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The poems in this manuscript comprise a range of feelings and expression not normally seen in everyday life. Some may seem crude or offensive, even ambiguous. Unfortunately some subjects just are that way. But they do however catalogue a unique position in society that I feel and I am sure others feel. Poetry is an attempt at times to put things into words that are not always there. Sometimes we succeed in creating a new concept, a new way of perception, sometimes not. This manuscript attempts to do so.

RUIN CREEK ROAD:

STREET POEMS

by

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the Faculty of the Graduate School at
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Approved by

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Blues Boy

The blues boy comes knocking at my door,
Rapping with a sad song,
Weak lines at my soul,
Seeks to tear it with his pleas,
Cries of what has been done.
The blues boy comes knocking at my door,
but now is not the time,
for I am busy with my own,
with the piece of soul left alone
from the last time
the blues boy came knocking at my door.

Come to my garden
and grow, greenly grow,
your leafy arms surrounding
the air, the chamber:
a pure, natural prison
to be in; wanting for you.

So come to my garden.
we'll plant you there,
take root and live by day,
sleep by night,
be tended by others,
stationary in the sun.

To the Boy - Randy's Song

To the boy who listens to the silence,
cricket chirping on sill,
soft rustle in falling leaves
when desire unfolds against him:

To the boy who can only see the surface,
react against it with fear,
never touch the soul beneath
skin which aroused him:

To the boy who lies consciously,
does not speak out against the self,
accepts anyone who cares,
but not too much below him:

To the boy who takes your senses,
with silence as a guaranteed fact
that when morning comes,
it will be memory:

To the boy who lives inside himself,
awakens only to the touch
of a harder hand than another's
at a hope of rebirth:

To this boy living in silence,
listening in silence to the night wind
press slowly against the soul,
capture peaceful time.

I

I am I,
 ask me no why,
 I'll tell no lie,
 I am I.
 As certain as a rock
 by its self on a hill,
 saying,
 I am I
 to the sky.
 I am I,
 not questioning thought,
 or sense against fingertip.
 Who feels and thinks,
 I am I,
 a place in space,
 I am I.

Night Watch

a small, slow subtle
 breathing sound;
a dream that in your motions
 you toss and turn with,
a stretch against the sky
 from the padded mattress at your back,
a night watchman in a mind so conscious,
 does not act.
the quilt so colorful on your bed
 becomes the pattern of your sleep;
 each block a marvel,
 each square a scene,
 and each scene a dream,
 a partial life.
it is no wonder that some people do not
 do not sleep.
it is no wonder that others do.
 and it is no wonder that
while some are trying and others aren't,
 at these times of the night,
I, wrapped in a quilt
 in the middle of a bed
four times too large,
 can feel cramped.

On Going

Dying light,
 no rebirth looked for,
the gradual hope of sight
 finally done in diagnostically.
Blurred, dimming, no definite collage,
 colors half-translucent on each other.
Fear, a heavy blanket
 sweating out your skin;
the stumbling into ends and edges
 in a simple walk,
a horrible knowing that there
 are eyes other than yours,
looking at you, seeing,
 thinking that perhaps you dream
old sights, replay them glaring
 across empty ducts.
They only shatter in nerve endings,
 a cold crab scuttling away,
his hands feeling out lonely for support.

Caned at an Early Age

Took a gnarled stick to the woods,
carved from my hands,
bark-naked, smooth from disuse.
Carried, without the cane effect,
it molded to the hand
and lay there natural,
brushing aside the absence of branches.
Now high above,
striking out from sharp-smelling trunks,
closing out the skies.
The wood melted within me,
gnawed at my blood with its old song:
tales of ships, masts, plows, and yokes,
until an axe found its heart,
severing the veins and returned it to me,
here, lonely in the woods.

Struck at a wayward branch
half-hanging, and the old veins gave way,
leftover sinew cracked,
splintered through my brain and flesh,
leaving me naked, and scarred.
Until flinging it,
high and out, away;
it struck a squirrel,

killed him on the spot
 and washed the blood from my hands
 in defeat of a thing so natural to me,
 the metal exhibit of man.

