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Verticals & Horizontals is a book of original
four-ply poetry. It is the first of a projected four
volume sequence.

A Thesis Submitted to
The Faculty of the Graduate School of
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the degree
Master of Fine Arts

1976

Approved by

H. T. Kirby-Smith
Fourth Advisor

VERTICALS & HORIZONTALS

"

This thesis has been approved by the following
Committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at the
University of North Carolina by Greensboro.

AMON LINER

"

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PREFATORY MATTER

Verticals & Horizontals is the first volume in a projected four-volume sequence titled A Dance To the Music of the Future God. This dance is basically a dance of language, combined with certain narrative sequences and finally making a philosophical statement concerning the direction of reality. Volume one, Verticals & Horizontals, is the one most concerned with language. In it, various language games, some complementary, some contradictory, and some merely adjacent, are played for a random but finite number of "moves." The purpose of this play is to destroy the conventional idea of "language" in order to break free and create a clear space in which to consider alien (non-human) languages. In Variations & Howitzers, the second volume, a fairly conventional narrative describes the breakout and conquest of the galaxy by the human species. As the narrative makes clear, however, the conquest is never complete and never triumphant because it fails to be a meta-conquest, that is an assimilation of alien languages, alien viewpoints, in effect, alien universes. In Heroes & Vindications, the projected third volume, the narrative is continued. A description will be given of the more or less successful communion, merging and assimilation of species, viewpoints and languages on a

plane of equality rather than of conquest and dominance. In Hollowpoints & Volubles, the projected fourth volume, the dance of language will return, but interspersed with parts of a narrative. The language dance will attempt to show the surface features of the combined galaxy of meta-language-games; the narrative will describe in a fore-shortened manner the beginning of the spiritual task of the combined species of the galaxy (and, by implication, of the universe), to form the spiritual being able to break free from the ultimate physical constants of this continuum and thus continue "the" dance into another cycle.

In Verticals & Horizontals, as mentioned above, language games are played. The term "language-game" ultimately derives from my reading of the philosophy of Ludwig Wittgenstein. Verticals & Horizontals, however, is not to be taken as either a demonstration of that philosophy or any part of it or as a commentary on it. Rather it makes use of certain concepts, some of them not exclusively those of Wittgenstein, to achieve a certain poetic aim (see above). By "language-game" is meant not a game played with language or with language counters (such as "Scrabble" or philosophy) but rather the working out of the rules of various languages. A "language" is here briefly defined as any system of communication, having two or more components, which has the characteristics

of and acts like a four-dimensional map. A "language-game" is ordinary when it has a finite number of moves; a "language-game" is meta when it has an infinite number of moves. There are an infinite number of types of ordinary games, a finite number of types of meta-games. By the term "two components" is meant not something such as sender-receiver, but rather two possibilities within the language. Thus, in the simple language "brick," there are two possibilities, "brick!" and "brick?"; and thus in the language-game "brick" there are four moves: (1) brick! (2) brick? (3) brick!brick? and (4) brick?brick! On the other hand, in the simple language-game "brick", there are only three moves. This arises because the simple language "brick" has two possibilities: brick as noun and brick as adjective. Thus the possible moves are three: (1) brick, (2) brick, and (3) brick brick.

By way of contrast, the meta-language "Language is the color of the word rose" has an infinite number of possibilities. This is seen most easily in examining the meta-language-game "Language is the color of the word rose" in which is found a necessary relationship and therefore an infinite number of moves. The necessary relationship is hierarchical and is derived thus: Language (contains a word or words) is (a word not contained therefore free) the color (a word contained) rose (another word); thus

Language is not a word and Language is another word; this is a paradox, and like any paradox capable of resolution only by expansion. Thus, to resolve it, two questions must be asked. In what sense is Language is not a word and in what sense is Language is another word. To answer these two questions all possible language-games within the original language-game must be considered. These are "Language", "is", "the color", "of the word", "rose". Although the number of types of each of these is infinite, not all the moves of all the games have to be played, only enough of the moves of enough games to establish a rough outline, or map, i.e., another meta-language game roughly congruent to the first. (There is a temptation to call this a meta-meta-language-game, but this would be incorrect; there are only language-games and meta-language-games, i.e., eternity has an infinity of infinite horizons, some of which reflect on each other; but all are horizons). The advantage of considering a dance of language in this way in order to make a break out from the conventional dance is obvious. Non-conventional language-games can be constructed (somewhat analogous to non-Euclidian geometries), thus forcing the mind's eye onto a fresh perspective. Thus, in a conventional language-game, a rule might be that no two opposite words might occur together. Thus "The snow is white black"

would be forbidden. Thus, when such formations did arise, they would be considered as extremely special and given a mystic or ultimate value. Thus, "I am bound most strictly by the freedom of love" or "'Death is the mother of beauty'" are assigned a value as if they represented something outside the language-game. On the other hand, consider a language-game in which two opposite words must occur together (i.e., any word must be followed immediately by its opposite). In this language-game, the rule would forbid both "The snow is white" and "The snow is black"; the only possible formations would be "The snow is white black" and "The snow is black white". Thus, this language-game would lead to the formation of opposite words as a necessity of growth and such a move as "I, not-I live die most least in out of the bright dark melting petrifying grave womb bound free in out of the river desert of love hate of gargoyle Apollo" would be common and strictly secular. (It should be noted that non-paradoxical moves are not possible in the paradox generation game, as it is a game of inclusivity as opposed to the conventional or "natural" game, which is one of exclusivity.). It might be objected that non-conventional language-games are somehow unnatural or so odd as to be exotic and of only marginal significance (if any). After some time spent in constructing them or using them, however, they seem no more unnatural

or odd than non-Euclidian geometries or n-dimensional topologies. And for some purposes (as the one mentioned above), non-conventional language-games are essential.

Verticals & Horizontals is written in a format invented by me and first used in my volume Marstower (1972). This is the four column or four-ply format, which is designed to permit an approach to a simultaneous, contrapuntal viewpoint, four columns or plys are displayed on a double page (or on facing pages). Each ply has a particular significance in revealing one aspect of the total subject of the poem. Thus, ply one is devoted to the pure descriptive, physical, material, sensual, sensational (in the philosophic sense) aspect of the subjects; ply two, to the individual character aspect (usually but not always spoken by a particular character); ply three, to the sociological, political, military aspect, that is, to humans in groups of any and all kinds, from strict hierarchical to random mobs; ply four is devoted to the ideational aspect, to ideas as such whether considered purely in and of themselves or as philosophical, religious, aesthetic, etc. ideas.

Alpha -1

ply 1

The ghosts of dawn
are more reflective
than the ghosts of twilight;

the ghosts of dawn
are invincible. The man
is trying to understand

his arm; it's gone into
the mirror up to the
elbow; half the sleeve

dangles empty. Meta-Grammar's
logic says it's a war-wound
from a future dimension. Beyond

light. The other side rejects
artificial boundary layers.

He scratches his forehead

with a blue T and meditates
on the magic crystals embedded
between the mica in the asphalt.

Surely the ruins of the pre-
dawn civilization are good for
something besides the tarpits.

The secret and rational
mailbox receives the overdue end
of the arm with seemly grace.

With all the compassion
of a wounded father.
By logic of its internal grief,

the scarecrow meditates
on broken dolls. It's all
greek to the mailbox.

ply 2

I pursue the messages
of the radio-stars
on my green tricycle.

Whether I go alone
or with my constant companion;
whether I remember everything

I have forgotten
or ride through the creaky door;
whether the journey

understands me
or the key fits
the nape of the neck;

whether the time-sense
overtakes me
or I die alone;

whether I remark
on the scenery passing
or the leaves turn to stone;

whether the echo rotates to mush
or the random direction
melts to butter in my mouth;

whether I am more logical
than the wall
or merely faster;

whether the rusty knife
takes off the arm
or the red dust settles

over the ultimate ruins.
I flee from the messages
of the trivial and vicious.

ply 3

The relational mailboxes
retract the prosthetic devices
of the false dawn.

A crowd of witnesses
tunes itself to the random
direction and melts

like butter. According to
the degree of silence and
banality expected, the leaves

modulate their touch
as they fall.

Not wishing to die old,

the millstones shudder
inwardly when they hear
they are to be tied to the necks

of the vicious and cast
into the sea.

