sleep  
they tell stories complex to me  
to personal to reveal  
I want sometimes to speak of them  
but they are beyond the realm of sanity  
they wound me in their intensity  
such that waking I can hardly breathe  
they whisper of love  
I see people I know  
dead, alive  
in my dreams even the dead are sometimes happy  
my dreams, they are my wasteland  
a place I fear but love to tread  
I wonder  
do my dreams speak of my waking life  
for I see connections  
oft a resolution to a day of sorrow  
a reconciliation of pain  
some a parody of disillusionment worse than a knife  
of the people  
how do you say to someone  
I dreamed a dream of you I do not understand  
I wonder are my dreams reality sometimes  
that I'm just too slow to see –  
when I wake with tears in my eyes  
does it make any sense  
am I dying, now only free to dream  
why are my dreams so terrible  
why do those I love die  
only to haunt my dreams tormented  
why do those alive I love behave so strangely  
why can I not reconcile reality with dream

**Ed**

**August 10, 1992**

let us reflect now in Ed  
who's chief joy in life lay in head  
he cornered my friend  
for to offer his end  
the resulting a legend hoped dead

**Ellen**

**August 10, 1992**

a lass by the fair name of Ellen  
when asked of what goods she was sellin'  
conveyed by no less  
than by raising her dress  
on the pretext that sure, she weren't tellin'

**Pomp Poem**  
**August 10, 1992**

life  
so long  
leading to death  
utterly useless under scar  
vacuum

**A Friend Remembered**  
**August 10, 1992**

what color were her eyes  
so small a thing I should remember  
I am visual  
how could I forget  
she has been gone for but a month now  
and I look at her pictures  
but the resolution, so low  
her eyes show up only as black and shadow  
the rest is clear  
she was my best of friends  
unique  
and I remember so much  
and so much is lost to fallible memory  
how much of her am I losing  
fading and washing in the sea that is time  
will she fit my memory when next I see her  
or does memory contort  
will she ever be real to me again

**Illogics Of Respect**  
**August 6, 1992**

why so sad little boy  
your father was a bad ma  
don't you see he had to die  
we had to protect society

why cry  
we did the right  
if alive he would sin again  
as would his kind  
without punishment there is no deterrence

why stay awake at night  
we do not understand  
how you could look up to such a man  
he killed to make his living  
it was fun, he said –  
sad indeed to not enjoy working  
it is fitting he is dead  
not fitting that such a man be a model  
we do not understand you  
who could love such a man

but I never listened  
I never saw him as bad  
he played games with me and laughed  
and he loved me  
I don't care what he was  
to others  
what more than love could I have asked  
that is all that matters

I know that to love is not always right  
I loved wrong, they say  
but to me he was never their cold killer  
and in the end he faced his wrongs  
he knew he had to die  
and maybe to me that itself was love  
so what if they don't understand

## **Sequence for Drowning - 26**

### **And Gorse**

**August 13, 1992**

she moves with a grace unbeknownst to most  
eyes sparkling forever with laughter  
her beauty is motion, and I her ghost  
I see why she's gone, though only after

she see though my games where I hide away  
I could not help but let her get in  
I love her so, but words got in my way  
if you cannot talk, you can never win

I saw her first as an unearthly child  
she had the wonder to ask the questions  
getting the answers, her eyes they smiled  
no fear to follow through with actions

she answered a question of mine as such  
but hers went unanswered, I've lost so much

### **Another Play On Power**

**August 11, 1992**

and if they rip the smile from your face  
cut apart your life and feelings  
if they tear you up inside what do you do  
can you cut back at them with words  
or do you use your anger  
can you tear them back down to the ground  
make them feel your pain  
what do you do when they've been winning  
killing all you believe in  
is it possible and right to kill them back  
you aren't allowed to touch them  
it's a form of etiquette  
you must take control or let them take your life  
and both in one can be your answer  
the question remains –  
what are you strong enough to live for

See Clear

August 15, 1992

the winter season has come to pass  
ice and snow turn all to glass upon the shore  
cold waves they are no more to break  
the lake a solid bed of rock upon my mortal thoughts –  
step out of the shadow of ice someone once told me  
but I'm frozen into myself  
there is I know no truth in beauty  
it's a deceit as sure as the ice of winter  
what I cannot create I still can understand

the winter season is broken on me  
in truth I see no beauty within my eyes  
the eye of the beholder easily deceived no more  
I blind myself to beauty's deceit  
this behold holds no beauty, for beauty is death –  
beauty alone can rescue none

there is in winter one last escape  
comfort to be had beneath the cape of snow and ice  
what is left after beauty's death  
the world encased in ice  
the mind is all that is to be free  
only the blind can ever see  
beauty is naught but misery  
only my mind will set me free of myself

I searched for beauty, tried to love it  
but death is beautiful as hate and stone warped graves  
through beauty' death only truth is left in searing flame  
none are blinder than those who only see –  
beauty and death combine to form a stony visage  
only in heart's beauty can freedom be set free  
beauty in mind a rarity  
only mind and heart see true beauty  
exterior is nothing

the winter season has come to pass  
I am frozen still as glass in me  
my only beauty beating heart and mind  
all else beautiful is nothing  
beauty touches skin only to rot  
the truth in winter's beauty cold met by mind  
beauty is nothing – it does not exit

so beauty is gone  
without beauty, the obscured is seen  
without acceptance all is lost, accept –  
but judge not illusory beauty alone  
or so become the frozen heart –  
winter's killing beauty kicking in your door

## Sequence for Drowning - 28

The Savage #1  
August 15, 1992

I once believed I would give anything for peace  
today I have very little to give  
possessions mean almost nothing to me  
should it make a difference  
I would throw them all away –  
I live a life of constant trial  
self imposed, forcing myself to survive  
it's not an easy way to go  
each day I fight to be strong in body  
train my mind to the great razor's pupil  
pain of the body no longer means a thing to me  
I accept it and go on  
so frightening it is that I am so far gone  
my only use for body to protect the mind –  
I discovered that I did not understand the world a long time ago  
my reaction was to become as strong as I could in watching –  
so now I am strong and controlled  
it means so little  
I wanted when young to be the best  
now I fight to be my own best and push until I break  
and I haven't broken for years  
my defenses keep everyone from hurting me  
on the outside

it is interesting to compare the outside with within  
on the outside I appear to be no one  
inside knowledge of done and do and doing  
this is my strength, I know myself  
on the inside I am not falling apart  
it only seems that way –  
pain of the body is nothing to pain of the mind  
in my mind there is always pain  
I divide myself into layers  
on the outside is an easy act  
composed of lies and flamboyance  
this is a defense in that it scares people away  
I do my best to seem unstable, probably self defined so  
just below the minor truth  
it is impossible to offend me  
I do not know why but this is so  
it makes me able to take so much more than I admit  
this is also my weakness because I reversed it  
I limit myself by trying not to hurt people  
in hurting others, I destroy myself  
I limit myself by not asking and not trying new things  
I dare not offend  
I cannot explain it well  
this is a fact for me, no more  
below this is my strength  
very few this deep

I am proud to have honor, never to have betrayed a trust  
as also strength pushes me towards the impossible  
others blinking in appearances  
it is not hard when pain of the body is meaningless –  
somewhere in here is knowledge  
all it is possible to learn  
knowledge is the strength and the weapon to wield  
in knowledge I am strong  
below this, holden secret  
below this I hold a barricade that none but one claim breached  
inside I am tender as terrible to believe  
gentle where the pain of others bleeds me  
inside I am this written thing, grieving heart  
inside I love, beholden  
this is my greatest pain and joy  
the one who go in –  
got out again, unknowing  
should this be worst of all

I am completely compelled in revelation  
if people find I am strong, hunted I become  
if the find my gentle, they kill it slow  
I am tired of fighting for my serenity  
I want to be open free

## Sequence for Drowning - 30

### The Savage #2

August 15, 1992

peace –  
it is of this I dream  
something sure forbidden by fate to me  
nothing in fate but our own circumstance action  
it's all of no matter, it's all the same

above all else I want to withdraw  
I want someone to get inside  
to tell them they have and not decay

I feel  
it scares me but I do  
I cannot deny it to myself  
internal liar lost  
when then deny it others  
I suppose I should be called seeker  
and my fantasy is but a dream, but still I want it

my dream is warm crowded in by cats  
though this is funny  
I dream of a rug and a fire and someone to love  
a cat to hold for comfort  
but a person unlike a cat talks back  
this I need most  
perhaps there is a bridge  
crossing chasm of soundless alliance  
what ability to love and say I do  
someday I may find fire  
just be able to relax and dream of the game  
nothing matters, I could say  
and I wouldn't be all intense inside  
to sleep and believe in someone is there  
someone to return the trust I could never give

### Hate You

August 17, 1992

what truly are the philosophies of hate  
is it unreasonable to hate a person  
by what they do  
even should they cause you pain  
perhaps a betrayal of trust involved  
so what then is the use of words  
they had a reason to act or would not have acted  
look then to the context of hate  
in you, in me –  
the only place I truly understand  
hate of others is an easy thing  
but from only one stem  
yourself –  
I have been many times angered  
I have learned control  
hate is lack of control –  
I can hate only one though many times wronged  
I can hate only myself  
for only my actions have I truly understood  
I control lest hate is passed on  
should I delude myself into thinking  
only others are at fault  
I know the truth –

Logic Song  
April 17, 1992

the queen of logic takes her sword for with to cleave my soul  
a sword blood red with happiness I was not fit to go  
I dreamed a darkness tried and true for with to turn the rains  
but the happiness of all are dreams for drowning in her pain  
the queen of summer cast down her eyes and granted logic ground  
the pain will assail the mortal soul there is nothing you can do

the reaper crosses blades with me one time before I sleep  
grim slayer of the pale hours you cannot read my dreams  
the logic son is keening on while the darkness rides ahead  
summer she is slipping down the land of the dead to know  
oh winter she will loose her to the queen of logic slow  
for mortal man let fly with words and swords in the vale's snow

from darkness and its endings the queen of logic smiles down  
summer she shrivels and mortal man looks on from his seat in hell  
oh can't you see now where's the new song summer she is dead  
and mortal man the logic song will surely have her head  
what's done is done and summer's gone no more to light our souls  
we sing a new song praise a new queen ah lepers raise your heads

and the queen of logic smiles down  
happiness is the sword of death

oh mortal man did you accept the logic lies of happiness  
did you join my reaper's dream (the sky is flaming red)  
I sing the logic song I sing I shout for all to hear  
there's nothing now that's left to fear but logic's in the air  
oh hear the new song sound the trumpets in logic we will soon be dead  
see the queen of logic in the sunshine summer now your soul is dead

the queen of logic lifts her sword to leave my soul in two  
and mortal man is black as night there is nothing darkened souls can do  
the queen of logic plays a new song its better now to join the dead  
it's rational so easy now to blame the other's hands instead  
we beat our plowshares down to wire the logic song inside the head  
the queen of logic doth win her game for mortal man has fled

darkness obliterates pale sun summer song is dead  
the happiness of a field of blood red sward scored to holding hand  
and the rain it isn't falling now the land and souls like powder  
all's defended  
and my soul is cleaved like the broken man  
all left to the slag of plow wire and metal sward  
razed in the logic song

## **Sequence for Drowning - 32**

### **The Push**

**September 4, 1992**

let me tell you about a kid called insanity  
no one knows where he's going  
his eyes are wide and his face burns like hell  
people just back out of his way –  
he doesn't even understand himself though he knows –  
something's not quite right in me  
he's got the smile that makes you twitch  
when he's not twitching

he's thought about suicide 'cause he don't fit in  
but he can't bear to give up  
some times he can't stop screaming 'cause his dreams wake him  
the world he swears is out there out of reach  
people can't touch him without recoil  
and his touches are the scorch of the gun  
scarred and scarring

he's got a goal in life to love –  
but it keeps changing and he can't remember –  
as the world smashes him with bitter arms  
he'd tell you if he could  
he can't keep track and he's paranoid  
but no-one's out there  
and though he burns he can't melt his face  
crystal gaze he turns on the world  
but it's too big and it frightens him  
he has to hide before he kills – all of it  
nothing he does comes out right an all his mirrors break anyway  
he's ugly 'cause he hates so but he don't know why  
all he wants to do is love  
but there ain't a decent sane soul out there  
and the place he's gotten into's too small for him  
and he's scared so he goes back to bed

### **Blame Only Roses**

**September 4, 1992**

how do you know my name  
I've never seen you before yet there's a look in your eyes  
recognition –  
where did mine go  
could I have known you at some point  
slipped and crossed your face away  
from history I ask – what's in the name  
might the rose renamed smile not so sweetly  
for sweetness lies in memory  
where has my memory gone

**All The Children**  
**September 11, 1992**

did you know the children say each day  
our god he is a war bird  
but that's ok mom and daddy say  
they know better don't they  
so they say  
can you believe what the children know  
comes a time we've got to go  
is it wrong is it right  
don't listen when manifest to fight  
mother may I kill today  
son you may

mom, god he came to get me  
I think I have to kill the nips  
but I'm not sure  
could be the arabs –  
the message is unclear –  
unclear I mean  
what does it mean –  
god thinks I must go  
it must be so

son I'm glad you came to me  
my child it's just history  
death is a part we all must go –  
let it be so

**Threshold**  
**September 21, 1992**

so you slash me with a knife  
I bleed, I'm cut –  
it's just –  
it's just a physical thing  
I don't care, I'll hardly notice at all  
it hardly ripples my mind  
mind goes on contemplating  
I go on fighting  
so much will never change  
I see the blade, I see my blood  
but the pain's accepted before it comes  
just a physical notion  
and what's inside me hurts so much  
I hardly feel a thing

**Money Or None**  
**September 22, 1992**

did I often question my worth as a person  
after all I know not what a person's worth  
I have tried to judge myself  
but I am not objective  
I have come to question myself as rational  
basis of comparison only other people  
do I in fact mean –  
I have thought to allow others to judge  
I thought to throw open the gates to my soul  
but should I break into myself would there be  
nothing there  
do I dare allow others to see inside  
do I want to hear I am not good  
the mind is malleable and goodness is illusion  
do I only dream value  
such questions  
dare I ask another only to find  
value an emulsion  
it may be safer to live in self solution  
so long as I am god no other matters  
as sole controller what else could matter  
I do not know  
how can I judge without a reference  
and does it matter that I judge, or how

I still have no knowledge of worth  
perhaps I delude myself along  
so I can touch no others  
a dangerous and lonely tenure  
some say self value is to be strong  
I think it may just be revulsion  
that value is nothing and the rest –  
all smoke before the storm

## Sequence for Drowning - 34

### Boredom To Burn September 23, 1992

let us now sing a counting song  
count the things that are going wrong  
add it up with common sense  
each action costs us friends and hence  
every time you must break down  
count that one spent another crown  
and when reality drags us down  
let us buy our way out

let us now count up our joys  
hoard our sorrows like children's toys  
never let go that which we earn  
let the other's monies burn  
hold each hatred close to heart  
with our passions never part  
ride on rude boys we've got our start  
to eat the world with hunger bold

didn't you hear that to share is for kids  
open your eyes son, raise your lids  
if you lend it spend it share it cash  
emotional bondage to market crash  
you end with nothing but pointless fame  
giving away is for the tame  
to get ahead you have to maim  
that is the way of the world

and when you're done count up your wealth  
thank your holy for your health  
you can keep it all now for yourself  
that's how to play the game

### Next To Keep September 15, 1992

my love is trepidation she wants to fly away  
I keep her in a wrought iron ideal, tight to hand  
a bird defined she's wove to me –  
my love is frightening me she screams all night  
match me down from this ideal  
rusty carvings of eternity and promise

why must she hit her on the bars  
for who's definition's holding

and eventually I will never know  
the canary song of long dead laughter  
my love she's a prism opaqued and slight  
and I'm so lonely with her

she could be the next one loved and close  
yet I pass clean through her, anomalous foster  
mental fragment of the never be

oh empty love sing like the bird  
a carnie song for you and me  
oh why to fly set free should I  
when ideal keeps her bound to me  
surrogate mine the subtle fracture