You were so
 and in each other's eyes
 and we were joined the way
 from the other side of the world
 and why we never spoke
 in the dark other
 but always out of the dark
 against the light,
 the darkness more revealing,
 the laughing boys
 the face of your joy
 at my coming
 before you,
 in this sudden knowledge
 that we are not the same
 and the sea still tear us
 before she sends the waves
 that laughing boys
 never see over.

Discourse

Laughing boy,
take me in your arms
against a midnight sea
wishing I were you,
you were me
and in each other's eyes
maybe see who feared the most
from the other
and why we never cry
in to each other
but always out
against the wind;
its nature more revealing,
laughing real;
the face of your joy
at my coming
before you,
to this sudden knowledge
that we are not the same
and the sea will tear us
before she mends old wounds
that laughing boys
never cry over.

Tomfoolery

time and tide ebb loosely
 against the sanded hills
 we are pebbles of,
 a castle strongly made
 by the sea
 hoping to last the summer long

while the slow waves whimper up on us
 sad songs of disappearance.
 Dissolution themselves;
 their gentle, lulling, pulling stroke
 into an infinite womb serene.

pebbles slipping, sliding
 grain over grain,
 separating
 in the mad avalanche,
 cannot resist the pull of tide,
 its turns and fates,
 for which some cross the ocean,
 others do not.

The Irish Wake - To John O'Leary

Stood, confusing death;
having seen it before
made no difference.
It changed to suit the person,
he had put on the garment
passing out of sight,
left, uncomprehending.
Crying would not come easy,
took a record to shed
a weight unknown.
Friends came,
amused with laughter.
Laughed perhaps at sorrow,
washed dishes, cleaned pots;
cigarette smoke a wreathing chain
around the rooms.
Did not see the grave,
nor even inquire
to when it had been.
Remember writing a poem,
mailing it duty-bound,
knowing footsteps
would not follow
until time had gone by
enough not to feel.

A friend read Gibran,
made me cry,
made me laugh.

If Stone

Coal-black,
an empty shutter of world,
void planet shines,
negates its light;
darkest being brightest,
never twice the same.
Glittering it would wait
tinkering hand
come wandering
among galaxies,
shuffling aside others,
an unhurried certain briskness,
efficiently, sistinely,
touch finger
to finger,
create,
then forget.

Bed Postures

Hey, cat,
you snuggle like a lover
lonely for my backside
at night.
Larger than large,
an abstraction of cat
against a lover no longer here.
You are my child
hidden in the house,
sleeping with nose in my neck,
tail twitching between legs
while the soft hum of your body
breaks me open in the dark.

Morning Song for Jamey

Something in the mood you wake,
the tightening jump

beneath your skin
when felt by nervous fingers.

The soft shock of knowing,
that this early in the morning,
when slipping from the bed,
hand over mouth with stubbed toes
shouting pain. Alone.

You sleeping. There was air shining
dusty in the sun stream.

And I, returning, caught it up,
haloed you in a wreath,
novel in inception.

Somehow, still feeling lonely,
breathing over in the sun stream,
whirling the points of light,
changing the pattern of their nature,
moving my cosmic breath
within your wreath's luminous existence,
joining in communion.

You will know nothing.

I shall tell you someday,
looking out window sills

Stranger Out of Paradise

over breathing shoulders,
gently in your ears what I have done.

with reaching hands;

Back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

against a velvet back.

Back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

returning the cycle.

in a dimming face.

Too far to touch,

and the color is gone;

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

back of the head, the neck, the shoulders,

Stranger Out of Paradise

You are a stranger
out of paradise come visiting
with reaching hands;

Naked claws
raked slow
against a welcoming back.

Each dawn
returning the cycle
to a close-ending race.
Too far to touch
sunrise-colors in eyes,
heads, bodies of leather hide.

Nights are never over,
going on and on,
the curtains closed.

You are a stranger
out of paradise come visiting
with one-night hands.