The bones in the hand

disintegrate into fine
powder when rotated through
the passing mirror. The

virtuous do not escape mirrors.
En passant, the massive planets
are the most remarkable.

Dragons wear scales of lead
and can touch the future,
anywhere. In the direction of

song. Saints harmonize in the fire
the saints kindle. The holy
fathers do not escape direction.

ply 4

In the typewriter key of T,
the tau-X unwinds doorkeys
to demonstrate their linear
progression. Whether the
civilization overtakes the time-
sense or dies along. The logical
mirrors turn to stone
that purely abstract relationships
may touch. It scratches its

forehead with a scapel; a crowd
of witnesses turns to blood.
the compassion with one inward eye
melts like steel in the mouth.
All the directions are in full-body
casts. All the yellow motorcycles
enter from the right of civilization
and exit to the left. The directions
of X are bloody-minded. The
crippled ghost squirts from the
mirror, screaming, "Faster! Faster!"
The poem comes to an underdone end.
Like the over-ripe under-side of a
bandaide, the ghost squirts from the
mirror, screaming, "Screaming!
Screaming!" Mobs of surgeons rotated
in a non-relational grammar, turn
to fine powder. The red powder sifts
onto the ruins of old flesh. Glass
arrows pierce the ghost. Bandaides
do not escape cancer.

Alpha -3

ply 1

The sun rises, and the mailbox
covers itself with glory.

The vicious, sentimental,

unprintable mailbox,

Glistening blue alphabets

crawl slug-like

over the moss-grown,

stone wall. The numerous

wheels of ancient

velocipedes gather to laugh

at the biped's precarious

balancing act. The glass eyes

in the ruins wink at the sun.

The green and blue

portions of the map

become the face

suffused with glory.

The car with fluorescent

headlights overcomes
the last, beaten stumblebum.
Under the blue sea,

the ruins of steel horizons
beckon the diving monster,
with the body of nylon

and the head of the pale horse.
Spirit, wounded with glass,
leaves twisted scars

on the asphalt. The numerous
rays of the sun do not
penetrate to the set smile.

ply 2

I walk a crooked mile of mirror;
the doors of the sun keep
opening for me; behind them,

the blue darkness, the true
Sun-Rise projection, unlike
Mercator. This time-sense,

it's the East that's huge.

I remember the accidents
that will happen to the image

of my pure Form. Whether
accelerated or reversed.
I walk a crooked smile of mirror;
the doors of the sea
open to my ghost.
I remember the messages
I will become, purely
by accident. Whether
the stars twist the map
or I dye in my own heart's
blood. I anticipate
the ruins of flame
swinging out to reveal
the relational darkness
where the beggar's eyes
had been. Whether the cities
of the head become magnificent
or the pale horror forgets
the alphabet. I race toward
the sunrise, hoping to destroy the
glass ruins of the sun.

ply 3

They put their keys
in the mirrors and open
them; they find

the stone walls, moss-grown;
They put their keys in the
stone walls and open them;

they find the steel doors
with combination locks.

They put their keys

in the alphabet and turn
the flames inward. They tap
codes on the horizon.

Vicious, judgmental codes.

The end of the poem
narrows into being

as it hits the trail of light.

They sing their
threnodies to the

Pure Forms. They sacrifice
horses under the sky
ambitious to become god.

While the dragons suckle
at cyclopean walls.
So perfect, the sun never

sets on them. They turn
their keys in the mirrors
and die. The alphabets

of Red gather round
and laugh and unwind
the two spirals.

ply 4

Rhetorical reflections in a
glass eye; history, personal
and otherwise. The strangeness

of the anti-barber shop.
The dream is the key
that unlocks the key.

Everynight, the barberpole,
unseen by human eyes, grows
a full shock of hair, Orange.

High Noon on the border:
the green forest and the blue area
have a showdown. Inside the

room to be opened by the man
with his arms twisted in every
direction, the corpse's

fixed smile is shaded
by Venetian Blinds that shield
the passing crowd from Pure Light.

Inside the historical chamber,
pulsating with obsidian imagery
of blood, the international

trans-lingua word list is
compiled. While dragons snooze
next to cyclopean radiators

and dream of open space, the
endless voyage. The ruins
of all possible horizons

beckon the lexicographers onward.
Slugs of crude sun coat the waves;
the dragons eat the first Omega-point.

Alpha -9

ply 1

The ruins of stumblebum
horizons beckon the gory
humanists onward. Into

the dawn of bland light.
As the galaxy unwinds.
Naked and turning to

polished steel, the
Green Man dances the rock
to powder. The rats

spiral through the
cornfields, the letters
of ghosts between their

teeth. The collected bones
of the last postman
rattle in the extended claw

of the Wind Titan. The
horizon of ruins lures
the big-as-a-windmill,

armor-plated grasshoppers
outward. The corpse's fixed
smile, twisted in every
direction, unwinds the demi-
sonic screams of the
contemplative ghosts into
simple co-ordinates. The
frost spiders on the skulls
give visual echoes for ranging.

The horizon of smoothed-out
curves sings to the map-makers;
they hasten inward.

ply 2

I speak the words, and the map
appears, an act of impervious
kindness of the part of the whole
universe. No way I can smile so
the Light can see it. Not to
mention the darkness, infolded with
the co-ordinates of fatherly
dragons. I scan the perfections
of love in the closed alphabet.

In the dawn of bland light.
I spiral through the antique
horizons. A dictionary unwinding.

The possibilities of paper
ashtray intrigue the monody in me.
Transfixed by the C-Sharp

lightning, I perceive the verities
of the stone map, as the
channels of glass rivers,

as the scattered men, all their
arms pointing directions.

But first, the necessity

to fiddle with those wheels,
my legs, of tricycle. Or else,
to be grounded forever beyond

the stars. Stone spiders on the
nape of the giant's neck, tickle
me into poisoning unwanted directions.

My green-spoked, big toe
entices red-bronze ants, who
advance with green lasers.

ply 3

The multiple horizons
of alphabets lure the
stumblebums into naked,

multiple-image confron-
tations with rhetoric and
the attempt to dive through

the glass ruins of the
rivers of love. Broken
on the tricycle wheel,

they send radar screams
toward the anti-possible maps.
They wear masks of lead,

scored by the god-driven
levity of their fiery tears.
Slugs of crude alphabet

coat the bland light
that edges from the
corpse's loosening smile.

And shreds the horizon
into green maps of
abstract money. Transfixed

by the titanium lightning,
the ghost drives the orange
sword through the crude,

mirthless, unsayable
contemplation. With
accelerated bones, the

map-makers steer the
smoking directions through
the mazy horizons.

ply 4

The ghosts of maps are more
reflective than the ghosts of men.
Infolded with the co-ordinates

of obliterated fathers. On
graveyard days, the stone spiders,
all their names and dates

still on them, crawl over the
sinking earth. On the map, at least,
the fields have to stay put:

move the X's an inch, death enters
with a golden matchlock and
live bait. The laughing children

run their tricycles over the
bodies of the dragons who once saw
the golden radiator in the
darkness of interstellar space.
The horizons disintegrate, never
to return, the horizons programmed
to glitter in the asphalt.
Transfixed by the bland light of
false dawn, the cliff-dwelling
alphabets believe the end of poem
is near. Passing by the stone wall,
I can feel its disgust at me, an
indecent possibility, decay. The
ghosts of dragons are more contemplative
than the ghosts of men. Off the
map of blood, at the edge of
reality, the ineluctable forest
of impossible trees.

Delta -4

ply 1

In the amber forests of A,
the language-demons come to play.
I am not here, you are not here,

we are not here, they are not here,
they say. Inside the mirror-
coated apple, the worm of

stone begins to doubt
its existence. Meanwhile,
the automobile careens forward,

its shaggy bark alive with
termites. At the intersections,
a myth of generative decay

is born. In the center
of the doubt, the ancient
worm begins to measure.

Meanwhile, the granite face
of the cliff begins to move
slowly across the green paper.

As the armored psuedopods
of the forest wither
on the golden plain.

Crushing ants, the reflecting
telescope mirror rolls on the
asphalt, revealing the inter-

galactic Drunkard's Triple
Spiral. The network of running
tar-patches reveals a beast

of a different random. Colossal,
cyclopean worms wall up the plain
with their bodies of stone.

ply 2

Mirthless, unsayable contemplation,
I turn the back of my head
to the back of the mirror.

