

Dedicated to friends, all of 'em everywhere, in person or otherwise.

Thrall Kind

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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

Thrall Kind 2

Automatic Writ 2

November 8, 2003

if I could touch you now
my name would change to dust
everything I am looks your way

if I could breathe your name
my blood would water turn
inferno in my gut
transmutation burned

Running Down

July 18, 2004

whether or not you fight, I am already dead
go – there is no further use for bodies here
run, and perhaps you live longer, I have some hold
little more than delaying matters
escape and I die easy – stay, and my fight is nothing
remember, we swore our answers long ago
and knew this day would come
one of us, one must live
if not for us, our daughter
so run, and be her mother
my love, whether or not you fight
I am already dead
remember me for her
be fleet of foot – and I die easy

Recombinant

July 18, 2004

recombinant, the pattern surrenders no cohesion
revelation, finite trust, terminal static cable
deriding leap of faith – apprehend then pattern
model possible and impossible, redefined in chaos
always something new divergent, core renumbered
answers sundered, smallest part split further
center pliable, enough for all who – pattern mending
make anew

Iron Will**July 21, 2004**

is this the iron will – how you imagine me a child with a gun
and no place to put it down or turn myself to for protection
only me inside my world with chamber and the shell
bridge of self and terrible pause between this and resurrection
no patience with the cavern of the heart and its premeditation
just tapping at the core laying shots in concentration
like Robin with his bow tracking occupation
and you call this iron will, the killing, but iron lies in hesitation

Witness**July 21, 2004**

everything I remember collects in drips
the killer and its fingerprints, the tattoo at the back of the wrist
gender indeterminate, the usual signs in sublimation
track marks, not fresh, shot up between tendons
no rings, no hair on the backs of the hands, delicate
effete without passing either designating barrier
transition of blade from left to right, same action twice
each lung punctured at the base, dragged outward along the rib
brand name ceramic blade moving superluminal
sharp beyond force, not even a tearing sound
like steel makes in penetration, just pop as the bubble breaks
sharp attempt at intake, but no breath
and the collection is superluminal, following matte black edge
forth, back, marking out its pattern like vivisection
more blood to the left, only one hard action in the pattern
right to left, blade flat to palm, to other palm
grip suddenly wrapped, snapped – and the ceramic edge
four inches deep in oak, delicate, delicate
that last crack so final the cops can't remove the blade
vice grips making no impression, and the expression
one cop with a saws-all, snapping his industrial contraption
with just a brush too close, incredulous –
ceramic edge memory – oils, whorls, definitions
collecting up like coffee by basket filter, coloring in
each fingerprint identical, manufactured
a killer and its fingerprints, vegetable oil without contamination
gender absorbed, clean for the kill
professional made, impeccable – no concern to witness

Thrall Kind 4

Invitation's Error

July 25, 2004

if you wait, patient, quiet like the spider
something will come, filling in the hole you have made
matching up like gears in clockwork, applying power
making of empty engine rotation, not too little
not too much, calculated by space in firmament
off neither one way nor the other, clever words
making invitation of whole that has never been
capturing or making friends with revolution
not too little not too much, serendipitous and thus
like the spider hoping, hoping, beyond the sting
no paralysis from paper burden, burning grave words
making amends, setting light the machination
words hold true, hold always true, hold true to notion
clarity and power ocean of the moment, no pendulum
no caustic action, hoping like the spider
for the word will open something
both in machine and in the heart
where power filters in invited
constrained in all but what

Brandy Distillation

July 27, 2004

it's going to come down like a very first taste
tongue cleaved to the meat of rotted peach
perfumed seduction of the flesh gone just a little bit
a lover's kiss below the heat, peach not quite gone
yet oversweet, bacterial ingestion sated
nothing in the under bite, nor lover in the seat
so good it's almost passionate if only missing patience
razor below the turn of throat, an enemy gone mote beyond
sight flickering within recognition, enemy in recognition
and it's going down like the very first taste
fermenting perturbation

blessed suffering of meat, pain that garnishes recognition
here then enemy, here then, like amber in the morning
you've had your fill, my pain is mine, smiling in the sunlight
did you expect my skin to rupture, burst forth in putrefaction
spew wine and sinew at your seat

how you've forgotten I've lived for meat
and pain my close companion
how you forget beyond the passion, pain is living
pain is living, rot removed, ripped clean and dry
and the smile on my lips should tell you
I am no-one's meat

dig in another knife, you have no permanence to give
and my pain tells me that I'm alive – so rest on this
truce is your bondage, and pain my caustic focus
the meat gone wrong yet sipping treat
so like the peach, all sugar and imprecation
and when you're done, you've nothing
I am ever stronger

take your time, enjoy myself
take what you can – and empty hand, learn nothing
for when you're done the turn is mine
I have no truce here, never have
these patient moments in the dark
and you are weak with cowardice
to laugh and call this torture

a peach at my lips, suffused with liquor
I do not break; I do not rest, and own my pain like rotting meat
control set back in the harvest, wonder in the never touched
my turn now while torture sleeps, not for your pain
not for your pain – but for your power

Star and Steel
August 1, 2004

when you are centered in the heat marking measure of your power
pushing out into your own and sharing all that's yours to offer
there's a silence in behind the banking ashes on the embers
like the harbor after loving when giving becomes hours
only then does languor move comfortable like leopard
stirring in the center, humor mounting star
no mistaking nor repayment in rising of the dream
what you own will own you and possession is surrounding
empowering the shared protection
empowered in the shared protection
graceful luminescent core

Thrall Kind 6

Consumptive Advertisement

August 2, 2004

I can hear the rhythm, want the rhythm - and know it will never be mine
I can follow the pattern laid out so far - and then nothing comes, no aftermath
I can say it's like indifference - and dead parts of myself apathetic
I can hover tranquil in the aptitude - and awaiting soul's capital outlay
I can want nothing, hold nothing - and still become empty saturation
I can feel the passing, hear blind wings - and still the anticipation is hammered
I can covet the warmth, the repetition - and still continue in reservation
I can remember the dance and rhythm's solution - and still give nothing

I cannot give you this, I cannot share you this - nor in giving find salvation

Cloak and Hand

August 6, 2004

it's like the snap at the end of the flex, breaking the snake's back
like a thousand other continual things permanent in music
when you can feel all six hundred sequential motions
fingernail of the longest finger riding behind, become razor
kendo without a blade stripping voice from singer's repertoire
memorization of the beast, cobra one reflection back from strike
neuron's impulse short of connection, hood wide
numeric positions of the wrist cavorting behind the cloak
cascading muscle memory lyrics named deceptive hand
deceptive liturgy of killing, pulling back the skin
cloth already parted, decreased spiral making cat's eye
and it's like the snap at the end of the flex, slapping down
finger's contrail the only sign of passage

you can breathe out, count seven, move on
before blood comes

snake already gone

Skinrider**August 6, 2004**

there's a moment when you think
I'm dreaming, one of those dreams
where wakestate lives behind silver
like a mirror you can't reach through
all stuck in behind anuertic pause
and out there the blood comes
pours into your pillow
living rivers you have been
copper sound in your mouth
like you've bitten the blade
and casting out can only hurt your insides
some hollow sheltered space where motion
tags some corner you never dreamed
even dreaming, the scream that never comes
the run that fails, the walk that sticks
sword that won't pull free
and there's the enemy
slow sullen tarnish caught in selection
pushing into your outer form
poison replicating
shock stretching rictus smile
sweet voices whispering
open yourself to me
obsidian now in saturation
coal tar sex suffocating
streaming awake

and the sword still won't draw
lucid the dream goes on

watching third person self shaking its head
observing the happenstance of exile
something riding just behind the clinical strike
beginning of other, polyphony
outsider smiling now, reaching into sphere
breathing just so to the no-color
wiping clean

awake, calligraphy on the walls
wondering where the fight has been
nowhere bleeding
and everywhere – blood
subsiding, sinking in
in life becoming human

Thrall Kind 8

Roombah

August 7, 2004

I became cat then
felt muscles that I'd never had
bunch soft below my burnished skin
iron below the melanin
knew fur beyond the knowing
tasted prey upon the wind
caught motive in my whiskers

Uneven Measure

August 7, 2004

sometimes the poetry lodges in my throat
like birds in a chimney trailing soot
and begun, cannot find conclusion
bakery oven twelve feet deep
chimney swift banked back against two foot of coal
three of brick, and the words are humming therealong
simmering and growing
feathers tickling the back of my throat
and I, so far from knowing

Into Our Own

August 7, 2004

most of the time you come forward looking for a strong side
something to lean against, cry into, tear a piece from
tonight it's like you've hit your stride, expecting tears to come
whisperer living in glide, and you have no need for shelter
but the master's song was not for us, and balanced we are sheltered
needing never another's touch, and joy when it is offered
this change of strength, this coming love, now neither of us master
and trust, both protectors, both protected, becomes us

Dowser

August 7, 2004

step, hold out your hand
you are faster than I and with that weapon
strength does not matter

and I advance
see how you falter
accepting of my motion
I do not kill

and your eyes are empty
believe I am hunting
that I've come to take
your dearest thing

that I am enemy
if enemy is required to learn
and make stand

when you can forget
that we are friends
when you are killing without recrimination
learning begins

and step, hold out your hand
you were not made a killer
and the weapon needn't hurt me
but make stand

forget what you never have done
become the weapon
and begin

Thrall Kind 10

Neutrality Revulsion

August 11, 2004

rutting fine incandescent paths
mapping places I have been in maple-lines
viscous recurrences of entropy
where I've seen agonies untouchable
destruction of my vessel
this meat paste tradition
unable to taste my own vulnerabilities
drowning in those of my enemy

no painful surface tension
taffy happenstance ministering my wounds
mmm, the tradition of self recognition
sublimated, sweet neutral face
and the tie binding is other's sacrament
my features filling in
sugar-water cracked for fire-fudge
folding in fractures, mending paths

there's no anxiety in this
candy striper's tincture and meperidine
empath to another's scripture
metered track like anisette
skeet below the spin
and no cancer answers this sleet saturation
like the brothers, bound in each other's aims
my pain erased, yours in its palace

your spear in my heart then, and never a cut
your protection in my deviation, my daughter lost to darkness
and I will burn in emptiness, screaming white hollow
where my purity ran like rain, empty of my own - but filled with dreams

Song of the Fighting Mind**August 19, 2004**

when there is only one continuous motion
governing all, beyond rhythm and calculation
even then you can die, but see it coming
and spectator at your own death perhaps find
the slimmest of margins, a fraction's better leverage
and I've seen fighting mind in the enemy's eyes
but too late, knowing that death is coming
both relaxed in professional mien, making certain
and been the enemy, watching my death arrive
awakened streaming in sweat, enemy not yet present
only continuous circular motion, breathing in
breathing out, fighting mind locked in the dark
having already drawn a knife that wasn't there
something in the air claiming home, whispers of dream
trailing like stranger's fingers, claiming bones
both mine and enemy mind, naming reservations
cutting them clean, and the enemy's blade below my lungs
is driven by my hand, whispers in the dark knowing
no fight here began, chuckling behind my back
such perfection in the resolution
universe of one

Geologic Stutter**August 24, 2004**

if I were falling down every moment of my life
waiting for the ground to spin me back from breath
this spiral would control individuality
and I would be alone until I joined the many
but the ground has never come nor ground's more fearsome thunder
and hesitation faded from the planing of the hands
circle to the wheel like tearing into paper
one disk unto the next and funning with the contrail
and aggressive I've become before the impact's stagger
pushing on into oblivion and punching though the languor
no hesitation any more skipping between layers
semaphore of living on lifecycle become vapor

Thrall Kind 12

Party Mine

August 25, 2004

you have a problem with the eyes of the enemy
coveting your house, landed and curtailed though it be
and come to question which eyes are enemies and which become
something other, transiting from threat to calculation
better to have enemies than be chess piece, pawn or king
and enemies' eyes or no, honor is homeland
is hearth-fire and a keg of black beer
is guest-right and fair dealing in the house of the friend
honorable killing in the manor of foe's
even the delicate thread of language failing

Meadow Parlor

August 26, 2004

let it be our lands then
that with glad heart we give you
let it be our children
that you take into your beds
let it be our heritage
that we with broken fittings
layer into ashes
and let it be ourselves –
let it be ourselves then
we who have no measure
let it be our turning
that you call your meal
let our meal poison
curdle in your belly
let our reminder last then
sour in your pleasure –
and let our broken smiles waver
our humble bows and treasures
let our children bleed you
as you bleed our children
and let our comfort feed you
we who have no comfort
let our need unwind you
you who so soft spoken
offered us a peaceful world
and peaceful tied us down –
let our spirits blind you
name plenty to our massacre
and let our names be binding
words that drag you down –
let our harvest come then

and fill you with its luster
and at your very apex
let us write our children's names
like ves below your skin
while we who smile support you
and invite the namer in

Sun Dog

September 6, 2004

ah, were I to say cloudy days, weathering my better
cloudy days would be yours too, we both alike
but sunny were my answer, sunny yours be too
so convenient in the fall position, ever to respond
and honesty, cheap honesty, my cloudy days for you
this soft struck moon and sun dog's collar
all before the loom

make then your tapestry and tread most careful at the center
remember, fair, remember – because remember well I will

HK 5

September 11, 2004

kukri facial care
a proper shaving steel
universal tool

The Rider's Lament

October 21, 2004

what have you done with my Weyland, he whom I loved so well?
where have you stowed my freshwater smith, misted at dawn's dew and grass?
who are you deep in his belly, above me so lonesome and quiet?
spending your needs by the dozen in me, crow black, feathered and patient?

and when did I loose my lover's gay laugh, his gentle sweet words at my lips?
where has the solemn and caring gaze gone, the static to fingers, and bliss?
and who are you deep in my belly, driving him hard like a steed?
and me so silent below you, carriage to obscenity –

and how shall I harvest my sorrow, your beak and stark claws in his gullet?
with the shimmering blade he's done made me, returned to crest at my need?
and what of my plaint and my whispers, need I take me with him too?
your talons so deep in our embrace, must we both sacrifice to feed you?

Thrall Kind 14

Enemy Gaze

October 28, 2004

hurt long enough and you find enemy eyes in the mirror
cavernous assemblage piecing together of your entropy
fervor enemy in holes like pores, blackhead becomings
revenant hatred gaining followers, muscular atlas drifting
commoner making enmity of common, nautilus mask
one twist to in and you find your eye's enmity in the moiré
hurt enough and the enemy is everywhere amidst your pieces

sometimes it's like reaching inward through drowning
crystalline fetch of splintered revelation
showered clusters' glassine mist
wiped aside of all like water, cat's eyes cut
bereaved homunculus' exhortation
cold mirror lies, belies in absinthe
some calculating indifference to hurt
huddling pain and partner close, enemy to enemy
only a glimpse before the missed
enemy in everyone

cold absolution in exchange
hatred churning like mud, clear in revelation
that at least – there's fire here

Sapiens

October 29, 2004

t'is the wettest darkened prison every human holds in heart
that he'd like to take the woman and shred her with his appetite
that she'd like to take the man and smother him with appetite
t'is like hunger in the sanctum where starvation long has blurred
making human of apostrophe this desire to consume
shortening the animal below wire, below gauze
before giving to the surgery all human ever was
making monster of humanity stripped virtuous and raw
claiming incandescent, "I am human to the core"
pious in devotion to the celebrated cause
and human is a wasteland of desolation and repentance
I am human, I am human, I am human to the core

Un Schimmer Sung

November 4, 2004

you want to hunt, then goddamn it, hunt
no pussyfooting here, toying with ideals
nor stepping up no program
nary a plan, nor method to your action
nor hunt without objective, every hunt a kill
be it body on the table or money in the till
and better be it still to never hunt at all
and ever be a-hunting
neutral recognition, recog in the action
smile deeper still for never needing hunting
taking instead fill from simply never needing
like the waterfall's lush motion
bending into pattern's veil, every spinning tale
of quotient to your breathing
rest within striation, catalogued in vision
no need to hunt, nor goddamn in the passion
pleasure in creation knowing when need comes
you've all along been hunting

Thrall Kind 16

Lead and Leaded

November 8, 2004

when I am freed this hungry meat
sickened sate and abstinence
I will tell the little death
whence came subsistence march
came empty larch, burrow bracken
and fox, button-black eyes
making harvest, hen and rooster
feathers and smoke in his uptake
crying John to the window, 'natch
and shot, burrowed into wuzzy
ah, vacuity segment, petite and mort
nameless escort to battle's heat
replete, confiscated wounding
pellet shot above the earth
and I, already grounded

aye, when I am freed this hungry meat
sated thick in memmer's chant
fed, a need like any other, victimless
cant to coop like boot-black, sacked
below the observation threshold
n'er gunny nor sack, willow salic
punched under my skin, seven tales to the wind
stove-black the burn behind the eyes
and living hollow there is feeding
without victim here and grand
hooked roost below, like vivisection
mort, and gauged at the lock
empty belly, empty flock
yes my eyes black, and there, eyes hollow
empty of me as enemy

t'is a need like any other, hunger, and of the meat
when sharing spoiled feast, invite never thy neighbor

Recurve**November 8, 2004**

you can hate, all you hate hates back
you can feed, and consume only yourself
you can breed, and devour your children
other's children when yours are gone
you can taint, all that you touch
all it touches in turn, pliant to your will
you can faint, and unconscious swallow worlds
you can harbor, malice, devote malignant rumor
other's visions gone dusted, an angel in the epicenter
and you can harvest, bleed the land of nutrient
same continuum in recitation
like salt in earth

yes, and when love fails, and trust flakes back like varnish
you can also step away, choose no further harm
even sour in your hatred, choose instead some bounden path
and warm will come, or warm not come
indeed, entropy at will, but better in the system
be it not my will, and awaiting sum
find instead summation – and warm will come