Winter Candles

Cat's feet creep out the winter door,
leave snow trails across frosted porch,
and the steam-breathed window-watcher
gazes softly out upon the dancing lights,
the moon sprite glittering across the landscape.
Tall, cold candles of ice hang absurdly down,
threatening visitors with a stake;
barring in the summer dream
that will not come,
but wait for a slow world
to turn towards.
And we, make a final motion,
pass an eternal glance,
after moon candles,
sprite trees, and shivering snow,
before the firelight remembering,
of warmth in snow eclipse,
and cold in our lives.

Nag's Head - October, '75

Oh sea, ancient, topographical,
the morning edge to mist
worn flat from the horizon's sweeping;
worn smooth, passing from land to land.
There empty husks are souls once lit
and the air at night,
the tanged breath I smell
immersing one;
a cross-current of belief,
a swimming in life,
a decree that all is ending,
never-ending.

Ragnarok and Questions

Swallow, wing.

Tight-looped at sky-edge,
sinking fast against the earth,
a diving leap
at the perception of why you die
before you finally do.

Every moment hanging,
the edge of a cliff beneath your feet,
the avalanche growing under you
from first breathing in the world,
which slowly, constrictor-like
swallows you whole
into itself without asking.

Rathaus

I

There is a rat in my house
This time on returning.
He ate my shirts,
Shit on my pants,
Stained my sweaters
In an orgy of release
From his glutton hoard,
My sugar wafers.

Now, I try to kill him.
He eats around the trap.
It would not spring.
I hear him pitter
Across the open rafters,
Saw his tail flash
Through my drawers,
Am infuriated at this beast.

He will die,
The poison spread,
Waiting for his clutch,
His hungry maw sucking,
It will seep inside,

Find his blood,
Choke his veins,
He will die.

II

He will wake me in the night,
While I watch his bubbles choking
From under the steel spring trap
Set next to his hole.
I will wait until he dies,
Then throw the corpse out.

I will not think of him
As a brooded mother suckling young
To eat more of my shirts.
No. No. He, he will die,
Though the shirts were rags,
Patches for my mother.

He will die. I,
Victorious,
Will acclaim his carcass
A prize, stuff it
For my cat to play with,

So that he will know,
Kill all the better for it.

Shouting obscenities at night
To my rat,
I feel him watching,
Glaring confusedly
At my movements on this page,
The stereo sound
Large in the room.

A Child's Garden

Buying.....

Planting....

Watering....

Weeding.....

Growing.....

Cutting.....

Sugaring....

Hanging.....

Drying.....

Shredding...

Cutting.....

Wrapping....

Smoking.....

Tobacco.

Humming Dixie While Going Down

Have you ever hummed
Dixie while going down ?
I guarantee it is
the strangest sound.
It grows, bubbles,
comes out all froth,
makes you heave, gag,
a dying mastered moth
leashed to a nightly lamp,
held close to the skin,
slightly damp,
loose, slick in the night
as you slide whispering trust,
trust it is right
that you and humming Dixie
while going down
is a different way
of being found.

Central Park from Puerto Rico

Night-walking through the park
we came to a festival
buried in the woods,
limber bodies jiving
around their spaces in the crowd.
Old people in sweated benches,
slapping saggy thighs in rhythm,
the cupped hands pulling
skin loose on the bones,
then snapping it back again.
Their blood sparking in the night,
the fever spreading from young to old.
A solitary man moving in time
comes singing, singing,
" Yo la. Yo la. Yo la jimbo hey, hey. "
from the woods behind.
The benches are harder
saying do not sit, move on,
into the sound, surround you.
And we dance, the three of us,
smoke boiling in our veins,
the air rising from our lips
heated in the quick-moving light.
I am flagellate,
a piece of the spectrum

until a young man leans with me,
 our rhythms catching each other,
 we dance into the woods.

Sea Gulls

Sit me by the sea,
dumb and muting froth
flecking at the toetips
of a languished body gone mad
at the sun's core, and slowly burning,
turning itself on the sandspit
to a darker shore where gulls fly easy,
snapping on the pinion-sweeping turn
into the sea, then winging, sing
of a feast to be. The soul
between your thighs is not half so free
to journey gracefully, as you blunder
from port to port, and hole to hole,
seeking haven in an unwinged nest.
The sun's son will mount you,
phaeton-like to the sky,
riding hopes in your freedom
for the power you have to know
that what you are is better than nothing,
when you have the air, the sea,
and sometimes a gull-like soul
that wanders in out of the wind.