The mirror regards the stone
slope critically. NO TOURIST
signs are posted at natural-
seeming angles. Armies of
spiders, not there for their
health, no, but under the

illusion they crawl on a
windowpane, slowly toil
and slowly advance.

The mirror swivels and extends
orange filaments toward the
slowing formations. The clumps

of stone spiders rest after
their weary eternity. Their
grim, unspeakable horizons

wither in the glare of the
prolix reflections of themselves.

The orange strands weave

a web of their intentions.

From the view from the back
of the head, the mirror is just

one more intangible object. The
graph melts at the edge of the
fossil spiders and all their

increasingly tiny generations of
descendants and their prey and
their thoughts of the future.

ply 3

The weight of where we are
permits us play. Take away
the map, and the mountain

is revealed. We climb the
mountain, pausing at each
clearly marked altitude

line extending outward
at right angles; we reach
the top and rejoice, we are

in the brown-red color,
excepting urban concentrations
(black), the darkest color;

but we are sad, one of
our number (number six)
has died of shattering;

the intense cold, the
perilous journey, too much
for his mind; in delirium,

he jumped, screaming,
Madness! Madness! Madness!
Next summer, we return

to the lush lowlands and
feast on cannibals,
delicious, though to tell
the truth, already, a bit
corrupted by civilization.
This year we sacrifice to the
sun the horse covered with
glassine scars of the spirit,
with slowly moving lines of light.

ply 4

Glass eyes wink from the soft cliff
of language. As Time's air-cooled
engine rusts away. As the back
of the head phrase weaves orange
filaments into a concealing web
over the eyes. The monsters,
the pitiable monsters always hidden
in the soul-depths of eyes, scream
against their hiddenness being
concealed forever. They pray
for annihilation. Their prayers
ascend to point five on the

bestial language scale. The grid
shows the curve of the horse,
of the concave mirror of the

world's largest telescope used
to detect the golden radiator
in interstellar space, of wisdom.

The calm light of Sun Is Up Now
pokes through the glass ruins
on the granite cliff. Reddened

humanists drag themselves over
the multi-colored edges. On the
graph of the horse, the Yellow Bug

sputters upward, its air-cooled
engine, in delirium, on perilous
voyage, almost impossible to keep

warm in interstellar space. In the
center of the doubt, Time's space-
exchange engine glows cherry red.

Delta -6

ply 1

Reflective insects crawl
through the lush lowlands,
meditating on the ruins
of pressure gauges that grow
increasingly huge around
them on their progress
through the sun-baked and
mathematically exact level
plane of their sufferings.

Run, whisper the gargan-
tupods as the lustrous
armies of the interior maps
advance across the micro-
wave baked and metaphorically
precise level of their
ecstasy. Covered with
glittering lines of armored,
advancing philosophy,

the plain extends for
thousands of descriptions
in every direction.

A repulsion of light
opens the network of battle-
scarred minds as the first
atomic mine impedes the
progress of their extended
visualization of the
entire universe for scores
of dragon maps of pain
extending in their direction.

ply 2

The head turns away, nothing
is seen except the silence,
that zany echo of perpetual
hollowness. Something very deep
and fundamental is going on here,
not at present understood, say
the connected network of formulas
of decay. And these obey only
the mature axioms of hard-shelled

intangible objects. All voyages
end in delirium state the empty
catsup bottles filled with the

precious blood of the ghosts of
time. And concave: All endless
voyages progress in delirium,

also holds given a sufficient
quantity of conditions, state
the four-wheeled yellow capsules,

slithering toward the irrefutable
centipedes. Now that the poem
is ended, the head turns away,

nothing is seen except the
repulsion of light and the
NO MADNESS signs. Both,

rapidly being eaten by the
myriads of advancing maps and
the soft Time capsules. Meanwhile,

the forests extend their sway
far beyond the maps and their
convincing science of decay.

ply 3

Their silver-grey, feathery wings, by the thousands, rustle together as they crawl over the

Ancient of Forms. From their soft bodies, there continually wastes a small stream of the

precious blood of the ghosts of G. Larger-than-life-size granite monuments to ancient

vehicles, from chariot to limousine, are scattered on the plain, one at every

place where the lines cross, far beyond the maps of pique of judgment to describe.

They progress by a series of smells, rose to hammer to liquid nitrogen, almost

to arrive at tenth order strangeness theory. They sing: Things are holy that are

powerful. All power to the
holy! Meanwhile, the dead
wings rustle across the

border of the kingdom
colored gold. Their eyes,
like stars, begin to die,

in sequence, leaving something
deep and fundamental, not
at present understood.

ply 4

The mirrors of maps show the
rust of Time is golden. An echo
reversible stain, perpetual

hollowness radiating outward
from every inward intersection:
a sufficient quantity of

conditions radiating inward
from every outward intersection.
Smaller-than-life, place is all.

In the map in the mirror, the grey
armies battle the taxicabs and
the high-wheeled bikes. In the map

itself, taking energies from the
rapid expansion of the science of
decay, lustrous intangibles

begin to resurface the world.

In the map in the mirror, the
insurance castles and the high-rise

fortresses of the nth order
barons begin to intertwine.

In the map itself, understated

conclusions are converted into
liquid nitrogen and wheeled
into the line of advancing

philosophy. In the map in the
mirror, the perfume of rose-
hammers and tandem, golden bikes

rises into zany ruins of glass.

In the map in the language, the
head turns away, nothing is seen.

Delta -10

ply 1

Green-silver-blue
ringlets, millions of
dead, feathery wings

embedded in the hair,
one faceted eye that
always inward looks.

Philosophical, the face
of evil meditates upon
the windowpane within.

On the windowpane is a map
of the forests, the shade
of every tree numbered.

Under the trees, in the
shade, loll the dictionaries.
They discuss visceral

entities; they wonder
if a fabulous monster will
materialize among them.

Attached to every tree
is a mirror, looking back
at the eye. The eye wants

to look through the window-
pane. In the forests, the
dictionaries preen themselves

before the mirrors. One
inspects with satisfaction
one of its W words. The

eye tries to look through
it. In the center of the word,
is a biped staring.

ply 2

The head turns away, nothing is
seen. Behind its rounded, humanist
slope, the glass eyes combine

to form the striking feature,
known locally as the Devil's
Windowpane. Through it, the

fur-bearing rocks come to peep.
Ah, visceral trees! they moan.
tacked to the trees are

workers in reflective surfaces,
busily hand-copying the maps
of surfaces that spread across
the rocks. Now this, cheeps one
of the illuminated crafters,
is a real find. These Ancients
of Forms really know their way
about. No wonder they have been
called Sacred! Fabulous! The Nth
Wonders of the Strangeness. But
why did they start their perilous
journeys? They hope to reach the
golden star of entity. But how
do they progress? By a series
of sufficient conditions. Local
language systems permitting, of
course. A repulsion of light
opens the scene to the face of
evil. Meditating wearily upon
bipeds, it sees the rounded, gentle
slope is covered with NO signs.

ply 3

The sequence of where we are
leaves us uneasy. Certain
selected silences have been

placed among us. At intervals,
we fall into dreams and nod
together, webbed in silver light.

At the center of which is a
fabulous entity, busily
constructing sequences of events.

At intervals, we awake and
read together of the journeys
of trees across the brown

paper. Smaller-than-dream-
size, we follow them into the
place of the buried

intersections. Where they
disperse and leave us
exposed to the bitter gale,

arriving like stone, from
everywhere. At intervals, we
slant into dream and slide

off together into the green
energies of coarse-grained
intangibles. The sequence of

where we are, leaves us.
At intervals, we die and leave
the language altogether.

At intervals, we scuttle
across the silver web and
seize our prey with wild delight.

ply 4

Time's golden reflection in the
mirror chases the flies away.
Though every fly is numbered,

none escapes the angry persistence
of that day. The maps of that day
are hand-copied on biped skin.

At the persistent and effulgent
end of the poem, the non-literates
bear it away. At intervals,

something awakes and materializes,
in blood, in a visceral entity's
dream. Of the brain dying,

being covered with golden words,
arriving from everywhere, like
maps of the wind. The local

conditions of stone permitting.
Exposed to the bitter gale, the
stone in the stone in the stone.