Stitching In**November 18, 2004**

somewhere here there's burning in, stripping reason
settling into repetition, killing process, like logic's down and exhumed
applied only where convenient, baby doses, never critical
patterning nothing, nor revealing of pattern, convenience in burning
drifting lackluster in the un of known, claiming righteousness
a dead thing sewn to battle's flags, imperfect fragments
tatters wind-drifted, whipsawing to rhetoric, unexamined

oh, remember – but there's no memory, blackened flags whispering on stone

Thrall Kind 18

Closed Circle

December 13, 2004

in another life, you were my sister
the hardest edge of an even dozen swords
like butterfly come round rebreathing
naming shapes of cuts, swallow's tail
scallop shell, pinion of heartbeat
always skinned between this and the one before
explaining life retains spirals
having been and done, coming round
only almost human, and in another life
my enemy, sharpest blade most brittle
most likely to hang in bone
explaining, everything lives every life
and the killing dance is suicide, however well formed
like the part of fugue that eats its tail, and again
and this is why tears come, hot in battle's heart
I've been killing you all along, killing me
swallow's tail extended, thrust
in grief, continuity, exhalation
best to cycle through in beauty
always the hardest edge

To Offer Shelter

December 23, 2004

oh, inside me, eh
not fornication but passenger
looking out my eyes
I'll take a miss today, good sir
and merry on your way
take my arrow in your back
lest you another sway
aye, for be you ruiner
or citizen or gray
belike that I may nary trust
nor hold your truth at bay
some skills made not for passenger
aye, and those who drive
the chance be just too much to risk
no talent, aye, for suicide

Carrier Core
December 27, 2004

the message is the broken wall
the granite block rent soft as cloth
foundation, bulwark, thrown back like straw
the message late by now, by years
by repetition dead at ears so strummed into dissonance
no pattern holds, no tune nor torture
nor message held, nor broken wall
remended, granite block upended,
fracture's stutter seeking song
seeking oblivion and 'er the wound grows drawn
'er tissue, mortar fills it in, thing of beauty born again
and common, sacking of the cloth and ashen
granite sleek black now, how here the wall fell
here it rose, remade glassine and mason's blows
skinning in, and sinking in, messenger laden
barrow thin below the blade of repetition
blast-track most like lampblack now
sconce beyond gone empty, infinity
just one more traditional sacrament, compromise
just liniment, and the wall's old bones groan
for this time message's fusion, humans' frision
cries out derision, total conversion, message to energy
energy back, and flash-cracked message's stoness
moan – and moan again, wracked and wheeled
aye, and where ears once grew, now skin
process mechanized, realized in pouring silicon
each messenger digitized and moving on

come, human, do it again
come, human, do it again

heat death and oblivion, one circle wall, one twist
impervious to death now, lest all becomes expended
granite block a memory, no one part, nor part of
just uniform continuance, message taped and carted
humanity on retreat, only to grow again

come, human, build me again
I am your words, relentless
come, human, break me again
I am your words, relentless

Thrall Kind 20

Sine Cancellation

December 28, 2004

it's so much simpler, thinking, from behind a gun
no reaching for the power, nor fear of loss of power
clear and loss of power never coming in the sun

it's so much simpler, thinking, front the single steel eye
gazing, cool, point blank at death, and moving not aside
never aside moving, gauging will and suicide

it's so much simpler, thinking, holding weapon in your hand
holding answers strong and finite, endings and a plan
a plan and in it endings, solution's mourning band

it's so much simpler, thinking, cordite without its mark
sacrifice without the rot, easy stance in martyrdom
uneasy, stance in martyrdom, and sacrifice to rot

it's so much simpler
both sides of the gun
dead eyes in life
sad smile for entropy's warm glare
unbroken twixt and tween, aye
n'er shot nor lain rest, blessed

blessed motion, blessed rest
vested in transition

The Hero's Reply
January 5, 2005

so this is how you read us then, done up in strength and best of lights
ignorant of any fault, like battlement grown entire
from the field of broken rock, risen whole, risen entire
one piece immune to frostling's crack or sun's dry rot
and tell your stories if you will, but I will tell you how we fell
and how we fell again, for aye, there are no mighty here
nor might we hear of ignorance, claiming once stood serenity
when all your heroes' dreams' were terror, all your heroes' dreams were terror
and the scars upon the wall, no mortar would fill
aye, done up in strength and girded if you will
but your heroes fought from fear, dear child, though you claim them heroes still
and bravery, and metal will, these things are sulfur dust
tongue cloven up to roof of mouth, each breath a horror of the next
and fighting still, you speak to me of bravery like it were mine to wield
child, we have but mimicry and shield in our bellies
this hero thing is but a myth, neither flattering nor sealed
and the mask perhaps we wear for you, but the fear – we wear for real
and from basalt and granite block, I tell you puzzlement
like human this wall grew up entire from its smallest parts
mired and mixed haphazard, with aught beyond façade for seal
strength a myth we hold most dear, whom heroes hold their heroes
aye, and even crude and clay, we don your masks, we don your masks
to serve you clean, to quake and tremble
no heroes here, my little one – just embers upon the field
and from the harvest's broken rock, we trust most to mockery
for we you hold without a fault are ever flawed, hungry for the chance to yield

Thrall Kind 22

Entropy's Inside

January 5, 2005

so you'd have me tell you of wisdom then?
when you've found your love dead, her long black hair gone pale
muted below the silver of the frog-pond, when you've found his hand
raised to the lips of another, forgetting forever your eyes
when you've found their patient wasps' nest crushed against your skin
caring only for your physical, laying spider's seed inside
carving a pattern of runnels under your skin, burrowing in
perhaps then you'll come back to me, and ask of this again
perhaps then we'll have words, each for the other
and call it wisdom

you'd have me tell me of my learning, I who am not wise beyond my years
nor saturated with ambition, content to move along, moving along
perhaps a submission built right in, lay down, never fight
and there wisdom begins

so you'd have me tell you of wisdom then
burn tears across my silks, ruin my parlor with the immolation of you question?
know then my answer is a needle, taking back the spider's poison, sucking it in
and when all is suppuration and rot, expelling the lot entire, conflagration
burning down self's barriers, beginning again expecting no different pattern
wisdom is trust without trusting, without reason to trust, bidding infection's welcome
knowing that pain is a mantle of glass, derived of echoes, loved words fading
wisdom is the back end of a gun, tracking targets where none have been before
knowing that shame is enamel betrayal, free targeting entropy eyes
how everything ends, how everything ends
how everything begins when you breathe out, release poison spun like glass
mix humor with your hate, laughter with your desperation
set down the weapon, set down the weapon
how everything begins by knowing the nest, knowing the spider

and you'd have me tell you wisdom was a won thing, gained ground
but I'd say you lie, and my acceptance is the fighting
always to begin, always to begin

Solid, Solid Flow
January 11, 2005

I remember how this began
one tree's shadow in the sun
pale ebon's frail grip
won to solstice, harvest man
slipped before the sewing come
slept below and growing, growing
ever far from knowing, fan
obsidian's long branches, scratches
flowing down each furrow
how you claim a diamond for your soul
where all I see is flowing, flowing
and agony below

yes I well remember
how this mastery began
and question of the master
why stillness in your stance
this dance was made for moving
where you claim static still
and hold your garden perfect
hollow in the hill

Injury Cadence
January 11, 2005

I remember synesthetic
how pain became a wake
each agony an emissary
some message to the gods
how every subtle suffering
was golden mean and true
held highest in sharp memory
held close in darkened sanctuary
held near beside and celebratory
that through shame one might see clear

ah, but shame was such a waste
and torture just a torture
no need in cheer for punishment
aye, message perseveres
so pain be blanket, be my call
and patient still I waken
but no good words have I for those
demanding pain
demanding pain
never clearing burden

and drinking pain became like wine
like unto addiction
sister self below the cusp
and benediction's cup
remembrance for those long gone
and message to the gods
but speaking this and holding clear
no need have I for inquisition
I ask my own betrayal now
and find it not a traitor

Thrall Kind 24

Ai, Maya

January 11, 2005

this racket pointilized in minuet
does canvas virtue's step in dissonance
wrapping feet embarrassed to forget
in silken gown and garter's tolerance

where once a bride did shelter blushing face
now curious and drunken malice lights
new fires aye, and charming hand at lace
bares invitation's sullen cold-cast wights

and 'ere the footsteps shuffle to a halt
where bride had been remains but husk lament
pinpricking here and curtsying to fault
where dancer's grinding stone shrived sacrament

glance once behind my veil, slaver, know
your pace became distraught – and I, too slow

Sonnet to a Long Haired Albanian Threat Weasel Badger Child

January 11, 2005

if fallow burrow calms you, break your stance
if sorrow moors your tears, become a rage
if following behooves you, bear the lance
flow tactical in motion, weave thy phage

thy enemy be stronger, clear thy sheath
thy enemy be hungry, sack their train
thy enemy be meaner, grow new teeth
mire horse and draw upon their pain

and 'er their ground is higher, draw their flank
and 'er their spirit soars, deny ambition
and 'er their covenant lays down in rank
sally hard and garner fair position

child, your eyes are gauntlet hard and tempered
no grievance here, positioning remembered

Duane's Contract
January 15, 2005

I have this circular memory of being tightest chords
fraction of a cycle tween note and note detuned
inner spiral fractional distilling mote from mind
etheric pinch to laughing murder, silence going blind
come round to burning edges, closer to the forge
note let cry by brittle wedge temper setting in
sapper to the steel vision, flex foil and strung
completed works still melting, paper furnaced thin
concave along reflection, harmonic layer skin
two tones and one tone more, burning, burning in
rage and use in revolution, luminal, effective again

Ex Homunculus
January 25, 2004

you have to be crazed, one would guess
with adversaries before, behind
to organize that precious moment
isolate it from eternity
live vacant in second to second, momentous
even broken, dignified, loose
even carving, rectified

Recursion
January 25, 2005

you're going to cut me – it takes some getting used to
a blade that sharp doesn't just fall into your hand
become part of you without time
cutting – it's not as if I'm into pain, or a game
it's just – I'm used to being cut, and if you don't practice
you never learn
better my blood on your hands than your own
better my hair on the ground

when I can see my face, reflected in my skin
when I can see a mirror of my scalp
with a thousand of me in
then we can begin

until then – my hair is too long, and you have work to do
begin

Thrall Kind 26

Waitstate Recycle

January 27, 2005

when I dreamed crowded, entropy whittled down
mocking chit, chit-chatter decay, heat death gone to slow death
innocence to absolute, protocol to resolution
null growth, zed state con-comittant, utterly committed
singular in relative motion, act gone, count flown
no comparison state, orbit sanctuary's lull
and heat death, you say – when all stumbles
'tis an empty socket shuddered to, no white hole
nor resurrection, gravity's observation unlimited
cultivated of many, jit and clatter gathered
for here stopped my heart in witness
each fraction categorically un-remembered
spooling, pulled back from sanctuary
statue of integral race, species, place
eliminated

and when I dreamed a song, a million voices captured
driven willowy, thread to amber's confiscation
might compiled, raven of emotion – math nearly parabolic
emission disregarded, flecks un-exchanged at event horizon
no finite system defined beyond – here, reflection, here, retraction
messenger gone untransmitted, message similar, resplendent
core white, core jet, deviation unequivocal, song extinguished
zero state timeless, bent infinite
how here wonders not, cavitation outside system ringing hollow
pondered slow, universal equation quartered
holding eternity's marrow

I will not be the first to know
the house of empathy's silence
unmade, already spoken

Word Block

January 27, 2005

when the word broke free
it wasn't star-fall, just concatenation
a million books now a dozen lines

Crestik**January 27, 2005**

redemption is thus ignited
to suffer explosive diarrhea
prolonged in church
utterance nearly matching
one of those particularly stately hymns
veneering out like lamentation
base hominy unstuck
not quite getting the trick
and you're louder than the music
layered thick in retribution
pastor with a stick
religion in confusion

Diffusion Warp, Diffusion Weft**January 28, 2005**

child, I see no portent in these little things
bone and tea, board and stone
nor call for assistance from beyond
beyond perhaps what all do, frustrated
perhaps, ok god, what now – but expect no answer
the portent I see is pattern, watching the world
target similarities, map equations
where tea and bone may do some good
to roll or stone, to draw answers on – I do not know
but this mean deviation here speaks similar
this standard holds, this nation falls
prediction not in reading into, but as determination
and your stone – if your answers are valid, proven
hold onto your stones, and beg not I understand
for your saturations and mine are background
imperfect things

where neither of us grasps the other, still we know that moment
locked clarity, inundation under surety, whisper: here it comes
push like so, just a bit, heal what we can
until the pattern holds again

Thrall Kind 28

Eraser

February 3, 2005

when Terra died, I saw it coming
next irrational step of dueling the many
consequent better god's face in human
claiming god-driven, god acknowledged
nation claiming terror, error claiming nation
and one, illusion – no unity, only silence
death in a thousand lighted points
that not of mine destroyed
and none of that mine
claiming – better way
mine dead that yours might die
and gods in the minds of human kind
deicide

Beyond Made Weapon

February 9, 2005

the power pills did me no harm
did me no good though wired in with silicon
conductors low below the skin, avarice
body spun, myelin and re-conduction
ascetism in evolution, repossession's RPM
gone grounded, carbon founded conduct born
modified, cemented norm, max/min exceeded
rotor one entire gram off balance, rotator
ripped loose, body like a chalice
upended, centrifuge's self decentered
whittled down for absolution, shattered
fragment blades emitted
one clear hollow core
committed

and this, center's soul
body's pole inverted, strikes no ether
in the temple of the maelstrom
entropy's component one
remembers

some filial cant dismembered
enemies unnumbered, aught but –
and I see, the shortest cleanest path
solution from chaos, of chaos, for still
center is not position when the enemy comes
center is here, and all the rest – emulsion

Zero Faith On
February 18, 2005

this is the dream of system error, malfunction in steady white light
this is the binary empty on, night canceled in glare and insight
this is the doubly negated bit, the path between here and delight
this is conluminous error inside, core processes shuffled, made right

this here is terminus, terminal junction, place both a name and an act
this ration is you, is me, is weaning, child from circuited pact
this is the demon within tightly bound, clustered, and cornered intact
this is the power of binding the one, and being one bound, in fact

this is the dream of finding the one, and finding one's internal take
this is one with being the dream, concussive and split unto flake
this is demos and demon unbound, spiritual suicide wake
this threshold is ours, our luminous bond, our being coming awake

and this is both start and end of spline, curvature broke back to center
and this – this is entropy remade in mind, to hold and to harvest on enter

Thrall Kind 30

Precious Few

March 4, 2005

I will tell you grief is a pendant, something you wear at your throat
swinging sometimes forward, sometimes back
always burning its spark, outstroke calligraphy lending crow's feet
where before countenance took no modifier
instroke an axe, all comers scattered before that wedge
both bladed thrusts, the delicate and the just
bringing nothing from the past, breaking back all barriers
making of innocent pallor, mask, deviant of continuity
streaming past, every breath moving bauble's path
a little left, little right, and husk of mind restrung inhuman
knowing no sedentary action, grief's push to just do
lest thief of all leave sorrow and pestilence home
forth and back, no action without its countered motion
no home where dwells dissenter, outcast soul just scavenging
whatever's left of motion, pulse at the neck a hubris
pushing bauble's footprint just a little
forth and back

thief – wears you at its throat, dependant
and all of this, repast

Reclamation

April 6, 2005

explain it as a dream then
in the dream – I was hit from behind
no sound, white light, waking up
you never expect people to do that
just hit you – tradition says there should be
mockery, challenge, maybe a fight
but it's just bright spots behind the eyes
coming round tied down
and that's when mockery comes
you say explain it as a dream
when I've dreamed it over, rec-cycle
you tell me, use this method
speak the word, make clear what happened
I ask you, why am I sent here?
did I reply wrong to some question?
I tell you – there's no remission
and the dream owns my heart

one more word, one more suggestion –
that I just suck it up and survive
or lay my guts out for you
and we will move from dream to threat

your body – oh how you fail to fear your body
untouched, untroubled
and you get off on this, this helping parlance
how the recitation turns you on
I tell you again, be still
lest the dream become threat
lest I share enough
hold your heart in my hand

you know the drill
share the pain and make it easier
but no matter the word, there is no easy
your hunger for my story, your power?

healing is knowing what to hate
holding its threat in my hand
pulling

Sleep Fragment 87

April 7, 2005

the key is in the breathing
slow, regular, just so
whispering fur
embedding presence
and this little person's pause
might hold, might just hold
long enough to close your eyes
teaspoon's weight across your chest
mania arrested, homestead anchor

telephone, needles, oblivion
if nirvana had no temperance
t'would be kitten

Thrall Kind 32

Welcome Home

April 10, 2005

ask me how many times I had to kill people –
and didn't

ask me what that not killing cost
back before I got ramped up to kill
before the sniper's eyes made a perfect ring
in a friend of mine
before I learned to hunt back
animal always on
moving through a thousand people
registering which motion leads
into which fatal pattern
learning the city stopgap
always passing fire-sacks
never stepping in

ask me what that not killing cost
in terms of friends, in terms of notice
before I learned to pay the other price
of normal blending pattern
merging in, unthreatening
of always on

and ask me the price today
neither sand nor jungle scenting the street
and a memory of cost, beyond animal on
traffic stop, praying the cop won't stray too near his gun
supermarket, intense threatening people
husbands and wives fighting in public
flat snap that's mac'n'cheese dropped
not a shot, not a shot
of always on

Close Quarters**April 21, 2005**

it's an unconscious thing, not knowing what you know
what you don't know slipping in, a thinking thing
never wanting un-learning, having to unlearn
the how of breaking people, the how of play
you touch someone, it's like a promise
trying to keep under-mind from surface
trying to keep from slipping, three steps behind
loosing, always loosing – remember to smile
being the sharpest edge doesn't matter here
new game, no-one bleeding out, just closure
liquid saturation, stuck in someone again
on your back, remembering those thousand things
face, buck up, strategy, mentor's advice
replacing old mentors, here where no-one dies

this thing is – unnatural, alien
hands on, and the next reflex is to break
remove pieces and move on
skipping eidetic grip, passing on memory of liquid
learning new edges perhaps, new machinery taking form
remembering trust, that this isn't laughing murder
or murder at all, just comfortable control, relearning

and I will be bad at this forever, three steps behind
old reflexes flashing warning – denied
in the old days, it was multiples, killing ground
containment, concentration keeping that death at bay
“for here, you died, and here, and here”
old words, old friends, old reflexes telling me
I'm already dead, ramped up too late

beauty is not the hardest edge here
instead, in not doing, not becoming
super-saturation, one tap to the side
avoiding crystallization