Isles

Athens is a dirty town;
the goats still smell in high places,
black-veiled women lean
chattering towards white-washed walls.
The sun is a clean thing,
opening to the eyes
that the monuments are cracked,
the paint peeling,
the ghosts shuffled off
to death again.
We left.

Poros, a white town
ascendant on the slope,
an incandescence of buildings
in the right light.
The noises are voices
and bodies living.
The once-a-day boat
migrates all slowly.

Hydra, serpent-town,
sly in the night,
slick with sex half-tasted.

The men are all boys
on occasion, silent inside.
Those who come here,
know and receive.

Mykonos, harsh, empty,
deserted like dried fruit
standing on the counter.
It waits to die pure
in the sunlight,
angelic in its mood.

Delos, we all come to you,
birthplace, sole song to all.
Barren in the evening
with stars and visitors,
the god silently dancing
on the air.
Wet caves, and rocks
by the sea free more than senses.
There are no doors unopened
between do, as the music
uses body for lyre:
golden god in black-haired

olive boy on the rocks.

We danced.

Santorin, explosive, ancient isle.

Your rainbow walls of rock

are festivals with dancing

for the bulls of old.

The women keening desire,

paean of lust and sorrow

at the unquestioning need.

Your echoes lie heavy

in the skin, touch all;

lithe, limber, loving in the light

are young men waiting

for virgin brides,

testing themselves with each other.

In the midst of living

we dance, sparking the stones

with our feet on the old fire.

We dance with the phoenix

on this isle.

Sneaks

slip-slapping, drip-trip-tramping,
 streetponds filled
 from the day before.
 Now, bent over, old, gone,
 wish-trayed whistling
 past the sea,
 rushing, bounce-soaring
 in between air,
 ground.

doing-a-dance, skapping-a-skip,
 running away, a way
 out again,
 till night seeks it out,
 sends him home, bed,
 school, morning.

Walking the Board's - Donald's Song

Stage mask
paint on front,
grease on back
hellish design
unmatched to mirror-clean image
hours before.

Silent figures,
 haunting lights, boards,
 worked at minds
 for the last shred of their souls
lost, torn out from them,
 thrown out to the spectator.
 forced effort
 awaiting reaction,
fearing the loss was useless
 before acclaim,
 unless they understood.

Role holding meaning,
 was all they saw.
 And he,
 he, in sleepless nights,
afternoon awakenings,

From the Waterwood

The continued in his fears
 knowing them as powers .
 the winner separated
 and laughed,
 and fell upon his belly,
 Dream, Dream, sister:
 shaking white in dreamy dress,
 From morning to night
 autocracks crackle out
 their ruckus song
 To the song and
 her invisible eye
 fleetingly pecking away her part
 in a cupboard
 that drew bare bones of bones origin
 upon the sand in tiny configurations
 of ease and relaxation
 which dreamed in laughing,
 at the rocking corner-store shelves,
 seated by a buffalo-head-stick-indian,
 From the woods, laughing,
 nothing,
 laughing
 at the groovy yelling pine
 thundering in the valleys of your vision.

From the Waterwood

Who is laughing in the waterwood,
Who is laughing in the waterwood,
the minnow screamed
and laughed,
and fell upon his belly.
Dream. Dream, winter:
shocking white in dreary dress.
From morning to night
nutcrackers cackle out
their cuckoo song
to the moon and
her invisible cow
fleetingly packing away her past
in a cupboard
that drew bare bones of Samoan origin
upon the sand in tiny configurations
of ease and relaxation
which dreamed in laughing,
at the rocking corner-store chairs,
seated by a buffalo-head-nickel-Indian.
From the woods, laughing,
mocking,
laughing
at the gnomey bowling pins
thundering in the valleys of your vision.