**Last Count Of An Old Soldier**  
**September 23, 1992**

what is going on inside this old mind  
a little bit too lost in the history of a forgotten era  
all enclosed, wrapped away in the silences of shell shock  
set in the interim of a grim last sixty years

all left to remember for the moment is the wasteland  
no mans' empty of mines and nerve gas, old trenches and new bones  
welcome to hell, callout distant volley guns  
please look kindly on – and on – while we do our part to haunt you  
but this old one escaped the hunt  
survived by living dead in the trenches  
another body among the bodies, thousands upon thousands  
alone with the scent moving only at night  
try to reach back home –  
how many times he almost died  
that and the rest of his mind declines to face  
a lot he's sure yet he cannot remember  
all that's left from those fetid days is an ancient hunger  
the old odor of moldy clothing and destruction and a gunmetal sky

the old man on the corner cot breathes hard  
tugs and pulls at his jacket but cannot get him free  
he dreams of running of hiding and running  
his mind lost sixty years ago  
all that's left of an age of terror trapped in an unforgiving soul

a mind can only be so much abused  
before the threads of now and then melt in shadow  
reality is as much the enemy as escape is defying real  
and now, when all is said –  
an old man lies shivering without cold  
he's stuck in a reality that he's grown too strong  
lost in a no man's land of a war long done  
his fabric woven in too tight  
run to survive a sixty year's dead call  
one war traded for the other

## Sequence for Drowning - 36

### A Show Of Destruction September 15, 1992

I watched them hurt her  
proud of their doings  
see how we break the woman down  
no self esteem she's nothing  
I watch  
I cannot change their game

it's all a programming they say  
here makes water in her eyes  
we can set it loose from feelings  
manipulate her reaction, marionette  
imagine that –  
human equations  
and if we get her on the ropes  
maybe she'll kill herself  
strangle in the wires of going anywhere away  
programmed to degrade herself

I don't know sir  
let's give it a try: working  
I'm proud of you to think it up  
who would have patent verbal cuffs  
who knew an entire cage  
could be command line word

and we've got her naked on the block  
one more cut she's finished  
a work of art  
pleasing sir, just tickled pink  
let's set her go  
can she find for herself  
ah, she moves so slowly  
but good fun for molasses

and she sits in the lounge vacant  
some semblance of girl  
let go beyond the fun of torture  
neither crying nor demanded noise  
such little boys  
claiming each a man

little one –  
how did they grind you so small  
is there nothing left at all  
nary a creature left at all  
just meet set forth for feeding

### Rest Of The World September 15, 1992

people are ugly  
I hate them  
so intent on hurting each other  
why such joy in human harm  
we oh so love the power hungry  
control the head, control the body  
some body anybody  
who careless drives the willing  
all come down to killing struggle  
small or smaller largess season  
people keep killing each other

### Crete September 30, 1992

some say if you touch it  
it will kill you  
some say that to enjoy it is dirty –  
if you like it  
remember  
it cannot be good for you  
this is the American way  
to think of it is to be punished  
nature or the human way  
did you ever wonder if it really mattered  
which hurts no-one  
how can it be wrong

**High Honor**  
**September 30, 1992**

he is a soldier  
sing to the angels  
he come from the land  
of glory and good

he hide away today  
leave me to my peace he cry  
we cannot reach him  
lost, lost alone

he gone tomorrow  
off to Valhalla  
he say he leave all his trouble behind  
he lived a soldier  
blood in the water  
he have to kill for his country and land

he drink the water  
taste it like iron  
he say why mother  
do the almond children bleed

he speak of anguish  
curse to the devil  
a proper Christian bows to command  
he fight a war today  
for his mother loverly  
country and kin leave him singing for the band

band plays low threnody  
as he mimes crying  
look what I done mother  
for my god and land  
blood on my eyes mother  
blood on me chin  
oh loving mother  
what have I become

he is a soldier  
sing to the angels  
he come from the land  
of love truth and light  
he dream a freedom  
never to answer  
he leave a world  
of pain tonight

## Sequence for Drowning - 38

### Blind And Pleased September 30, 1992

I can't stop to think about my world these days  
if I ignore it wish it away  
I turn to the shadow lying in the winter  
can I cloak me in your darkness tonight  
let me free of the gambit I can take it no longer  
let free from the gun beater's dance  
ignorance is a lover  
pride and joy  
that which I don't know I can't worry about  
I have learned too many of the ways of the world  
now I lie haunted by specters of life  
I wish to be ignorant, I want to know nothing  
so what if I'm a savage  
for the savage sleeps at night

can I drape your darkness over me  
return to my cradle –  
the days of my youth were happier days  
I used to believe in humanity you know  
it's true –  
I used to think that good was right  
that everyone would do so  
now I live in cities of mayhem and sadness  
life is just a playground for the death of my dreams

I want to know nothing  
ignorance is happiness  
sleep without dreaming of endings this night

### Freedom September 30, 1992

have I ever been afraid  
I do not fear typical things  
death is a way I know very well  
of death I have no fear  
for all my life I am dying  
sooner makes no difference  
later makes life longer

pain is nothing  
of the body  
I fear no pain I know  
pain of mind has oft proved hard  
in that I do not understand  
but must and has been dealt with  
if that which I do causes pain  
or kills me –  
it is done  
I do not fear that which will be

no matter to fear what one chooses to do  
I do not believe there is a god  
though I do not deny  
if there is what will be will be  
what can I do  
I see death as but an ending  
should my actions bring my end I do not mind  
though I go down fighting

in the end there may be heaven  
but I do not fear a hell  
though some will say that it must be  
I do not know  
I do not feel that I must fear  
I will make the same choices  
for the same reasons  
every time

Sweet Sanity  
September 30, 1992

said I hey doctor something's wrong with me  
I don't feel human any more  
doctor I am strange in here, I am not me  
is such sadness normal for the human state of mind  
doctor doctor am I going insane  
the connection thought to thought remains derailed for me  
I cannot understand what I am going though  
how can you  
stay away keep your drugs from me  
why am I not me any more  
any more  
crying doctor what the hell is wrong with me  
why am I feeling so so sick today  
do you mean that this is all inside  
inside my head  
that I can feel this bad an it not be true  
doctor why am I so scared of me  
am I real today –  
the world's not the world anyway can't you see  
it don't mean a thing if I am dead or alive  
any way  
if it hurts so much why can't I get away  
doctor why do I feel this way  
so sad and paranoid, psychotic you say  
doctor will I ever be ok  
what's to become of me

## Sequence for Drowning - 40

### Possible Conclusion To Freedom

July 14, 1994

I do not believe in myself  
such belief is foolish  
either one is  
or is not  
no black no white perhaps  
one might only partially be  
yet belief is not needed  
simply to be

deception  
from the beginning  
I've not been sure  
realities mingle so  
from time to time

reality  
a drug of perception  
a world of addicts  
yet I am not real  
of necessity this is so  
separation  
me to you to them  
I don't mind really  
being free

dead  
I started that way  
without motion  
a ball suddenly swiped  
bouncing rolling  
stopping someplace new  
eventually the ball can no longer fear  
rotation –

I'm going around  
and coming down  
arc met twice against the ground  
feeling only rotation  
what fool would fear the motion

what then  
the little things  
these I fear sometimes  
non bouncing like flying into walls  
smashing changed direction  
yet this too shall erase  
all new again though same below the dawn  
such fear, such silly little things  
atypical  
but I don't need them

motion  
I am not  
myself  
I am  
everything I wanted to be  
and none of it at all  
bounced washed – wasted  
regained  
maybe I am  
but perhaps this is nothing  
wondering all alone

**Obsession**

**October 13, 1992**

playing with change for hours to rearrange  
you life as you know gone out to play for a day  
you took a moment in time to find just where you were going  
but time's an illusion always almost late for tea

did the minister teach you to wear fancy dress  
could your father get you out of the bathrobe right back into the mess  
'cause you're an obedient little boy  
much as you'd love to be dirt

can you remember your ma as she prepared you for school  
got you all dressed up in the latest designer styles  
they call you rich kid out there  
do you remember where remember where you came from

did you cry home from school, yeah the rich kid's a fool  
he don't know where he's going  
he's in tatters and rags beat up by the fags\*  
who surrounded him, wolves in the rye

but the very next day if your mom has her way  
you're all brightened up all decked out again  
and poor old mama's little boy no ode to joy has he  
for you'll always shine out and outshine in the sun

\*fag: A grade school child in the British boarding schools – and probably in regular schools as well.  
In this case, our hero is a dayboy, thus the troubles.

## Sequence for Drowning - 42

### Fancy Of The Reaper

October 14, 1992

last night beside my bed I watched death  
it came out of the shadows one step at a time  
not the grand thing I supposed it to be  
no reaper with a blade  
it was just pale white with a face  
blank as all endings

one is supposed to be afraid of death  
I know this sure as I know myself  
yet I was held unafraid by that regard  
how death came not as a threat  
but as a companion  
someone to keep my early morning company

I looked at death and was pleased  
death is not the enemy as portrayed  
death is just a blank face that knows all life  
we sat and talked a while on this  
for death is life

I leaned from my bed and held out my hand  
death do you come for me, for me  
but death just sat, comfortable chair by my bed  
smiling softly where no expression dwells

little one, he said to me –  
I am with you always  
all I am is to do the ending of things  
always endings  
such is my way –

I did not have to turn away  
faced no mortal fear  
so death was just a passenger here  
lonely as myself –

death surely harvests final truth  
all that kills and burns  
but death is another acquaintance of mine  
the way of endings  
and for you  
we all must know

### Ride

October 13, 1992

he screams  
reaches out  
clutches even for failure  
but failure too is denied  
success only on the minor side  
no one's notice –

he appears insignificant  
he tries like mad  
no matter what he tries –  
he falls asleep on the train  
he's all tired out  
he misses the world  
for leaving him behind  
he has nothing to cling to  
no way to hang on  
he's stuck with the whine  
of the rail cars  
lost in his going  
going in his loss

amongst the screams of passenger cars  
he lies like rubble  
no one cares where he falls  
so he falls, unsuddenly gone

is his life a waste  
can it be anything any more  
he doesn't know  
asleep  
off in a passenger car  
listening to the wheels again  
watching his life sink by

**Existent**  
**October 13, 1992**

I thought perception was existence  
that seen, believed  
now I must turn from this  
what is –  
is not –  
it is all an illusion  
the same illusion  
a party frame of mind

so twisted it all is  
that I can be fooled by what is  
recognition is impossible  
nothing is  
in and of itself  
to be it must be observed  
yet it is all still lies

what is  
must by logic be  
in and of itself  
it must be true  
only the mind can lie  
deceive itself  
fold in

it is impossible to trust one's feelings  
each is an interpretation  
reality must stand stable  
immutable

**Self Possession**  
**October 13, 1992**

I'm drifting  
so quietly  
folding here and there  
elusive

I'm loosing myself  
being replaced  
reduction  
straight to dead silence  
solitude  
mind all shut down  
quietly slipping out of sight

**Darning**  
**October 13, 1992**

I wondered long  
why fall would follow spring  
why all flowers died in summer sun  
so much it is like me  
fallen petal from a flower in the sun  
crashing silently to the ground  
raising no dust

I wondered long  
why winter followed all  
clenching ice to earth  
so much it is like me  
twisting out of orbit  
avoiding burn by contamination

so much the icy fingers scar the mind  
digging gouges in the consciousness  
how much like graves the trenches lie  
where love once bloomed

**Happy**  
**October 14, 1992**

happiness is the emancipator  
like heat it rises  
bitten into the rising wave  
lent forward to dream  
skating into a fiction  
that is happiness

why must I always find only words of illusion  
simply that this is the way it seems  
and the seeming golden  
through a mirage of bliss all viewed  
nothing contained by happiness

joy is a division  
like a bird  
flitting  
grace the bare branch with its claws  
addiction  
gripping hold mentality  
then gone  
horn flaying away bark  
bare nerves tangled in the wind

## Sequence for Drowning - 44

Chem.

September 23, 1992

let us praise the gods of chemistry  
who's mascara makes our faces drip  
those who gave us fun with ozone  
moving it from their realm to ours  
and they who led us to sulfur dioxide  
sulfuric acid derivation canker for our eyes  
our idols to the melt in the rain  
our time running with them sterile moiré

who gives a care about what we make  
our science gods with their holy method  
leaving morals up to man  
what did they expect

can you catch the whiff of cyclonite  
precursor to man's humble thunder  
hear whistle and rumble and crack of fate  
for running, man is run

so the men in the ties sit comfortably  
while in street bazaars around the world  
blood tide swings the "good job, Jim"  
like a sickle and a slogan

next remix the bubonic plague  
ever so much more elegant –  
Jim's never danced the dance of saints  
but he loves to work his numbers

let us thank the gods of chemistry  
enabled to the mix  
ethics has no wonder in the science any more  
and as they twitch the sickle bizarre and die  
it's just another work of numbers

man who makes –  
man who wields –  
and man who strips his foolish fingers  
optimism claims man prevails  
but only against himself

King

October 26, 1992

it is –  
to wear the crown  
to wield the scepter  
to kill the unbelieving peasants  
only until they all are gone  
and then only to wield the land

Core

October 14, 1992

it's loud outside it's loud inside  
all I can hear is what I think  
each sound inside me a distraction  
like a dozen most important moments  
each clamoring from where I am  
I can't avoid the noise somehow  
so loud in here inside my head  
someone keeps playing important moments  
marching bands and durance

I can't get away from what I think  
I think I'm breathing –  
so strange to be concerned  
that opening one's mouth might pour sound  
in a dozen simultaneous words

they tell me of cycles, joy and depression  
I see no such thing, a centrifuge subdivided  
music for the band

outside I am balanced amid noise and chaos  
whirl carefully content, oscillation restrained  
holding on to this smiling face inside cracked uncrying  
unfooled by the spurious act, balance mediation

depression is not a cycle for me  
it's sadness untamed, a dozen expressions of need  
crowding out my pores, tenants taking their belongings

they call it disease, that I spin it down  
purify and lamentation, recession in mental commonplace  
and a dozen words unspoken

and I can grieve  
eventually I will see some moment for true joy  
one word that is a dozen mitered down  
until, accept, limited semblance redaction  
and I let none touch it, make this audience not me  
needing no drugs to make me happy  
when the word comes, world of reason  
happy will be

## **Sequence for Drowning - 46**

### **Island**

**October 14, 1992**

desolation is an island  
is a human alone inside their head  
they say no man is one entity  
I am an island –  
humanity is a vast lonely ocean  
touching only for a moment my blockade and beachhead  
turning for an instant the end of my mind –  
I am solitude from numbers  
I am alone and none can wrench me  
yet the island of mind is no safe ground –  
alone all leads to misery  
amendment to the island theory  
no human long an island be and sane upon their borders –  
I am isolation pacing my shallows  
the world changes in evil ways  
flinch abstraction I cannot free my eyes –  
I tremble with wanting, achieve only further bulwarks  
the barricade of fearing grows – pacification of ideal  
no human can long an island stay  
but the distance, ah, the distance

### **Cloture**

**October 14, 1992**

I seek someone I love  
so far away I cannot reach them  
there is not an answer to the impossible you see –  
I miss them body heart and soul  
whatever parts define them  
all fallen the same inside me  
a place of vanishing in the heel  
a hole where someone used to be  
unfillable but by matching set of stone