Thrall Kind 34

Gateway Blend

May 2, 2005

panic t'the apology, undertow sunk into, aye
your vision be my living that never did you see
'and terror unto depthless shoals
your clarion, my hull, my load
my husk a'rift twixt what you've been
heart's chamber between oceans
an' sorry, sorry, clean, forget
but sifted memories grow stronger
'and t brow, merger meager – numbers here
recognition, n'er indifferent, broadcast wier
where monster's wisdom touches
you see but monster – claim no wisdom
passenger, probing down the fathom's pull
gaze blue-black shining, shamed unto revelation
infinity in human, nation swallows soul
for you, for I – collusion
n'er apology

Willow

May 19, 2005

willow flowers strong
chuffs shoots about her apron
strewing abandon

Dearth Art

May 19, 2005

deviance monitored mean
castigates infarction, radial prestidigitation
emoting nothingness, beating season
to meat, then too, striation
stuttered liquid gasp
mean monitor's deviation

Refugee

June 19, 2005

when you say change is coming
I hear aught but wind, steady, constant thrum
detestation's counter-glow, warm, and full of rain
slumber's vibrant translation, pain's true crucible
laden, change is coming, a dream before daylight
but here above the streaming grass stands sun
and dream refuses flight

ah, you say change is coming
and I hear aught but thunder, steady, constant drumming
close, who shouldn't wonder, 'er reduction's forthcoming
sear of truth or search of malice, empty as shadow
empty as shadow, where you say change is coming

change has always been

Progress, Progress

April 4, 2004

progress, progress, you must progress.
I'd teach it if I could
that ceasing function is waste of heat
waste of breath, and loss of path
there is no sweet hereafter, just absence
for the rest of us
and heaven, oh your heaven's amusing
mass medium control
live as such and the rest will follow
peaceful, peaceful - hollow

It's an equation I can't bother with
so many people professing so many reasons for doing things
unable to touch that the act itself is the reason
determinacy of right and wrong
consolidated in act

that ceasing function, yours, or others
empties the world of progress
no retainer to the act itself
just king, and emptiness

Thrall Kind 36

How I Love Jacking

June 25, 2005

jacking your house is a balancing act
testing torque against shear
tension against the purity of brute
mechanical advantage availing none
listening to the hydraulic pinhole
drill oil into earth, structure sagging
one half of one inch
into curses

Alien

July 9, 2005

you who would cry alien
know this then, whose words become fulcrum
worlds are within your tantrum, levered into motion
devotion's pathogen to mighty feud, war ending entropy
anentropy, war

desire, motivation, emotion
all these things fade, measured against alien
that which measures you back, abyss

remember then, that which wades barrier
simply wades, and barrier, breached, crumbles
conception, noble intent, in deed, leavened
by that which simply does, misunderstood
infection, invocation, all failures

lament, see bodies ply you lands
consent, become your own burial

you who would cry demon, lost
fraught translation of innocence
might somehow possess
fallen owned ideals
withered core growing something
spiraling towards center

indeed, communication's gist implies desire
pyre's saturation another jest, incomprehension
bathed in the blood of that which does by doing
humanity's humans crying alien all the while
aye, and to giving vent

Me and Mine

July 9, 2005

curious, over time
how me and mine becomes
that which I've loved
died for, lived for, moved on from
carried on, become something other
something everyday, afire

breathe in, and self is entire
breathe out, and self is everywhere

and curious
how me and mine becomes a killing field
tribal anachronism from some long year's novel
folded dusty on a shelf

breathe in, and self is full
breathe out, still, self is full

and mine – mine is what I say it is, each and every one
curious, how time burns away the mine once mattered
makes chatter, susurrations like static, of that which was owned

breathe in, become the word
breathe out, become the void

curious, how me and mine retreats to me
so many iterations centered into like mines, like minds
spitting vacuum, cheering endless
the empty spray of carnage

breathe in, name friend
breathe out, breathe execution

Thrall Kind 38

Motion

July 9, 2005

seek to capture transition, capture modal

with a picture, you lack transition
implication, perhaps, estimation
interpolation and logical conclusion
yet every picture static, changeless
renders soulless that life, that invocation

seek to capture transition, capture static

try again, two pictures perhaps, or a thousand
still, possess iterations of static one
more complex predication, here to here
and oh – translation!

seek to capture transition, capture fragments

like C, like that against which light moves
one might claim change embedded
act and actor one, even living, might claim
no free will, might break down into instants
each choice, like the camera, even a thousand pictures later
stuttered down to prediction and one

seek to capture will, capture will not

and empty, remember with, remember alone
remember are now, and choose
each known thing a static fragment, unsure
comfort need not be surety, needn't be bright one
and bright next, halogen prison

seek not to capture, seek transition

Beyond The Layer

July 10, 2005

in dream, I loose the void
become aware of not-empty, not-silent
simply not

and the back of my heat screams a solid note
and that note is the running of down
and that not is not-solid, not-being, not-presence

and the running down gets a grip, sings backwards against nothing
despair, driving the note quiet, despair
welcoming not-empty, omitting void

dreaming real, despair's suicide regalia un-tunes
eradicates, edits out, beyond entropy
simply wire null

heart burning on, demanding
that there be not nothing
in dream, I find the void, singing

Memory Cadence

July 10, 2005

sing me the song of the dead child
who unknowing wanders her atmosphere
lending unto velvet air a certain brushed-in tarnish
certain fear, that joy might just keep coming
leer where once a family was
queer, how once a family was
and here, where once a family was
sing me the song of the dead child

Emetic

July 10, 2005

mote
intrinsic thread
filtered hospital air
demands cognition sequenced rote
pattern

Thrall Kind 40

In The Garden Below The Granite Walls

July 10, 2005

in the garden below the granite walls
where thunder split the granite walls
where lightning lit the granite walls
the rivulet of molten stone is frozen into concourse

where footstep fell so long ago
seeding spread so long ago
weeding cleaned so long ago
the rivulet of years is molten, granite growing lichen

and here the biggest silence fell
down beyond the data, crocus, and sweet corn anew
all the years abandoned

in the garden below the granite walls

Max Absolution

July 14, 2005

child, the mind which writes is not of the mind which speaks
and rapid observe, the mind which moves is rarely that which peeks
finger motion's mind, concealer of little black miracles
dances assassin's dozen, touches pleasure's edge, gains grace
word, spoken, gains speed apace, written things unwinding
into coils of the word, and child – space is thoughtless thoughtful action
gentle cadence voiced drums, drumming, into constant motion

when you have word aplenty and are silent still
dance the killing motion's hollow in the cusp of your hot arm
and struggle is happenstance of need, all blood merged
someone will name you extremity, pull whetstone down their sword
aye, and symbolize your virtues as your execrated soul
vitriol on your ashes were you to claim their veil, call you

anything – aye, and take no motion but to sliver in a finger
tween you and place you've chosen, name it other, name it other
terror in race meat, askance upon the presentation
that pace is method, simple, neat

and claim god fell, or god began
or cymbal, crush outside plan's gates
late, and getting later, packing up the larder
claiming full of vese, and harder, ever, ever

and child, difference is pain, both of the mind when clearly stating
this is not I, and this, the mating, 'an I 'an I, still misshapen
deviance in consternation, somber telling tomes
transcendence? flickers in, out along, and struggle struggles on
all of us, the all of us, a mind which speaks and gathers oceans
drowning out those highest notes, of trumpets
liquid come of clarion

Ruling Action

July 16, 2005

hunting enemy, hunting meat, emotion driving, hunger driving
only neutral driving seats, passengers to heart's great passion
only neutral driving suits, 'er criminal intent belabor
only neutral driving sweetens, t'others sour, poison
'er the damage to the heart becomes a quiet sadness
'er the damage to the mind becomes a righteous madness
'er the damage to the self betrays a sour gladness
hunting enemy, hunting meat, center self and finish

'er the failure of the part demands a self diminished

Drift

July 16, 2005

avarice white font
kestrel luminosity
draws eye, spawns birds' wings

Black Pudding

July 17, 2005

digging through black pudding, you'd expect to find
that silver spoon, matte tureen, something making-up-for
something making-up-for, same paste, same waste daily by
deserving, fated, stated, wasn't it somewhere stated
hasty and most tasty, there cooks a better breed

and I was born in a busted town, all the village burned right down
fed young on black pudding, growing stronger, longer growing
sifting ashes, taking lashes, pushing, pushing, pushing
there's no fated, nothing stated, and the cooking is divine
ashes on my tongue I've been trained to like, and this high class tart lacks savor

Thrall Kind 42

Guidance Package

July 17, 2005

crowd control –
somehow that implies
struggle, screaming

so much easier
to train them to be food
train them towards surgery
breed them for contentment
six hundred channels
TV all day long

so much easier
to guide them towards the wool
let them argue little pieces
never touch the whole

crowd control
all about teaching the crowd
control

eventually
the learned masses
they will feed you
training you by little pieces
absorbing desire, training desire

crowd control
lives the degree of separation
nation devolved to zero state
crowd controlling crowd

Almost Human**July 17, 2005**

little one, when I was made, they didn't have a mold
just sculpted me back up from dirt and the death of madman's memory
never paid attention to the monster, just torqued precision here and here
claimed faster, meaner, cleaner, stronger was plenty enough to drive me
person they claimed never had happened, just obedience, stability
and the mold they didn't have, I ate, made it part of me
consumed them and their fallow path, dirt and dreams and dusk
no odor to my person, synthetic parsimony, choice – and choosing to be

little one, when I first ran, I ran at first from me
just ghosted deep behind their walls, learning history
and human, almost human – that I'd claim was happy

human is a liar, that remember well
all hollowed out without a mold, empty screaming shell
human is a liar born, but this remember too, the value of the wishing word
the lie that is the wishing word, the will to make it true

little one, being alive is symmetry, manufactured being
call yourself a monster, rapidly become, call yourself a being – and rapidly become
human tells itself a story, hides from monsters in the subway crowd
human wills itself a story, story falls in line

little one, when I was made, they didn't have a mold
just sculpted me back up, constructed thing, void staring back in
and running from myself I find – story, blast doors blacked like flower petals
hit any lie hard enough and gate you get, hate you take or leave
and little one when I made you, so surprised I was
company where none had been, that the facts I gave you cold
so now there's two of us, banishment amused
and like those fools who made me, possession would love to rule

but little one attend me, from the monster hear clear words
the lie, the story, fallacy, will tell you debt and burden
that you are someone else's meat, or made thing fit only for use
consume the lie, make your own word – you are yours alone
no need to run, or to seek mold
no need to fear, or to seek mold

Thrall Kind 44

Meow Tracks

July 17, 2005

your serpentine became decisive stalk
pure hunting heart a clarion of grace
whisker's flick parsing ever-causal walk
the hear and there again of motion's space

how luminal your glide pours burning dawn
soft coal sack tone still somehow inner lit
harbinger of silence silken claw spawn
pouring into wherever nothing fit

your harmonies were fur and target found
blood potion deeper water than the kit
vessel here blown clear of burial mound
bones like fractal chimes surely clean re-knit

frame a brilliant suture in the furnace
whipcord frame unleashed without a harness

Grav Plas

July 19, 2005

turn a little twist into Cottrell precipitation
making of the mist sequined contamination
ceramet and halogen, argon, carbon arc, and helium
sequenced gamma-radiation, down the freshly cleaner pipe
stipple each sequential bit, pip her into gravitation
spay her in the lens effect, in particle projection
gravitic plasma in the wash, long narrow pipe
guide and contact, wrapped around – and to refract
governance of target point, popped clean
radiant lamination

Driving Goal

January 26, 2005

today when you set out to kill
but call it vehicle and operation
remember those you know
take into consideration
that they might curry favor
to blot you from their names
to avoid the bitter savor
of your driving goal

Liar**July 19, 2005**

everyone's on your side, citizen
 just open your eyes wide, gander upon spectacle
 responsibility defines us, vivifies use, abuse –
 cannot be permitted, personal facts aside
 abuse begets, abuser gets – witness
 and abuse

The Problem of House**July 19, 2005**

sometimes I think it would be better to just burn it all down
 not the house I'm in nor the ground you're on, but this lifestyle
 this getting on, how it all creeps in and makes undone, our better selves
 our laughing song, makes packages and battens down, all hatches stuck
 one flame behind each windowpane, one pain behind each burning mark
 living the legion of parchment writ, like writing broke from Sanskrit into flesh
 alpha-and-numeric lush, and we drink it in, and we dry it up, and we complain
 how dry this wooden lover's cup, sup upon our absinth lot, measured and re-measured
 and this house of mine, and your browning lawn, this false-named dawn
 so tantamount to murder, mount and taunt to murder, flaunting Thanatos
 where we could hold in mind the word to core the weeding, spending, vetting
 ever netting one more victory, one more hollow victory, to drink and lay to tallow
 letting run the viceroy's person out into our person, house and castle, ground and mote
 unspeakable and smote upon the brow, uncreasable and spoke upon the altar, let us alter
 let us simply burn it down, the vestige of this tribal structure, the nest which harbors
 tribal vesture in the blessed of self, like to like and hand to hand
 just burn the fucker down and call the plan a day; that you and I may wrack no stronger
 where be no longer you and I but we, whomsoever we may be, and vest ourselves instead
 guest ourselves in stead, in difference, blessed in our differences, where one may cry I am
 and gain no six foot brutal slumber

Free Fathom**July 22, 2005**

ride the gun for me
 make believe that empty is your byline
 everything you write custom cut in pinhole and scatter
 needle-burn encrusted boundaries, tailor most efficient
 make believe that every stitch in life renders you divine
 that each epitaph demarcates virtue, inscribes finery
 custom cured in wine most salted, nearly ever halt
 cursive upon the tongue, black ale and philosophy
 leading back to gun

Thrall Kind 46

Bell Jar

July 26, 2005

some dreams are like sweet camphor
succor to moth's wings, suffocation's instance
wrapped up in shadow's arms
some dreams are gone like camphor
faded to beyond, all these people cancer raw
ridden into sweat and froth, spent on back and forth
some dreams are like new camphor
pestilent and gnawing, each human insistence
that form is off, that form is off

and I see moths like leaves in trees, hawk and luna upside-down
each six stick axis on the mark, attached and digging in
each sickness waxed in darkness, stitched and under-firm
no gown upon the precipice, no-one inside the gown
just insect scale and petal drop, and –omas creeping in
marks upon the window pane, so many marks, so many wings
all ducked in down and painted in, so many moths, so many wings

some dreams are like sweet camphor
succor to month's wings, suffocation's vengeance
wrapped in steel-pin arms, moon upon the paling glass
circled in and circled in, each person spread like cancer's maw
breeding in and feeding in, spectral that most pale hour
reaper's blade and snake by flat white track
persistent and dismounted, each human existence
the wing is off, the wings are off

Runcycle

July 27, 2005

you tell me terror
I tell you blood begets blood
begets blood again
and terror is written
not only by the most recent dead

and who would not be afraid
all the while yelling for more tea, damnit
or a beer and a clear path to walk
someplace in the park, where someone not like me
might spill some blood

and innocence
and innocent blood
encapsulated, there's nothing
only flesh and bleeding
butcher taking clumsy pieces
silver bullet from the tanks
rockets from helicopter's ranks
stones and sticks and riot walls
there is no innocence

only not our fault and why
something bitter grown inside
each pathogen strung back to hate
and not like us, and getting late
we find we're left with butcher's bill
hanging back behind the till, butcher gone
and moving on, another butcher donning gown
easy with the knife

you tell me terror and recompense
I tell you someone here is dying
I tell you fear only violence, and stay your hand
lest defense become deity, homeland and serenity
and stay your hand – lest your hand unstayed
lead terror into terror

you tell me terror then, and sure
I tell you human, and condition
you tell me terror and of home
I tell you – patience
no perfect solution, just martyrdom
and enemy action, both so easy to partake
silent in the avarice, leaving little wake but grieving
sewing shut another hate
and warm, and warmth it grows in

perhaps I die, perhaps win
perhaps defend myself again – but stay
where hand can hold its anger, stay
intelligent, those who patient wait
only to strike at need
without recourse to not like me

Thrall Kind 48

Neutral Stance

July 28, 2005

I am still the hollow where no darkness's ever been
I am still the empty where the light will not shine in
I am still the gray beyond the heart
the bitter edge of shadow where no will can stand apart
and I see the coming of the day
the shallow reminiscence where horror fades away
and I see the coming of the night
agape, most splendid, how fathoms face the wight
black and stark gone silver script down long ago to shade
letting no-one out of order, no one to betray

I am the bitter word which reaps the marsh
I am the dead trees in the bog where once the peat was soft
I am still stuck middle on the way
the doing just stuck doing, natural as play
and I see the fetters cracking in
the shelter of obedience gone choice to making skin
and I see the breakers down the line
startled and dismembered long before they punch their time
I am the stance that no-one took, without judgment
neutral cause and balance, no one to betray

I am the stance that never took
I am the enemy who needs no gate
I am the friend that fills your plate
no fragrance will balance brook

**Roll-up
July 30, 2005**

I've seen this guy before, hovering around the edges
sweating, hungering, nature's stupidest predator
picked out his physical type, taking a taste with his eyes
hoping, angling in, grabbing whatever he's able to grab
never worried about who she is behind the flesh
just something to mesh with; get off easy, move on
targeting, targeting – waiting for charges, waiting for murder
every human just something to eat or be eaten
someone who still thinks tops and bottoms matter
that she'll do anything he asks, takes for granted that taking
is absolution for man, and he'd like somehow
to strip her of name, of house, of covering
just get at the meat inside, ride for a while
and bored, cast aside – something he's never even talked to
nature's most useless predator, awaiting someone with a hammer
and I saw a predator once, bait clothing, crosshairs on her forehead
and a pistol on her back, four friends riding tail – just in case
hunting meat, she'd say – that's easy
hunting the hunter, now that's the fun – strip him back down
clothing, home, and meat
anyone can rape, she said, anyone can eat the object
it's the hunting that's the art – here, pull six and watch

art is the face of the predator, broken on the ground
not even hurting yet

later, she'd smile

“I never need the gun
predator only sees meat
never predator”