The perpetuity of your song
 singingly catching raindrops
 from under rainbow counters
 guarded by walrus men
 who laughed,
 laughed from the waterwood,
 laughed at you.

Survivor

" I have come from what

I have survived on. "

- B. Richardson

Strangers Devour the Land

I

We live and burn,

selling sapphire truths

which are cellophane

in the light.

Sitting in a room

making love to my fear;

face it ! we are dead.

there is no life left for us.

We are hulled and shelled,

parched by a wind of chance

pollinating our breed;

some hopeless, mad, suicidal drone.

We laugh harshly, unnoticed,

created by a world's fancy

with the sea all plastic,

waves crinkled in the current.

II

Old faggot. Yes, you.

the young ones

will come at you

their dry leaves

gutting you

with an autumn wind.

As slow cows eating across the land,

they will trample gently your stalks,

chewing the old fiber,

the dusty leaves

burning

in a quick sun.

III

Break the sparrow's fall,

plunging in the night:

Hear the windrow's slow rustle

mowing down the fields:

Sparkle in the night movements

with a limpid moon:

I will make the hills

leap with your name,

Feel underfoot your form

as I walk them.
 A slow life is gentle,
 the pain twice as long,
 and feeling more that the senses
 are alive to your young touch.

IV

Old one, we live
 and burn,
 feeding off memories,
 scents of the past.
 Sitting in a room,
 making love to a fear.
 turn. we are gone.
 no pain, no sorrow,
 no sea of escape.
 We grow from the inside,
 physical actions nothing,
 exteriors like the walls
 tomorrow we paint.

Kidnap

A laughing song came quickly,
quickly passing,
and I let it go by
without a sound
to match its chords.
A laughing song came running,
running over me,
with your soft sigh
touching me as it went by,
leaving me naked.
A laughing song came crying,
crying for me
at the top of the winds,
and I left it to lie
without sounds
to form words.
A laughing song came slowly,
slowly by,
matched my pace,
crept inside my heart,
seduced me in the woods,
and buried me there.

Weirs

Maddened waves attack,
stretch out, out beyond beginning.
They deepen boundaries,
erode limits
on an inconsequential earth
which shelters this house,
nibble at foundations underneath.
The sea wall cracks in upon itself,
falls to the waves. They gather it,
never remarking its concrete fate.
Should have walked upon that wall,
once, but had forgotten its purpose
until the sea took it, and swallowed.

(Polite fellow, never belched.)
Rocked the porch chair to its destruction,
declared it a waste, left it there
to be swallowed.

Morning, and the tide with it, came early,
took the porch beneath its shoulders
and heaved it out. I used the back door
anyway, but winter came early again.
The ice surrounded on a higher plateau

than before. That spring, when away,
it took the house and floated out, sunk.
Returning, noticed it gone, myself
as well, for I joined it, being late and alone.

Hidden Child

When I think of you
 with parted lips,
 showing half-cropped teeth
 as you lie,
 and lie,
 lonely after a sigh
 has escaped
 from boredom,
 or love,
 there is no difference now,
 is there ?
 It has all gone.

Night Song

Night song in dreaming sounds
comes wave-dancing over the beach,
head-ducking through the rain,
sweat-running up the stairs,
like a gentle lover, before
and after ecstasy, lingering
on the mind with a gentle touch
so that the body lays unmoving,
afraid to lose the once-awakened skin
from the feeling short moments before.
Knowing that in passing,
it is once more a dream
that will urgently rise you in the night
no matter how real it once was.
And you will sit
staring from a misused body,
watching the lights black out
from flickering dusk to full night
and always wondering
why open sun and sky
never see truth in life.

Sea Covey

At night the gulls talk
to each other here,
while the ocean sings an ancient tune,
the melody of the lost
with the hope of the forgiven.

They are a shadow in the moonlight,
a small slash of dark
against the white night.

The universe has a soul out there,
a k̄a, reincarnation of a planetoid
come hurtling high-handed through the sky.

At night they scream
verses of vengeance at time,
at death stalking their flight
across a changed sea.