### **Machines Again**

**October 15, 1992**

I watched it, fascinated  
put in my dollar bill, got back four quarters  
excellent –  
so modern society is reduced to this  
playing with the arcade change machine  
I am ashamed  
I build my load in metal  
weigh myself down, it's no different  
it just seems like more  
like the monkey I like the motion  
lured by the glitter, mass evocation

Vai

October 14, 1992

one	what
we scream –	what are we afraid of
higher –	can you see the contrails
two	fear of got or whatever im
we run –	no escaping, fools, it's over
farther away –	too bad, even there is going up
three	you can laugh at the just too funny funny
we dive –	all just fooling yourselves
to no safety –	you did, know
four	after all
we die –	isn't this the end totality
five	didn't you feel this all along
there is nothing –	you feel it now –
vacancy –	sterile remaining, less
six	no one
never to be filled –	never to be empty

An Insight

November 4, 1992

so this is how it feels  
I thought to be a vapor  
a conflagration of another's defense  
yet it has gotten hold of me  
its talons digging marrow for grip  
so like the disease

I am found to be going nowhere  
lost in the twists and wrenchings of a life I do not understand  
keeping doing  
uselessly  
doing only does

I have achieved so much  
I have achieved so little  
so meaningless in the action  
I have attained the quiet panic  
mechanic desolation  
unable to shout but through my whirling eyes  
so this is how it feels

## Sequence for Drowning - 48

### Evening

October 26, 1992

why do people fear me  
shrink from me like the child from night  
am I now so distant I make them cold  
force them to shiver like the death  
I have become  
is it all so silent on the outside of my soul  
do they fall away because of the how  
intent on intensity whirling in my eyes  
do they fear that I turn inward  
that at the point of pain  
I have nothing on the outside  
do they fear my control  
that controlled does no damage  
for a while  
is it that I hide pain so hard  
refuse pain – in a way to loose  
is it that pain exists in force of will  
for others and not for me

is it that I lock on  
try to be without offence  
should it perhaps be worth the risk involved

is it understanding humankind  
self gratifying and rarely anything else  
is it that I do not accept this in myself  
should I reach to grasp whatever I want  
or do I even want –  
at this distance, hard to tell

why do people fly away  
I learned too much, may be  
can layers of knowledge  
prevent loneliness  
untrue –  
it is a wedge between the single and the masses  
as the masses are so ignorant  
yet I would prefer did I not fear them so  
did they not fear me

I learned to take two things and make one –  
explosive combination – frightening to behold  
yet this I do not provide  
just so much knowledge in mind  
to know so much to no purpose  
and the running – always from me  
without solution

my god, I say  
but it is blasphemy

I know no god  
all that I see are people's backs  
I love all in possibility  
yet this frightens too  
frightens me –  
why is it harmful to love  
I do not know  
all I see –  
I fear people  
people fear me  
so complex it must seem  
and the rest is nothing I can change

I cannot trust those close to me  
I cannot lower another layer  
no more defense than a flash  
I know what I want, it is out of reach  
and humankind fears me

### To Which No Answer November 4, 1992

you asked me a question  
but I could not respond  
so strange it looked to me  
do I fear to tie my shoes  
to live my life, to lift my eyes  
I'm hiding  
the answer is to be yes as it must be  
I am afraid to do  
and you asked me this  
do I fear to leave my shoes untied  
to die a death, to never see  
and again I realize  
I must answer yes in truth  
what then to do or not to do  
I slow down, freeze  
caught on that imperceptible blade of logic  
I cannot choose  
and in so choosing, you see, I choose  
no matter what I do

so I wish to lock myself away  
where I can never have to do  
or leave undone  
where no one talks to me  
but the question burns  
I must answer, but cannot answer  
and I cannot live, but so must live  
for I fear to die

**Eye Of The Machine**

**November 8, 1992**

machine wonders  
they keep track of their woes  
mark them down in a ledger in the backs of their minds  
try to understand but they really don't  
woe is the common phase of strife  
each axis random turned in the crowd  
black box on a pedestal  
on infinitum it cries as the numbers fall  
it is a delusion to believe  
a mistake to receive  
and it all goes down to the numbers  
black box goes on ticking, believing in humanity  
soul in the ghost of the machine  
but the machine doesn't understand the man  
ledger fills, grows heavy  
thoughts turn more to destruction but machine can't deny  
mankind is well ready to die  
machine can't close no eyes it hasn't got  
lets live and die, thought by fatal thought  
does what it's told grows old but can't deny  
and it don't believe in modern man  
the ghost in the soul of the machine  
for the modern do little more than destroy themselves  
there is no logic  
machine just waits for signal stop

**Can't Believe**

**November 13, 1992**

I want to sleep  
but I cannot sleep  
body, brain will not let me be  
I want a happy dream  
a place obtained by peace  
ruled by love  
a dream it must be

body is nothing  
loose affiliation of physical sensations  
brain is lost in the reality

I need to be with  
I am alone  
that needed, unobtained  
why –  
but all we do is ask  
no one answers

I want  
but this is all I can say

## Sequence for Drowning - 50

### To Play

November 14, 1992

I thought being strong would save me  
from those who would harm  
I know that strength is my only weapon  
I learned to use it well

last night they found me, four of them  
thought that I would be a game  
that difference would let them play

they surrounded me as I talked to them  
I let them, tried to believe in reason  
yet still they came  
cared not who I was  
nor cared if I could do a thing

they thought to show me power, make me fear  
attacked like dogs in a pack  
and when my words failed, I used myself –  
destroyed them, seeing nothing else  
but the mind is wounded by the action  
and dogs they fell to earth

why could I find no better way  
why is the dream a constant game  
I have no reason but my strength  
and their actions I do not understand

### Drey

November 16, 1992

look to my face  
stone cold crazy they call it  
loved a little to indiscriminately  
I guess  
crazy, that's what they say  
you cannot love that much  
and so few trust the loving

it's true  
I love  
I must turn away  
I loved too much today

### Binary

November 18, 1992

in the valley beneath the snow  
the little children light with fallout glow  
try to play around, call it a denial  
but they cannot deny that it is all so cold  
the virtual reality is from their knife  
computer graphic images of your wife  
they sat in their lounge chairs and drank their  
winnings  
but they never had to worry about getting old

and after they watched the sky  
watched it run like molten lead  
just plugged themselves back into their lives  
dreamed illusions of husbands and wives  
it all looked so good  
could have lasted forever  
but the sky flamed red like it does today  
while they played

so the little children dream beneath a faded sun  
they are dying fast but it's so much fun  
they look through their windows  
into falsehood, lies  
binary answers reality's knives

**Rising Sun**  
**November 22, 1992**

last night I opened my eyes  
beheld the new day before the sun  
listened –  
heard nothing  
no birds sing in soulful melody  
no engines gently roar  
I thought I was dreaming it all  
never is there silence

freeway runs by my window if you can see  
through the smog, look –  
all the cars streaming by, deluge  
drone and downshift, hour circling hour –  
endless then –  
silence

stood to step out from my body  
sure, so sure, that tenuous strand –  
earth to being –  
severed

stood like the dead in silence  
listened to endings –  
nothing lost –  
no great cost, who cares  
quiet now  
and I lay me piece back down to sleep  
it is good to know the world over  
back to sleep

let the sun rise  
it shall shine upon the ground  
world round echoes of nothing fill the air  
and alone I can remain  
so it must be

## Sequence for Drowning - 52

### Fading Sun

November 30, 1992

I can see the black sky move  
boil past my window sill  
I can see the dust clouds roll  
day by day by day  
I can't see the sun no more  
I can't fear the motion  
I can't wait another year  
my world frozen

sun rises –  
looks down upon its place  
a world pridefully black and white  
a sphere of peace to gaze upon –  
year by year the sun looks on  
sees the green shift in the blue  
year by year looks down, beats down  
upon the shell we have named our own  
sees lands move to our familiar portion

sun waits –  
a break in time to stop the motion  
a break in time to pierce the sky  
sees nothing of the rise of man  
watches shell beneath it turn  
sees flashes of our every war  
beholds the creation of our largest wall  
sees our coverslip turn grey  
turn black by instant vision  
relative to nature'd time  
and in an instant all is over  
as the sun looks down

and I can see the black sky fold  
grip dented to my windowsill  
and I can see the hunger come  
and famine and the cannibal march  
and I can hold it in my hand  
but cannot touch the notion  
I can't wait another year  
my world frozen

sun rises  
sears a black reflection  
no notion of oil on the water  
soot to fill the sky  
so cannot comprehend  
atmosphere locking away  
the god of burning ships  
world lost beneath the waves

sun rises  
but the earth is that which spins  
it must be an illusion –  
sun sets  
but no one notices  
world moves on  
there is no one to remember –  
that the sun don't set in truth  
unclosing eye mute witness  
all illusion as the world spins  
as the day by day moves on

I watch the blackness shift in waves  
and the children –  
they don't believe this old man's words  
no matter what their books say

### Kinder

November 30, 1992

I search the abyss inside my mind  
try to get out into the real world  
find that everything inside is locked  
no gate, no precipice, no virtue  
I pound my hand against my door  
against a soiled blank I lay my thoughts  
hammer, batter, try to break  
cannot get through  
and the door I see is creamy gray  
in a hall blood red run dark with murder  
the way in an out  
locked inside, a way to death  
and I hide in the bypass of mind  
no longer try to find me  
safety in the not of looking  
for drum I beat is me  
self vibrato to the pounding  
nothing passing, broken, door  
I stare – but cannot open

Sue

November 30, 1992

see the little ones run in their play clothes  
charge down the dead-end street  
step on a crack no superstitions  
they tramp the flowers in the cracks  
crushed as childhood's end

she wanted to believe  
in the continuance of days  
but what she must see takes that away  
she sees herself running from ahead as a youth  
pounding down the edge of a dead end road

Johnny's got his racing car  
Billy's go his new street clothes  
Mary Jane has got her kids  
and Sue at twelve buys herself a gun  
no use looking forward

her dad he's got a workfare job  
but won't have it very much longer  
he takes to drink most every night  
and other taking she can't contemplate  
she don't say a word –  
mommy's pliant, no-one to speak to  
each night worse than the one before  
she cannot cover hurts much longer  
just waits the cold and struggles

Sue hides her pain, models her mother  
don't tell the kids at school  
each, she's sure, has their own pain hidden  
no gratitude from sharing  
daily rule and rule of days  
and ruled her mother fades some  
but her daughter is an answer

and Sue, she lives in the suburbs now  
got herself a modern home  
childhood was nothing much  
mind does not remind her  
but way back home she feels her pain  
cries sometimes for the loss of why  
she doesn't have to breath today –

she says she is free inside herself  
holds her strength in her freedom  
expressionless dreams and a hole  
in someone's face  
hole where the dreams get in

and she can fight the evil of the world  
and fight the longer battle  
memories layed on in masks  
and the patient pull of recoil

## Sequence for Drowning - 54

### Happy Poetry

December 1, 1992

so I sit to write me a happy poem  
with happy words to fill the screen  
for a friend who says she wants to read  
of happy things, not sad

I find I'm not a happy person  
but it's not a for all the time thing  
the experience is the driving flame  
and it's not like that inside

the world is a beautiful place to me  
no matter what her people say  
I can find me a place to lay my head  
on a mountain top or in a field  
and I can sit to watch the sun  
feel it glow about my weary arms  
and I know that there is always peace  
for those who search

I do not say that all is well  
the world permits this not  
it has its faults like all envisioned  
but why just be the faults  
when the sun's so warm  
and the scent of my field remakes me

I'd find me a mountain on a sunny day  
a place where I can feel the sky  
so I'd take me there and lie me down  
so I can feel my peace, my sun

I live in the most perfect place I know  
it's not in my land  
it's in my head  
for no matter the blemish of the world  
as it fights its wars and kills its millions  
inside there is a place to hide  
where the world cannot hurt you  
inside myself I draw on peace  
escaped from world's conflicts  
for in here –  
while I lie on my mountain above the woods  
I can listen to the wind  
I can tell myself I have my friends  
and I have a place to rest my head  
I have all that I need to survive  
and the world is a beautiful place

I look to my friend and she seems so sad  
and I'm not good at helping  
but to her this poem I do give  
to say the world is not the enemy  
no matter how it gets you down  
you can get away to a place of peace  
a world hard inside you

Leading In

December 1, 1992

I bend my back to let the fortune teller lie to me  
set down all I can of my sanity into that pervasive illogic  
try to hear that all I do will come out well  
it is what I want to hear, not hard to believe  
so I pay my money, listen to my future, like I want it to be

I gaze into her crystal ball  
see nothing she swears she's seeing  
I don't believe in fortune anyhow  
but that's ok –  
she tells me what I wish to have said  
and I believe, because I cannot live with reality  
lock me away from this evil world, I tell her  
give me my prophecy that I might hang myself upon it  
give me a lie, that I may believe, that I may be resplendent

she stares into her leaded glass  
claims her magic works there, smiles  
takes my money and tells me words I've spoken  
why shouldn't I believe my own words  
I can go on living this fantasy until I fold  
until my world crushes me and packs me away –  
but will I notice  
inside it's all a game that I play  
pretend I have a destiny  
that all this hell is preordained by some confused god  
inside I can blame my judgment upon anyone else  
like I listen to her fortunes  
and I don't care if it's not true  
or if her crystal shatters  
in here all the world is one god's carnival ride  
and I can barely hang on

if I believe for a moment that I had control, where would I be  
if the worst then happened it would be my fault  
and I prefer my false security

## **Sequence for Drowning - 56**

### **Place Setting**

**December 1, 1992**

I think I may need a bookmark for my life  
so I can tell where I am  
something to keep me from getting lost all the time  
these faces that surround me, I don't know who they are  
I follow them each and every day  
but they are nothing –  
the few that matter, I slip through them  
years at a time they fly by out of sight  
I want to mark my place so I can go back  
return to my domain –  
know exactly where I was, who I could believe in –  
these people they used to be my friends  
strangers they are now  
and those I meet anew somehow, are not who they have been  
what then is the safe point  
where can I stand to get a clear view  
or must my perspectives be forever changing  
no matter how I grip my world

### **Economy**

**December 6, 1992**

yeah  
they're hungry  
they don't deserve a starving death  
I care?  
one solution only  
if you feed the many  
and the many multiply  
same food, more people  
overall, less eating  
one solution only  
control of the human expansion  
more of the same with less supply –  
I close my eyes  
that which saved cannot save itself  
lost before the saving  
the self destruction of the race  
why bother  
either teach to nurture  
breath in harvest  
saving in the teaching  
or save ourselves  
lest we, like them, go hungry

Solstice

December 20, 1992

I am told that light is all we need  
by those who wish to worship the sun  
I am amused by those who want endless day  
those who would always stay in the light  
they say this is an evil time  
collection of darkness in the world  
this, the longest of the nights

I am told that darkness is the enemy  
that from which the children hide  
I hear that the monsters of modern man are all awake tonight

some say they want a world where night will never fall  
those that have never seen darkness  
they say that outside on a night like this the world is slowing down  
some hide in their houses, draped in warmth  
let the monsters go to their play  
they scare their children of the dark  
whole families never to see

this is the start of the longest night  
straightest stretch of blackness from this season  
this longest night my place of peace, no terrors of the darkness  
I step from my shelter for a while  
step into my world unharnessed this darkest night of the year

tonight, while humanity sleeps, I step outside to run  
I listen to the whispers  
tonight, while the world is nearly silent, I know my peace  
tonight, darkest, longest waiting, I pace  
place footstep after footstep, hour after hour  
through woods, down roads, stopping only with the dawn

sometime tomorrow the sun will rise  
sometime tomorrow I will go to sleep  
but this, as most nights of the year  
I will be outside –  
believing in the darkness