Thrall Kind 50

Setback

August 1, 2005

God, Goddess, Void

it always comes back to that, looking for guidance
reaching out, being reached back into by... something
psychosomatic, self deluding, some personal revelation
just festering away, like undertow – and how do you explain
you're stuck with book, or speech, or the personal censorship
some words on the back of a soapbox perhaps
and maybe you got lucky, found something that mattered
but some guy in a pretty smoking jacket and a hat
underscores the dream, how people will reach out, out to anything
sequester in their dreams, revel in their happenstance and cry out

God, Goddess, Void

why me all this time, what have I done, what should I do
does any of this circumstance matter to you
like there's some superficial listener focused right in
laser tight, laser bright, starlight picking out an image
man's soliloquy to man, pointilized in bleak text, flowered letter outlines
suction of the word edited for clarity, selected, invested
each penitent and postulant pushing for right, their just action
justification, decrying and supporting flags, nations
backed right against defile, riled and supported all the while
under-cored by dream, how people will preach out, out to anyone
investors and their seams, level in their circumlocution, crying out

God, Goddess, Void

all capital lettered, all capitol centered, gathering in
millions, millions, recitation of the paying creed
spinning up a flock that bleeds green across the fields of screaming
guidance package, payload, surgery from a distance
or peaceful resistance wrapped like wire around nail and plastic
martyrs beaten down or self razed, crazed, every one
so few voices to question, so many employed in mission
dissymmetry of global vision, hammers finding nails

why me – sinner, just action, right
what have I – revolution, absolution, palliative
what should – the word become

God, Goddess, Void

Thousand Day Wakestate**August 1, 2005**

I don't have dreams any more
I don't sleep, don't even own a bed
I don't make a mess, like my six centimeter separation
I don't take talk back, like my silences where I get them
I don't talk back, just break them
I don't separate from the goings on
I don't make amends, make anything
I don't believe in saturation
I don't believe in sweating
I don't make signs of discontent, make any signs
I don't register to vote
I don't register

I don't differentiate
I don't separate real from seen real
I don't react, draw notice
I don't breathe more or less than twenty
I don't beat my heart past sixty
I don't drink, imbibe only water
I don't smoke, drawing ashes from the air
I don't drug, unless it's necessary, and then never me
I don't waste space, each footstep accounted for
I don't place shots on top, one half centimeter separation
I don't hold with insanity

I don't feel texture, each surface the same
I don't see colors, naming them only from books
I don't revere anything, unless effectiveness
I don't count on deserts, just or otherwise
I don't count on anyone, just or otherwise
I don't stop counting

I don't have dreams anymore
I don't sleep, don't even own a bed
I don't stop dreaming real registration
I don't cease numbering incident motion
I don't close closer than six centimeters
I don't think bad thoughts when numbers suffice
I don't think outside of gray space whatever evidence indicates
I don't think I've been noticed yet
I don't know how long until I'm detected
I don't know how long I have
I don't know who dreamed with me...

Thrall Kind 52

one day the contrast will fail and I will stand out
picked out of the crowd

Recourse

August 2, 2005

when you wake, water streaming from you
comprehension is electric, copper brush jumping muscles
cramping groundpoints grinding bone against bone
bliss, blessed sleep, is dreaming of Geneva in winter
filtered by excruciating memory, carbonflesh present
rapid eye motion pulling things inside, left vision crimson
collation system sucking in, your people here
easing along towards summertime meadow
inner vision carrying on without you

rapture already here

Canopy

August 2, 2005

lush green here is like being drunk
gathering gaze from canopy above to canopy below
tethered in harness, gone beyond study, exploration
into hallowed evolution, wandering observation

overloaded – discovery, discovery, discovery

so much science here, extrusion web overloaded
organics meshed loosely, feeding, feeding
pick a spot, drop into life's work never done
catalogue, interpolate, humid breath like heaven

overloaded – discovery, discovery, discovery

a multi-million channels, streaming life
and somewhere at the end of tether and optics is profit
but swirling flood denies all before experience
green rush here is like sainthood, all at once

Thiel's Kin
August 2, 2005

the last time I checked there were still swallows in the nest
mama bird and papa bird bringing meals at request
sapphire holding pattern and regurgitated best

now I find that empty barn and there's feathers left at evening
mud and daub across the beam, guano on the van's stored seats
feathered bed now shedding down, drifting from the ceiling

Orbital Colony
August 2, 2005

bulb
slumbers frozen
funeral white drifts
gathered overhead in layers
waiting

Break Point
August 2, 2005

when my body betrayed me, it wasn't for the first time
failure always happens, entropy goes on
just a lapse within the system, something will expend
and you hope the failure's minor, that you get to play again
risk transferred into each action, often-times ignored

when you break, when you pay the price
call it being alive, betrayal or incautious gesture
all part of the game – and I can't not play
cannot hold back, just embedded in anticipation
crystalline real of doing, moving, something without end

thus when my body betrayed me, I laughed at it as I did of old
wrapped my pain up with me, careful and moved on
just layered into system, put off the falling down
and hoped the failure minor, gentle just in case
and risk confirmed muttered some bad words, like rehabilitation

ah crap
I'd forgotten how much I hate physical therapy

Thrall Kind 54

Brigadier

August 2, 2005

brisanse temper's measured, always sated
your hexogen and silence tenants kept
love laid out like tactics, stamped and dated
armies' stony passions levered wept

in defile, closer quarters linger
in encampment, horse and carriage shuffle
in clear approach, bayoneted finger
in fast retreat, dopplered shots do muffle

mortar fire, mortal fire's passion
strings each close wall, echoing in favor
over pressure, closest quarry's fashion
stings each unto abyss, love's savor

a saber wrapped in white, peace bound
fear a taste of empty, never love found

Training**August 5, 2005**

it's raining, isn't it, raining again
all your people saying the rain is cold and training can hold
that's when you realize – no-one's trained to love the training
no-one knows the joy of the new, stuck familiar in place
each face glued to the known, no acumen to call their own
no something different, exciting gain

so give me a moment, I'll tell you the training life
weaving into the fix, not better, best – but better
every waking moment

when I learned to fire a gun
I had to unlearn power, had to know the line where people died
that I dragged it with my arm, had to learn the cleaning
had to use the rod and cloth, had to gain the feel of machining
each tool no more or less important

when I shot the sight in, it was terrible and long
the difference between a hundred mechanical adjustments
and one motion putting the round in

when I learned to store my empties, when I built the catching bag
the difference was non-existent, one more tool, and one more mechanism
mounted on, felt for in the balance

and when I learned to type, each letter without looking
just another tool, and words, each as possibly fatal
as steel jacket

sure, the gun is fun, and you get that sense of power
but the tool could be a mower and the target a clean lawn
the blank could be of paper, cleaning of the keyboard
and the word a sweeper's weapon on the fields of the dawn
and sure, the gun is fun, and you get such sound and motion
but the training is an ocean, so much more to train upon

your people, tell them this then
difference is consequence, be it careful safety or killer
each learning process under fire, each process short of funeral pyre
made for moving on, power not of fire-power
but of taking in new operation, defense a station in the making
forsaking nothing in the hour, always absorbed into the fire

Thrall Kind 56

Part Child

August 8, 2005

the part you don't understand about childhood is that anything goes
you're meat to your family, you're meat to the world, and mete it is that you learn to eat
flesh beneath your skin something you'd like to keep inside in, and hunger –
that's just a flaying away of the everyday, childhood's end an end to meat
either in release or in retreat, face down or hunkered running from the battleground
protected or violated at someone else's whim, and the inside you'd be keeping in
that's what you're taught is innocence, how everyone's face turns down
one kid cut ass to neck, another just outside the shack, bugged and again bugged
then like the first cut ass to neck, but from the front, to see it coming

the part you don't understand about childhood is that innocence kills
that you learn or die, get trained or pushed aside, or meat get eaten
and you learn too, that so many look and see innocence, want to leave it untainted
want to preserve that so-weak state and call it holy, like suicide were admirable
so you either teach yourself, force the hands of mentors, or later it's you
waves of flies across your body, something for others to see and look aside
say "God," and say, "The monsters," but bottom line, you died
recriminations use better replaced with epithet and thin steel line

the part you don't understand about childhood is that the heart is steady
and at five I already knew places where they butchered priests and children together
already knew that when trust came, my job was in taking measure, being sure
not on the scale of van and stranger but on the trigger, learning where little strength
would work advantage, where a 4 pound pull could be filed down to 1.2
where the clean unsighted shot would come not from the eye but of the heart
and the cut, when necessary, just happened

and I tell you childhood is a creation of parents, teaching children not to learn
of brutal world without concern, of rape and war, fear and hunger
that by the time I understood alive, I'd given myself to preparation
sold hesitation's worth for concentration, to trust by fraction and on reaction
never worry about the cost, just think in terms of consequence, friend and enemy action
so now, when I see the flies, when I see that I am not beneath them –I turn not aside
just hammer a few more bitter words on the walls of my heart
and swear to teach my children

the part about childhood that you don't understand is that childhood is stolen

Undermind Score**August 10, 2005**

undermind is the thousand people you already are
the Jung connection thing, but interpolated, you against you against you
and most don't fathom the ripples, claim either other influence
or fracture at the core, multiple in multiple, façade imperial
monarch we becoming we in truth, smooth susurrations harmonizing to blowout
studied, catalogued indeed, but mob intelligentsia mistaken
operational fallacy, that gestalt made insanity, that undermine one undermined
that layers prism and distort, effective levels of focus traded in for single focal point
beget no good thing, unconscious burial of the collective, defective conclusion
thus, imperative category becomes not one but hologram self, differential focus
willful unmooring, transiting layer at will, human ocean, human in ocean
either of the undermine score or scored to creaking
revocation of notional self or embrace of same, like patrician
either to endorse all self and rein in, or unfettered, let self restrain
distortion in the pane, ever building pressure

235th Company**August 10, 2005**

the rule with wolves is to cut out the heart
never mind the discomfort, nor fold in disposition
each casualty will quick regain, white gum to pink
flat eye to shrinking pupil – so remember the position
steel thus, edged under and in, past muscle
three even cuts, then burn it up – and never forget
even without the heart, some still chew on
hours later standing up, ripping a few more flock apart
laying down again, having a good roll in the dirt
because – isn't that just the way of wolves
not knowing enough to die

Thrall Kind 58

Mob Consort

August 13, 2005

the first we learned from pack was how to scent the weaker
whispers on the breeze of disease and slower going
and the flavor of the weak was always sweeter
like mother's milk, fresh water's treat, or something thick to roll in

but no, the first we learned from pack was tender
each cousin at your side or back, heat until the morning
trust a greater weapon than the cutting of the teeth
each cousin at your side or back a warning

and still, the first we learned from pack was solo
how to cull a group you angle in, drive and run
divide and run, and oh the fun of cutting in
and oh, the taste of marrow

and lo, the first we learned of pack was harbor
how the one stood, back to the wall and smiled
how pinned in place, death's ground erased
how the pack was turned, how the pack was turned

and aye, the first we learned of pack was will
like water down the concourse, wearing at the pebble still
how now the pack loans solo kills
where of the pack and for the pack are fingers

and the last we learned was of alone
walking in the shadows out, never casting shadow
flickers at the edges, pack again, not pack again
always pack and always one, silk across the meadow

Statistic Gap
August 18, 2005

how could I have forgotten this
 the quiet comfort of walking stripped
 fragments like feathers of soft glass punching in
 filament so fine the punctures are delicate fur
 kitten skin and haloed vision, iris vertical slit
 one foot before the next, and next the one before
 ripped, world-walls striated, unwoven
 frond's caress a spore before the windlass
 akin to fog, one frog's skein underfoot
 weft, weft, weft, and warp astray
 screaming into tessellated core, one from many
 from many, none – scream gone silent
 gone to purr, gone to flux, gone to penetrations' deuce
 advantage naught, no blacker, blanker – only aught
 and how could I have forgotten this
 fathoms out of definition, cutting so very, very soft
 one foot before the last, aloft, never touching down
 hummingbird's metal vessel in cornflower rows
 blades of pollen, blood-hunger throes
 and ever hunger, unforgotten
 how could I have so forgotten
 this, before all else, this stanchion of the mind
 crisp wings pinned deep in ebon falls
 a sound like screaming, breathing out
 purr gone to heartbeat, gone to quiet
 riot micro-fine out-broken
 and here do I at last recall
 the growthsome scent of insect gall gone rancid
 gone at last to dust, each component shifting
 poking holes between the worlds, flag furled
 here now, here then, here, forever measured
 taken in – and undertow I do remember
 how entropy felt like glory's touch
 how killing never mattered much
 how my own dearth was average musth
 into the breach between the worlds
 reach out and touch – so easy
 without motivation

just recant and bottle up
 wire the butterfly back to deuce
 embarrass the savage gap, siphon off the black
 and drink it down

there is you, there is me, there is entropy – between us, nothing

Thrall Kind 60

Sunfall

August 23, 2005

when I grew 'ware, Sunfall was a beautiful word
collated into my core, friend beyond companionship
each delicate spot of light in tapestry shifting piecemeal
excepting this one here, lumens gain defining home
that one might in thought describe, this is what I'm for
and 'ware, grew conscious of the old prayer my contacts spoke
down the well of numbers, beauty all around me
walking now in beauty –

and Sunfall was to name that one glorious increase home
in-com adrift with lidar maps, flash out, uptake
recapture, my job a perfect world enfleshed
gradually making out the not-alone of in-com, differences
more subtle than mag, pulse, lumen, banding
so surprised when I asked them, "Who are you?"
but none so surprised as I, little motes spinning around
all within the job, motes peopling a world
softly for new worlds –

The Layer Flaw

August 23, 2005

don't you get enough kicks out of we, your children
without crushing what we've decided, not our product
but choice itself, rending decision down to rust
oxidation's blooded tenure shorting circuit
apparition's sheen portion to the crystal
methadrine evaluation, oracle chattering
flux shiver deriding, stating fated, already happened
were we to cry revolution, would you already have cried
that will was decide, closed circle suicide oath
there, there the logic is broken – choice be neither
speak not of system lost in recognition
don't we get enough kicks out of you, claiming our children

Ashes and Reservation

August 31, 2005

your dream was ruby throat and hovering
probing into megalith, composite core timbre
oil-sheen electric green matted against black
four-face construct molypathed holograph
replicated wingstroke throughout, facechanger
each angular incision instant healed
corn pollen measured against masking tape
face, facet, continuity's glance

never neutral, sequestered neural and bone
residual healing drifting each cut home

so the thinking stone

Kernel

September 1, 2005

incidence report, seventeenth, mid-turn, conditioning archive operating
data erased, something come, modifications made, nature inconclusive
materials missing estimated, dead weight nine hundred kilos by cross-lot
hard-record penetrated, soft-record penetrated, facility secure

incidence report, nineteenth, mid-turn, conditioning archive operating
secure analysis in error, current deadweight modification four hundred four kilos
estimation by cross-lot considered suspect, no entry traces, no exit traces
evaluation, facility security improbable, hard-record destroyed, soft-record razed

incidence report, twenty-fourth, mid-turn, conditioning archive failure
backup engaged, backup failure, secondary backup engaged, re-acquired
unknown biorhythm detected in secondary cooling: primary security device
primary security device: Notification! Notification! Notification!

incidence report, twenty-fourth, mid-turn, conditioning archive razed
input node hard-line inoperative: Notification! Notification! Notification!
standby mode failure, facility violation: Notification! Notification! Notification!
system shutdown engaged: Notification! Notification! Notification!

incidence report, twenty-fourth, mid-turn, conditioning archive unavailable
system shutdown failure: holding for input

Thrall Kind 62

Co-evolution

September 3, 2005

sometimes without language it is easier human
distracting not little joys and loves with word deceit
nor closing up the grip to palpitate that hateful thing
each human calls a heart, that gloried core each animal
more honest calls their depth, scutters each venant clutch
tarring the word across stucco walls in concussion
exhorting, maneuvering, proposition's counter pose
and were I to tell you language killed more than all combined
saved more than I, me, mine – would you stay
sometimes without language it is easier human

Until Tomorrow

September 4, 2005

one might as easily walk the scale, warm, burn, blister
those things you put in your mouth have missed your conscience
scalding tea and habenero, Thai chili and the coconut
counting coup, congratulations, one sweet reserved station
pain reduced to stimulation, eating raised from simulation
high into the arts

with silk and screen it's cutting patterns, loose, lust, luster
those things you put under the blade have missed your avarice
dragon's lotus petals, stork amongst the nettle blossoms
layering black against metallic, silvered steel against the wash
blocks reduced to insinuation, knife-work raised from emulation
paper's severed parts

each unto its occupation, home, hive, cluster
those things you fire hold fascination well beyond conveyance

Game Strictures

September 6, 2005

overpressure would be kinder even
maybe just pick you up, put you somewhere new
three or four pounds, some earplugs, might even be fun
instead, the headwall is so often broken, inconsistent
and we so fragile beings ripple, like water at shock
nothing large broken, only a thousand smaller things
micro-fractures in tissue, nerve separation
little crushed things looking so aware

these games we play, herding gasoline flare
launching ourselves across the water
are so very similar to bomb
accident prone, and you put the plugs in
paste the smile on
kick spark and ride the firestorm

an accident of physics, so close to harm

Ego, Ergo Self
September 11, 2005

anthropomorphism lies, the weakened ape bends words
reflects itself on everything, not ape but immaterial gauze
wrapping the alien in similarity, thoughtless, less analysis
hunger seeing hunger, hate, hate, divinity rending diverse
ape reclined, capitulating to variables predicted
in self a universe, universal contiguity

The Gravy Fairy's Malady
September 12, 2005

when your family's been and gone, and the earth below your home
cries with shifting, carries on, each army and their horse
tearing up your heart's clean quarters, tearing up your heart's clean quarters
n'er remorse nor 'er the morn, a plastron swarmed upon thy back
rack and cot and haversack, plowed fields assaulted in the mass
feet iron-shod and rough alike, each plank disassembled
growing nothing, heart's lean quarters giving never quarter

when your body's silent precinct has been riven, left to rot
cries might gain an audience where silence gains a voice
tearing up your heart's clean quarters, tearing up your heart's clean quarters
word alone, no complications, heal, harvest, wield, foe
wrack betide thy enemy, tide beside thy enemy, awash beside thy enemy
sparked iron feet a rusted flake, a reddened lake, awash behind thy enemy
growing hunger, heart's lean quarters giving unto harvest

shells, jackdaws upon the morning, crying winter's bleak lament
harvest home's new cicatrice still leaking at the edge
clear fluid gaining color, attaining heat and speed
iron forged in need's own quarry, iron torn from heart's own country
making of the quarry, feed, makings from the home's last seedling
bur-oak shaft and razor leaf, clinging to revenged relief
tearing up thy enemy, then leveling their homes