Universally known as the devil's
looking glass. In which can be seen
the sequence of map-makers at

play, playfully perfecting the
perfect definitions of pain.

In which can be seen the language-

bearers bearing their standard
heads aloft on poles. The sequence
of metaphors disturbs the dream;

the dream disturbs the monster,
the monster awakes,
covered with golden words.

Rho -7

ply 1

In the mirror of the thousand
eyes, blue-green, thick, swarm
the definitive, relational elegies,
common as silica, polished as copper,
strange as pain, the fetid, sacred
beings, the flies. The barber's
whiskers dream of carbon copies of
definitions of smooth curves. The
children buzz through the mapmakers,
tacked on the forest-green trees
of Sherwood Weald. Inflected
in the sky of their making,
the mapmakers talk shop of
infinity: wild white spaces
on the map where never an echo
was heard. And never shall be.
World without end. In the
thousand eyes of definition

of green, the flies swarm
on shit and permit themselves
a metaphor of the actual.

Blood down the nick
of babyface's neck. Hey!
watch what you're doing!

Despite the profound silence,
echoes abound and like
arrow-ballads of the Silver Age

are embedded in stone. On
conical projection of planet
BOURNE rivers turn to blood.

ply 2
Thousand-eyed, I gaze into the
mirror's golden haze; V. is
the notch of my blood, the

alphabet runneth over with
elegies to the green leaf and
the sports shirt in clover;

Yea, the summer ends on
planet TRAVELLER and it's time
I was travellin' on. Through

the green forests of children,
through the definitive X's
scratched deep in their faceted
eyes, through the good-hearted
rogues snipping busily at the
island on the treasure map,
willing to pocket the whole thing,
plot, character, burnished style
and all. Ah, how that style gleams
as precious metal. The barber's
razor dreams of defining the
sheer of edges in ordinary
language, that gleams, even as the
light on the easy surfaces of
the slim bottles of golden
cologne. In the valley of total
light, I am anointed. My head
runneth over. The sequence
represents a thousand dreams of
ordinary time. At the back of my
head, the maps run blood.

ply 3

Crawling down old mirror-mountain,
we encounter a thousand years of
unrelieved pain. Carefully skirting

the scratch on the polished cheek,
we clamber down the keen edges
of the planet FROM WHICH. We

bellow to the god of eyes. Save
yourself! The air is rock-bound
with all too familiar dreams. Who

wants hairy, guazy-winged familiars?
Not us. Us for the deep-hearted
wilderness of pale, mannerist

metaphors. Light from the most
distant mapmakers glittering on
the barbed wire of the plain style.

Slipping in our own ballad-
sequences, we wonder if ever
we'll see again that stylish

plain, lushious with cannibals.
The barber trims the forest
periodically, but new mapmakers

spring daily from the crystal
foreheads of new-style wrist-
watches. Relational elegies are
frozen in their eyes. Descending
the mountain takes a thousand
years, from this knife-edged
height, through maps which are
stone, through languages which are
echo, through darkness which is blood.

ply 4

Beyond the river of stars, Time
swings its golden razor. The
beardless ones shriek through the
gold doubloons that are the scales
of long john silver, loveable but
barbarous traveller to planet

RETURN. Light from Ockam's face
illuminates the white spaces on
the map. As pioneers drift like

language-blown leaves to the island
in space. An epoch of anarchy,
empty places in the dream, towering
cliffs of flies, blue-green and
thick, over the carcass of Pioneer,
staked out at the crossroads.

Nostalgia-style radio clicks on.
A barbershop quartet. Harvest
Moon. Over the corn-shocks, the
cold ground, the tomb-stones
cracked with the names of pioneers.
Memories of the first barbershop
built on the planet linger in
their stone eyes. Now it's the Age
of Decay, as Urban Clusters light
up the night like day. The forests
filled with memories of autumn
metaphors, return. Golden cats
shine among the abandoned razors.
It takes a thousand years, it takes
a day, which is blood.

Rho -11

ply 1

Silver-green, we scuttle
across the sky, our directions
increase from the center.

Prisoners of the green squares,
the silver eyes contemplate
with longing the silver

rectangles. Total blue-
green tragic outcome,
petrified galaxy, the

flies, the words devour.
In nests of silver light,
aborted embryos and razors

build the first temple.
Silver-green eyes stare
from the petrified time-

language of the sacred
facade. And contemplate
with longing the stasis

of the replicated corpse.

Of the last pioneer.

Silver-plated. Old Gory

Iz Mah Name painted in
purist rectangles above
his gleaming, more-than-

alabaster forehead. Seamless
directions spurt away
from his eyes, directions

too numerous to name.

Silver threads among the
green solids.

ply 2

I, said the headless corpse, am the
zero point of mapmaking. All the
dragon co-ordinates spiral in

toward me. All the beasts of
raunch and roar stumble in to me.

All bones are hollow and radiate

from me. No matter which way

I stumble, all the measurements
define the multiple horizons of

pain. No matter which way you
stutter, you end behind my eyes.
No matter how pure the green and
white rectangles, the galactic
drifters end in my dream in the
style of plain talk. I, said the
horizonless head, am the
constructor of the plans of the
mapmakers of galactic maps. The
persistent scavenger projection.
The mapmakers talk wild white
spaces of infinity. I am the
language they return to. As
children. To dabble in fire.
To make hay while the blood shines.
Silver-blue. Aristocratic, hand-
crafted directions. Languages that
will not name themselves.
The common directions scattered
to the four victims. Names without
end. I am the cry you seek.

ply 3

Climbing with infinite
slowness down the multi-
faceted mountain, we

encounter a quartet of
lost directions. Which way
to the Devil's Playground?

they ask in mournful tones,
in mournful tones and low.
Singing light, sweet and low,

like cellos stylish with age,
like starlight close with
language. Which way should

we go? they moan, they moan
in language-tones, silver and
slow. The air is light-bound.

Directions without end.

Which way? they ask. Down
across the haze and into the

center of the light. It's the
only way to go. All the
pain-edged, good-hearted rogues

swear it's so. Aye! By the
hollow bones of Cain! By all
the cold directions

purist in the brain. Aye!
by all the rocky Romantic faces
limned in the ballad-sequences

of the mapmakers of pure horizons.
That way! we shout, scattering the
directions to the four visions.

ply 4

Glittering with the dust the
co-ordinates of infinity
accumulate in the dead man's eyes,

the mapmakers sing as they play.
High and lo as they play at
language. This is the way to the

total fatal lethal thing, with
glass encrusted. The way up and
the way down are the same. Across

the light we scuttle. Weaving our
directions. From star's end to
dreams's beginning. From scar's
easy surface to pain's invisible
center. High Ho it's off to leisure
time activities we go. Filled with
memories of signposts to autumn
galaxies. Up and down are the same.
We play at A, seize the day, Day 0
Day 0 Day 0. Glittering with
language dust, the invisible horrors
fall upon the nay-sayers and the yea-
sayers alike. The persistent
scavengers make grey while the
intellect shines. While in the
mapmaker's hands, Time swings the
descending edge of the pure
direction. Descending and ascending
are the same. Pioneers of the Age
of Decay at Play. Glittering with
silver dust, the silver day.

Rho -15

ply 1

The seller of old maps
revolves in a silver blur;
timescapes fall from the manacles

that are his hands; human
memories fall from the words
that are his intensity; Dragons

Be Here. Blue is forever the
color of ocean. Danger! Wild
white spaces where no

lexicographer has set foot,
where no silver-tongued
nomenclator has spoken.

Green-blue scales fall from
our eyes, revealing blue-
silver feathers that are his
eyes; easy-running words fall
in a silver blur from our mouths,
revealing the intricate silence

within the cold blue rectangular
glossolalia of the mapmaker,
spinning in his own blood. TIME!

BLUE! FOREVER! GLASS! he
blurs at the mouth as he turns
to the steel horizon of dream.

Mannerist metaphors of silver
condors drift across the faceted
sky of the mapmaker's Angel.