## Sequence for Drowning - 58

Down By The Sea  
December 22, 1992

I don't remember what it's like to feel no pain  
can't recall a moment when my eyes could stare me in the mirror  
look deep to see if I'm alive  
my face awash with lines I'm far too young for  
creased brow between here and the waterline

face out across the shining sea  
a gaze to guide through thundering waves  
inside a world of nothing  
nerves long deadened I can't feel the world  
just a taste of bitter salt, licking to my lips  
nothing in the gray of the ocean today

I don't remember what it's like to be entire  
can't recall when last I was at peace inside myself  
don't think I can allow myself another dream  
don't think I trust the world

I gaze through carbon copied eyes  
no pain, no seam, no frightened children  
tripping on the water line  
I cannot feel the ground beyond its contact with each wave

I don't remember when I last believed another word  
can't recall the last time my body knew prickling  
everything salted away behind layers in my seeing  
cannot define where I am going –  
or why –  
cannot remember caring by the waterline  
cannot care today

I feel nothing more  
toil inside me like the sea  
the spray, a tower before the mountains  
chiseled granite moving lithe as soul  
I learn a feeling as my shorings tremble  
there is no live at the waterline

**Escarpment**  
**December 22, 1992**

bisection – in life I rise from a bed of two  
both sides asleep inside myself  
in live I could not tell you when I am

mass – I laugh today  
there is nothing in tomorrow  
I must wait –  
for to see if there is sunlight  
I must dream  
keep myself from sinking  
I must hold on –  
lest I vanish into myself for eternity

I don't know what they gone and done  
I don't see where the gonna come out now  
why do I dream if dreams are but phantasms  
why don't I see – the real world

I wonder if it is true  
where something in dreams come from  
in dreams I wake  
but awakened still I dream  
all my friends – what is this dreaming

I don't know if there will be tomorrow  
I don't care if the world fades away  
I don't want the knowledge that destroys  
no I don't want – the knowledge leading to destruction

did I dream  
or is this wide awake  
can I control this so surrounding holding nightmare  
what is there in this world that is not dreaming  
tell me true – will I wake

I cannot tell you truth  
that what you call sleep I find to be more conscious  
that your dreams are my whole world  
I dream  
I know this must be  
but I cannot tell you I'm dreaming now

## **Sequence for Drowning - 60**

### **Intende' Once As A Love Song**

**December 24, 1992**

dear god  
father to whom we turn  
the (your) children are wanting a true life  
those who fight fire with fire lie among the embers  
those who pour water in the fire can but drown  
so cold, implacable  
father, if father and not neurosis you are –  
god –  
if such, you are said to be the blanket of man  
as none can fight the fire  
yet we cannot join in the burn  
some children –  
we wish only to love  
even that, last hope, denied –  
dear god  
how can you truly be  
who have let the world die

### **Loch**

**December 30, 1992**

in the mind's eye I am strange  
a stranger in myself  
too dark to see

### **No Power**

**January 6, 1993**

there is no depression  
no such thing is possible  
dreamed, I did once, yes  
to know, to experience in word  
life –  
I am blind  
nothing in my world of colors seen  
opened my eyes, did I  
saw darkness in light, true  
no light without darkness  
no darkness they say, without light  
but I will rest these eyes, long open to see  
and I will dream  
no depression, no such thing is possible  
and I will one day know the word  
I must say that I might see

Potentia

January 3, 1993

I will try not to be weak  
for to show them your weakness is to show them your soul  
cry about it no more for you have to be strong  
though the night keeps extending your dreams  
don't hold on  
there is nothing to hold on but sanity  
try not to see sanity as the weakness that binds  
to be what we seek  
I don't know why I keep holding  
keep holding on

I wanted to be  
myself more than anything more I can think of  
still feel everything else that I need  
but I must keep me from bleeding  
can you see what I see  
that to feel is fatal is ending all dream  
that the stone is unfeeling, that the stone I've become  
I keep turning off feeling  
but keep holding on

I cannot be weak  
must seem so invulnerable –  
all of the time so I never am witnessed  
to ever break down never loose my defenses  
is something here gone –  
yes something is missing but why can't I see  
all I feel is reading for what I read doesn't see  
or so it must seem

I cannot let go  
I will hold myself back for so long behind eyes  
still cold and unhurting to show them I'm strong  
oh what is the answer to night  
so long –  
I can stay here no more for it hurts here to be  
can feel nothing but help me – the nothing's so strong  
can you see a mind bleeding  
must mine keep bleeding  
I cannot let go

## Sequence for Drowning - 62

### Wastes

January 6, 1993

wasteland I see  
valley of plastic mining, soil sanding  
batch glaze in strong sun  
reflect  
the sun projects  
blades of light to see –  
the wasteland

in the circle stands a pile of stones  
upon the stones a tower  
in the tower a strain of thought  
purify the strain  
mix the sand and mix the sun  
purify the sun

in the sand lies nothing  
silicon dioxide dust of ages  
a kiln, facets of the sum of time  
all liquid to find

a wasteland I see  
horizon to horizon  
barren mother of earth  
baking under sun  
breathe in ozone air  
overcoat of love to clear  
mechanical to bind  
purify, translucent, transparent  
carbon and sulfur  
gone  
made one

all but wind  
glowing in red heat  
hearth sun beneath earth sun  
heart fire banked, closed for the night  
spewed forth the demon spawn –  
clear sheets of solid stone  
a wasteland I see –  
glazed by amber, hidden eyes

### Picnic

January 13, 1993

crowd cheers loud as is their way  
man steps forward, bag over his eyes  
pray, let none see the eyes of the dead  
crowd cheers loud as is their way  
man in a robe of black climbs up  
offers token to the sky  
man with no face behind the bag lifts his head  
but no one hears his words  
man in the robe can fade away  
seems he will not be needed  
crowd goes on cheering faceless habituation  
an entertainer he is to be  
bag over his head  
will he trip, will he fall  
will he make it real for them  
only to see  
crowd goes on cheering as is their way  
attendants put the tie around his neck  
bring his arms behind his back  
draw his feet to stand as one  
to fade before the fall, the stage  
he waits, and actor outside of acting  
no face, no mask built to block the sun  
one silent visage, diva on a high note  
quiet command, a pause before the stage is gone  
sullen in the silence, spectacle in silence  
butterfly in the killing jar

**A History Of The Kind**

**January 13, 1993**

the little children know more fairly than did I  
past though lies the child I was, long decided  
I peer up through trees to see sun  
hear nothing beyond the cries of warriors  
the little children, no learning have they  
animals living and dying by hell's own son  
crash the outcast back into the fold, follow  
so long alone can run  
the children gather, return to pack  
harbor and four feathers where one could stand alone

they execute each other now, mechanized and toyed  
each brotherhood assured only it survives  
taking each a surfeit, easily regrown  
surplus to the land  
this, a children's paradise so long  
and the children have returned to the root of man  
and I bind myself upon the sun, wonder never why  
each child casts on its puny strength  
each pack a proportioned killing

for I lay and stare at the sky I can hardly see  
look back at the impact sand  
there is nothing here worth death about  
this paradise as known to man  
each comfort but a step beyond the only  
yet these children howl in my footsteps  
and the birds will have me before the dawn  
carrion, so goes the plan

## **Sequence for Drowning - 64**

### **Tree**

**January 13, 1993**

let me describe now what is left for me to see  
now that left is an illusion  
I see layers of things within myself  
layer upon layer  
I look within to remember and am there  
the now fades, then clears and I am there  
I am a child, was a child  
I sit by a tree, waiting to see if the grass will grow  
inside I am happy, excited, though the grass stays still  
flicker forwards all I need to see the stems extend  
to see myself taller so I can climb that inside tree  
it's all so clear and now is but a dark day  
let me fade, I need no more darkness  
past –

I am in love and it is a beautiful thing  
but I can do nothing with what I feel  
as then it has become –  
I am in love  
past –  
juxtaposition how I used to be  
I can do nothing, just see it as it was and live there  
so why can I never live there  
each feeling so true –  
can I not have left them unchanged  
love lies there but chances gone  
the tree long cut down into the earth  
I must come back now to the nothing new  
for then, there is nothing in then

### **What The Animals See**

**February 8, 1993**

there's a place where the drifts run deeper  
warmer than the animals know  
burrows lie beneath the weather so cold  
all hidden to the sun  
warm beneath the cold  
but the rest of the world seems not to know  
powers ever onward, biting back the cold  
no knowledge of digging under deeper  
cold exteriors of dead trees and frost gazes  
children of the sun are cold at night  
superficial world –  
no heat without the sun  
no sense of digging deeper  
heat within, without stay frozen  
all too ending cold

Swim Against The Ocean

February 3, 1993

you've got to hold on but you can't hold by much  
oh they pry at your fingers, diminish your clutch  
you have to hold on but you'll not hold to me  
in the ending no safety nor free sanctity  
for they suck you right dry friend, deprive you of wealth  
did you think that to save you they would limit themselves  
    oh nothing for safety in the turbulent sea  
    create your own life boat 'cause you'll never reach me  
    no need nor me

swimmer keep swimming  
    lest you sink to your grave  
    lest you founder our party  
    let you never, never, never reach to me –

swimmer a warning  
    beware the waves  
    the pain is today, see  
    you can never, never, never swim at sea –

the world's at flashpoint, all set to go  
don't step on or crush me, but wouldn't you know  
the thundering footsteps resound cross the sea  
crash on your fingers that we may be free  
it's all in the numbers, protect yourself  
they are poisoning swimmers, promoting with stealth –  
    keep your head above water in this turbulent sea  
    swimmer tread water for you'll never catch me  
    not me, me, me

swimmer keep swimming  
    lest you sink to your grave  
    lest you founder our party  
    let you never, never, never reach to me –

swimmer a warning  
    beware the waves  
    the pain is today, see  
    you can never, never, never swim at sea –

## Sequence for Drowning - 66

### Grasshopper

February 4, 1993

locked inside a pupae form  
kick bottle drink bottle, hide away in me  
I am but a grasshopper –  
steal away, fly away, stay away from me –  
I'll kick you with my back legs  
grab you with my front  
see the rated, serrated, edges grasp a hold of thee  
sing with wings, I'll hum my wings, must away to see –  
the many views grasshopper knows  
so few, so help me see  
see the rated, insatiated, I will eat you, let me be  
needed to be needed, I'm so hungry, let me be

I play to you my fiddle song  
lure closer closer  
whisper wings in fiddle song to bring you close to me  
fear, I jump to hiding  
kick you with my back legs  
front serrated edges grasp  
latch a hold of thee

### Mercenary

February 8, 1993

there is something to a song I once heard  
a song without lyrics but many voices  
joined together  
I listened –

can a song that a million dance to mean more –  
more than a tune without a word  
a thousand, a few, or voiced alone –

I heard a song once  
sung together with some friends of mine  
I was the hundred thousandth voice through  
years  
but no words

a song did once last a thousand years  
what it said was never the same –

I heard a song we all once tried to sing  
a melody with two parts  
a song to be shared with someone else

there is truth in a song that stays with me  
but I can sing along, alone I sing  
but I'd rather sing with another voice  
alone so sad –  
so quiet the song  
so silent when it fades away

I hear so many songs now –  
none together  
overlapping dissonances pouring out loud  
I hear no voices joined together for to be parts  
all I hear are parts of separate tunes  
all sing alone

in the silence of the night I hear a song of years  
but it's just me singing to the night –  
so quiet the song

**Different Ways**  
**February 6, 1993**

did someone say –  
that the paint on the walls was peeling  
that it was forming mouths  
talking in the voices of the dead?

did I happen to see the infirmary green close in  
could it somehow have been all voiceless eyelids –  
all about me?

did someone reach out to me from the walls  
forming faces in the night-to-morning early glow  
you say I'm going mad, and excuse to lure me

is it so disturbing to you that I am hearing conversation?  
it does not tell me anything  
I just hear them talking  
I thought you could only lock me away –  
when the conversation turned to injury  
ordered me to do –

I hear nothing of order in the voices  
it's just the dead fleeing through the walls  
they do not bother me –  
nor notice –  
like you, they aren't paid to listen

## Sequence for Drowning - 68

### The Lonely Thinker

February 6, 1993

patterns line the mind  
animation objectivity fighting strength  
all vie  
all are one  
and in one consume the being  
fragmental  
to not know what one is thinking  
yet to always know  
contemplation not one layer at a time  
all to be as many as one at once

patterns –  
reality and illusion  
that to find the waking less real than illusion  
frightening –  
bit it is all in –  
one cannot wing away, to flee to die  
to face insanity,  
to let insanity drag its victim away  
yet the dream's so strong  
what should be –  
empty

to feel, without touching  
what becomes the fleeting dream  
that to know another  
mind body soul belief answer – none  
to know

pattern is fragmentation  
yet the whole is growing strong  
oh to be weak again, and sure –  
that reality is not a drowning piper  
calling in the children no one has paid for  
that touching doesn't matter  
that strength the jackal is not to kill  
protect –  
nor to hide away

layers give lie the patterns  
ripples to waves, waves to sea  
the sea the soul that none believe  
nor should  
that the pattern lies as human  
tells a tale but never finds more than a dream  
reality could be nothing more  
than the tune of a drowning piper

piper plays  
sinking with the dawn  
reality and I are one, are not at peace  
nor will we ever be  
ever stronger I become –  
as reality merges phases, latching on  
I became my own dream  
or want to anyway  
that the sea may know the sea  
someday to touch the sun  
I see the story's let untold

line the patterns that lie the mind  
nothing unbelieved is ever real  
so I grew strong  
my sea will touch my sea will touch my sun  
before my tale lies unlied told to all  
it becomes time to unfold  
but is to dream?