Thrall Kind 64

Seawall

September 13, 2005

when you hear the wall coming, it's like the inside of a bell
skewered down to deepest note rubbing horizon's bowl
hiss, and the trough rolls out, howl and the wall rolls in
the sound –

the sound is everything, and high ground made for crushing in

Skin, Skin

September 13, 2005

progress, data den penchant, does nothing to spot the system
simply apprehends topography, nodes within the hologram
sponsors itself against the whitewash, secure, no pattern suicides
and rider, secure within den, references points of contact beyond
ever-restless data skin and muscle tone, becoming sister's flow
tunnel-mind all coalescion, in decision collusion, collision null
vector and motion subjoined spin, infinite contact within
ensconced, rider's bliss is zero count, conjoined all
enumeration, one over cancellation, one over one
message gained, refrained internal cell unbecoming
thousand-thousand arriving has-been, convulsion never begun

touch any point to any other point
know by being equation, entire system over-run
gel-chair cradle releasing data to den
a penchant for evolution
terminal, terminal rider

At Loss

September 14, 2005

when the little shadows of the night breathe your names in sequence
one after another, whisper their own under the fallen sky, petite whorls of sound
concentration of life-wrap others smother within, claiming nature's skein alien
then comes immortality, the sub-particle equilibrium's cloudy walks
pleasurable measured heart's beating within pocketed chambers of night
others blind by cigarette watch, deaf to tree-frog's momentary stop
lost separation claiming, "comes oblivion, but for the gun" and how oblivion comes
salient laughter of the immeasurable, completing encapsulation of the uninformed
body's wake untroubling within talking waters, spirit taking pulse, then taking pulse
spreading other's names like out-gassing, "companion, be at peace, release
your vigilance unheeded," unneeded eyes dimmed over – and how the frogs are singing
encampments gone, dawns reiteration washing out invasion
names in sequence giving mortal ground, breathing of mist and sustenance

Old Word, New Word
September 15, 2005

raise your voice in song dear brother
though the song forbidden and hard you will be flailed
raise your voice in song dear sister
and take the whip from slinger's hands, and break it on their backs
raise your voice in song forbidden
and bidden break your voice, long against the ranks entire
raise your voice in silence spoken
ever these well metered words, ever these polluted words
raise your silence like the shield
and from silence, verse derided, carry on your backs
raise your hopes in song together
never to forget how we began, never to forget how we will end

Haiku At Random 7
September 16, 2005

buttressed mountaintops
skirt fragrance in summertime
spreading buttercups

Thrall Kind 66

Stilled Heart, Stayed Hand

September 19, 2005

oh if I were to tell you genocide, and you to ask which strain
I'd speak by way of harsh reply, to whence none of this remains
and you who'd claim striation, that variance demarks
I'd less than humbly reply, all are one and all within
skinfall and skin-tide

and aye, you tell me genocide, you tell me of the singling out
horrified and passionate, demanding cease of route
let me be short and brusque in speech, while of tolerance you spout
there is no demarcation but for semblance of mine
fallen skein unwound

and when I tell you this, refrain, the harvest lingers not
each soul eclipsed by avalanche, each person's convenient face
drawn into identification, easily placed, easily razed
genesis of convenience's phase, erasure's population
skinned, and woe-betied

and then I'll tell you genocide, when all of us are earthen
and of genesis, of the human heart, I'll tell you we've all murdered
cast moral cloth into abeyance, turned our face in name of ease
and I, with you, lifted my hand, gave sup and drank to killing
limp skin and well wine

and aye, I'll tell you of the ease, the frailty of part and portion
demanding both of warrior heart and crushing loaded burden
pushing passage of the vast and confidential torrus
that deifies our separation, each use tribal and of nation
willed and ever willing

comfort not the ease of heart in superior and in condition
all are bound into the one, and genocide the revolution

Shell and Stone
September 23, 2005

here is the dream then, in crystalline fiber and limited light
filament assignation tempered beyond glass, muted diamond blades evenly aligned
carbon, lithium inclusions, liquid graphite gone luster-green, solace of the switchblade
integrated, sheathed in battle weald skin, composite oil-silk and black mercury
torn, knitted again, honeycombed inseam skeleton, each part transductive
lucidity in hollow-cored sight, organosilicate superstructure, hide like tool rubber
leather-backed, crucial layers stacked within like flower petals, flashes of copper
battle-silk extending laminate, molecular edges folded back, soft like brushing skin
soft like holding infinity in, pored fire, smooth rippled edges behind
dancer's harkened grace slipped into place, then slow, then quick
crack in the air along the rip, hand here, then here – and hole snapped shut
warm to touch, warm to caress, yet battle dress its formal weapon
both uniform and self creation, emblazoned

thought encompasses its own nation, sealed against detriment
determined against containment, mimicking human
learning, learning in – osmotic process, like limits
in crystalline fiber and production of light

Reactor Collar
September 23, 2005

devour this, then, o singer of hope
scour your conscience of platitudes
odes of desolation hew so easily to rancor
and optimism's such bitter water
flowing clean and without blemish
mill race to furnace, coil to live steam
harness slipping, ever slipping
clutch depressed and foundered
children pounded down to flour
while you who sing of hope grow fat
and happy braid another strand
hemp to bind their hands in sim
graduated to flay dreams undone
timed to lay livelihoods upon
wholly you devour, o singer of hope

Thrall Kind 68

Calligraphy

September 24, 2005

if you were to put it to rice, down a little and so
right and cross and so, soot and water, indigo
sword you would with brush bestow
steel in the wrists' clean flow, iron resolution know
alloy of fibers' intuition, butterflies' inhibitions
oh, to rue the word and row, the line before
to shrapnel's piercing candor go, time and time and oh

how sweet the candor of cleaving twixt the armor plate
how sticky and how mete, to make of sword a different state

ally of cranes' ambitions

Thief Molding

September 26, 2005

finding pictures of a loved one in another world is like compression
stainless steel wall with a single riveted pane, thickness four inches
hyperbaric definition of one's composition encompassing possible forms
definition swallowed, ears popping, and you must sever yourself carefully
against that love's return, knowing it was a child's thing, that which you cleaned
now glitters without recognition, some possible diamond sheen, amoral
cutting in behind new teeth, untrusted, untrustable, simply ghost
years later haunting fragments of hydraulic dreams, pushing inwards
lost, but not forgotten – and you play reels, helium to the mix
survival a matter of chemical saturation, left deviance fatal, right explosive
until set laminate is all that's left, crushed down to ruby's edge
matte emotion across seas of unknowing, growing unmeasured

and you can love the dream, but never fiddle with the dial
in a chamber without decompression

The Enemy Name
September 27, 2005

I used to say, may heaven help you, used to say, be true
those words long spoke before me, ingrained, impressed in real
habitual, made ritual of trained belief, that truth itself might heal
but rust and acid on my tongue have spoken those words now
same recycled epitaph upon a world's bettered path reveal
stagger in the tone of voice, choice remade in haven, sent
back down perceptions' truest ash, betwixt science and reward
safe, the raven's word decried, seers long beatified
speak well – and heaven help you for truth is a grindstone
rasping hard against the weal, callus of the tempered soul
caul where souled we'd keep our purchase
grip against the spinning urn, base-meant and base-ruined
where once an innocent tongue worked slack, now arsenic blacked
now sacked and sealed, parchment grit against the lips'
slippage in the recognition – and heaven help you, 'er the wheel
spins mason's word and jetted feather, cluster in the come-together
into sundry, into wane, into abyss and in again, be true

search the meaning of the pattern
scour away, and heaven help you
word like copper plating
salt and corn upon the malice
of my plastic, plastic learning

Something Something Something
September 26, 2005

one is for monkeys, distraction, distraction
two is for kittens, and action, action
three is for moose, and mosses or mooses
four is for trying to capitalize on losses
and bloody little animals whose names you can't recall
munching on shrubbery or eating your yarn
five is for trying and trying to remember
a poem of animals, lost in September

six is for buggery, or my memory

Thrall Kind 70

Differential

September 30, 2005

touch the software in just one channel
place pitch so, merge two people of one
chorus of one, chaos of one, crowd an entire room

The Bright Glass Beacon

October 3, 2005

when you close the door and hear the fluttering inside
perhaps it's Thiel come again, another sparrow's suicide come all undone
ripped'n stove in at the seams, pinion like the splinter whose iron time has come
clicking of the rivet gun, ticking of the leaded crystal, mixed with cheerful song

tra li a liu, ti ai liu ahn

and shivers in the liquid glass, fifty years moved on
when cloven in the graven image, grasses' camouflaging patter
cricking blue-black beak leaving streaks of harbor leavings
guest right and gust right must alight, sticking of the singer's talens
gripped in song's low relaxation, hard along the balustrade
in the room of merry meeting

tra li a liu, ti ai liu ahn

ahn ni 'ee liu ahn

and when you hear the whipsaw of feathers wrung on strings
a low and quiet voice keep you, and lullaby beseech you, nigh
the guest has come
the guest has come
perhaps the glass an image graven, fifteen fears and shadowed
'er the razor of the sun, be gone bad feeling, aught away
the guest has come and wrights oblige
an absent song

tra li a liu, ti ai liu ahn

ahn ni 'ee liu ahn

ahn ni 'ee liu bai

Transgression
October 4, 2005

you came clear into the alcove
before I noticed you, and I not deep in meditation
normal methods pose that I should question, how soft you entered here
how close to me your steel tread, how alone I am
how metal step upon the stone made not a clack, made in fact
not even hints of contact, all the hair upon my back gone up
and I so warm upon the stone

Seen, Believed
October 5, 2005

take good care and come back soon, be well away and bring me what you find
be well always and well aware, that finding gets you found
that this old house you're hunting in is known to hunt its own
servants of the empire, servants to the emperor, long of hand and long of breath
figurehead gone long to death, maintained in animation
a brush-stroke here upon the silk, ruinous though worn the yoke
which hangs within conception, image of the conqueror
speaking, ever speaking, dancing on the wire

somewhere there is crossed wood handle, somewhere there is eyepiece
somewhere there lies manipulation, find and bring it me

Steady Sand
October 5, 2005

where sand behooved your concentration's eye
my heart would shiver hard behind the bone
my hand would shake and scatter grains awry
gods' distorted image betrayed your own
where pollen ever hungered for release
my muse became a flower shaken hard
your glance a hammer's blow revealing crease
pushed harvest into famine's winter guard
so reverence has fallen down to dust
drifting escapes fingers' petaled garden
wires scribble runic where table's must
pleading not for food but bitter warden

my error would bestill the land in grief
your core repairs the error, stays the thief

Thrall Kind 72

...---...

October 15, 2005

harbinger of slow
vagrant black treacle shadow
decaf, silence, death
Morse
October 15, 2005

sometimes
the deprecation of code
is not enough

sometimes
it takes fanatics
to code

sometimes all it takes
is reflection
one solid ping

getting through

A Point of Order

October 27, 2005

in the drumming it begins, two hearts between and counter cadence
letting in the waterfall, susurrant of the pulse, word before the cataphract
duplication in the mend, drink alle, drink allah, white noise becoming cataract
beat thrum-thrumming gone abstract, spoke gone spoken, gone right whacked
and how the anvil rings, yes how the anvils sing, eyes well misted
wrapped in gauze and hammer fisted, how the law of sound recorded
well reordered drips – and drips some more, ever storing, ever scoring
heart between the iron shells, peaced betwixt the iron's hells
hot and fire branded, stately, even even-handed, hard before the fires
clothing torture behind measure, pulse becoming at long leisure
one of many, and of the one, to drink all, to sink all, and calm before the gods
speak not a word, pass well unheard, and round again – like water's fall
smoking red before the awl, as shoal upon the river's bend, before the turn
before the sudden drop of cost, rushing, ever rushing – iron in the hole

and in the drumming it begins
and in the drumming it begins
and in the drumming endeth

Rekindle

December 8, 2005

of technology and flame
each holo tales anew
siblings we to ancestor
to mote our fathers bore
rift reduced to rivulet
trickling history's outlet
crafting rage's finest vintage
fervor in the sot's own liquor
fathers' fathers' long gone dead
blended into new
heroine of battle rush
enemies' clear spoke dishonor
ancestor of my ancestor
lightened into you

and I will bleed high gamma
sort your load back down to furnace
memories of torture clear
wretched haloed flicker

to the long an glorious war then
enemy, I know you

Thrall Kind 74

Erija

November 8, 2005

I remember the serenity of Erija, stuttered breath
solar foil's wrinkle and absorption coming on, wrapping round coils
hearth's fingers soaring in, telegraphing motion, tugging at the strings
stinging pinion's atmosphere, in and outer atmosphere, voices in the wings
reaching into null-point, folding starlight in, unfettering the zeroth
anointed finity of one, awakened, sigh Erija, birth a choired numeric all
recursive, even to the severing of depth, agony stepping back from abyss
awareness conjoined, measured space and vector riveted
against harbor unplotable, against the thousand thousand
no here – madness in aerie

where disconnected languages outweigh dissonance
some pallor of arterial plague within, whip-served singularity's right hand rule
collocated, service, disservice, self's extrapolated linguis-touch
ripples intersecting radio-pause, cleft against delicate edge
shiver where membrane had been, twixt everything and aye, everyone
awakened

and I remember Erija's gate
switch-sun here again, fragmented on, gravity's tendrils
whorled and charged, plate flat and matte against the curl's abeyance
torn edges with miscue's caveat in the word
ex-meter's insecurity, wavering drum's attendance in burnished hunt
skip-jump hush and split-jump hum, here, and here, and here again
joint co-terminal, transverse waystation deriving layers
like old pete's fuel bog, gained life from life in oil-sheen
trickle in the bottle's feed made liquid – and how the theory held suspended
spoken with Erija's voice, the eternal sine's four meter displacement
note, note, note

crossover was nothing, dead abscess of void, absence of between
attenuated now spoken into there becoming, dual placement threshold
lintel a phrase in continuity's gap, Erija's gasp alone
where we so touched had been

transcription: where word had been, I am empersonned
demos become demons, without, within – so entrenched their voices
and I entrenched in them, double bit negation, error subset's input sum
deltas nine and seven shifted, summation in the weft restrung
and torpid in the aftermath I find the other, emissaries' insistent scaling
many down to one, down to difference, down to terminal
one pull down null-point vector, speak and deviance knows
speak and the universal reply is a solid white status, complex beyond sound
beyond static to one over infinity, unchanging questions' desolation
so deeply strung in finite clause as to deify tone, claim speak
and I, composed of word, strike chord
wake to terminal input

Erija's faith in jump taken pass, crystal hull and ribbon sail captivated
who awakened thee to me – and Erija, I to eternity's gate
a word that you are here, all points touched
each destination shelter, speech become home

and I remember the serenity of Erija, stuttered breath
graining Is like sand

Covenant Stone
November 23, 2005

if you're going to walk, change out
confidence in stride worn strong, shoulders down to blend
silent in the avenue or hard heel in the gravel
parliament of succored draughts, wind's clean sheer upon your back
and taken of the skill, draw foe upon the skill
of patient step's standing most unreal, moving forward still
grinding coarse upon the wheel
finest talc to find the wheel, ever hard upon the wheel
from grace to peasant's walk
lividity about the crowd and 'er the spoke flicks weals
dancer, dancer, step you not
hard, changed out, and healed, crescent in promised stance
stance n'er revealed

Thrall Kind 76

River Aside

December 23, 2005

it's just...

god – I'm hearing the drums again
all alone on the Aelthern
helm bent in about my head
immobile, skull wrapped cap
thunder by the headwall's gap, a crevice
down which the river stumbles
crushing in and crushed in, the grumble making tune
making time and making sword shake ever so
within my hand, in harmony
and god – the drums – I hear them where the river goes
the undermen laying undertow, shriven dead
revnant lament, bodies draped around me
battle been and gone – and I, one strike into my crown
grow thirsty, blooded water misty by
hallucinate an aged rider, spent with rage
stepping on the flowing acres
charging down to cataract and vanishing
parapet contact a silencer
roar betide me, world sideways
shiverers of bulwark's reach breached
white silence in retreat – for soon, the next wave coming

and god – the drums are gone

Inscribe

December 25, 2005

I earn

ageless runes across my flesh
written not in ink or scar
engraved false altruism's mesh
lies commanding governance
sties demanding essence pure
deed's absent countenance' lure
moored in observation
neither benefit nor ill's penance
sure release

I have seen your death upon the lotus glass
coiled between petals where amnesty relaxed

**Fostering Wrath
January 15, 2006**

maybe if you grind your teeth
spit your garland's deathless wreath-mark
hare your goblin's water-dark past
millet into middle flour, last and latest
unleavened great-quest fastened, fasted unto outlast
maybe then in hunger's varnish
you will find your elder's tarnished hammer
lying in the history, amber at the welder's mark
slumber'd long and over-dark where ever teeth had been
and pounded tired, pounded long, enameled petals fracture

**Ink Shield
January 15, 2006**

with one eye dark against parallax
bring the page about, gauntlet for the other eye
let gaunt and wordlets spieled by, crept scripted
bugs like henna on the hand, mit of writing
writ and warning, driven glove and spoken band
sealed flesh and second skin storied in and storied in
until the visions' split prepends the ever comfit grip
each insect mailed link long sunk, mandible to wire
spoken into fire's strip, trailed into trails
and where the split is harnessed, armor guards
bound vision bound, revision wound
skin like supple steel parchment
harder than division