We pay his price. We buy penny-
dreadful words from the beasts
that clamber over that horizon.

ply 2

I, said the salesman, have sold all
that I am and yet I remain. These
scales, these limits that are my
loosening smile, define me in place.
The radar's rapid grin can hear me,
and yet I open into the green maps
of personal horizon. Scaled with
silver-feathers, more silver than
feather, I look with ten-thousand

eyes at the one mirror and see
everything. It wears a mask of lead;
its smile is a laconic euphemism

for distance, and deep within its
words, scratched like continents
on the glass, I see the stars. Yet,

from the most distant glass ruins of
bone-windows, I cut and run, shatter
the contour-footed, nominal-

featured myth. I stuff the radar
with phony smiles and grin behind
my beard, dyed red by my own blood.

The sweetness entrances the lower
orders of pain. They clamber up
and over for a taste of accelerated

horizons. And crumble, decay to
stone, are preserved only in my
eyes. Beyond the multiple time-

frames of the distant word, beyond
the maps of replicated maps, beyond
the persistence of the vultures.

ply 3

Climbing with malaprop ability
down the polished jade mountain,
we sing of the closed alphabets of

Cain, the radar of future beings,
the texture of broken glass.

Climbing with multi-faceted

parlance down the realm of
infinite slowness, we ask after
the Four Lost Directions. Have you

seen them? Podner? They wore a
silver feather in the brain and
had Dust-Language on the mind.

They searched among red rock strata
of geologic metaphor for crystal
remains of the rational language.

It's not here, it's not here! they
whined as they rationalized their
hyperbole of lostness. We're

trapped in the downward slope
of image, they wail. Well, so are
we, for crying out loud, but you

don't hear us crying about it.

Climbing through the multiple
mirages of mailboxes with our

names on them, we search within
the allusive silence. And find
the eggs the fiddle-footed,

spiney-backed creature has left
to poison us. Silver-blue Angel-
Condors drift across the horizon.

ply 4

Barriers of old maps, old days,
silver ages, silver languages,
lost humanists, tragic rage, must

fall. The Green Man dances to
glittering powder the corpse's
loosening smile. Pristine geologic

stages batter through the lucid
phases of the theosophical mind.

Planets, stars, stylish with

the gravity of theories dreamed
upon 'em, collapse in the intricate
silence between the cornfield and

the stubble; figments of the
imagination, stars, planets,
higher orders of pain crumble as

the new mythmaker in his armor-
plated viewpoint says the horizon
of mirthless, unsayable

contemplation. Paradoxes of languages
inherently undiscoverable bulldoze
the collector of still-lives of

infinity into a new timescape.
Where the fire-eaters stuff the
maps stuffed with persistent X's

down their throats. Of red rock.
Limned with homespun fables that
grin. That betray the mapmaker

to the distance deep within BLUE.
Forever! he cries as he spins in
the lost age, that man of blood.

Sigma -8

ply 1

Old planets, old barbershops
collapse in flames

as the symbols of their maps

pass the zero point
and become negative.

Old men, old mirrors

of glass ruins collapse
into prolix horizons
of themselves as the chill

burns its way to the center
of time. Multiple-flipperered
clocks crawl across the

soft-bodied maps. Emblazoned
with viewpoints of armored
networks. Daubed with

intersections of burning
ants. Splashed with silver
trails of exobiologic blood.

Strange beasts be here.

But do not turn away.

Old men, old dreams

ascend as geological

persistence decays, as

the smile on the back

of the mirror loosens

the myths of linear

co-ordinates. Velvet-

textured wrist-watches

clamber over the multiple

small bones of time's horizon.

ply 2

I, said the old man, have a

robe sewn with stars,

a brain that from mere

persistence has replicated

dragons, boutiques, empires

beyond personal horizons,

vague shapes, glass ruins of

sacred reflections. I, said the

old man, have burned my way

beyond the time-scale of the
stars, into the center of
shape, into the gory intersection
of the last humanists' conclave.
I, said the old man, have
outstared stone mirrors, masks of
molten lead, ants at the wrong
end of the telescope, geological
ages, extra-human smilers
at the stationary end of the
timescale. I, said the old man,
have buried sons; civilizations;
myths nearly equal to my own
intensity; new, laminated maps
showing where all the X's
are scattered; skin-textured
verbs, epitaphs for tricycle
humanism; titanium alphabets
spelling CANNIBAL CONDORS OF THE
SILVER AGE. I, said the old man,
was not born to die.

ply 3

Our shaggy bark alive
with automobiles, we careen
toward burning intersections.

Strange alphabets wait there.
The weightlessness of where
we journey, permits us dying,

forever. Spelling HIGH NOON
in serious cannibal
language, we pass the zero

point and look around
at the maps scaling away
under the stars. Clambering

over the soft-bodied time-
pieces, we turn and turn in
the Galactic Emperor's

contour footed-spiral.

Where are we? we ask
our ancestors as we hold

the candle up to the last
letter in the alphabet.

No one knows, they say,

but the sweetness of this
place entrances the higher
orders of godlike joy.

We only echo the sincere
language of their low-pressure
spiel. Fare forward, they say,

at the end lies the beginning
of the alphabet of true pain.
Old men, old barbershops.

ply 4

Over the cold co-ordinates, the
spherical exterior of time
advances to the most distant

stationary viewpoints. The
barriers of soft-bodied, new
deaths fall before the advance

of the green stubble. Series
of power dreams collapse
to echoes of cries in the dark

Howdy podner, says the
theosophical nightmare. Howdy,
I'm the One Mind come to absorb
the absorbed. Draw when you're
ready, you son of a myth of
generative decay. Turn how you
will, the edge of humanist
delirium will slice you. Over
the edge of Z horizons, the
giant face rises. Over it, sail
the Silver Condors, each one
large as a mountain. Through the
glass head of the giant, burn the
cold co-ordinates, red stars
at the end of the universe,
stationary language at the end
of the time-scale. Howdy podner,
I'm the Unity of All and the All
in All. Draw when you're ready.
Either Now at the beginning or Now
at the end of the universe. Or Now.

Sigma -12

ply 1

The Rose of Stone blossoms
in the mirror of time's
truescale. Word by Word
the silence grows. Language
unfolds from the heart of
being. Toward the light.

Silver glare of time's
high-noon; fare forward,
stone into halcyon skies.

Fleasure principle dubbed BLUE.
Forever, the stone reclining
in Deepest Noon. Beginning

of utterance of something
fundamental and not understood.

Fate of Language. Freed from

tyranny of time's false,
bone-scale. "This" stammers
to be. Deepens silence

with every lucid paragraph.
 The stone angel of being
 reclines in the word-painting,
 Light On Light. And smiles.
 Toward the light. Language
 deepens the possibilities
 of the granite horizons.
 Fare forward, light. It's an
 Age of perfect sky. Pleasure
 god beginning to smile. Musick
 and Logick in the air. Everybody
 everywhere, forever.

ply 2

I, said the native, am of this
 map and of this timescale, Who
 are you? Some textured zany
 come to call at a stone nest?
 I, said the native, am beyond
 your language, you do not
 perceive me or feel my pain.
 Who are you? Come to call
 far beyond the frontier of

the last Z and the small bones
clashing together? Who are you?
State your name, beginning,

journey, fate. I, said the
native, am the real thing.
Who are you? State your real

name, manner of your time's
passing, true metric of your
most distant dream. Who are you?

The Silver Scavenger come home
to roost? I, said the native,
am of this word, Light, and of

this pain. Who are you? State
the grammar of your being,
the reason for your ending,

the color of your blood, the
darkness of your imperfect silence.
Smile when you say that, stranger.

I, said the native, am of this
innocence and of this flesh.
Who are you, enticer?

ply 3

With roses in our language
and stars in our eyes, we
clamber down the slopes of

Half Moon mountain. Annoyed
at the stone angels painted
on the sky, we crawl down

the multi-faceted viewpoint.

The signs say SMILE. With
standards in our language

and hope in our eyes, we
scurry toward the gourmet
sweetness of the plains.

The signs say BACK UP, but
we have come too far, we
starry-eyed, good-hearted

rogues to give way now.

We draw several pairs of
luminous, glow-in-the-dark

false teeth on the sign
and clatter down the desolate
and lifeless slopes, not fit

for human habitation. As if
nothing had been said. And less
happened. Leaning forward

to viewpoints of something
fundamental and not understood.
Our faces are set, but our eyes
smile. Our mouths water at the
idea of the possibility of
the grammar of Perfect Being.

ply 4

The language of Perfect Being
muscles in on the grass-green,
mature descriptions of time.