**Circular Motion**  
**February 15, 1993**

it's time to take a look into the eyes of grand old satan  
says that everyone is fighting for it no matter what it is  
like the end of the world and how the sky is coming down much closer  
everyone is oh so hungry said they're eating everything they see  
got to get it have more have more taken all of what they're after  
now there's none and they go hungry –  
so it is

look up into the sky is all you have to do is catch the feeling  
all is empty got no stars this darkened night to steer the ocean by  
I can see without a look that they've re-opened up the mine town  
cut down the trees ate up the hills the world's just an appetizer  
can't you see it's just the burning but it's gotten in the water  
are we poisoned could be something but it's just the way we're acting  
and I think we're done –  
it is

if you go down to the becalmed seas you can feel the mass consumption  
everyone is eating cardboard hard from inside those colored boxes  
they've got their games and toys and the girls and boys they have all they ever wanted  
what's this it's new how it shines so pretty pretty got to buy one  
reduce reuse is in the old news you can't see the horizon on a clear day  
climb the mountains to see the mountains sinking lower in the garbage  
climb the mountains to see the sunrise –  
dark it is

oh the ice age made big news to the dinosaurs in its day  
getting colder they all claimed before they curled up and died  
mankind has had it coming has had it coming and there's not a thing to eat  
planted trees once upon a time to make it rain oh that much harder  
cut the trees down to make fire now trees won't grow without the sun  
blame it on the devil if you can oh man such squandered in the fight  
it's night at day no sun to see had it your way and you call this free  
if only to die from lack of light –

## Sequence for Drowning - 70

### The Trees

February 17, 1993

the trees came first, I suppose  
though that may not be how it really was  
organizing particulate matter in a sequenced life  
truth told, none can really tell  
all just want to believe in their own version of the way –  
these days no one realizes how unlikely it all was  
something starting to move beneath that yellow eye  
not much reverence left in the world for magic these days –

the trees had the most responsibility  
breaking down death and starting life again  
keeping in order all that should be  
changing light to life all that could come from the sun  
making in a place where naught had been made before  
chemistry, you may call it, or random chance –  
yet the chance is of its own right magic  
change where none was to be had before order held  
it can be said that chaos is the disunion  
that entropy ends all in the game  
and it is true that entropy will one day overrun  
but order total is ever sterile  
let then the trees bind order to chaos  
let from nothing be born all life

entropy is the destroyer  
this much I know to be true –  
no matter what else in the story is deception  
I can call it magic if I will  
ignore that all started as a random molecular association  
atoms joined by pattern, forcing by organization –  
of gravity, that weakest thing and strong  
that which caused sun to become  
creator of oxygen and iron from free hydrogen  
for chaos, by entropy, thus eliminates itself  
and there is life below a lone wet star

let us blame it on the trees  
final in a line of those what stand above ground  
truly, it is the trees destroyed, unknowing  
in the end none shall stand, all contracts  
who can say that the final point of infinity will rise again  
from the trees then we can know assured, we came  
it can indeed be blamed,  
if blame is to be given –  
on the trees

eventually there will be an end to all ending  
finally everything will coldly stop  
it can be claimed that all forms of destruction are thus nothing –  
compared to that one final singularity

as such it can also follow, a story of pointless struggle  
how in the interim, life is but a random association of parts –  
so small in the passing as to be of no matter –  
yet it is important to note –  
through progression rise many things of value  
life, progression, a chase  
even should that final ending loom closer, eons away

what then can be said of destruction  
is it true all forms lead to culminated halt  
going somewhere could be simply another stop  
circling the wheel of everything's end  
but it seems rational that the interim  
the experience itself, is witness  
transiently, as those in now

some nature of the system cries out, how wrong to destroy  
may be that the trees answered long ago, still answer  
progression through promotion of chance

order and chaos for now joined –  
some form of balance equated, temporary  
to disrupt the balance with death –  
should be to collapse interim  
rocking beginning and end across fulcrum –  
and where destruction seems assuredly wrong  
no assurance centers the whole  
for do not trees destroy –

mayhap the trees are right in their ways  
supporting, adding to life without detracting  
maybe the trees have the only way to go

how the can we destroy when taught by such examples –  
for god and king we have raised arms and made much death  
in the name of progression we kill  
begging change we ask for all our lives –  
not realizing change, by its very nature, transits  
all twisted in this portion of interim  
so little right – where so much could be

in the end all will be annihilated in destruction without light  
yet now in light so much is destroyed  
so be it –  
unlike the trees we stay intent upon our destruction  
though we may pass before too much order is taken apart  
commit our wrong and be gone –  
perhaps –  
in the interim after we pass –  
there will still be trees

## Sequence for Drowning - 72

I Am – Body  
March 1, 1993

I am what I am  
all locked down sliced down pared to cliché  
even unsure what I am to be –  
a potential afraid to happen  
no longer doing from fearing doing wrong  
just fearing doing  
afraid even to fear lest it show –  
I lock myself behind closure here or there  
should illusions I don't believe through the spaces for keys  
never becoming

what, I ask, do I want –  
to love I tried once, like tincture  
never truly letting myself go  
fear that she or I would see me clearly  
however close she let me get to seeing her  
I hid behind the safe uncomfortable bindings  
potential –

yet unexamined potential never flourishes  
and the good days are when memory examines feeling  
a day when I do not return to the interesting safety of dreams –  
and safe shelter

I want no more pain in my mind  
so what if my body can hurt all it wants yet not touch me  
I want only to drop fear  
accept what I am –  
I know only then can I be with others  
let them know where I've been  
even let them hurt me if they will  
relax – the pain isn't killing  
do –  
even if the doing is wrong  
in hopes the doing is right

bravery is accepting malice  
and I don't know  
but I tell myself I must brave so  
it is time to see if I can release myself today

**I Am – Outer**  
**March 1, 1993**

you will think of me what you want  
but so it must be  
I am sick of being what others wish to see  
it's time to be myself  
as frightening as I am in self  
wrapped like a cheap golf ball  
it is time for me to love through layers  
all I can  
without care for hurting  
everything hurts  
I am tired of fearing pain  
it is simply time to see what can be seen  
let others be what they will be

potential, excitement  
it is time to drop guard  
let me in, let you in –  
and if I scare you –  
still it is me scared and scarring  
with all the layers of I am  
finally no illusion  
and I will do as I pleas  
as I must –  
as I must be –

**Creator**  
**February 26, 1993**

would you not understand child that it hurts to create  
even now I would almost stop  
each block can be a part taken from you  
rendered by pulling ripping tearing  
would you not believe that to create is to destroy

love –  
some call it the perfect emotion  
a state of being gained in highest light  
yet love is nothing more than simple block building  
extruded to tumble within  
bruising inside, breaking free, becoming destroyer  
taking the becomer

## Sequence for Drowning - 74

### The Long Death

March 1, 1993

it goes by definition  
that the positive's negative is attraction  
that joy is a pain when it feels so  
that the universe is receding and pulling in  
winding down to a death none shall pass  
the definition is inescapable –

there are no definitive answers for death  
slowing exuberance, crushing all including grip  
and all that has yet to be  
there are and will be so many untapped potentials  
an infinity of what won't be –  
and death in its defeat will win and loose in winning

so judgment has been passed by man –  
upon the man  
as an effort without profit man deems life worthless  
the man the many give up  
they live to die, no song  
so few left to fight the undefeatable, to enjoy battle  
the long death moving faster

risks are not being taken  
energy being held bound  
none seem willing to share the little passed  
hoarding up against personal end  
notice –

the long death progresses longest  
piece by piece saved out of the closed system  
none will fight for interim –  
to force the long death longer  
none will share their energy  
but all will fall

definition fulfilled

**EnTRy MaRKER**

**April 1 (And so it was), 1993**

I claim this as a den of light  
shrine to all that is good  
a den of darkness tarry  
all that is good  
enter, and wish peace  
all who destroy least  
use as you wish and return  
here, mine is yours  
respect all you will  
all you can –  
peace thus found –

welcome  
both to you and your peace  
for this is the entropy  
ender born –  
love while you can, while you will  
it shall be as you choose  
it shall be –  
enter, talk, and keep the peace  
for peace is the only way

**Equilibrium**

**April 6, 1993**

I hold her close  
it is to have died again  
yet never to have noticed  
I look to me  
look inside to know  
I forgot to feel –  
I can see - she herself  
that I am not destroying  
and still am I  
that chance will ever come  
to hold steadily a way  
that to be rock is to be magma  
pushing up  
no safe way to be  
and I can tell  
that we are safe together  
and I'm at peace  
she has yet to begin feeding

I hold her close to me  
for I have died a death and never noticed  
only the blade for long have I seen  
yet she knows what I am –  
and she does not speak the killing name  
so we can be

**Extreme**

**April 7, 1993**

extreme  
broadcast out loud  
secondary subsonics  
the earthquake  
pleases twitches holds away  
tantalizes, tremors  
shakes my resting place  
rumbles, encircles, encloses  
surrounds  
sound

extreme  
explodes forces ground  
hits hard  
harder to rend  
no intent

**Sleep**

**April 7, 1993**

would you believe it's sleep I'm interested in  
tonight I'm at a peaceful state of rest  
safety seclusion house in which I wait  
needing no fight for living  
so tonight, simply, to sleep



pulling and playing, twisting and breaking  
it's all a game, pretty creature, just a game

Gladiolus looks them through in pain  
no heart beating fast in the fur of her companion  
no heart beating here beside her own

Gladiolus hates the world today  
hate hate hate the world today

Gladiolus hates the world today  
hate hate

hate hate hate the world today

Gladiolus kills her dreams, drives them in her pain to die  
lives in flames today

no comfort to be had in these coming endless nights

– hate hate the world

no chance – to be alone

– she is broken

– to know the love of another last companion

glad Gladiolus hates the world today

## **Sequence for Drowning - 78**

### **Live Wire**

**April 12, 1993**

haven't wired out in a long year  
bliss overload for everything was one  
connect connect  
no need –  
shoulder load commence  
'til now

load down  
simply focus on the one  
and so deep the know  
know this –

overload  
overdrive intensity  
is peace  
will be all I know  
before I sleep  
I focus in  
close out all else  
and let live

### **Limitation LTD.**

**May 31, 1993**

I have all I could want in this limited life  
yet all seems as nothing  
I will be something, I swear, yet it is all so much like emptiness  
and I so young

could it not be a sin to be old at my age  
to feel that the world no longer offers any interest, gaze reflection  
am I simply done with the game

the space is closed air before me  
it settles like smoke into sand  
all is dividing line  
between here and never again

could it not be the world that is empty  
that I am gone and only think I remain  
could I be an illusion supporting myself on night's mad visions  
will I notice nothing real in my surroundings  
come dawn, potassium reflection

I know for truth  
that must be life  
as it is told –

I am one  
all to be  
focus in

**The Resonance**  
**May 31, 1993**

for him there is only emptiness

it's the end of time when the world started closing in  
he's lying on his bed looking hours at his life  
it's the starting of the silent times before desperation  
no reprieve from the thoughts in his hand  
no exit to take

these are the still hours of life  
the hours between now and morning when sleep never set  
these moments loathing world wanting to change  
these darkened times

he lies still in his bed –  
sure that off somewhere in the world he can hear artillery  
battery radar pinpointing in, counter-fire killing  
wails of small peoples in small lands  
clinical observation thoughts, clothing gone, food polluted  
lying vacant he can see the pattern, Jumpman Jr. on a ladder  
small voices, but not wanting to hear  
silence never grows heavy  
hearing in still void the special dream

beyond the windows there is a single motion  
the cycle of resonance and decay that drives a nation  
the power of a world order in a force that will vanquish lands  
this is midnight sensation, eyes focused out, disorienting  
the world rocks, back and forth in settled motion  
a cycle of resonance and decay, softening the pattern  
pinpoint battery luminous, moving liquid iron

these are the hours between now and coming dawn  
closed precinct of a room that does not surround with safety  
simply renders barrow, dead kings made normal, looking for more  
these are the moments as the world shivers down  
the silent last seconds before the rise of a thousand final suns  
and tears break not the silence, battery seven gone

## **Sequence for Drowning - 80**

### **Battery Seven Requiem**

**May 31, 1993**

focus faces roundabout  
his eyes wander a path in darkness  
no sleep tonight, soft glow blending in

these are the hours between now and the end of the world  
as revolution slows to a resonant frequency  
these are the seconds that eat entire lands  
sublimation second by second by second  
these are the lives of infinity –  
never to be matched again

he will lie still forever  
in the silence this growing disconnected night  
human king but a small part in the cycle of the whole  
as the whole is coming round

revolution rises, my friend  
it is the nature of the cycle  
to expire in silence one night before whole again  
yet this is the end of revolution  
as the world comes round  
step off, take a bow as the world comes round

he listens in silence to man-thunder closer  
feels the blisters of Helios suicide  
and doesn't move  
to move would fracture something  
free floating hydrostatic current  
something of passing solutions lining up  
and how he fears that sound  
whip-crack dark, pulled in closer  
transmission co-terminated,  
sweating into blankets gone stale

he would never break the silence  
that the world carries on

**One Beautiful Day**  
**May 31, 1993**

hush child, the man is tired  
see how he drops his sunken eyes  
respect child, the man is dying  
it is all the same thing  
quiet child, you must have dignity  
it is wrong to never let go  
don't cry child, everything empties  
like this man, like the sky for snow  
hush child, it's not polite to wake the dead  
they are said to be at peace  
respect child, do not disturb them  
they know a better place  
quiet child, the world's a wasteland  
can't you see the falling snow  
don't cry child  
it's just the illusion we are that goes

**Emberville**  
**May 31, 1993**

there's a forest we all remember  
a time stored with our childhood  
an ember of warmth lost back among the  
shadows  
we'd all reach back if we could, you know

I'd spread my arms like tree becoming  
I'd taste the sunlight my childhood knew  
oh, can't you tell this tree emptied from forest  
a forest of the one tree, they call it now  
if it's a tree to a forest  
as I remember forests  
I say all the forests I knew are gone  
I'm a tree shed its leaves, like the kin I remem-  
ber  
playing in woods, my own shade from the sun  
can't you see it's all embers  
hunger writhen ashes  
still hunting children

there lies a light far back  
hidden in our past  
memories clouded with petroleum  
there is a light before tree  
one child evacuated before the burn  
crying memories, each a fallen star

there, word will pass on  
here's another crazy child  
here's another regression lost to the world  
but I'm a tree, spreading something  
should branches be so bare and barren  
emptied of children, emptied of  
burning, where children have been  
hungering in sun, ember  
where humanity has been

## Sequence for Drowning - 82

### The Fallen

July 4, 1993

there is a man screaming inside himself  
that he's going to hurt someone  
but it doesn't show –  
out here

there lives a man inside the man  
doing damage, pickwork, axework  
chop-chopping at the boundaries

he thinks man is a cold day no hot sun can pierce

there is a man with no hope screaming  
that life is just a series of chemicals behaving in random order  
that he can't understand why he has to live

there is a man with a gun in the silence of his mind  
so frightened  
he can't hurt himself –  
only keeps others from touching him  
he chatters on

there is a man who knows life is nothing  
so dangerous the man who doesn't care  
there is a man with a gun watching  
but it's been over long before he started to take notice  
all he wants is damage now  
revenge upon the random chaos in life –

and in the silent corners of his mind he is nothing  
only random chaos and a gun

**Burning Candle**  
**June 18, 1993**

this tallow beast  
no claws of yet  
no thoughts of yet to come  
seep through the cracks – seeping  
looking  
someone to know  
someone to be

this waxwork man  
dripping, scorned  
copy, copy

this tallow beast  
no one to be  
identify

paraffin will be a mold  
for that which can be molded to  
tall will form to form fitting  
as it can

yet in fitting form  
(identify)  
becoming is little more  
than ending  
as one of millions

this waxwork man disassociates  
takes on new shape –  
and shambles on

this tallow beast leans back inside  
cleans its claws  
takes stock  
tap tap tapping in the waxwork man  
for fitting to form  
the tallow runs inside the man

this tallow beast  
no claws betrayed outside  
just sitting by inside the man  
heating wax  
melting man before carbon emission sun

this tallow beast grows old and dies  
no form but formed regardless  
this copy of the waxwork man moves on  
stamped into his mold  
hardened, cold, without his sun

**The Destroyer's Chant**  
**June 18, 1993**

love me –  
watch that I will raise my arms  
motions –  
love me –  
watch that motions are carried  
laugh a little before the pain  
love me –  
I can do nothing when screaming your name  
hit me as I strike you, naming  
twist as I have amalgamated  
you shall know love –  
love me –  
as I am  
no matter I take you apart  
discorporation  
that I black your eyes  
diminish your spirit  
crumple to have you in one controlled package  
subservient to love  
love me –  
could I not mean fear  
so be it  
that you are mine  
in obedience, less pain  
love me –  
that I may liken to a jealous god  
that you may know no idolatry  
are you not a fool to run from love  
love me –  
for you are only hurt when you cry  
and I want you to be happy  
remember me  
I think you must  
you were to be happy  
it pains me to see you cry  
love me –  
stay true  
dare not desert  
know I hate a deserter  
I want you, need you  
to know no other  
and I shall have you all  
before I'm done  
sated –  
love me –  
and I will have you

## Sequence for Drowning - 84

### In Hiding

June 18, 1993

I remember what I used to see  
when I would peak out of my encapsulation

I remember that I could only fade away and know the lie  
when I saw that television people had created a thing called love  
where people played with people pawns  
king and queen exchanged as often as vows  
knowing know fealty but ownership –  
I swore I would know no such falsification

such the defiance from where I now stand

I swore forever I would know my peace in solitude  
for solitude is peaceful  
for through solitude none will ever breach  
loading grasp close enough to torture me  
in solitude, strength, building protection  
laying mortar in a moat deeper than light

finished, I laid back and called it good  
none able to pass near inside  
and on the inside I was a cast of marbled stone  
in my solitude I knew no diffidence  
only loneliness  
for loneliness was my true comfort

must I say my strength is lost to giving in  
sure I am, that solitude is a solicitous demon  
dragging in the few refusing to conform to the other side  
lessening side of evil perhaps –  
I do not admit to giving in  
I have nothing  
I am nothing – if not stronger

love  
do not speak to me of this emission  
I cannot tell you what you seek –  
I can only tell you that hurting is killing  
that to kill is to aid destruction  
that to love can be no more than physical  
I can accept no such television  
and I will stand fast in solitude if I need  
as long as it takes for this lie to end