Then, when they slash the dark
with their cries,
their bodies a jet dives in the ocean,
who will hear the gulls talk
of that flight and its pursuer
caught in the moonlight ?

Cobwebbed - Tracy's Song

Dust with the wind,
 blow soft trees
off the clouds;
 I am as old cobwebs
in a house long left alone.
 a time past
when strung out
 was a journey;
form on the nothingness of air,
 the open flight
from ceiling to wall
 spun dizzy
under your eyes.
 They are no longer
there to look,
 gazing in the night
they cannot see,
 approximate your stare,
look you in the face
 and not realize.

Webbed in the dark,
 your feelers gently rasp
against a curving spine,
 the bent string grown hard,

they touch, seek to snap
the hard line
warped and woven
by this small frame
until the years dried it,
spun out its life
in delicate thread:
mapped existence
within an ordered corner
of the world.

We must go at angles
from this life.
There are no straight lines,
only snapping drops
that floor us.
Parched,
skeleton upon skeleton frame,
waiting upon tensed lines
with the trap half-sprung,
the breeze sifting
through this slight sieve,
soft feelings,

mild reactions that bend,
 stretch against eventual tear;
 we wait and are captured,
 unable to move beyond,
 the trapper in his trap,
 your eyes unseeing,
 broom sweeping,
 you will live here.

To the looser boys,
 loving harm and high,
 stretching at the hips
 with locker-room ease,
 Spirit of '76.

 Answer the call,
 Arthur Waters,
 still in the streets,
 Don't follow the horses
 in a parade.

To those with the flower,
 this and all,
 the lips pursed
 with peach-for-thoughts

The Band

To those with the banners, flutes,
and con-concave drums,
the bright boys
in dishonored garb,
Thebans who number billions
since Alexander's divine comedy
of deadly justice.
His tears could not
make them grow.

To the banner boys,
waving hard and high,
stretching at the hips
with locker-room ease,
Spirit of '76,
answer the call,
Mother Nature,
shit in the street.
Don't follow the horses
in a parade.

To those with the flutes,
skin and all,
the lips pursed
with penny-for-your-thoughts

smiles,
reminiscent of small, pinched rectums;
tight-assed fuckers,
we called them.

To those with the con-concave drums,
arms pumping the air
for the creaming explosion
of sound,
the dull thumping of wells
unplumbed,
the deep heartbeat
in hollow chest
sweating out the pace.

To those in the band,
bright, pink, and ragged
from the night before,
the brave baton
screwing the sky,
its ball firmly in hand;
pass by.

Thoreau and I took a walk,
or at least it looked like him,

and did it in the moss,
 each thinking of flutes,
 banner boys,
 and especially,
 the con-concave drums.

Takeover

Native, ring-a-dong,
slap-a-thong rhythmn
coming down the jungle breeze,
sandal-clapping in the dust and dung.
Making people happy,
making people sad,
making people living
all the day long
down the wooded trail
rushing streams to the edge
where the city stood:
bright and burning
in the green preter-time
to itself only aware,
with the drum-strumming
tones throbbing through to its heart,
breaking it through the center,
out its sterile loins of traffic
and dying in the empty roads,
alone to misery-cording snakes
hanging from the trees
in the returning garden.

Exdesiderata

morning,
take away from the night,
a wasted soul
against corner bricks,
sidestop curbs;

bring him back to rumpled bed,
stringy-haired head,
warped mind again distorted
by flashing lights:

neon bars of sadness
provoking only laughter
where a cry should be.

when the next night comes,
forget the one before,
the down-on-knees begging for pleasure
so that it can be done again,

until tongue dries twisted
against throat seeking
to fulfill desire
it could never place.

Hike

No great thoughts turn me these days,
the woods and my concerns too deep
for their heady penetration.
The trees dead and I alive
with a swamp to cross
lent bricks to the barrier
against a country gone mad,
threshing in its own blood,
biting into its substance
to tear out the sickness.
The anticipation of a rabbit
watching my movement
concerned and cornered me,
simple stuff with cotton
and wool itching at my skin
carried me through the waters
until in mistaken step
I moved out,
saw the city lines
hammered out in metal,
while my soul fled flesh
and the mind turned to the news.