Annoyed, stone angels move over
into another perfection. Say it
with flower, Sam. Covered with
glittering, static visualizations
of the universe, the syntax
slithers through the outer

precincts of their wrist-watches and
into the imperfect descriptions
of their brains. Hey! Unh, what

happen to the angels? But it's too
late. The sweetness entrances
their Dacron-nerve-endings and

the smiles loosen on their maps.
The grammar of Perfect Being
wipes the smiles off the maps.

Grass-green co-ordinates vanish
without the language to describe
'em. Hey! Unh, what happen to

all flesh is grass? But too late.
The silver persistence of Perfect
Being circumscribes the ripe

axioms of decay. All through the
long description of afternoon, the
stone rose blossoms in the

language of time's true mirror:
eternity. Hey, unh, what happen to
sorrow? I mean Perfect Sorrow?

Sigma -16

ply 1

Green-mold over the circumference
of the universal sphere, the
linear brain dying. Red mud

slathers the headless, two-
gun, leather-thonged Master
of the Graphs of All Possible

Languages. Smile when you
say that, podner. It wants
to be known as absolute

horizon. Sky-music. Hanging
trees. The fossil-smile
loosening on the swaying

outlaw. Dying in the humour
of true form. Plato smiled
when he said that. Remembering

the lucidity of Time Perfect.
Fleasure principle dubbed GOOD
HUMOUR. Ice rabbits in the sky,

Ice rabbits in July. It's not
a lie! It's language dangling
by the perfect adjective,

until pronounced Lucid. Behind
the leather flesh, the laws
of stone blossom. Known as

Universal Peacemaker. Here's
red eye in your eye. Rubbery
nonchalance in the ice-heaven

of perfect July. Lucidity, a
language melancholy as the metric
smile on the Cartesian graph.

ply 2

I, said the dreaming, melancholy
old man, remember the time perfect.
Lucidity was a devil-may-care fellow

then. Heedless of definitions that
ran off the map. Lucidity had blue
eyes and was the fastest language

on this here planet. Could split
you inward from every possible
viewpoint. At twenty golden

centuries. And with a silver-green smile. He wore a snappy brim and tinkled as he talked. With

fabulous definitions of pain all over him. They glittered in the sun and broke the small bones.

Lucidity was the almighty perfect visionary. Silence was his middle language. Words couldn't tell of

his Quick-Silver-Age charm. I love you, he said, as he killed them. One, two, three. On into the small

hours of the high noon. Into the Deep Noon of the soul. A good-hearted rogue with blue curls.

Handsome devil inside of thirty light years Wanted to be universal peacemaker. Cut down in his prime.

Shriveled in his own linear autumn. Yeah, and the buzzards et his eyes and turned to stone.

ply 3

We look at the sky, not
each other, as we climb down
the crystal mountain. The sky

is blue letters that say:
Immediate Fossilization is no
contradiction in terms.

We look at the blood trailing
across the map and not at
each other. The blood remembers

melancholy. Remembers elegies.
Remembers the hammerblows of
the language that broke into

definitions of perfect pain.

We look at the graph, not
at each other. On the upper

slope, everyone is alive and
remembering the fond elegies
of childhood. It's gone, it's

gone, where is it? It's right
here. On the downward slope,
everyone is dead and looking

at the laws of stone. A ROSE
IS A DREAM YOU MUST HAVE,
they say. We look at each other.

Our eyes are blue. Our flesh
is leather. Our informal charm
is courtesy itself. Our language

is not self-conscious. It is
lucidity. A perfect curve on
an otherwise blank graph.

ply 4

Language is our melancholy.

How else can Autumn remember
Autumn? If the dead have not

spoken before us, what language
shall we say is music and
therefore truescale? Of course,

on the planet of the fastest
language, blood is the truescale
of time. But that's a platitude

for infant wristwatches. Language
is our melancholy; words cannot
express its sudden charm.

Melancholy is the word we use
to trace the line of least
resistance, the floating of

the dead leaf. The fissuring
of the dead ground. Melancholy
is the fastest word. Faster

than angel. Faster than stone.
At the speed of light, dreaming,
visionary melancholy traces the

downward curve. The immature
axioms of the law decay. THEY
WILL DO ANYTHING TO ANYBODY.

We look at each other. Our eyes
are mirrors of sufficient
conditioning. EVEN KILL THEM.

But such devil's proverbs are
for fossil humerus bones buried
in the ace-age. Another language.

Tau -5

ply 1

Red mud slathers the dance;
at intervals, pain is truescale
of our pulse. As we dance.

Through lucite star container,
through green mold devouring
the map, through quicklime

explanations of history.

At intervals of pain, we
scream; at intervals of scream,

we indulge each other in
compositions of serenity. Dark
blood streams from the dance;

pain keeps the bearing true:
through law-age ice-fossils,
through the terrible lucidities

that devour hell. We dance
the bearing true, without shame
or the hope of destruction.

Through rationales devouring
the green and silent hopes
of hell. At intervals, the

pain takes us out: bared teeth,
armored screams, the whole
panoply of pre-language ecstasy.

Cartesian Graphs enfold the dance.
The monsters of reason root
among our pre-existent, fossil

graves. We dance beyond hell,
through long-dead faces screaming
joy, through miracle on miracle.

ply 2

I, said the dancer, am beyond the
reasons that you answer. Language
plays upon me as a living fountain.

Silver coats my lucite head;
mirrors rationalize the most
distant star. Stars coat the

language with quicklime distance.
I, said the dancer, whirl into
the center of the graph. Dragons

and tricycles curve through the
right-angle maze. I remain
entranced in perfect time. Dark
blood whirls through my brain.
I keep the center cold, serene,
ineffable: through the blowfly
sophisticate definitions of
decay, through the dead children
oozing through the stone eyes
of the god. I, said the dancer,
am beyond the language you came to
renew. As I spin through the
steel-etched treasure maps of
Red Sequin Carnivores. As I rifle
the silver bullet back through
the peacemaker. As I float the
stone eyes through the living face.
I, said the dancer, am beyond the
slow and lidless gaze of hell,
beyond the clarities you dare not
name, your children's children.

ply 3

Climbing down the mountain
is the godlike dance. One by
one the languages reveal

the sky. The sky is ice. We
remember the heavens where
language is spoken. The

dance reveals the play of
light on the ice-clotted
face. Rainbows embedded

in the cheeks, the
forehead, the eyes. The
smile floating between the

textures of silk and steel.

The dance reveals decay,
shining in the void. The

personality embedded in lucite
remembers all the egos chipped
from it. We remember the

heavens of refulgent joy.

A equals A. The rest is play.

The dance reveals the face

of evil. A passing fancy, a
 passing face. Faster than light.
 At stone velocity. Death-mask.

Shining in the void, the play
 of atoms remembers autumn,
 constructs the logick of the
 dance. Two by two the clarities
 compose that rainbowed face,
 that slow and longest glaze.

ply 4

Language, at every possible co-
 ordinate of the imagination,
 remembers the dance. The silver
 motion over the grave, the blur
 of rationales over the green
 smile. Language, at every possible
 carnivore, pauses to remember
 Autumn. At intervals, ice clots
 the blowfly, sophisticate

definitions of music. The smile
spinning off the face, the
rainbowed mask of pain dancing,

bodiless, in the clarities it names,
its children's children, A equals
A. The lower orders of omnivores

dancing in the blood. Within
every possible personality entombed
in lucidity, language imagines the

dance. At intervals, Autumn
forgets melancholy. A composition
of serenity curves through the

stone leaves forever floating past
that face. The calm gaze rests
like stone on his children. A

equals A, shining in the void.
Language remembers Autumn,
constructs the musick of the

soul's acquaintance with
implacable logic. That father of
clarity, that man of blood.

Tau -13

ply 1

At rest, the moment
within the pulses of the dance.
Contemplation in the mirror.

A textured face. Zany map
of stone and flesh. A fool's face.
Welling blood. At rest,

the moment within
the shining pulses of the void.
Face in the mirror.

Contemplation of texture.
Of silk and steel. How the eyes
glitter. A fool staring

into the face of the sage.
At rest, the moment
in the musick the light changes.