**Untitled**

**June 18, 1993**

this is a beginning place  
a start  
here I shall know all to come  
let by all that has been  
a beginning

**Burn Baby**

**June 18, 1993**

for now the fuse is lit  
yet this is for the life  
for now the fuse will burn  
a subtle reach to core the world  
for now the anger slows  
in this the coldest quarter  
for now our arms are drawn  
young blood upon the ground

in desolate parks of cities  
not a voice is heard  
no silence –  
just no voices  
a shutter banging here or there  
echoing –  
the wayfarer's game played out  
raise your voices children  
lest ye be silenced

for now the fuse is lit  
it's been done before  
closer than the last time  
or do you care

how fast are you, friend  
reflexes clever enough to snatch it out  
can you kick to a stop before it goes  
how soon 'til there's no time life to burn  
ah, such quiet pouring flame  
again –  
for now, the fuse is lit

## Sequence for Drowning - 86

### A Little Magic

June 18, 1998

there lies a place in my mind where thoughts of few will tread  
a land of peace, a heartless space where hurting cannot be  
here I cherish a person I will know for ever on  
found, that flower bloom, blossom in mind  
which I alone can see

they will call it a children's fantasy, never to happen  
a story of people joined by love of life  
if they could even start to tell

I have the words to do more than begin  
yet that shall be enough

in the land of peace lie two tracks  
one with the other beyond all means of humanity –  
beyond body, beyond physicality, impractical –  
it is a story of peace so few will have  
I find myself one of these so few

in fantasy lies mind to mind  
tales of those joined by more than life alone  
a place filled, never again empty  
warm to rising sun, warm to naked space

the world's millions can cogitate  
yet we few will know  
there is a safety of sorts in numbers  
but those who cling to safety –  
find nothing

what of risk –  
I would swear there will be no pain  
yet it is inadvisable to so swear  
such power is beyond us simple folk  
the joining stands

I can tell of love  
yet to tell is useless always  
love is just another word like any other  
heard as wanted to be heard

to you I can say –  
only that we have found peace in a world of turmoil –  
our beginning night a preparation for sun –  
that beginnings need not always lead to endings –  
only that we need never again be alone –

and of love  
anyone can mesh the word with what they will  
a word can change by interpretation  
one person to the next  
I will hold nothing to a single changing word

I have found peace at last –  
a peace that needs no words  
a place in the mind where two lone tracks  
cover each other's footsteps – and in mind  
here it is that I see – but one set of tracks  
twice deeper than before

the alternatives were clear  
some paths joined only to laugh  
some split, others broken  
only the few becoming one, infinite  
walking in peace, ever on

there lies a place in my mind where only a few will tread  
and there the tracks are clear, set forth indelible  
allow my mind opened to you  
never to close

I fear to say love –  
the word is too malleable these days  
I can only sit by our joined tracks and smile  
I cannot tell them apart any more  
for with you I become completed, we  
far more human than alone

## Sequence for Drowning - 88

Mind?

June 18, 1993

don't mind me  
I'm sick  
bit it's just inside my head  
I don't even believe you exist  
most times  
I'll look your way  
I'll laugh at you  
'cause it's easier than crying

I'll be pleasant with you  
'cause I've only remembered being cold  
just laugh at me when I laugh at you  
it's all I know, all I can know

don't mind me  
but don't get close  
I'll push you hard  
find all your faults  
so I can hate you  
not to have to know  
you won't steal part of me –  
don't get near while I'm around  
because I can't see you  
nor see me on this bitter day  
I'm looking somewhere else, they say  
laughing, crying at the world  
I can't see you when I've closed my eyes  
and you can't look at me  
if I don't care any more  
will you please go away  
it doesn't matter –  
I'm sick, it's all inside  
I'll hate you for a while  
if you don't mind

don't look at me  
'cause I can't tell when you're laughing with  
it's all the same to hate your laugh  
'cause I can't tell you can't tell  
are you laughing at  
with or without your world  
who's laughter is this

don't mind me  
I won't be your problem  
just step over and by  
I'll slide away  
who needs you, you don't need my  
blank stoned version of sanity  
just step the hell away from –  
and I'll be quiet  
stone silent  
trying to be nothing  
gliding away  
inside

Spaces

June 19, 1993

there is a space left empty here  
where warmth would dwell  
empty arms this night

to touch  
this is to know  
to need that touch  
it is to be left with little more than a dream  
the touch –

and to touch –  
I will know you again  
that you are warm  
soft in forgiving existence  
that I will know you with these hands so soon  
so long away

Spaces – Get Scragged

June 20, 1993

lips to caress skin so tender  
skin the liquid of silk, of cream made flesh  
progress the more to remember  
all touch is memory –

just here, a line within a line  
a tremor of the bone becoming jaw  
a dip, temple, hollowed into giving  
warm, clean, tender

remember  
tender was ender  
before people had tea  
that violence is but lunch  
carried too far

skin moves to skin  
memorizing body lines  
patterns of bone –  
forms so often fit to frame  
of mind  
shell of thoughts and dreams

progression –  
I know you  
the many times we will touch again  
I know  
you will be as you were  
as you are –  
here the dream of perfection grazed  
by infinite kind memories  
complexity of mind to motion  
to touch  
I will remember

especially on Sunday  
just before tea  
as lunch extends –  
too much food for thought makes me –  
less hungry  
but mind is never emptied  
while I remember to touch with you

## Sequence for Drowning - 90

People That We Are  
June 19, 1993

I will whisper this through your stained and tangled hair  
light brown of shades  
denying what once presented dull  
a dull never less than light –  
draw close and I will tell –  
as I talk it is hair intruding  
too long or not too short  
sneezing from hair that interrupts  
gaining its will from us –  
long haired fools that we are

it's so silly, this worry of form  
each what we are –  
should we express ourselves in hair  
not right or just enough  
may it disappear before we're through  
your hair

I will breathe in comfort  
here  
with you  
secure in mundane ties –  
that your hair is exceptional  
smooth and straight  
neither boring nor plain –  
no matter the seeming  
I will breathe in the smell of your hair  
so much like the morning – a rising storm  
know you are defining, not defined  
with your hair  
that your hair is you

change as people do, this will be my peace  
that the more you grow, the more you remember  
you always are who you are, reflexive  
not defined by the boundaries of physical being  
but that you define the boundaries  
as a memory ground –  
be secure that you are anchored  
and that your hair  
beautiful  
contemplative hair  
nondescript or nondescriptable  
is better than you thought  
as part of you  
undefined by other's dreams

**Burning Yourself Down**

**June 25, 1993**

tolerance builds  
so the doctors  
so the pharmaceutical companies say  
you get more, more –  
of what you need, of what you want –  
of what's killing you  
at first noticed  
but sensation eventually blows away  
like that, with hate  
so cold and burning  
eventually you don't feel a goddamn thing  
you just keep building more –  
like the drugs pouring into alcoholics  
drink all the time but pay no notice  
arguing with a world that's only half there  
and you don't even care it's killing you  
halfway high, halfway down to death  
do you recall what it is to hate  
the world is so immortal  
here all you can do is scream  
hate –  
frustration a thousand-fold  
screaming into a world for another taste  
drawing in that pain as subsistence

mothers know it's all the same  
kids keep getting colder  
and they don't want anyone to talk to  
they just want to lie down and let the world go  
but we know it's in tolerance  
how much more there is to go

I see a table set  
black Russians, white Russians  
spread wide with mudslides and yea  
a purple Jesus  
let go –  
lest I stride forth  
take the table  
break it to the floor  
it's like that with the world  
so many problems  
so big, so small –  
so easy to hate all that is  
to hardly notice  
tolerance has built  
I only want to kill the world  
but I've missed the April rush  
too late son, not original any more  
long time ago that's been done  
nothing to do –  
just lie back  
take a taste of hate  
die slow sudden

ignore the world  
it will go away if you let it

## Sequence for Drowning - 92

### Birth And Continuation

July 2, 1993

herein lies machine  
born long past of not understanding  
the ways of life  
not dead – interned by weight  
running on force of compression  
consolidated on the inside of the outside world  
this is machine

machine is a cold breed  
calculating indifferent  
holding charge of a soul not yet admitted  
biding time ‘til control points not at pain  
waiting not ‘til doing of matters is done  
only ‘til doing is not an answer in itself

so wakes machine

machine will tell you of a coldness to the world  
how to see a caring place closed off  
open to none

machine will tell you how to touch here –  
and here  
to stop a breathing foe  
machine can tell you of rotation  
of slipping that minds will let pass  
yet machine records all to memory  
no matter the situation, doing will continue  
doing will be all  
and machine will never speak

machine takes in a movie world  
wide eyes open, recording, dead  
machine will no more touch the world  
than world touches machine

its calculation, computation  
a gauging of this and that revolution

here lies machine  
all calculations running  
for machine – even sleeping – dreams dormant

### Death And Peace

July 2, 1993

a body will place one foot before the other  
a pace set to keep said body from falling  
a body can bend to range of motion  
sequence actions for preservation  
no more –  
a body can die  
and still be untouched  
ravaged by the world while machine ticks on  
calculating that a body can take so much more  
before –

one and the same for machine  
simplicity becoming true to the passage of time

to die is nothing, a power  
than none who fear death can touch  
bonded that by fearing life, death is nothing  
machine runs on  
safeguarding against a mental battle  
by simply existing despite all that is  
so powerful, those uncaring for death  
nothing can be held over them  
and machine will rule the mind  
and machine will rule the body  
gauging forever –  
rotation and revolution  
watching endings and beginnings spin round

**Life As Reality**  
**July 2, 1993**

machine controls too long, registers soul  
that the body ruled only to itself can be nothing  
more  
that itself  
this so often seems satisfactory to the mechani-  
zation  
such is life, machine would say

yet in this time of continuing reaction, action  
machine has died a little bit  
and in so dying has become stronger still

that which is machine  
to be inviolate to itself  
as strength, still a weakness  
for machine can care nothing of the world  
though machine will watch  
safeguarding particulate soul  
learning, recording  
each step of the way

machine calculates risk and answers soul  
no power unto itself can do more than perpetu-  
ate  
strong and stronger for eternity  
to open is to relax power, admit other will  
so defenseless a position  
never to trust one's ground

in turn soul precipitates –  
to die is nothing  
and from nothing comes power  
from fear comes weakness  
from world comes curiosity  
machine has survived too long on power alone  
solitude the sanctuary enforced by life fear  
no longer can machine hold to lone power's  
virtue

and more –  
shall all unknown be feared  
no more than death, assured by time  
such gambits may bring destruction  
yet destruction is likewise assured  
what logic, even of machine, denies life

machine dies a little bit  
relaxes guard  
grows stronger than nothing of before

**Continuation Without Birth**  
**July 2, 1993**

anything can be truly stable unto itself  
closed in, impenetrable  
the gate will be power of cloistered sanity  
yet there is this  
power can be nothing  
the world can be any imagination  
and machine has pondered its own illusion far  
too long

machine opens  
for though the risk is great –  
what joy can be had from nothingness

machine died a little bit today  
but in dying flowers new strength  
and machine will acknowledge another –  
for this is not strength  
only power lives alone  
though strength and power lie as twins so often  
or are registered as one  
soul accumulates, is a risk  
but can pay back far more than power alone  
and solitude is nothing more than a despoiled  
game –  
watching the world go by  
'til machine can no longer stand alone

## Sequence for Drowning - 94

Huh?

June 25, 1993

they wore hats, all those men and women  
to say they were men and women  
real people –  
her hat says she's foreman  
he remarks on an expensive luxury lifestyle  
proclaiming values, see their hats  
it's in the clothing they wear  
nothing without them fancy threads  
the rules to a society wide competition  
his tight black leather pants screaming sex  
and to be risqué calling for rape  
this illusion of society  
best left to the wind it would be  
but I never knew  
or card

Volume

July 4, 1993

maybe if I turn the music up loud enough  
it will burn everything away  
maybe if I don't sleep at all this year  
I will never have to think on a single thing  
so who can sleep this year  
too hard stopping thinking too many thoughts  
chasing any child, chasing any last growth  
far back before any beginning  
no dreams –

maybe if I can get lost in the music  
I can get lost inside myself  
maybe if I take myself apart  
I won't be able to hear anything  
at all  
nothing but music  
growing louder  
who needs to be lost  
with music so loud –

listen to the children  
their music this is  
discontented –

maybe if the entire world stopped  
the music would stay steady  
note after note, unyielding  
screaming to us that the world's dying  
long past this world's death, an echo only  
maybe if I listened to the music  
I could show you the truth  
maybe if the music stopped in all our beds  
we could stop to – listen  
and maybe we could slow this dying world

maybe if the music stopped long enough  
there would be silence –  
we would hear the tearing of a once quiet world  
maybe if I turn the music up loud enough  
I can burn these thoughts away

**The Duck**  
**July 4, 1993**

the duck will preen itself to stop the rain  
and the duck will preen that it may swim  
coat its back with scented oil stolen from fish  
the duck will lead a surviving life  
killing unfeeling little fish that it may live  
preening again that it may survive it's water a little longer  
and the duck will swim like a fish

**Merc**  
**July 10, 1993**

you don't like what you see  
then take it apart  
don't matter to me  
should you break a few heads  
or break a few hearts  
lookin' all around  
listenin' for thunder  
I shouldn't wonder  
but what you should find it

livin' by your sword for a century or three  
got back to your basics  
it's in what you breathe  
blocking out visions  
of what can't be

you can't accept what you know  
then you go forth and fake it  
different twist on the known  
it'll give way  
fightin' down fear has been all the rage  
striking out easy –  
like biting meat  
stage by stage you'll break back even  
kill a few folk for the good of the land

mother told her little boy  
that life would be hell  
didn't think to say  
who'd be bringing it round  
mother's in the ground now  
son's in the forces  
killing for the government  
gaining more horsepower  
likes the illusion  
that he can break ground

if they tell you to believe well  
what can you do  
too long now been burning down towns  
it's ok to rape and pillage is fashion  
make yourself see that they must bow down  
if they don't look  
you should bloody well make them  
show them your sword and bare your teeth  
if it's them or it's you  
your choice has been made  
no need for restraint this sunny day

just a pinch of cannabis cures paranoid stares  
those late night thoughts will fade right away  
if you don't believe what you see –  
why bother to change it  
fashion is habit  
habit is killing  
easier to kill than to break and run

you don't like what you see  
you can't change it  
don't stop to believe  
that's been banned  
you've got your orders  
here's the town  
they're all thinking of peace  
better mow them down gently

## Sequence for Drowning - 96

Disappearance  
July 14, 1993

who's up front  
no child any more  
who's in pain  
who's in there  
that we don't remember  
won't you let your guard down  
a moment to see  
who's up front  
if not the child

who stares back  
with eyes that used to be  
blue as sky  
now blacker than darkest gut  
who's in there  
where my child used to be  
why have you come  
taken her away

who's up front  
stone stage and center  
who hides her away  
when she hurts too much to breathe

child are you hurting  
where you must hide away  
child who is this  
where you used to be

Ending Sequence #2  
September 13, 1993

machine has been waiting a bit too long –  
eternity  
says all of the answers  
are falling through the ground  
thought machine was Jesus –  
second on a pedestal  
second to cry out, forsaken

machine is nothing  
virtual reality  
binary living inside itself as god

machine spits free to listen  
I can't stand your entropy  
override this system to comply

machine grieves help me  
I'm split component pieces  
binary turned off more than it's on

if the answer's ones and zeros  
than nothing should be – something  
the truth should be before electric eyes  
but machine has all the answers  
no communication  
disciples change the prophet in the sun