Sea Whelp

Boy of the islands,
you were free then,
young, alive with the sea,
a communion of all,
an origin from the reefs.

The small sea urchins
pointed defensively
with your body against the sun,
a spear flung swift,
slicing the wave,
frothing in its blood.

You will come
from the sea,
merman,
drunk in the salt spume,
rimed by the waves
of your tangled hair.

There will be traces
in sand:
bare footprints
half-washed by the sea,
cold ashes between the rocks,
between us.

There will be,
no more burning,
no bright incandescence,
no sparkling glories
in our eyes.

All will be mute,
empty,
stolen by our minds,
by lies, misconceptions.

Someday in pain,
you will be caned
and old,
shifting feet on bamboo steps,
caved in at the front,
back bowed to the arrow
of life, awaiting the notch.

You will say:
I am intimate with dying,
with the feel of insoluble knives
buried in my gut
that your eyes can set to twisting,
blading at the stomach walls;
that your touch can send melting

down my spine to deepest roots.

I cannot say:

I love you,
fall on my knees,
adore,
worship,
lick your dick,
wash your feet
with my hair,
your face as a suit,
a mirror,
clothes left hanging,
back against the door
with my face etched deep
in the pane.

The cage will grow

to world dimensions.
your steps will be tied
by strings uncut, unfound.
I will be shackled, too.

The sea will wipe clean

all traces, favorite spots.

Yoshitane Whistling

Memories will bind
 only with remembering.
 The sea will not forget
 that you were free.

and chance-wind-blown
 rolling the earth,
 extinct in night and drift-wood,
 stark where digging dogs
 points in the sky,
 sleep into the deep and the dirt,
 screaming figures in the night,
 each cracked, their knuckles
 breaking large inside open;
 no other vision, born in the fear;
 a wall, silent gift,
 these are whistling by the window,
 dragging mechanical
 holding you, familiar sounds,
 waiting in closed angles,
 footstep looking up the porch,
 screen staking in lower hall,

Tennessee Whistling

I

Apple lips on country boy
ripe in the fall
off weak branch
and chance-twisted stem,
rolling the earth,
entwined in night and dirt-spice,
stark stars digging deep
points in the sky.

Bleed into the deep and the dirt,
stormtroopers were your early dreams,
crawling figures in the night,
each crooked, their knuckles
breaking large inside eyes;
no other vision, loss in the fear,
a sullen, silent gift.

Those cars whistling by the window,
fragrant mechanicals
holding you, familiar sounds.
waiting on slowed engine,
footsteps heading up the porch,
screen shaking in loose hand,

welcomed in for awhile.

Screen doors are good things
for all kinds of insects.

August comes soft on a breeze,
a lilac late-blooming,
cracking in the chill wearing,
the fall to come,
and each leaf a brittle testament,
a patched will of nature,
a will-o'-the-wish.

II

A wish that when old,
he should die
of what made him,
and that he be changing,
not ending in established tradition:
the lemoned-tea,
afternoon bath style,
but abrupt,
sooner than later,
before,
not after the fact.

Waiting for rain

to come steaming clean sidewalks,
freeze in sliding patterns on grey windows;
the thin strings
of sirens
play against the night,
broken harmonies,
rhythmic in your body,
the up and down negotiations.

Cries in the street

take you back to being born,
the long hush of first breath
cracked wide open by...smack.
Wet with some other's life
you reach out beneath
for a towel,
aborting in one clean sweep,
a terry-cloth death.

III

Arms grow white

hiding in the light of city rooms,
sacrifice is easy at times,

less painful than the crucifix,
undermining all your life
with tunnels of disbelief;
torn inside
by your own scratching,
resembling something beautiful,
you are destructive,
a hurt to the eyes,
a vision in the ass.

Your mouth,
sticky with the aftertaste,
youth; the sick, sweet juices,
ripe-rotten in the prime,
the wicked and simple mouth.
the cold flame in your cigarette
afterwards,
the brave line of your lips
not shaking in the dim lamp.