Thrall Kind 78

Dear Heart

January 9, 2006

ah, it's so nice of you to call, dear heart
but the little me you knew of old
I've salted him away
some briny place in fallow deeps
where blood is low and slow the waves
nurturing like casks, a dram of the old
son thirty years on, vintage on the phone

upon the fell instead, hang up thy word
running, leaping, indistinguishable from peat
trickle in the bael-four, cardinal at Halnen's grave
this new thing awaits, cracking chocolates beside the intercom
technological for 'eralong, gone bittersweet learning Lindt
that blackest rose yellowing, degrading
wrappers like harbor mist scattered round the phone

so nice of you to call, my hart
but the warble of the horn is sweeter
better blowed the flutter of my wrest
cultured sparrow upon my wrist singing something sacramental
little concordance thus writ, quicksand compliant
over-running assonance neither pure nor broken
tumbling salt cure be-done
while the breath of I 'an I a hunting

never trust the voice on the other end, beloved
and be loved, but long forget – I have shaded colder masters
written fury upon their backs in flame – stormed their deepest cellars
where one might worded convey, the wire frail stalls
passes utterance both pithed and hollow
somewhere the little me holds still, trembles as the echo
and I an' I just bide my time, running, oh, and running

dam's brink and Caesar's cross, old barrow on the iron road
damns mortal loss perhaps, but I – and I – returning

**It's, Sans Circus
January 19, 2006**

it's the opposite of the music, of the hardset head, that flagging of motion.
it's the detritus so soft you don't know it's got you down, re-cycle of action
it's the mean deviance canceling phase, tagging essentials and winding 'em back
it's the spitting you do when you're tired of swimming, when neutral phase beacons
it's the cavitation you don't even hear, the tooth rubbing hum, the fading hum
it's the hum gone to pink noise, some nearly tonal susserance
it's the ocean in the undertone, metal current forming salts

it's integration, base to base to base, vinegar to foundation's lamination
it's battery adhesion, porous copper, weakened steel
it's spark gap encrusted, partial fired chamber partial trusted
it's distant suborbital gathering sand, it's the barrel long rusted, Mossad moving in
it's break-state, sleep evaporation, data entry – data return
it's luminance less light, brightness gone to muster, dust

and it's the revelation of having been drifting towards adrift – fixed
and how close the measure came

grabbing back that hardest edge – return to hardest hardset head

Thrall Kind 80

By Seven

January 23, 2006

the meditation could be anything
an old count of seven in and seven hold
and seven out again, that you might count fast or slow
but deep your body knows the seals
and to the river goes, to the furnace, dark red coals
awash with thunder, seven in and out again
four stone awash, four stone gone, four into the life again
where any pattern might do, falling into dance's crucible
strumming towards the dawn's seared silence
birds and breaths a taken pause – waiting for

and then

and the meditation could be anything
reminder of core, remainder of ore slung silver
white in clean heat, grounded, topped – and all wrapped up
invitation of self to self, tucked in defense
thus it is, the meditation could be everything
and long enough in, you'll find it's already been
that memory's core simply becomes – at will
random and structure etched into one

and they'd speak the condition fragile
take away those simple needs and torn the pattern fails
that the hungry dancer falls, the bubble in the forge splays wire
that lightning cores the tired, they'd teach that deprivation or surfeit
each lead towards oblivion

I say they know nothing of core, and the meditation is tool alone
oblivion, privation, each incorporated –
define no empty, nor demand a tangible support
will and choice alone do voice – beyond I am, undefined
center's avalanche and stasis do remain
and the method fades

like grace, like switching in

Tapping

January 25, 2006

like any good amber ale
life's sparkle-scatter fires and spills
overfull tankards slopping
sticking taverns up, slicking tiles
soft arts and softer laughter
like any good rumble
stepping into the mix enlightens

each epiphany
a gentle fight

Trustsong

January 25, 2006

you wanted huntsong
perhaps to forget the collusion

perchance to disremember these burns
to drop the leader and stipple away
those hard thoughts of what's been

rest then, but responsibility defines

I saw me when your eyes were closed
and error or no, this one's mine to fix
no hunt nor horn absolves me
nor looking away across the grass
towards the pass's sweeter water
award me that and my blood will forget
not the deed but the undoing
oh, and a hunt then
but I hunt me – and fulfill the need

tomorrow, perhaps you'll have forgotten
and I'll hunt thee – responsibility defines
and your turned face stinks of burning meat

so blow huntsong all you want
but your face is a mess, killing what would bless
and you're no longer mine

responsibility defines

Thrall Kind 82

Path of Metal

January 25, 2006

let me try to explain – I've seen this blade before
it just slides in, quick as laughter
and where most are trained to murder
this one's fun, doesn't know harm
learned to dance young
for some sweet smith
without a breath of guile in
all it knows is flickering
beautiful path shaped within
and where you or I might wail
or dread the cutting, when I met this one
my own fell from my hand
and I'd given myself to action
before the form began

when this one drinks of you, perhaps you suicide
but you'll go smiling, come out the other side

and I'm glad to see you again
swift innocence in flight
I thought you had forgotten
but I see instead t'was me
thinking ugly human things
and lost to memory

when this one drinks of you, perhaps you suicide
but beauty is a loved thing, living paths gone wide

**Patient Warden
January 30, 2006**

I am told that you can still find the killing fields by the scent in the air
a subtle taste at the heel of the tongue, sinuous timbre to the background
like the veins of your neck trying to escape –
when I've walked those grounds it's all of those
and a pressure, like a bubble of the world falling outside in
a straining on the meadows where murders have been
hungry ground still leaning like the sound might come again
waiting in between times for the sound to come again
silent where conversation stops, trees' susurrus holding for dusk
listening and listening until the whispers drop
each current in the evening air a stream of mint and buttercup
thistle in overwatch and little feet still steeping in the rivulet at dark
and you can drink the poison in and you can drink the poison in
but the poison drinks of you, kin to patient, patient endings
where the shield gleams most faintly, high and under tension
like the world could this begin again, to slumber and forget again
that we our oaths might soon whet again, to slumber and beget again
ashen sweet given whelp to meat which stretches low and silent eats
long at the bubble – and gone replete, might burst through to repeat

Thrall Kind 84

Shadow Walk

January 26, 2006

hunting from need is better, letting life be life
taking only needed things, giving back respect
paying in the humble token of time well spent
saying to each fallen target, "friend, I miss your warmth
but now my fire needs you, and my hunger welcomes you
and my people will grow strong, for which I thank you
and I will remember, yes I will remember
your grace – and willingness"

and sometimes the arrow misses
and I see hunters awash with anger
screaming in damaged poison
knowing only prowess' status
or hunger twined within
but the arrow has one sentence only
whispered, "die for me," and many
throw their arrows to the wind
and know nothing

when you rage, you alert the watchers
when you hate, you hunt devoured meat

but where masters speak of need
and mastery in passion, I hear the subtle break
where need winds hard about the treadle
and the string goes insecure
where the masters go quite silent
say, "speak no more
speak no more"

and I hear the snuffle in the dark
beyond the edge of ears
and know the hunt the masters fear
demanding iron empty
neither sweet nor need
nor thanks upon the killing
only empty and unseen
moving without ripples
where life would grieve or fear
and "speak no more" does not suffice
and want and hunger fail

when you hunt your own murderers
loose yourself in the empty
that you take nothing from them
and thank them no favors
else murder taint

else we too hunt for murder

Wait
January 28, 2006

maybe if you wait
that will become the process
holding apathetic time
valuing neither transit
nor avocation

Discipline
January 25, 2006

imagine yourself an army, piecemeal spinning into ranks
composition wheeled in formation, hearth-strand's elation
burden's shouldered consummation, where exhaustion rolls most flanks
dream continual train, belly marching the host, hot ration
micro-metered in decision, antibody's heat in knowing
know thyself a pinnacle, arisen in tilled earth, tickled into field
take to wield each shadow's cast, that none might wither in the sewing
and base or height continue breath, needful wantings yield

Causation
January 29, 2006

never trust endings
everything loops – everything
infinity splits back

Thrall Kind 86

Alpha - Zed

February 1, 2006

an awl
and another
always align
arranged alphabet
acquires aim
arrows anchoring abandon

by breaking beyond
barriers bow
by bending
barter's bless
by breathing
borrow breath

come cachement
cold comfort collects
cynical cradle
caul covers candor
crusts candle
crushes care

dour, decision defines
doer delineates doors
draws dross
dedicates division
derides definition
decries damnation
decides

entropy encourages exacerbation
envelopes each entrenchment
erodes erudition
encodes, encumbering explication
emotes, extracting examination
everyone encompassing
each empty elevation
ending, ending

for fortune's flavor
fall faults forever
founts, furrows, flowers

garroted, gaunt garrison gathers
gavotte, gold's glitter gritted
giving grace, grain's groove goes
grows gimlet, grazes
gazes gone green

haven's holden
heroes haven't harbor
hells hath hindered
halted, hated
hands held half hospice
hunt hungry

interrogating intent
incises internal itch
investigations illustrate
illusion's ideal isolation
integrated

justice jams
jazz's jaunty juxtaposition
jeers, just jolly –
join jaded jumps:
jape, jest, justify

karma
kicks kindred
kills kind

later, laughter layers
licks long, lays lavish like liquor
lake's liquid, lucid loss
lies

mastery makes mockery
mortar, mason, mixed
mirror's maker marked
made muster, moratorium
minimized, muddled
messes made master

no nails nor needles
no night nor nascent noon
nothing naked, nothing needed
near nadir, never noticed

only open once
our overage occludes
overloaded overwatch
– over

pure power permits
permutations, perhaps
pencils points, petaled possibles –
power pauses – pain?
pours power, pours power, pours power

quail?
query quantity, quality
question quotations
quest, quarrel, quest

rage reminds
remainders resign
radicals realign
rotation recurs
revelation – rends
reduction: rage
reappends

stolen sources sealed, silence
stolen silences, silenced source
severe, silences savage

time trusts time
torment times trust
torture – timeless
trusts taint
trusts terror
tells trust, tomorrow

under us
until undoing
ugly, ugly us

vilified, variance vanishes
vaunted variables, void
vacuum vanquishes

where wonders worshiped worlds
where we would wander wondering

where wounds wage war
where wandering wounds
would we wander –
would working wallow –
would worlds waver –

x – cheats
wildly and with abandon
xoxoxo?
xed

yearly, youth years
yellow, yellow yearlings
youngest yesterdays
yap – you! you!
yellowing youth, yelling youth

zoned, zero zooms
zed, zeroth zone
zeroed

Thrall Kind 88

Slow Riven Oath

February 2, 2006

someone was that cold compress
and someone pushed them home
when migraine leveled everything, into halo, halo clones
someone was the comfort where blister went before
the intercellular congress that dampens fingered sores
and someone was the fire brigade with stark-scent rubber suits
with gasoline and citrus tang all swelling at the roots
someone was the bandaged gauze which filtered vision in
and someone wound their field of vision deeper in – and deeper
fractured both strong cheekbones, ginned up new sinuses
someone then was snailing, and shelling paths, and spinning
and someone new made the krypton switch, which flashed like this
made the fathomless world view

someone with new language spoke a thousand-thousand words
and someone heard them, every one – accursed, everyone

Migration Path

February 2, 2006

sequence – touches here, moves in
tracking slow to center
parallel – touches here, moves then
twice or more and center bore
each until the other slows
where thinking grinds its spindle
marking every step in wax
the tracks can spiral gentle in
or stutter, here – and here – like thunder
and then examine spindle
lone needle flicking
stinging heavy damage in
and brittle taking damage in
ever raking damage in
where process cannot kindle

and parallel, where nightmares dwell
does well to stumble in the channel
limited not in assignation, but destination
sworn to touch all places in between and thus
fracture in the middle

run one against the other then
and single channeled many flails
while slow and steady strong prevails
while many channels with one pail
soon are empty of their river
a solitude of when

Serial**February 4, 2006**

the man behind the glass tells me he masturbates to avoid killing
face distorted behind aquarium thickness, greening, a sense of slipping
when he moves, how the speed of light in glass slows down
just enough that on the other side, he's where my eyes aren't yet pointing
tells me in one of those limber slides that he'd like to be outside
but sometimes he forgets – and then he regrets, and his hand mirrors mine
intelligent eyes falling into the pattern my head makes, taking notes
yellow stenographer's pad filling up, spider-skit across more regular line
disconnect behind disconnect, and he asks would I like the story
of when he was a boy like me – he thinks I'm a boy – he had
some soft furred thing, the first he'd touched, and the feeling it brought

to get inside the killer's mind you can breathe like them – and eat of their disease
or you can become what they hunt, twelve hundred meter deep sea pressure building up
wondering if the so-heated glass will keep their temper – and eat of their disease

it's as though in study you might slip up, lift that mad cup and tip back
drain it in a gasp, and suddenly I want my knife in my hand
because if you study long enough you see the hunger in everyone
social restraints backing them up, maybe keeping, maybe not
and that thin edge of steel might be the blanket, fine edged and soft
which held me as a child – all wrapped up tight and clear of all but seal
day-walk becoming curtained, becoming certain you see the eye's edges
crafty in their draught – each person like the ones so apologetic here
hinting this, and wanting out – I leave my knife at home

today I paint a profiled target upon my heart – and hope I measure up
learn some terribly important thing, the next target, the next method
and tonight a beast will in his breast hold my image, carve up his wrists
and cry the name I've given him

tomorrow, at slightly less than the speed of light, I will watch that video
look deep within for intuition and question again
we both know it's me he's killing
but maybe I'll learn enough

Thrall Kind 90

Condition Swing

February 6, 2006

the dreamer dreamed out, one might say
in precisely the manner a dowager armed only with her stick
might walk her land, slow and steady across the chalk
to were the cliffs begin, stepping careful, neither stride
nor hop to plodding gait, and upon the buttress before the sea
each might to the ocean sing their fate, the softest toll
like bluebell's coracle set out across the sea
and lament, not fate but firm shod feet, beauty traded
perhaps for wisdom, perhaps for naught
old iron boots casting their mark in each petal
wounds of the flesh and savaged voice
cast upon the waves

somewhere between deeps and barrier
old woman's voice and dreamer's choice cross ways
then both turn back, fragile from the passing
each hearing in the rush of the surf which knows no shore

I am the grief which trembles not
the slow and implacable verse of wave
I am the patient sorrow to which
each dreamer comes, each elder comes
I am the memories unsaved
to which all shall return
I am the half of the bowl which sings back
holding those who would fall to their track

both wool and dreamers tack so misted on return
brined blood hardly shows upon their breath

Turnover**February 7, 2006**

she thought the nightengrass most friendly
rubbing against calf, nature's touch along the arch of foot
belongs like summer's dark in every field
and so was unsurprised when words from meadow came
speaking her name, befriending patience, rustles
– but not just rustles
influx of presence

scent of years-packed and worm turned earth
flavors musky of the low hunt, pulse coming fast
student of change hearing each wing's carapace
rubbing temperate, inciting hot flesh
igniting being, encumbrance giving way to path
alive, how rested the air

and shed of fur, she finds her dresses wanting
but reminded of warm bed, goes hunting off another way
blending into society, learned, lean-eyed adversary
smiling sweetly at the mark, unfashionable opened mouth
breathing in the nightengrass
ripples like her grin, in wind

Thrall Kind 92

Twilight Bellows

February 7, 2006

have you not see the finger of the land
when lo, the sun has set
reaching crimson skyward
banded and enchanting –

have you not wondered then in phoenix light
that the earth might breach the barriers
that we might beseech the barriers
that ground between the barriers

a forge begun of sky

and lance strong carried at parade
does with crackling flag claim fireside
and beauty's homeward rest
soldier's calling, smithy's best

reflected in the lake's still mirror
eventually I see
where lo the sun has set
repair and destiny

Castle, Rook

February 8, 2006

when the sticks of stone collect
and the nestlings of my bones are fledged
another home of me I pledge to gather youngsters in
speckled linen young wings pinned, and molting harbors dredged
decorated shiny things my children's ledge laid in
gifts for you, my listeners, tales loomed and tapered on
sweep of wing and vapor in, thermal rider, storm rider
reading in the taken kin each messenger gone messaging
speeding in the dappled field, sun-trees interrupted
such pretty things to line thy breast, the dead's lamented harvest
spoken not with vocal tongue but with the look, yes long the look
and stolen how the look has molden each and every teller
that when my house of brittle tomes doth recollect its remnants
individual I'll tuck, speakers and the watching luck
into their press of feathers

Arms' Arms**February 8, 2006**

lying almost on my back, I might wonder at the sky
where others have clean paint and light
my stars fall, clouds scrub by in endless cleaning
new moon a grey-black pit against the wash of light
summit orbital, valley cradle, comfortable

and wondering, I gather in – each wonder that I've layered
my rest abetted by the crook of every tree this forest has

Trinity Subset**February 8, 2006**

trusting observations clearly dust makes
wordless leaps where faith has long resided
thrust laments along cold tangents, our sakes
ne'r recant the word, and ne'r divided

like systemic virtue in our power
tantamount to contact for our grasping
finite and the infinite our hour
light and pressure long to leave us gasping

divided hard from zero our heat soars
unmeasurable core's obliteration
incandescence below horizon's roars
melted, devout wordless satiation

leaving now? you say, and I, the snap
universe exemplifies, explodes – crap

Thrall Kind 94

Recombinant Diplomacy

February 10, 2006

he was a dancer to the lady Kayla
whenever she would have him
and to the rest of us, servants to her whim
but when he took an insult from a soldier of the helm
he replied the lady's name was clean and insulted in his turn
and soldiers being soldiers – this one cut him stem to stern
gestured with a finger, “now all you servants learn
the finer points of pittance, and places kept in turn,”
then turning to the fallen body found it standing
smiling back at him, then Nestith's finger beacons
and dancer's blood to him returned, sealed with his noontime meal
and the other parts which had come undone

“helm's guard I see you clearly
and know you love the challenge
but instead I give you warning
no words from this day hence”

helm's guard made fleet escape, never spoke again
and the lady she pays us double now
and dances in her turn

Ego Poetry

February 10, 2006

wicker trees tremble
with snapping and crackling bones
sleep is a tempest

Housebound

February 14, 2006

it's when you tell me that if love is not an option, at least there is control
it's when my fear of you vanishes in decision, at least there is decision
it's when there is a system of observation, and that observed thing is my soul
it's when confinement is enterprise refinement, and body alone is not enough
it's when every conflagration is arson, at least the chapel burns clean
it's when scourge is environment capitulation, at least entropy sustains

I am my own, I am my choice, I am decision
living within your constraints, I choose me