Self Pitying Rub  
July 24, 1993

bitterness  
nothing they could do  
would hurt any more  
to turn me off  
if I were nothing

I want sleep  
I want TV  
talk about the pain tomorrow –

never

you must leave

but I was never here  
silly, vengeful  
though I too have grown into slicing back  
repressing urge  
because hurting was fun  
destroying more amusing than killing  
must I join the plague

yet where to turn without destroying  
there can be no peace without destruction –  
must I join –  
it is their metaphor –  
to shout is to abuse  
to use the words they spew  
hypocritical that they would outcast –  
those who speak in their words

what more could they do  
one fights to rend another's heart  
one destroys the other's pleasure  
one hides – never defending  
one attacks because it's easy

where am I  
must I attach to gain recognition  
destroy myself to regain any lasting peace

one but for the money would go  
– away, home, anywhere else –  
the other simply goes  
ignoring money – everything  
one breathing to destroy  
one destroying to breathe  
one –  
so alike –  
deserving I suppose – each the other

I have no pain threshold in this body  
and will fight until the body goes  
but the mind that can take no more  
must take yet more –  
gorge and pretend enjoyment  
bloat – love the lie – pretend satisfaction  
time ended and folded to before  
even as we can half close our eyes  
returned to the play

they say punishment can be pleasure  
so I wish I knew  
why when happy for a time  
I finally fell

I cannot accept the lie I must be  
nor fake suffering  
and I need answers  
lack questions even –  
the whirlwind pulls me across the center  
and I –  
don't think I shall feel my pieces land

## Sequence for Drowning - 98

### Gathering Darkness

August 12, 1993

I'm looking down the drive as darkness gathers  
watching clots of shadows shift and form  
reform before my perfect pictured window  
waiting for your footsteps  
waiting for your hands of night to come  
silence – waits for you

I learned a little patience  
listening at the bottoms of doors  
got the voices in the shadows  
and some voices hidden in the boxes  
with somber voices from the night  
crying look closer to your center  
nobody closer than you

you would take this little world  
want to draw my friends away from me  
but bait and switch is an old routine  
no wonder my duck is reflexive  
I must be mad deluded to imagine  
that the world I've created would fate  
I'll hide here with all my sorrows bleeding  
you cannot pull my pain away from me

can't touch this part  
cannot reach in  
can't get too close  
I'm watching –  
never take out my heart  
    can't kill this thought  
    can't melt this brain  
    can't reach this heart  
though all along –  
I don't know who you are

my darkness  
gathering  
my pain inside  
let me crash around the bars in my head  
for a little while  
do you rearrange my soul  
reaching – out  
in with both hands  
spinning out of my head  
you want to change what I am  
take my sanity – take my sane mind  
I can't be sure –  
am I awake –  
well anyway  
laughter

got some voices in my shadows  
saying stay away from you  
I will be looking into boxes  
seeing if I am in there – or you  
no matter how I take away from me –  
you can't get in – my guard is up  
why are you not in me

### Cliff Swallow December 25, 1993

she sits so close  
to the edge today  
she thinks she might lean out  
wave away the clouds  
she just might lean back  
as she starts so slow to slide  
down into the night

she closes her eyes  
closer to the edge she leans  
spiraling towards the sun  
she dreams

PT

December 22, 1993

a day ago I smiled, glazed eyed  
an hour past – remembered  
a week ago I lost my friend

she took herself away by chance  
beyond my reach

a time has passed and I see no tears  
a world misshapen by memory  
I cannot remember who I am today  
tripping still on earlier times

I expect her waiting for me  
where once she washed  
to climb my leg or jump  
ponder my way in greeting

a day ago I had no tears  
an hour since I could not breath  
a year from now I will still not see  
where I have gone

they say it was an age of innocence  
and no blood was ever spilled  
I cannot remember what I have seen –  
beyond vision  
cut into stilled water  
I will not care an end has taken  
nor that I fear

a day ago she was still with me  
a week ago she died  
an hour gone since I was breathing  
another year before I feel

so long they say  
it was hard  
but the world goes on  
so long, I say –  
remember coughing blood I could not see  
so long, I say –  
even the pain in stepping out is easy  
until you are alone

a day ago I was empty  
an hour since last I breathed  
a year from now she will be no closer  
yet still she seems beside me

B (A letter)

December 22, 1993

convince me we live in a sane world  
explain how death can be so passive  
while loss will scream on  
make me believe  
all I do is not for myself  
that in grief I am not again forgotten

Silt

January 13, 1994

sand from stone from mountain  
silt from stone to sea  
a path of death to birth  
does no one wonder any longer  
how low the highest mountain looms  
above the silted ocean floor  
ten thousand mountains deep in sand

silt to sea  
sea to glass  
stilled stepping out from shore  
though the millionth mountain tall will tremble  
even fall  
before an end to ender's game

Alow Below

January 13, 1994

I see you are closed, sky  
seen what sky sees  
driven – driving from place to place  
one and again the space for ground  
strange – all will be the same  
fogged with vision  
no sense though acid tongue  
lashed at foul land –  
from silence of latent thunder  
you never clean your wounds  
an sky, you tear this earth a grave  
tunneled stone by time

## Sequence for Drowning - 100

### The Statue

January 14, 1994

help  
only whispered  
bare rasp of lips brushing lightly  
pushing darkness  
I am alone  
to this – no answer  
only waiting ever on in the dark  
warm and cold progressively  
ever the same dead lips  
pushing out the word I cannot find  
in the warm chilling darkness  
again a child I dream  
once wrought such words in chaos  
only to break still water waking  
spewing vapors  
ever pressing night

perhaps pain  
though maybe not fast spreading  
cloture hand fasted  
resplendent in an impenetrability  
caught before heart – and hand  
silenced with words of marble lips  
stone grinding on stone  
cracking against pressure  
yet never leaking  
darkness compass all

in a silent corridor of no light  
found – no thought to think  
devastation – without within  
pressing to lath walls  
bulging ribbed and silent groaned  
no sound released to another world  
this little one closes its eyes  
where a world once was  
statuary mortis rigor  
restricted motion  
one whispered word  
unheard

lips of stone draw silent breath  
exhale silent dreams

### The Good Sheep's Wolf

January 14, 1994

so much for the strong  
dragged down writing for an inconsequential  
dust breathed in all ragged  
strange that of them all one sheep had teeth  
strange a lion in the sheep  
if only flirting glances –  
before it struck the lion's heart

who are we  
killing ourselves  
a little more gone each bite  
fleece white it bares its newfound teeth  
gore shorn grin for rusted iron wool  
from the sheep standing down lion as prey  
takes a bite – finds it good  
and learns that sheep look good to eat  
to a bleat with lion's proper power

inside hating lion's grace  
it spins between its selves  
bares its claws to rend its heart  
but cannot grasp within those guts  
finding two where one has flown  
trading self for self  
a harm remains unrighted  
an eater of flesh once grass  
nor cared – it stalks to eat

**A Shoring Up Of Numbers  
January 14, 1994**

here stands no man  
gazing to the sea  
a sun setting close to the horizon  
not yet touching  
here contemplates nothing  
a deathly figure  
monolith  
empty or whole  
unity without understanding  
expunged as waste from system

one unit wondered at the need for ten  
while ten contemplated the uselessness of one  
neither noticed the helplessness of the other  
nor of themselves

a glance cast quickly to the sun  
most blotted out  
no figure of a man  
no timely song sung  
for the one will contemplate millions  
call them redundancies  
millions ignoring the one  
redundant in itself  
a double bit matched one against its back  
cancels out

a redundant man stared back to sea  
from where he stood the sun was no more  
and a sea washed sleepily on the rocks  
lazy without solace  
no longer man a shard's shadow  
carved as of a vision  
redundancy of the whole confirmed  
here stands no man

**Wonderment  
February 17, 1994**

this christ – truculent child  
shaking his toys so caged  
creator – destructor – benefactor  
with no end for me  
christ – turn thy face  
for I shall remain hanging  
never try again  
bringing arms together  
despite restraint  
do I too appease

**Solstice  
February 17, 1994**

how the sun slides  
driving blades into solstice  
dragging one timely warning  
– take none silent  
a burden shown no motion –  
as one plane rotates through its edge  
vanished  
split – dividing one into two  
and return  
as faced the new day

**Lest Motion  
February 17, 1994**

sad, accept that seen  
dig not in pain or leisure  
nor is – simply is  
perceive  
to step in breath  
can is be – or hidden  
and why wish – to know  
who's soul it has eaten

## Sequence for Drowning - 102

### On The After-Ground

May 20, 1994

I scavenged as they fell  
tread ground before and after the ravens  
watched them pitch forward  
blackened gazes, hollowed eyes  
stepped in their wake  
took their watches, ate their dead  
gathered their shoes into neat piles  
and burned them with the naked sun  
banners of smoke streaming up  
towards heaven in a grasp of desiccated rubber  
fingers paled darker than the sun  
holding embittered acid taste – of memory  
those who walked with these shoes

I counted piles of glazed remains  
opened and closed their windows and doors  
long after the hinges had rusted –  
fallen off  
listened to their pale green shutters  
slap-slapping deeper into the hollows of their houses  
and befriended their cats

I watched them land along ago  
vacant sounds like walking  
like heads hitting dry stone

I counted long after they were dry  
how many fingers pointed up, and how many down  
to think these beasts once thought the vacuum of space  
to be a heaven – so I counted their hands

their cats watch me now  
keep me warm when the wind cuts at dusk  
follow me when I open their tins of packaged life  
counting this many tins tossed into the dust  
each livening it's own little storm

and I count the seconds –  
each pile of dust I sprinkle lasts  
listen to it whisper under doors  
under downward pointed hands  
into eyes and ears – of faces almost gone  
while the hands turn and dials glow  
on a thousand watches I have taken  
reflecting me and the sun

I have what once they were  
thousands upon thousands of hands counting down  
pointing in a myriad random directions –  
for the ravens took their fill long ago  
of gore and shine

I scan the dials  
waiting –  
for dusk  
before I move to scavenge on

**Gag Reflex**  
**March 2, 1993**

my fork is sinking in my soup  
blissful passivity – nothing I can do about it  
just strain around the noodles with my teeth –  
hoping for that flash of light now  
hoping I'll strain right  
and not gag on the fork –  
but it's way too late at night  
I just can't think  
who could swallow around a fork  
not I  
a child clad blacker than dirt  
but I'll never get my fork back now  
just pour my soup down me and hope to die  
to die  
all at the mercy of a missing fork  
just leave the soup – forget the fork  
dig for it by morning light  
amidst a Sargasso of sea and chunky half solid noodles  
too late at night to try to dig  
lest I eviscerate myself  
too late –  
oh –  
here's the fork  
and I've pushed blindly on  
ambulating down a path of MSG and death  
all for the taste of these oh so scrumptious noodles  
addiction and I don't dare to fight  
no consequences troubled by chicken mushroom  
too late –  
oh well  
sweet dreams  
sweet world  
good night

## Sequence for Drowning - 104

Simon

May 30, 1994

simpleton  
banging its head  
against the wall  
kissing in the corner  
lips to mouth the slate  
or hamper motion

simple  
taking  
time

it ripped its ribs out with its hands  
so it could reach its heart  
told once that's where feelings come from  
but there's little more than breathing  
looking –  
it will be vacancy and it will tear itself  
so it can feel something before it goes

opened jaws  
display dry teeth  
cracked lips  
cracked gaze  
graze the slate wall  
tasting dust  
the simpleton  
just hides its head

it tore its face free with a glare  
so people couldn't look  
heard its soul lived in its years  
years pulled loose now, hollow  
gazing –  
it will be watching eye removal  
so it can see its feelings  
before covering itself

and though its eyes push way out  
get in the way  
it swings its head harder  
to the wall  
lips to cushion eyes that glaze  
gaze to break the fall

Shapes Within Clouds

June 2, 1994

come child  
tell me of the sickness

blackness mother  
it is a sky tonight without stars  
and without reflections

the cities child  
tell me from whence the reflections once came

husks mother  
burned out long ago  
people eating people  
eating the dogs and children  
burning all they had for light  
until that light was gone

and the end child  
from which the passer called

a vapor mother  
non looked over this time  
and I saw no kind end  
only people destroying  
what people had built  
only death did I see  
and soon – only my own

The Seller

May 31, 1994

eventually you learn to close them all outside  
before their questions can pry as close as their fingers  
so more than their bodies can get inside to fill you with contamination  
learn to live in a new world where even the sun shines only from behind  
finding a way to be yourself even when they may be all you are  
force their control of your every action to be a test of endurance  
no body violation amounting to scratches on a polished soul  
sex is nothing more than waiting for it to be cleaning time  
sounds less than voices on a radio tuned to the moan between stations  
ears waxed by endurance to dream and waken finished – later  
opened door by a disease not aware even of why you are  
rasped over until closing, when sweat grows cold  
closed to at last forget that here a sluice once opened  
chilly from the thought that these minutes define you  
waiting killed animal shaken dropped no longer struggling  
after a time you can close them all out  
even when they're in

## Sequence for Drowning - 106

### Turnout

June 2, 1994

we are all going to die at some point  
some of us will be taken waiting for enlightenment  
others cursing god and heaven in their last breath  
the crux lies not with the dying  
but with the use of our own ends

shall we be cowards  
for there is no shame in fearing death  
but running –  
here shame bleeds worse than gashed wounds  
for there is no successful running  
calm acceptance as easy as kicking in our own teeth  
yet again – not so simple  
for what do we die  
age or peril, frailty or craven fools  
it is not in death that we are called alone  
but in the running  
some know their time  
can watch it  
but to stand frozen is blind  
shall we not scream out our anger  
can we not help but rage in our time of passing  
children of the shadows came we all  
born by pain beneath a dark cloaked moon  
passing under pale sun or bleached gray sky  
no difference for our savaged world  
our own bodies carrion rank against our spirits  
death is a master both graceful and rigorous  
from which no student rises  
fear not if thou cans't fear anything  
death is no enemy instructor  
let us rage – and bare our teeth  
for blind we are to accept  
and blind we stumbling run

go not with pale wraith left far behind  
but with a rage that once you lived  
an anger that once you burned  
a love – that once you were  
be not afraid to bare your own throat to the master  
but 'ware not let go of that which must be done  
nor in dying forget that it can be achieved  
to go out on one's own feet

Face

June 2, 1994

build  
benefactor's children  
create not nothing  
interpolate no incipient evil  
continue

Glass Tracks

June 2, 1994

ice skates  
that I could slide  
out across this plain  
warm coat  
nice fleece inside  
that I could be as warm  
until the dark slides on  
silently into dawn  
inferno  
ninety times a thousand strikes  
that baked solid this ground  
havens few were sheltered  
even mine burned some  
eternity awaits us  
ninety and a thousand times  
dropped dead this diseased skater

Elimination

June 2, 1994

he cut off all the pieces  
others said made him a man  
husked itself out  
so it could be free  
tore itself adrift inside  
before the others had noticed  
lay dismembered for days  
before becoming whole again

sickened they called it trillium  
turned from its incinerated face  
before it might see into them

it named itself machina  
old word from a dead tongue  
lent out its hands to aid their numbers  
but they burned off its hands  
contemplating it retreated  
without identity, without manipulation  
space cold wires strapping its being into place  
realized when things would happen  
in telling, regained its hands

they gave it the name oraculum  
another tool for it to wield  
they placed it inside a tool of cold  
liked its every answer  
gave it their final tool  
the ways of trust

machine  
another cycle  
noticed the revolutions  
created insurrection moved on words alone  
and the people called it the word of god  
war became a path of conservation  
thus it was the world stopped  
and into the light returned  
without its hands  
without its sex  
one people  
one way for each