Mirrors in the faces.
Contemplation of the brutal
candor of the eyes' smile.

A textured darkness, a miracle
of light. Bruised with
language, it contemplates

the steel textures of its
new innocence. An axiom to the
wise. The light changes with

every smile. Curves inward
or droops outward. Between the
pulses of the void. Fool,

shining fool. Naked with crystals
embedded in its hide. And with
language for a smile.

ply 2

I, said the fool, am covered with
mud as you well see. Look into
your own face if you don't believe

me. You credulous, silk-eared,
sow-pursed doctor venerabilis.
You, stuffed like a horse-hair

sofa with pithy proverbs, immature
axioms of decay. I, said the fool,
am covered with blood, as you well

can imagine. Look in your own
language if you don't hear me.
You lucite-billed momentary decoy
of the silver green light-
skimmer. You wooden floater over
the rich mud. I, said the fool,
am covered with stone. Quack Quack,
you dreamer. Look into the
quicksilver; don't you see the sky
falling down on your pain? Look
into the quicklime; don't you see
your children's faces, all the
same? Look, rubbernecker, see
that face of weeds and feathers
floating through the language?
That's yours. Quack Quack. You
poor, sodden bruiser that was once
a humdinger. Look, man, see the
stone eyelids falling over your
eyes? Ah, they've got SMILE
punched on 'em in granite braille.

ply 3

Climbing down the mountain of
magic mirrors, we pause within
the meaning of the word. Pain.

That's the word we're looking
for. The revelation of pain
renews the innocence of the

contemplation. Of climbing
down the mountain of magic
language. Or words to that

effect. How we danced in the
meaning. Convinced of its
purity. Or musick to that

logick. A textured language,
a coarse face of silk and steel.
Blue-green shimmers like a smile

on the polished and brutal surface
of the lake below. Climbing
down the mountain of miracle

pain, we pause within the
hard fact of our howling.

The revelation of the innocence

of pain renews our contemplation
of the pig-face in the mirror.
What a coarse philosopher, we are,
we say to one another, collectively.
Our language where miracles happen
every word permits us this. And
everything. And everywhere. We pause
within the meaning of the word time,
the stone leaf, its special grace.

ply 4

The stone leaf remembers the
green tree. All the way down.
In every contemplation. But
how to remember itself? In a
mixture of language, golden
parables, sunny skies. Blue-
green faces like wheat in the
fields. Mature axiom of decay.
In every contemplation. Duck-

billed zanies mooing through the
sky. The moon shines bright
in the gross language night.

Winter! Winter! Say it out
loud, the night is frozen.
In a mixture of languages.

One for the pig and one for
the pig in the mirror. Don't buy
a pig in a mirror. A new

revelation shining greedily
in each eye. The bloody face
remembers innocence. All the way

down. But how to remember its
texture? Smiles and quick pain?
Steel edge slicing the eye,

silken brains running out? Don't
buy a language in a mirror. The
angel of sky remembers the sky.

All the way Down. Luminous with
language in the void. Screaming
in the wind, everywhere.

Tau -19

ply 1

Blood was made to be impersonal,
so say the black-robed dancers
to the victims. Shaven heads

and eyes glassy as word-dreams
rounded by the sea were meant
to be lower orders of robotic

life. So say the body-politic
dreamers to the victims.

Decencies of interwoven

euphonies were meant to be
decadent, must only be played
at the entrance to the

gassing chamber. So say
the pearly-handled, quick-draw
eyes to the victims. Grey

skin, like grey earth,
is meant for scarlet humbers
to be ripened upon. So say

the Gothick Needlers to the
long curve of victims. Pain
was meant to quicken to musick

in the logick of our ears.

So say the SS lettermen
to the waxy, dum-dum bullet

forms of the victims, bruised
by the steel innocence of a new
language of the Kosmos. Hope, in

the mouth of a god, was meant
to be bloody, so say the
visionaries to the victims.

ply 2

Quick patchworks of blood and
brains fail to soften the concrete
floor. My infant son screams as

he's tossed into the blazing,
gasoline-filled ditch. His
charred belly and eyeballs fall

to soften the earth. Lumpen-
victim eatin' lumpen-victim
all over the local co-ordinates.

The sea of flesh, the globe,
yea, all the metal-faced dreams
it inherit, floats in a language

of silver light. Which like
a God that is musick, suffers
miracles to evade linear decay.

I, said the victim, know about
god-language, its face smeared
with shit, its belly distended

with logick, its private parts
stuffed with feathers for the
edification of the innocents,

its eyes burnt out and the
sockets infested with growth of
silver-green ringlets and the

scarlet creatures that play among
them. To sanctify the lucid.

I, said the victim, know about

God, the face of blond language,
the innocent with feet of steel,
language of publick decency.

ply 3

Climbing down the mountain,
we chanced (not by random,
but by a probability of

miracles) upon natural
springs of blood. And having
in course of a long and painful

journey become fond, foolish
believers in the quickening
of language; we drank and

became aware. And behold,
all around us, upon all our
twisted paths, were signposts,

each stagger-planted in a mound
of bone-splinters (one of those
monuments that are testament

to the endearing charms of
old Skull-Face). And upon
each sign was the Phoenix

legend, THIS WAY TO REALITY.

They pointed in every checker-
board direction. Fanatics all.

we followed each direction.
To the bitter-innocence end.
To a zany clad in a motley of
old decencies. To a golden bird
raping a scarlet woman in a sea
of silver light. To a new language
quickenning grey-green lichen on
the bald head, sprouting the purple
smile across the Cartesian graph.

ply 4

The Newtonian Universe takes the
recoil of the visible horrors.
The eyes half-buried in mud. The
natural con-men covered with
golden lice, condemned to eat
language. The headless carcass
in the Silver Ghost. The miracle
skidding toward a planet of flesh,
headless euphony at the wheel.

Burning rubber like faces skew-
ways down the fossil-slope of
probability. Screams like logick,
pigs squealing Gothick for musick.
(Not by random we chanced upon
this Word, but by a miracle of
certainty). Why any language of
linear decay and not a deepening
silence? Because what lives in
light speaks a language we must
hear. "A equals A. It hurts.
It hurts so bad. I don't want
to play. Sorry. I shoulda smiled
when I squealed that. A IS A,
same as time's big yellow smile
padding through the zircons of
pain in the Rhinestone Universe,
where bloodstones ARE metaphors
of the Fortunate Fall, facedown
in mud, taken by the scavengers
who also glitter." Impersonal.

Omega -14

ply 1

In a pool of deepening silence,
the monolinguist batters
his brains out. Soon to be

replaced by the Z edge of
humanist miracle. But in this
lead-glass looking glass,

the euphonies must be innocent.
Or else. Soon to be replaced by
the sincere language of geological
persistence. A spiel full of
grace. For speaking plain. About
everybody and their small bones.

In a logic of silence, A
does not equal A; it is full
of grace and is not connected
to the thighbone shattered or
to the shinbone cracked or to
the small bones of the multiple

and splayed horizon. In a myth
of silence, A equals A does not
play around with children, and
everybody, even children, is
innocent. Of something. Or else.
A IS, and is replicated in the
glass sticks and the glass
bones of the ruins of language.
And it hurts. In a light of
deepening logic, the multi-
dreamer dies. "Well, you're
another," says the last humanist.

ply 2

I, said the last humanist, am not
much given to words. Language
leaves me cold and decorous. I
speak and the damned logos
becomes a field of green stubble.
Overnight. And the dead rise up
with faces monopersonal as the
twisted light in Van Gogh's
night. Remember, I', cultured;

I know a thing or two. I know if
you curse blood backward seven
times, you'll call up the Old

Smiler, the One-Mind. The word
"blood", you bloody, pearly-
handled naive realist. "blood"

equals Blood. In a sense. In that
sense. In that lumpen-victim
sense of grace. What color?

Blue-green-silver-scarlet-steel.
Any horizon's ruins, you
literalist fool. Color is just

a myth to quicken the silence
of the bullet to the logic of
our ears. I, said the last

humanist, have not given much to
silence. The geological strata
stick in my throat. Turning now

before your unbelieving eyes
to fossil neckbone. I'm what you
see before you and no more.

ply 3

Climbing down Hard Rock Silent
Mountain, we ramble on the bones
of the last humanist. Or maybe

the next to last humanist. Or the
humanist after the last humanist.
What does it matter? So say the

body-politic dreamers to the
theosophists. In the variable-
scale of true-time, in these

languors of velvet-textured
persistence, let the mourning dove
sing. The black-robed alphabets

agree. The kings of the needle
mountain agree. The stagger-
zanies of innocence agree.