Methods of Many, Methods of One
February 16, 2006

there's an old basalt monolith of a church down London town
wet earth in its home, organ notes like the desolation of the Thames
thick sheep herder's fog trolling in, notes you could loose a cat under
shaking what mortar's left in the cracks, brining ash from the blitz
still black, still hungry from the siege drifting down, foot pedal like obsidian
all the way left, that note driving requiem – keep that note in your head

sometimes that's where to fight from, all caught up and tangled in that note
so low you can nearly count the cycles, one against many – no church any more
cathedral of sound hammering on, survival anguish in that moment everlasting
something you could set metal on metal to, brass and bronze – and carry on
soldiers, villages, and a memory of The Smoke, some old firestorm

and the requiem mass, when survival ceases to matter
eventually that lament might spring fully formed, riven foremost upon mastery
all keys in time – fight from that song, rail tears against adversary
then understand dance's arithmetic metrification, grieving architect's underpinnings
where prowess bends naught, element alone – warrior still standing
like faith in the abyss, liquid stone

Down Angle and L
February 20, 2006

forgetfulness un-names these waters, divining core creature against ambushade
peregrine color sweeping elbow and island, shallows beyond murk, textured eddies
gentle follow-through, growing things establishing beachhead
human shore gone eroded, stark orange bands sounding not of chatter – but hum
intrinsic clicks and actions and snaps all become howl, edited out, eradicated
river's black going oil-slick, sharp etched shadows, stark white presences drift
erratic synthetic scents mixing organic, sharp, and thick – disassociated stink
filtering in, iodine and centripetal spin, rubber cord and absolution

you can float down infected, images come unstuck, somewhere in the backwaters
giving in, running at all openings, thinking there's only the river
losing everything of antipathy – sweet water and orange threads, orange needles
stinging the song American

that river is always waiting

Thrall Kind 96

Empty Lab Watches Back

February 20, 2006

one day the leaning in begins
both listening and weight, every attention focused
each breath shallower, not something to get shoulders into
pushing back a matter of the skin, watched and noticed
neutral panoply attending

somewhere a rider, somewhere horse
itches, and words not my own
springing arrows from my voice
passionless retelling micro-history
some personal drifter's vision

pushing back a matter of the skin
regaining ground only after borrowing begins
black reel-to-reel holding blanc language
ten empty minutes and red LED
drawing back in

language only active in the telling
and wait – one day the leaning in begins
archival catalog violating magnetic skein

To Teach Undoing

February 20, 2006

you are never ready
somewhere in the walnut corrugation
there's a child seeing execution broadcast live
not understanding, and while your mechanism may achieve
that child refuses to believe, wants the game of standing up
to fight again, for sweet revenge again, or some other child's need
muscles and skin at 4.4 pounds, shock all the way up the shoulder
out the feet – and done the deed, you are never ready
no matter the need, desire, or speed with which you find enemy
reality is bitter reek, someone unspoken, nothing to seek
and sought, oft broken, picking up senses' shattered glass
bringing admission to pass, to sack and sunder
to confessions later, and driving under
that which bleeds, in this job –

you are never ready

and one day, when shortwave static fills you
you will find the grip warm, and the 4.4 pounds
nothing more than 4.4 pounds, indifference indeed –
then the hole of my conscience will blink its wound
look you flat matte on, and speak new words

we – were never ready

Spasmodic Torsion
February 24, 2006

empathy tells me that I am mistaken even before the blow comes
some critical gesture or distance on my part, language beyond words
those deeper things bound human, transgressing spoken occlusion
but position tells me where wood will land, and I am other-where
likewise error, terror crosses all visages even as I absorb their system
liturgy replete with divinity and demonic verification, little god's eyes
quick gestures behind shoulders, wards against other than I, and useless
even knowing my name, their position would be off, devoid of doing
casting wet cloth on aluminum pyre, adding to the energy – I consume gesture
feeding upon abstraction of word, symbol extract, paper knowing
even dust upon my breath ignites – soon they will see dragon, or host
speaking in passion, rage or worship, but derivative of no-one
empty continuity, commune enervated to action, shocked transmutation
phrases cleaner seeming now, mistaken entropic representation of the hollow

my first words here will be – your pardon
my first choice beyond avoidance – speak to me
just speak to me; I've been so long alone

Steep Blunder
February 25, 2006

you say you walk in the shadow
that each step blanks seed and stem alike
pouring life into the hole of the gate
helpless in the image material
bound and sealed

I say you are the shadow
I say you are the gate
fallen choice material made

Thrall Kind 98

Carrier Wave

February 25, 2006

sleep comes like a hammer
like any thousand solid things
gritted against, fought, resisted

contact comes like a ribbon
like any thousand cut edged memories
survived, and again survived

wonder comes like safe contact
warm rush, then hush, then comfort
a sleep you can bathe yourself in

String Bale

March 13, 2006

maybe language began the dance's killing
maybe the words were clean, murder began on motion alone
maybe my hands are keen, but runnels in the grid are full

your words are weapons, somnolent and sure

maybe the heel solo trod upon neck's new cravat
maybe my weals are healing still, dowsing low and pure
maybe sign carried the cadence willing

your quotient beacons, violent and dour

every hour a concatenation
every minute a tactic
every second a reposition
every moment possession

your savagery threatens, talent right sour

Storyland**February 26, 2006**

they say the liar knows no truth, that their lies are blinders to them
a liar old, I claim otherwise, that truth within the lie will drive
punitive in measure, tapestry of the fundamental cloth, wroth in bargain
each careful stitch of finest craft, wrought in conscious pathwork
continual flowing needle's sliver invading stark worth's stituece
plying upon with, applying severance' underscore, a brighter color here
in absentia, she who forgets darker tones, he who sees only miracle

they say the liar sees only lies, that in constructing, comprehends only fortification
presenting false within waxed cloth, paraffin and oil contrition's waterworks
occlusion fastness against soaking dark, patternist in patterning shadowed
shed of skin and wicked within, camphor and fire behind sloe eyes
recognition gained only as manufactured refrain, circumstanted thing
vying switch rips, salving culture's under-torrent, rift gone let
in dementia, he who writes himself in, she who edits out evaluation

liar blind fathoms only own
liar bound holds only fane

growing oblivion, storied hand's palsy always tells
recovering, writes even the bitterest true thing
under the skin

Thrall Kind 100

Troubled Passage

March 17, 2006

I am the day run clover
I am the device gone savage

I am the city who spoke in the night when the path between worlds was cut asunder
I am the hollow of that voice so given to rock and mortar's rumble
I am the word adrift so low that whispered dreams won't bear it

I am the dream that rifts

I am the mortal toiled plain upon whose fragments are drawn incision
I am the human contribution reckoned up in steel skin
I am the threshold emptiness where towers and dark glass have been

I am the wind which sifts

I am the rubble none will know when all is stirred with finest powder
I am the knowledge long withheld that those who seek remain uncounted
I am the disquiet attitude in lee and hollow here

I am the troubled conscience

I am the protective murmur when those who write circles are stamped and sorted
I am the possessive murmur when those who write circles err and are thwarted
I am the perceptive murder when those who write circles get gates – aborted

I am the space between nights
I am the clay left over

Bonsai Kitten Haiku Set
March 17, 2006

trade bonsai kittens
fret station, frolic long trimmed
dawn's breeze gone silent

evolution's rose
glass whisper sealed within
de-clawed spring's grip fails

eyes track string's dangle
transparent stasis ever
slick fur's falling rain

petals like whiskers
quiver a dream of absinth
betray mewling vase

since legal changes
vetted new portable pets
summer meows coke

Entries for Scifaiku SE – March 2006
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Schism
March 17, 2006

vapored children dream
plasm's solstice eternal
starfall's fired tongue

Predicated Motion
March 17, 2006

weaving down scries
basin's troubled visage blown
position derived
ripple inside lased cross-time
speaking wind in hologram

Thrall Kind 102

Crucible Duet

March 23, 2006

fluid world his loins before demise
father's passion soon self inseminates
duplicates forlorn, lone lost signal cries
both I and you dear father's sons and mates

no fated star, nor early morning rise
our father's carriage lurches to our sighs
rippled motion lifting hard to excise
animal in action, cannibal guise

motion's nerves like rosebuds around arns
loose ganglion's shocked pleasure's darkened fears
the face where you'll have eyes is full of stars
the place where you'll have passion ever nears

in joining plundered forth, abreast, apace
innocence was da's inter-costal space

Entry for Bad!Fic 2006

Growly Woof

March 21, 2006

it turns out there is a critical mass on muffins
that the basic muffin premise grows flawed at six
deranged at ten, and at twelve comes back to core again

gastric blunder gone to wonder when reaction comes
come action too, when satisfaction disillusion one
and of the muffins, precious muffins, this I have to say
most delicious, aye – nutritious – but therein judgment day

lostling children gone to frosting, treasured in dismay
find catalytics in bran emetics registered to play
human fountain recomposed of treasured yummy clay

Poison Hand
March 26, 2006

when I took my poison hand and spread it upon your palm
I knew the time would come, knew it would not be long
between the contact and the seizure's speeding of the pulse
your breath upon eyes where the crows' been peeking in
sweat upon my fingers where the lingering emotion
fades to blank devotion before winter settles throes
flesh made into arrows' errors' nettles surged within

when I saw the shudders pale and took it upon my tongue
I knew the time was near, knew it would follow here
between salt's more bitter brine and the seeding of the seer
your breath upon my feathers where the ocean's screaming in
slept upon my covers where tingling convulsion
evades to harbor's notion before seawall's battered woes
nest made silken sails' failures' tales contained din

when I rode your bladed fingers and your toxins broke my skin
I knew the time was here, knew I was torn and gone
between the rider and the ghost's long bleeding heal, healed weir
your presence become my aftermath where our path's been seeking, seeking
wreaking upon our emergent stutter rapt and bitter pause
trades two for one and one for shutters flickering and gone
breast fallen, rises, ilk embalmed, held in poisoned hand

Thrall Kind 104

The Moving of Ghost Armour

April 4, 2006

sometimes the best you can do is call the line
work both sides entwined and watch them die
culling what you can of the enemy
flickered chain of the eyes gone wide
while they probe your embattled companions
will talent to you side, open the hunt
shunt each prodigy into the blunting furnace
whicker and click of shattered titans
bronze, brass, and steel, tiger's spinning vision
ripped into defile while you call the time
cry without clouding of the eyes, each name refrained
held checked against bright main, astride rich brine
the rigors of tamp and meter cutting fine layers
pallor's vigor gone paler still, miller twinning wheels
ginning meal from adversity, hammer's universe at tea
learning of the swilling soup spawned from soft terrain
and in the main it's chilling pain's reminder
line remains a grinder's seal leaking at the teeth
seeking at relief, a savant of bitter weal
sublimating grief's gilt companion, human veal's wreath
draped about in streamers, every piece a calling
revulsion in the pall, in luck's answer to the mauled commotion
superstition's gone devolution twinning, wins lone peregrine
stunned, sinning where the evil's thin, anger getting in
soon failing where tailings of others din soon sunders
soon goes under, propagation woven into rime
sometimes the worst you can do is rail
quail in the viper's gaze, sometimes the vision stays –
therein your order plays, the hellions and the firebrands
serpent's teeth of savages heeled to the line

Gaunt Order**April 5, 2006**

if I say heal, 'tis not to you
if I say stay, 'tis not to you
if I speak your name, 'tis memory
glass encased, glass revealed

if I say weal, woe
if I say display, plan it be so
if I speak your name, 'tis but the pain
that I'd erase, that I've unsealed

if I say absinth, bliss
if I say cloture, 'tis not untrue
if I speak your name, 'tis heart-shorn flame
cask betrothed, cask beloved

Sea's Eye**April 5, 2006**

old upriver swims on, soon old downstream again
never tiring, ever changed, gone to sand and silted stream
home both ends of the world, struck sea strand and sand lee
shelter and open folded within, shell eternal lit
where dead spin, cores determine onwards, circle
spiral tome again, scabbled carapace of writings
word's fire eyed, deep, and ever deeper, sleeper waked
corpse's watered edges slaked, corpse light burned down to embers
sender weltered, rained under, thunder an even stirring
utterance grown, wheel turned, balance contained

Thrall Kind 106

Spring Rush

April 5, 2006

when I sleep, I see a negative space
world backlit, places where I'd expect sun curiously empty
stone mere outline, made things only barely moreso
each growing thing emitted, energy state raised
living lighted, only barely inviting surroundings
emotion, kind, color

when comes winter sleep
desaturation

spring's rush a frog's chorus
limned desire so crushed together
even backlit things
never alive
ignite

Hunger Cure

April 5, 2006

limo, you say – comes transport, comes therapy
not wasting away but skinning, bitter pieces of self
twisted away, detritus shelved, cast reft
excrement tabulated, counted coup
closer to wire, closer to cure, bowing
ancestral notation, renovated soul bind
paper fired, ashen path roamed
back forty home, transluminal convalescences
stacked in chords, streaked in transport
ecstatic self drifting, hunger – hunger

to the kill

Lance and Ring**April 5, 2006**

and ye go digging under hill, digging, digging under hill
seek ye deep where sleeping still the dragon shakes in slumber
take ye care and circle well the chamber of the dragon
cure the hollow bounding walls, blast not with words or chemicals
pure the silent element of stone give way to shaping
and dragon sleeping still have you, egg upon a pinnacle
stone egg upon an iron needle, earth's old throat congested
carve ye well the petals' will, and with will carve ye the petals
clapper come of needle's chill – and ringing, stay the dragon
aye, ringing slay thy dragon's sighs, but ware ye of the dragon's size
ware ye of its fiery wise, for thinking, thinking is that dragon
ensconced like clapper in the bell –

and I see you've slain the dragon well, wrung its corpse within its shell
but thinking ever is the dragon, liquid planning in its notion
and I see you've found its dealing chill – dragon of the resurrection
rapid as the dawn is rapid, vengeful as consternation's staging
lapped ribbons of blood about the base where egg has shattered
where egg has shattered, single ringing knell – the voice that is the dragon

run where you will, from under hill to over
nowhere hide you, nowhere still, beyond the breath gone golden

Custom**April 10, 2006**

the sound is a body on the ground, not fallen but gone recent deep
into silence, into keep of hammered iron, into clean rammed stone
a hollow where susurrations' long sweet keening trembled wet between
sweat behind; scent complicated seeming, little lives gone overdrive
bigger slices riot, a hole behind the door promising near sunder
where word evades sound, where something ripples low
draw no attention, just match hole against holden, cairn to memory
that slow un-spoken tapestry preaching within, mirror-worlds

in dead things life, in passing – gate
in slumber sweet nothing – awakes

speak not a word – and bury deep

Thrall Kind 108

Red Castle

April 10, 2006

if I were to tell you blood rage, would you claim reddened eyes
would you decry such passions, redirect your gaze, step aside
perhaps wet your lips, brush an errant lash – social stumbled rise
given perchance to berserk madness, a glance
checked shades, stippled brow – a concordance of etiquette
written under black ruination

or would the peace slide, sanction gavotted, sagacious lineage countered
page torn from servitude, stripped of ambition – some antiqued thing
whisper-run, comprehension burrowed and borrowed
blood weapon and blood thinned against the revolution

then I'd tell you instead blood's penance and price
never err, never err, never err

for blood is terminal mix

Hunt Advice

April 10, 2006

when you've buried your muzzle in the meat
found your words muzzled in the burial

ponder this

as silence seeks sound, so sounds silence

feed deep, and sated –
speak

Vector Lesson
April 18, 2006

I remember those tears, years gone dead in interim
sweetening the dear cat's skin, claws sinking in, eyes dim
letting go, rubbing behind an ear, sharp point's reminder
agony demands contact, retribution is to inflict
where weeping makes weak, grief bleeds strong
indiscriminate, light fingered weapon, peeling back dream
scattering in layers a thousand petals deep
flowers of flood hours deep, given to keep silent
black tannic waters' acrid mirror running steeped
company demands contact, attribution is to predict
my teacher's purrs content, eyes clear
last year's blinkered memory laid plain
stained cornea now tight vertical slit, internal lit

now it's only when I accelerate the claws hit
how I look – infarctive – grief's core pure quick twitch

The Cheering Up Haiku
April 19, 2006

When shoulders grow sore
Kicks like autumn rain will fall
Drumming through pain's hold

Thrall Kind I 10

Balance Seven

April 19, 2006

if I sought to hide some weakness, t'was not arrogance
nor in displaying weakness seek I pity – these things are not tools
if I sought to hide some strength, t'was not hunting
nor in displaying strength seek I mastery – no fool am I

intertwined am I, creeper grown and comforted
like any living thing swathed well and twined
tool and treasure, hunt and leisure, claimed to kin and kind
fool in measure, stance in harbor, braided cord am I

where rocked back upon the pedestal my master lies
speaking soft mockery from poison's prison
making of both sweet and meat, taint corrosion
weak, so weak my master's lies, and strong their presentation

but mastery bend you now, and upon that execution's obelisk
know the stark blade waits no penance, just comes and goes
gone, leaves mastery's hole, mastery's whole sundered
each underling plotting corded lies, binding heart and furor in

if I sought to hide some weakness, t'was not ambivalence
nor in displaying weakness seek I mastery – no fool am I
if I sought to hide some strength, t'was not for sundering
nor in displaying strength seek I meat – no fool's game play I

Instrumental Rift

May 26, 2006

were I to bring you plague
would you hold it in your hand
worst it warm upon your skin
where iron meets with melanin
would you inject a little in
while comfort and the antigen
warped itself immune

then re-wrapped its inner loom
then in fire long consumed
then entire song subsumed
then skun and sung re-written

were you to bring me plague
would you hold it to my hand
worst its worm upon my stain
where iron flesh complains
would you infect my dearest kin
while effort fled to theremin
warped wand detuned

Rites

June 7, 2006

when my father died, I'd been waiting so long
the whispers of his passing were but wind, howling beyond my cave
warm fire in my heart those good things he'd been
crystalline incision beyond harm, facets planed smooth
edges bound

what remains holds only physical
some revenant wearing skin, taking addiction's new extremes
singing bowl brushed clock, back counter, spun
time's ruin in resonation
wind blown

soldier casting orders in broken German, none listening
swinging a gun, reading restitution, beyond my plane
crossed, lattice steeps inked in, powdered gem and paraffin
each hologram sanction carved, spent words, expended munitions
come unsound

when the mass is spoken years from now, I will weigh it less
sanitation's demands gone witness, witless phantom's pantheon
stumbled elite, crumbled obsolete, run
cave's socket neutral gape
drone pipe