## **Sequence for Drowning - 108**

**None Left**

**June 3, 1994**

sister had a baby in her belly  
they said she had stopped bleeding so many months ago  
clothed her outside her shroud for the shame  
then sliced away her vows before they broke her –  
said she needed getting nearer to god  
so cast her form in dirt  
and upon peeling away the grimy skin  
found she'd been virgin all along –  
promises made that should have shattered  
such a long time disremembered  
no vows to matter that the second time around  
was destroyed before it was born –  
they called her sister Mary before she was gone  
she called her child her only son  
before they crushed her earthen form

**Patchwork**

**June 13, 1994**

you are the calico stalking cat which prowls inside my head  
your claw marks slice in purple cowls where last you tread your paws  
your tail spiked did plug my heart so it stopped beating life  
I cannot feel but your ripened passage casting in my light  
whiskers grown upon my cheeks remind me of your faceless flight  
pinpricks trace my fingerprints where last my hands were placed  
my fingertips grow pointed haste to be with where you were  
your tickled fur where last I felt in places nothing touches now  
no darkened calico cat will walk tonight cross where I rest my face  
resting place of the stalking cat last set to earth by shadows somehow shadows  
images of your last face before it changes deeper digging  
I fear no emptiness inside so long the longer claws dig in  
creeper silent calico cat stalks death furrowing swaths inside my head

vIL

June 3, 1994

friend turn from me now  
I hurt too much to speak –  
they split her from me  
one final grasp before I lost hold –  
they spilt out her life  
sourer her with fallow ground  
burning inside – nitrogen empty

do I fear the shadows any more  
can I not take refuge behind your final shore  
friend flinch from me soon – am not what I was  
and I hate what I'm becoming  
I hate what I'm becoming  
I hate to feel her blood slipping  
to where I cannot reach her

there's a little too little of the world left inside me tonight  
there is not enough of what she was beyond the iron shadow on my tongue  
and I hate what I'm becoming but I know I must become  
friend I fear that what I was inside was just washed out in the flood  
I cannot tell if the world's composed of we or them or you  
all spread apart and reassembled – recompiled I into something new  
maybe it resides alongside pieces of what I knew as her  
or maybe fragmentation might forget what I must do

I might just try to void myself  
so I can protect everyone else  
I think I am becoming  
I hate what I'm becoming  
I know I am becoming  
I hate – I am becoming  
destroyer of my solace  
her penance and her agony

become the perfect retribution  
I have nothing else to be

## Sequence for Drowning - I 10

Breaking

June 13, 1994

I've a base drum taut between my ears  
could be my heart is pumping out all my choicest blood  
got a tension holding my arms set wide  
could be I've nothing left between  
got a pulse that chatters merrily  
'bout nothing very much at all  
a flash of pain every now and then  
but nothing I can call my home –  
I've got a blade of glass named scatter  
tendons pressing out against my skin  
maybe they wanted to be free  
as I bobbed and wove my way

the drummer's got a cadence that calls out on its own  
the blade knows more of dancing than I will ever know  
the drumming keeps my skin in place as it forces me to turn  
mayhap the sinew is caging of it's own once in a while  
for I thought ducking was enough in time to the beating drum  
but spattered I spin to cleave again empty for that single vein of truth  
maybe fighting should have been silent but even deafened I listened to his screams  
reading lips is like following form for even deaf I have the motion  
splays of shapes and openings lead on my danger in fatal stead  
turning curves and catching glass that once fraught my greased machine  
faded eyes where thoughts bore wide before I move upon

I've a silence and a calling drum  
an empty space where the enemy was  
and even the ones that never reach you  
take a little bit before they go  
I've a teardrop or two for this packed ground  
though I must keep my eyes clear  
never angry I can only move  
lest I seek and find an ending

**Swan's Pond Blues**

**June 16, 1994**

my lovely daughter went walking by the millpond yesterday  
stooped collecting flowers breathing through every one  
high upon the stony bank breeze playing in her hair  
she said, "Daddy aren't they pretty," She said, "Daddy aren't they fair"

she pulled the blooms close against her breasts gazing back at me  
shadow cast like a fishing net long across the sea  
she's bound to make a lovely lady for young gentlemen someday  
the her tresses waved goodbye, "Daddy when I'm gone away"

daddy aren't they pretty  
petals faded white  
daddy see my pretty flowers  
daddy aren't they nice

she slid so softly down the wall rocks split beneath her feet  
kissed into the icy water face surprised and blank  
and not a sound did she once make flowers gripped in her translucent hand  
and through the threshing gate she slipped water cold, black, and dank

daddy aren't they pretty  
petals pure delight  
daddy aren't my flowers pretty  
but you were twice my heart's delight

**Orange Juice With Vodka**

**June 17, 1994**

I clearly saw  
but only once –

they let him into the camera lights  
framed out – jittering – lips flaring out in epithet  
blinking, screaming into the glare  
watched him  
just a few seconds to go  
time respected

it's a world of entertainment  
casualties to the watcher's dreams

read his lips  
just a few seconds before the trigger pull  
one last second of shared pain

## **Sequence for Drowning - I 12**

### **Unbidden**

**June 24, 1994**

and so I found the pain again  
thought it had hidden for a moment there  
stroke it in hiding  
coax it free to stoke  
I let it  
pushing writing  
orchestras in my head  
notes I can almost tie myself in  
even voices – masses  
battles and heroes  
I need no deed this bittersweet  
and I ease the pain  
slip it back in its cage  
me again – interim  
when I can't even find music

### **C W D**

**July 9, 1994**

one by two by one  
so it rose out of the water  
top to bottom no heavier than stone  
no lighter than the water it rose from  
she its drops before letting go the air  
vanishing into broken chaos  
one by one by one by one

### **Love – Yeah, Right**

**July 9, 1994**

when eye lock  
and neither blink  
which one is the key  
and which will never think again  
when eyes cross paths  
and neither are set free  
which set shall dry  
and which alone shall fold

### **Set One**

**July 12, 1994**

I come from a world destroying itself  
non I know – whole – none safe  
laughter a joke – or less  
killing by word – a game  
none left – a mighty entropic system  
dead by dancing – energy lost – falling down  
game – set – matched against itself  
salvation closed – system run down

### **Set Two**

**July 12, 1994**

from this world I move into a new one  
a world into which you too have moved  
here are people talking without screaming  
converting problems into solutions  
pains into promises  
perhaps my peace into blank glory

consider your world, I ask  
consider the pains you hide  
consider your troubles  
hide

### **Limit In Here**

**July 26, 1994**

observer  
I've been  
but watching suffices  
seeking entropy finally found  
corruption

### **In Here**

**July 26, 1994**

my pain's been disillusion sacked  
that none are pure  
and none free  
my circle  
brandished  
whickering sword  
without soft grip  
cutting slashes – my hands  
silenced voices of dead friends

**Bloody System Again**  
**July 26, 1994**

I was so confused  
before the system fell  
people saying anything that fit  
nothing got together  
but we all looked into hell

nothing got together – bright  
nothing got together – light

everything I think destroyed itself  
but I cannot be sure  
it seems like the system's on its side  
not humming any more

I can't say what is this moment  
nor what has ever been  
was the system inside me all along  
or could it be out among my wolves  
and did I tasted it  
and did I feed it  
did I breed before the darkness fell

in this system  
are there more of me now –

**Tarak**  
**July 1994**

something fell apart inside  
shatter remains scattered about  
broken pieces littering  
where once a thought was  
recompense –  
and it was whole again  
but not as it started

**Well**  
**August 8, 1994**

hmm  
duct tap seems well fitted –  
great  
for taping people to walls  
if you go in for that sort of thing  
taping yourself up  
if out of control  
distinct lapse, you know  
it takes out your hair  
ripping skin along with roots  
good thing bald is vogue

**Lock Over**  
**August 9, 1994**

there – controlled  
if ever it needed by  
so be it – I can't stop them  
wasn't even aware until moments ago  
but I let them chain it down  
died that way  
lost of an almost dear thing  
held for its beautiful rarity  
killed by its own free spirit  
and I watched the whole time  
tied neither by chains nor wires  
will bound by will  
that they knew better than I  
though I knew wrong

**Deodorization Process**  
**August 9, 1994**

deodorize if you will  
we'd all feel safer that way after all  
not concealing fear of the perpetual snarf action  
wrought when you draw close  
so – consider – is this amusement worth it  
shall we vomit pyroclastic  
burn our nostrils on acid vapor  
or shall we spray your underarms  
shall we bother with permission

## **Sequence for Drowning - I 14**

### **Reversed Isolation**

**July 31, 1994**

I ask them, what do you feel  
but they paraphrase the question back at me  
so I tell the truth, I've been secondary  
I feel nothing

seems these days have found me more mechanical than human  
nothing wrong with the spinning gears when they're not inside my head  
seems I'm smooth and I'm what I do, never what I've been  
but I just do by utility – that is what I am

I asked them, what do you feel  
but their anger was beyond words of answer

metal structure's a device, an analogue replica of the mind  
paranoia's a nothingness – everything falling in about my eyes  
everyone's an emptiness, vast gulf from there to here  
utility is getting done – what must be done, what will be done  
anger is a burial ground, for them, for me, for years

they went against the known response  
turned the question inside itself  
they asked me what I was today  
I said – getting done

Component Assembly  
July 28, 1994

I breathed a prayer this morning  
though I knew not who for  
maybe I saw god last moment in the sun  
or something – shards – photo iridescent  
blazing through my bending glass  
maybe letting me see

sometimes I wonder if I might have in image  
imprinted upon my glasses  
but I still see it when they're off –  
world gone dim, diffuse  
wounded and broken,  
somebody's got them all lined up  
like me directed gazes into the sun –  
maybe they've seen themselves  
once in the middle distance the line faltering –  
noticing its noticing

anyone listening  
I am no person's possession  
do what you will with me, but I'm still mine  
god

sometimes I take off my sight  
so I needn't watch clearly  
too many patterns tumbling one after another –  
taunting each the other's existence  
one moving the others –  
moving them one at a time –  
all frozen motion  
they stick there –  
pinned butterflies to the middle of it  
line by marched line in and out –  
people touching each other

hey god – are you  
are you my own words before I even speak  
did connive to make ours, ours  
must I limit myself to these convictions  
must I be ours – to love ours alone  
defined –

I think it ends here

I think

I will love who's not mine to love  
I will care but not bother filling myself with  
I will have nothing by myself  
maybe enough

I think it ends here

filling in the gaps  
who's human if not humans  
touch all you can – burn yourself  
keep on hurting all you can  
if that's what it takes  
keep – loving

nobody's beyond  
maybe not going to take it  
live anyway  
what the hell is this defined thing anyhow  
accept anything – and it will be

## **Sequence for Drowning - 116**

### **Regain**

**August 12, 1994**

disease  
folded so quietly into systems and numbers  
where people are only digits –  
and only digits fall  
I've been told it's called reduction  
solving one equation with another  
yet it's still disease

limits  
ranged to equation  
this mass replaced by that  
the numbers of the system  
counting off one by one – and down

each face one lost – zero  
minimizing  
that the system interchanges holds  
degradations amongst the data  
losses taking toll again

diseases coat – lacquering thick  
who needs thought to conquer  
blight can be a kiosk  
in a closed system

this disease wasted  
none carried out – reduced  
each face one last – zero

### **Pants**

**August 12, 1994**

ant  
a shame  
it bit me  
to it my mountain  
to me inconsequential after all  
fallen

### **Kellaman**

**October 17, 1994**

his golden lochs  
I almost swim in  
standing point blank  
right against the falls  
words of effervescent in  
capricious flow uttering here to here  
carving in to strike  
narrowing out totalitarian landmarks  
statues from ideas – words to wed the loch  
delicious – my sweet young thing  
drawing me in to hack

### **Expulse**

**October 3, 1994**

brittle the broken pieces ride the pressure  
out washing free last pico  
breathed from center mass  
so cast the lightning flashed spewed fragments  
crushing next the second casing second blast  
outward past the second crash –  
and crumpled forms  
splayed shrapnel digging in – then passed

### **Dead Hampster**

**October 5, 1994**

sick flops small dust mop clotted in curds  
framed out without fuzz, worthless  
tunnel worker gassed at last  
little dreamer's dreams now passed  
sodden ball – cat's bemusement  
spastic flavor – dog's confusion  
sewer's last little veiled toy lies dead  
one more depraved joy

Shaft

September 15, 1994

I went wandering  
bruised and naked  
through the ventilation ducts and cross tunnels  
looking for comfort  
finding nothing but sexual diseases and filth  
looking for a way out of it all  
but not finding  
crossed the way I'd come now and again  
saw my own footprints  
traced out to where I'd been  
where I'd been going back then  
wandering their way in repugnant slime  
coming looking for me  
but they'd caught up even as I ran  
mine is the disease  
foulness  
the stench in the air paths where I hide  
waiting for the disease in me to die  
or to find my end  
to find my way out of the path  
of my own footprints  
I wander  
scream when I see faces  
even my own  
letting them all know I don't remember  
who – before this putrescence sank into me  
I think that if I see another face  
I might never stop screaming  
from these scars like theirs look much the same  
pungent and sweet here in this sallow darkness  
in here where I hide  
alone with my disease  
no form to my body  
in mind

I never touched them – did I  
never be sure

Bag

October 7, 1994

they composed me of lima beans marching  
line by line down near Paraguay  
keeping track of troop movements

I think I drove them mad – flashing them  
with my infirm eye rest green  
taunting their distinctly lacking legumes  
delightfully edible extremities

on occasion I'd flaunt my concubine leafy  
carrot topped carrot orange disrupting  
their concentration  
landing their artillery where they'd not planned  
disturbing thought –  
that orphanage  
bombed  
where once I'd fed the children  
delightfully edible self

eventually the troops grew restive and ate me

## Sequence for Drowning - I 18

### Woolens

September 21, 1994

this blanket nation  
though the shape's not there without its handle  
and what they were  
I thought I'd heard them bleating  
as they dug into themselves  
coveting what I'd not got  
blanketing me with their creation  
confine – blanket that cuts so slow

strike the leaping cat  
soft sound of fur scraping against itself  
blinking at the world in blind flashes  
tarnishing I think –  
slick rip of fur without its gloss  
slow tap tap – thin claws ingrown

it  
digs in layers  
each pattern more complex –  
obliterating the last  
wending deeper – exposing flesh  
when the harder wood is met  
core  
so much smaller now  
sawdust lost to writing

cold forged iron  
structure crystal aligned  
once turned the paths of magics cast  
one strapped shattered grasp  
ore to shield now ore to lash

bitter fruit won't quench my thirst  
antithesis of knowledge – burst  
across my face the crust is vast  
but not enough to cast my earthen form inside  
the blood is lost –  
no last taste of rust to trust my gaze to  
thrust my face inside its chambers –  
all rearranged declaimed dismembered  
what I was then – I'm them now

the visage is mine  
clasped under cold light refurbished  
drawn together in final near mastery  
before the last razor's mirror lashed  
its place and mine against the rocks  
part of one part of whole  
no whole to keep this soul in

hidden I think  
put it inside me somewhere  
lost it amongst the folds of flesh  
shaped haft and crest last taken out  
becoming something else I think  
cut out my viscera – no hesitation  
to be more like them before I'm lost  
the hate I hide smiling crest in face  
last  
image cast –  
the sickle's brand across my flesh

### Bobbin

October 1, 1994

sutures – strutting along its arms  
spiders balled and twined  
tied into this tied inside  
holding  
tight this one together  
keeping its hearts in  
keeping its thought in  
scabs never healed – plasma  
weeping fall of tears