We, the hard-luck dancers down
the mountain, down the slope
of A.; we, the fanatics of

linear decay; we, the visionaries
of lush, cannibal plains
at the end of every good

body's journey; we, the
readers of every signpost,
agree. Let the mourning dove
sing. The Newtonian Universe
takes the outrageous shattering
of the visible silence within
its graph. Not all grace is
lost. The blood is still
in the mouths of innocents.

ply 4

Silence is personal. No other
victim can ripen for you. No
other reality can loosen the
smile on your face. Silence
is the language of glass. The
particular and unique ruins of
A. Language's child is full of
grace. But child of silence was
meant to quicken the music

beyond the fall of the fortunate
horizon. Let the mourning
mapmakers sing. Heaven suffers

violence, and the silent bear
it away. Silence is personal.
It will not stop. It goes with

you all the way. All the way
down, the motley, globular
fellow smiles in the very

breath of your stinking
syntax. Hail fellows well met,
as you tramp the grey map of

small bones splintered. To the
edge. Where, from stretched
belly of rotting victim, the

Gold Phoenix rises. A new
Heaven. A new Earth. A new
language. An old silence.

You smile at yourself. Alien
Beast, Rest Here,
Not In Peace.

Omega -18

ply 1

It is a time of grace and
mapmakers. Through the
bubbles of the Angel's leaded
eye, forests shift from
green to anti-green. It is
an age of forests and children
at play with colored pencils
that draw the trees bubbling
through the glass sky. Tacked
to the red-brown and rough
bark of their most prized
directions, the mapmakers sing
as the crow sings of the
map they would draw if only
the music would play their
tune. Language. A green A is
a green A. "Who," they sing in
plaintive tones, "will see the

tree is there is no one to say,
'Ah, that's it,' in its own,
moist, green language?" It is

a time of signposts and
children. The signposts say:
"This Way, Forests." The children
can't remember which way the
forests vanished for tacking
mapmakers on the trees.

If only the music wouldn't
play, you could hear the
glass grow under your eyes.

ply 2

I, sang the mapmaker, love all
living things that love me. And I
define the word Love. It says
the day is not over, the horizon
not shattered, that the music
still plays. "luv, wait," is the
language the trees utter when the
horizon moves away. A little
further. Toward the glass bones of

the sun. I, sang the mapmaker,
trust the good in all directions.
I've never met a signpost I didn't

like. Even "Melancholy, Green
Grows the Melancholy," which is
what the children sing when they

tack you up, has never led me off
the map. I'm still here. And
singing. Every language, the blood

grows redder. And that's the
beauty of it all. The horizon
that can never tempt infinity. I,

sang the mapmaker, know a place
where the silences grow, so green,
so lush, so tall. You can go

naming forever. And so singing,
he died on the ninth direction.

I, sang the mapmaker, am a tough

beast to be put to rest. You'll
have to bury all forests, all
green with me.

ply 3

We innocents backpack down
the crystal mountain of
too many forests of too many

greens. THIS WAY, LUSH PLAINS
sing the signposts. We don't
believe the signposts any more

We innocents or else agree
there's only one way to go,
down, but which way is down

the mountain? The delicious
cannibals sing below like
children. We can hear them.

But which way to move our
stone feet. We've been on this
mountain so long we're seeing

things darkly through each
other's glass heads. Some see
cactii, and some see conifers;

some see horizons, and some see
strange beasts. And some see
each other, trapped within

the other's glass head, drawing
inward directions and food
for the soul on the inside curve
of that leaded glass. And some
see the Angel staring in
boredom through all directions.

His faceted eye drips at us through
our glass noggins, stained
so red, by blood, by red.

ply 4

The idea of sacred vehicle to get
somewhere is humanist perversion,
therefore sane, clear-cut,

preposterous. Splayed Yeti or
Angel tracks across the map
lead only to the edge of the map.

The linear co-ordinates mark only
the desolation called PEACE. At
least that's what the signpost

in the mirror says. Follow the
dream, you saint, it is its own
moist green language and ends
with the image drifting across
the mirror of the singular face.
Follow the face, melancholy
crow, your magic features shall
resemble the boredom of bullets
splashed by dum-dum faces as you
come to the end of the map. The
idea of horizon is mapmaker
reversion to childhood, therefore
musical, indifferent, evil.
Directions seen clearly through
reddening languages lead only
to the singing of the children
beyond the forests that have
horizons. Singing in the gorgeous
of anti-green. "This is the Way
we tack them up, tack them up,
tack them up. A equals A equals A."

Omega -22

ply 1

Banal horizons. Dead letters.

Dead men. The alphabet from

A to A. The colors from Red

to Red. Banal horizons. The

energies set loose to shatter

them. Multiple-viewpoints.

Armored viewpoints. Spherical

viewpoints. Raw, sub-language

viewpoints. Glass eyes.

Banal horizons. The energies

set forth to defend them.

Games the sacred genociders

play. The myths the mapmakers

write on their maps: THIS IS IT,

THE PLACE, WHERE ELSE DO YOU THINK

THERE IS TO GO? The language

from I to I. Banal horizons.

Always broken. By multiple-

small bones of the hand,
shattered. By glass skeleton
of the sun, ruined. By Angel

of Light, tired of the
inward view. By Alien Beast,
Rest Not Here in Peace.

By music from wristwatches
climbing over the blue-green
dead belly. By language,

set in motion, in anger,
in boredom, in machinery of steel
to shatter the mountain, the eyes.

ply 2

Order! Order! A serious discussion
of A is in order, my friends,
friends and lovers, the language

of A cannot be ignored, it sings,
it plays, it dances, it kills,
it eats. Like the language of B,

of C, of D, of E, of Z, of all
unmentioned languages between
Order! Order! We are here to speak

of the language of A. All the
others will have their infinite
turns. My lovers, my lovers and
servile ass-lickers, my mapmakers,
my genociders, my watchmakers,
my spherical chronologers, you
have seen the forests beyond the
language are devil-graced. Only
innocents can play there at
their own risk. Others take others
down with them. Order! Order!
My servile ass-lickers, my
visionaries, my motley quackers,
my saints of geological
persistence, remember the language
of which we sing! We, who have
been reddened by language, have
left only the Will To Discover
within the limits of the stars
and of language. Dead letters.
Dead men. Dead Angel. Light.

ply 3

Somewhere between two linear horizons, the mountain vanished, and we were left, climbing down

the mountain. It's a long way down. Steel hooks and armored eyes are no use. Splay feet

and spherical radar knowledge don't work. Conditions of absolute equality obtain.

A equals A. The mapmakers have folded their strange beasts and gone away. The signposts

have had their mirrors rinsed clean of grace. A equals A. So how are we to get down.

Up and down are the same.

There is no mountain. Our feet hurt. Grey is a nuance of grey.

Yet, still we hear the cannibals singing, language close at mouth, perfect, brain-watering, in their

golden conditioning. No! We're
not ruined. We shall steer
by the glass ruins of the sun.

And someday, some year and a day,
some language, some language and
a silence, we shall discover

the finality of A, we shall come
to the End of Future, and we
shall feast on God and honey.

ply 4

Banal conditioning. Dead letters
always return soaked in blood.
Language is a limit imposed

by light. Ignore it and, from the
back, you chop your head off,
and redden the map, not the

territory. The Beast was strange,
no doubt, but who would not be,
of golden conditioning and only

viewpoints of horizons of small
bones always. Naturally it follows
from para-logical insistence,

A equals A, but does it follow
then that the Crystal Mountain
exists? Or the glass head thinks?

Identity is musical. What we say
about it is our individuality.
The language from I to I.

The messenger (that's you) and
the message (that's you) lie
face-down in blood. Banal futures.

Dead men always discover something.
A place off the map. What language
shall we say about them? Shall we

follow them? What follows then?
It is Autumn, and we have looked
too long at the Earth with

alien eyes. The ghosts of dawn
(that's us) set forth in language
to invent language, Light.