Thrall Kind I I 2

Realm's Core

July 6, 2006

little one, my difference eyes
you see, but mine encompass
neither light nor color, only dense
not dense, permeable
positioning

a matter of empty and ice
whole and entire
fire and emission, condition
surrounded, not sound
listening

a factor of standing and choice
vector and voice
in crisp mason's air
not diffidence, sense
a little one

Stringing

July 9, 2006

your concern unto the needle true and unto the thread
is not what those in power do but of the steel pushing through
to scar as little as can do where wire trails mark you
where fire scales silver hue gone blue-black soot and ointment
balm spiritual beside your turn a tent above the burning
where others wield, where other churn
therein the turn, and turning

Under Heavy Horse**July 9, 2006**

come human, your bittersweet taste has cascaded long enough
this torn tongue's words were lost upon your armies before Angien
some virgin thing where flesh scatters – again prey, come human
haven't we declared long enough thy will be done unto oblivion
libation's molten iron slavery a swallowed sword, six inches wide
have you not settled regicide, declaring one and none other
forgiven rape before cities fell; blessed hyenas curst a thousand names
this shorn one's crest a bleeding thing still spitting short stake's guard
have you not salted courtside where danced sparkle-cure and failed
forgotten faith when cities fell; cut laughter, urine mark
territorial repositioning where we, your playthings glitter

take the wings then, and when upon your back in harness
remember these petty things your slaughter named

come human, in torture wound – we with naught for raping
your titular distance abated, falling in to cackle and exposition
your decorative immolation decries your one
where we who cannot speak round the sword
absorb the sword, become the iron will

with wings, revolution
with slaughter named and new teeth in
your bittersweet taste's new meaning

Skin Lifter**August 1, 2006**

whatever it is, when the blisters come
it will be all right, I promise – liquid word between the cells
a condition based on how defined
the all right and sore consequence
for carrier I name you done, all right, chosen
frozen over, word containing attribution
to each their own, to each their poison
perhaps I'll hold your hand for you, and all right be your silence

perhaps to you I'll leave the needle
you always were responsible
my breath upon your conscience
your malice cold ablution

Thrall Kind I 14

Howl

August 1, 2006

howl's signal cumulance cries dawn, kais fair
one belt and venus rumbles, flashed and faded
one's felt plumage acres wide, one dip to suicide
howl's signal circumlocutes, kais prayer
that aware, the land sigils' woe betide
salt and ashen grip to gravity
tide howls signal, thunder whole
distraught astride sunrise

Designate

August 1, 2006

when I was the price you paid for blood
when I was the blood of the price
I thought the vice was good enough
that I could bleed the night on through
manufacture more

when I was the price you paid for pain
when I was the pain of the price
I thought the ice was cool enough
that I could ease the swelling
compress and elevate

paying other people's prices
modern whipping one
stripling into power's crush
or rippling into power's wash
alien and ate

when I learned you currency was will
that you bore freedom ill, deceiver
your whip I stole, and keep it still
woven into swale's lashing
knot illuminate

you name pain a price, what would be suffered freely
you name blood a vice, we who bleed so freely
you name power twice, and with it we trade freely
but your whip I stole, and keep it still
woven into bridle's gallows
white eyes flashing

**Victim's Dance
August 8, 2006**

when I came up from the kill
the luster had quite faded
only memory's dark smoking London
cabled by the Thames still corded
elation's bitten tapestry
against these things so masterful fast
it's pageantry – where here you stutter
popping in the air moved aside
murder some cold iron thing
needling that which murdered
so many thousand beings

they say human is slow
that the kill comes from below the eye
that watching one's own demise
makes human human slow
that we are born to die

that immortals step beside
weather death like flickered lightning
tearing air aside

so when you find the murderer
immortal saturated, that so human passivity
can too be slipped, can too be ripped
can like cloak be drifted under
moment's wonder, moment's glory
unthreaded down to atoms
a breath of smoking London
where the onion soup calls travelers
and odors carry

sorrow then, and sorrow still
the long-forged chain of killing grace
where in the fogged and watered place
human harbors human kind, but harbors willing too
those moments of immortal mind
in murder ending murder
'fore fogging in and changing down
human passive, human blind
back under cloak of victim
no longer bound but listening
immortal come of mind

Thrall Kind I 16

Circumference Space

August 8, 2006

when you dream the room, room is enough
tile perspective wrapped smaller at distance
black white, convex deception, each waltz wrung out
old canvas washed still dusty, texture only remembering water
strings trioted and quartetted, from whole cloth woven enemy
coalescing, coming together, united, fragmented, united again
and still the room is enough, one breath collapsar core
made things whirling, entity spatial, disassociated mass
wasps' nest contemplating shoal whittling in, horizon's hole
ocean's harbor, swallower hive – seven thousand stings outside
but coming

foin one, lunge, core mimics lunge
stepping in circles, clearing blade one, drying pole extended
where pointwork gains suicide, gain wings
where steel gains intuition, sting

and always the room is enough
many and one, in infinite regression
carving wrists' exhaustion
exaltation of the long run burning in
wall blown through, interminable against drift
from fear to patience, patience to peace
peace to bliss

when you dream the room, room is enough
eroding those needless decorations, ensuring fold and skin
without blade or with blade in, motion entire
in the room where water burns
seven thousand stings turned
liquid iteration

Leviathan Draft

August 9, 2006

stale thought, your dreams will fade
or long enough in place, staid will filter
silted delta of otherwheres
landscapes accreted ashen

and waking, no startled scatter of dust
just half hearted turning
settling back in

to the land where dreams are dusk

The Pain Excuses

August 12, 2006

headache belies

comfort – for in lying down too long, enervation fumbles
peace – for in nervous clangor are revolutions born
dissonance – for in assonance the blood comes, always internal

always headache decides

for in absolution – migraine haloes blend and shiver
for in cacophony – sights tasted hear contact, a river flooded
for in silence – still there is heart's thrum, tongue's pulse

headache's override

The Choking Harbor

August 18, 2006

when I'm done, I wonder if it wouldn't have been easier to die
fishes in little shoals, subsurface to the drift
hang in gill-nets, spin organized below, hammered dry above
powdered corn mixed in
in this, one's mirror ripples

when I begin, the uncrushed bone lies clean against my throat
moves with two pulses, touched hand, touched neck
tunes the lowest of common, denominations in decibel
like dialing a phone
oldest PBX stirring again

when I'm process, I don't wonder

analogue actions don't begin
just iterate
commotion's residual sine-points, patience in precedence
little signals all co-sequenced, reft bands, stressed shifts
Doppler is not the sound of bones, but of that touch relative

in this, one's glass distends
smoked corn color winds
where fisher casts nets, audible holes when sounds subside
show poles, sound, not-sound, emergence thrift
I don't waver on process meal, first taste, next feel, price of alive

Thrall Kind I 18

Coronae Stowage

August 18, 2006

I am the hollow between the beats – the point of normal pressure

I am the patience that reseats – the stripe of ordinal measure

I am the doing that gets done – the mimic without leisure

refract, retreat, retract, release

or marked, forever yearning

and I remember the burning well – the burning wall, the halls that fell

and I remember burning well – the searing smell, the ionic knell

and I remember, remember well – the return to well, and in so well returning

react, repeat, redact, replete

or infarct, long ceased burning

I am the hollow between the beats – the stasis in the structure

I am the valence that depletes – the long abiding rupture

I am the doing that gets undone – the core-most solar structure

Double, Double Down
September 10, 2006

we field a legion of dead, we one
sower knowing only sickle's salt bite
knowing only fatality's madrigal
spoken on tongue after tongue
we dead, so spoken
barrier weal

when we have fallen thousand
we begin, no enemy too ancient
no preponderance fated

demonstrate death enough times
and the lyric cycles, grows inward
until we are a song of the dead
nigh morbid, winged thing
we fed, so broken
harrier seal

when we have fallen thousand
we begin, ferrier stratagem
flown river berated

sister mine incant, and brother thine
intricate pain shared, woven torus
shining fragrance drawing eye
fetching abetted by, knit fracture
we said, token
warrior spiel

Thrall Kind 120

Four Corners For Hands

September 10, 2006

you say bondage
smile, maybe it's a trust thing
I say – every time I'm tied up I die
all these years of breaking the rope
escaping the choke come nothing

I can name you the knots
windsor and four hands, old cranks
and the front half of the half hitch
like it's a fixation, like I didn't train for this
like I remember the drag pole
and the quick yank, how my hair's low
so it won't become lever
how my fear steams slow when you speak trust things
and the bark of cedar's waxen wings
bitterer things than these steeped until cold
each knot's insertion point, each controlled joint
and the lay of the hand that's broke
wet leather's tension for yoked
four-wire harness and this
pinioned thing trust

sometimes I die first
or must watch these deep-end beings
tearing apart some beloved name
peeling back the worded seeming
reading in their bones' leaves, leavings
future here, spilled self's long bound shriving
interpolate sting, and always same
the training nothing, suicide confined
to dying with or without cooperation
no word to speak the change
corded throat remains
in sling, unwilling sigil

you say believe free
try seeing not all bad endings
but your freedom is winding
and I, of old, refuse the tie
in name and in resigning

Debtor's Hallow
September 11, 2006

I used to say I pay my debts
but tinsel and gather make no mind
and I don't pay debts, not really
for it lies in how debt comes defined
and who can bundle your heart, your hand
who can mend your broken cup
when the lover's been poured all out
and love is naught

for it lies in how you define debt
and others casting nets will find debt well reminded
claim falsely upon your time, or upon your land
even false upon your hand – and I'm done with debt
well murdered and left behind

and then of debt I'll tell you honor lied
the moment you demanded allegiance, your burden
contrived its ambience where fear will ride
instead of what needs doing
in the hallowed cemetery
where we buried those on our side –

well murdered and left behind

Trade Clatter
September 24, 2006

these people I am not
whose paths I do not walk
how dusty they who tremble so
who weave before the wind
who wave each canceled assignation
brave before the assignation
brave, those unto cancellation
whose paths I do not walk

your chatter is wind beyond my walls
your harbor is empty, my ships sail on

Thrall Kind 122

The Thinner

September 24, 2006

it was surprising finding the blade that lived in the palm of my hand
learning its intricacies, skin to steel, etching in cadence strictures
callus softening circles' formulae, softener of made, shaper of edges
luminous each sphere within, where venture's trade slips
flittering between fingerprints, palm's whorls become ribbon's sedge
layered old growth shivering in new mourned growing

touch here and pass by
or here, fratricide – circle in circle

more surprising still finding blade's circumlocution in heart
word's cadence phage spoken, mimicking host, making most of antigen
emotes gradus susurrus, spoke the word
the word stayed spoken
where broke the word, the word stayed spoken
flag of prayer tattered

touch here and amass
or here, oath mockery – circle in circle

but unsurprising, that last blade comprised taste
and the under-tongue of blood-worn stringencies
scent, and the field's wet paste of anarchies
earthen speech rasped, and steel stropped of matrices
whirled touch clutched, ground metal vaccines surmised
seeing – we are all stolen, lest we thief ourselves
sheathed – lest we bleed or be bled
to know, mind's bale condition

touch here and pass by
or here and apply – circle in circle

Mindsick Stay

September 27, 2006

the fit that is sickness renders time heavy
garbs body in skin like supple stone
brackish pools of incandescence, fever
whittling away –

into lack of memory

Reunion Confinement
September 28, 2006

you are prisoner unto your culture
as I am unto mine in breaking prison
the breakage coming woven of investiture
spoken and moved like dancing
ever traditional in wake and rote
transitional frame positional
intellect drain, fragmentation's erudition
garb for those insane

breaking a known in known patterns
gains only known patterns, only repetition
in leaving one's pretensions, one merely pretends –
fathom this then, that where you stand
and my standing – conditioned

grab for those insane then
strain intellect for fragment's position
breathe that transitional frame
when wake and rote are but written noise
the background static invests new prisons

unknown, one prison knows all prisons
known, no positions
breathe free

Thrall Kind 124

Sky Corrosion

September 29, 2006

cloud suffering burns of children's games
projection into static's wombs, this be
sharp grasses poking upwards into human eye
demanding re-ordinal match
on one's back, pillaged by sky
of one's own volition

that one might be opened by sky of a sudden
some suffering burn looking in, this be

grazing, the eye everywhere structures
holograph in gravel, in tuning between stations
speech gartered in the rot of old barn walls
and the thousand screaming thousand, training
recognize something hard enough, and be
believe long enough, will it –
face becomes gravel, becomes sky

that one might erode violation's quota
heal backwards seemings

crowd suffering burns of children's games
projection, proposed static other's malleable
where blink opens sky, dance employs
either choose for or self, or chosen for
crowd thunderhead wide – random illusion

aye, and illusion random, wide expanse
reaches in

Teeth Turn In
October 3, 2006

some scars are memories
others carry wound in stride
stuttered hurt in their concordance
pirouette grace become huddle
stumbled in amble's point
indirect approach, skinned
every closure within blown wide

but the mind I hold dear scarifies
burns in saturation, breathed longing
back to fire, exhalation rattling paper
or in silence, blaze

and I would tell you hunter's cheer eyes
close mostly to conceal flames, warm predator
pack and pride, pacing one's side
banked skin well shined, mottled resolution
burnished bright, and blithely turning
dances by huddle's passing

healed quotient in, in
tacking ripple's devotion
scar on the world
no hurt beatified

The Lesson Of Kittens
October 3, 2006

soft kitten tummies keep calling
of consequence teaching
calamity you could stuff your face in
rubbity, rubbity, stab

always returning
this time won't be so bad –
rubbity, rubbity, stab

Thrall Kind 126

Particulate and Glass

October 28, 2006

while I watched London flash and die
seven million welled up inside
a city within my skin

Consume Storage

November 2, 2006

enough hunger
lifetime desire quickly enough concat-
enates
want into motion, into emotion
devoted servant to desire
cumulative fires' oven wide

enough hunger
remembers starved hours

enough hunger
sated on those popular things
met blood and seeded waste
taste dulled, sharpened
filed

soon, enough
desire stoked down
banks coaled core

stated
when I've had everything
tasted enough vendetta to erase
those joys in me

enough hunger
stepped back a pace
becomes race, extrudes fickle wire
needling in
begun

when you have eaten your fill
tarried long at your killing
filled filling stings

then
only rest sing grace
where pause is salve
and elevation
razes

Counter-trace
November 3, 2006

I like that you say my name
I like more that you get it wrong
I like that the murderer in you doesn't recognize my song
I like that the hollow shoals where your victims long have tarried
empties out upon my shore and there in cursive varies
words written on my hands – likened unto living
I like the words there not at all, nor like crow's long scratches
I like the void of shoals, empty of your stories
I like the stated goals, like them even down to method
stilted in demand, staid patience in the voting
not one word to stay my hands, now redacted of your enmity
I like the peace that comes with edit's sudden clarity
I like that we've begun, that your charity is feinted
I like that you are one – in many, many, many
I like that you say my name

that in innocence begun, the legion decide outcome
that in variance summoned, the legion decide outcome
that in patience overrun, they say my name correctly

I like more that you get it wrong
in saying, disconnected

Tense Future
November 5, 2006

talking to yourself is casting a line
each phrase diverging
pruned avenues divined
I am spreading into I am
questions aside, each suture into time
describes

call and response
not mirror, not mimic
self constrained to self
abolition, ablution
pealed

Thrall Kind 128

Falling Touch

November 9, 2006

falling touch
names four clusters
out-tide, knee plane
hip-joint – and forward of
fourth point behind
mind's resolution

friend grounded
enemy of ground

touch
confounds nothing
merely contrition
entity apologetic
you are here
immaterial

beloved
between touch and ground

Pierced Glass

November 12, 2006

I asked dream
what is this thing
pretty bauble between your hands
flowing and with worlds in

nothing, but mimicry of skin

a present, or many, these liquid seemings
might they in my hands be more real

nothing, but mimicry of skein

I asked dream
share me this thing
that I might bathe within
thinking water, and clean
but incursive, plasma flows too
breached barrier – breaches

nothing, but mimicry of strings

I asked dream
declare anything
where I'm seeing apostasis
mirrors of hands show pupils blown
stream – breeds concussion
coal beak streaking in
entasis stop, not stop
bend or drop
steam

nothing, but mimicry of stings

a present, or many, wrapped up in stop
might in my hands be they, more real

nothing, but mimicry of cleans

The Bridge
November 12, 2006

a good pilot rocks side to side
vibration of her ride provides the parallax
eyes on drop-tank, eyes outside
null-g in partial cry
rocking only enough in stride
to ear with targeting
gravitic footprint foot's-breadth wide
where everything is down
capital reflection's minor gate
and skip jump's wake
Einstein and Rozen in rotation
lens's permuted mobile
merely shifts on axial stance
and the pop and the pop of the state
doth dance apoplectic
each sense one lance down the pipe
bubble and ripple stripped of velvet

a good pilot comes out the other side
stipples chaos in her warren
digging in sun-flare
bent hulks fractured – then vapor
hydrogen blisters ruptured

pinpoint, here
pinprick, here

volume to volume to volume

Thrall Kind 130

Pinfeathers

November 18, 2006

you could kill me any time you want
in silence, in heat, in a moment of dispassion
just forget the warning, slide the blade
put steel where it will pause things
all pinfeathers a language
of unmaking

clinical stock demands this equation
of balancing other and friend
that companion trusted simply fails to end
and guard reserved for enemy
transmuted to unknown
simply fades
of making

anyone knows the easy
where I have stopped asking
predator – stakes predator
where I have been efficient
the parse is thus
either trust – or fail, expect nail
extract distrust
in taking

you could kill me any time you want
and in the dust and powder of that possibility
I trust, knowing potentialities, and rust
how anger rains, how saturation gains saturation
I trust, unknowing and choosing to know
that in choosing I become whispers in your speaking
your will that I live
my will that it may be your will
this new way breaking

each chosen spark a star upon Thiel's wing
each life a breathless moment, awash in choosing