IV

Neither father nor lover,
it is not clear
what I should say.
But dye yourself russet,

bleed into the dirt,
 sweat out the life
 hidden, hidden, darkly dead.
 Your eyes and hands alone
 alive, nervous, shifting,
 screening out the stormtroopers.

Dreams are half our hopes,
 most of our lives,
 are mothers and lullabies,
 soft men and sighs,
 country lilac lips on apple boys,
 cars whistling to Tennessee
 on long roads and soft wheels.

The Crucified Are Still Alive

Storming Reality - Book I

Prologue Into It

I know how easily suicide comes to mind,
Hideous, serpent-brilliant,
An immortal silence that holds,
Breaks, cracks against the wall,
Lets the light through,
Quivers, dashes
Off mirror-faces
In the sunrise-crowded room.

I look ahead to the evening,
Falling sunset before the pricking stars,
And a moon come rising
With a planet-waning love-sign
Warning of the fallacy of a mind
Gone too far in its environment,
Shocked beyond control.
But then,

Insane for a moment,
We took a trip to Bellevue
And sterile sagging walls

Surrounded us,
Broke damp in our ears.

I become sick,
Gasping for air,
† build structures.

Jungle allude, welcome the sun,
Image these towers in their white walls,
Gird their dark eyes themselves,
Look out that black eyes, welcome,
Bring us messages about,
To give a purchase to beauty,
Forest, the forest, welcome to life,
Seeking to kill in the water atmosphere,
Only a Savior can defeat this life,
Return the body to itself, the forest and
Broken upon the rocky ridge,
The fields of sports,
Broken Olympus in their green fields,
Now, Madam Beauty,
Take them to the upper room,
The distant eyes half-closed from sorrow,
They shall walk bowed low from your feet.

Canto I

The image game is over;
Paternal memory-making
Is at an end.

Let us begin and tear down our idols,
Destroy these hero-worship icons
That breed in lonely minds,
Create no substance.

Jungle climate, enfertile the mind,
Engage these humors in their twisting ways,
Curl them back upon themselves,
Seek out that black color, melancholy.
Bring me sanguine steel
To grasp a purchase on hands,
Throat, the faint, soft pulsing of life
Seeking to boil in the outer atmosphere.
Only a Savior can redeem this life,
Return the body to itself, its crushed mold
Broken upon the hockey rinks,
The fields of sports,
Decayed Olympics in their gracelessness.

Now, Madame Bovary,
Take them to the upper room.
The misted eyes half-salted from exertion,
They shall walk bowed low from your bed.

Canto II

Ask a feeling question:
Should I go and hide in the woods,
Small hermitage,
Observatory of the population ?
Then, when my eyes have parted
After your shadows,
Whisper in the glade:

" Elen sila lumen omentilmo ? "

Though we meet in Mordor
In the Ring's charred furnace,
Or attended by dwarves bearing cups
To soften our throats
In the forest, magic Lothloriel.
A fantasy brings back to mind,
My self, which may perish
While I'm gone.

My number's up, they called the game.
The cosmic father has placed his finger,
Verse and chapter, reading fortunes
From my natal chart,
Hoping to find a Labhan,
Claimant to that fallen prince's throne;
Though once in Old English he passed

Nine gates, metal and stone.
 Metal and stone, he cracked the gates,
 Their hidden levers switched,
 And entered a new world,
 Brave in beginning.
 In mythology that's all there is.

Think not on fallen angels,
 Baptized in a blood-sacrifice is your soul.

Come, kill me.

Say, " Et tu, Brute ? "

And I'll die a martyr,
 Even though a donkey hang me.
 Give hysterical diseases that are curable
 And miracles will descend Lourdesian
 Upon my head while I play
 The devil's advocate to a man of the sea.
 Though he chants a goodly praise,
 Fixes stars above his hometown,
 I'll have no marriage to this communion.
 There are idols in the woods to walk among
 That have no need for creators.
 Come, split the bread and wine,
 Pater Noster, Ave to my soul.

Canto III

Unnatural is our love,
The token chains of binding
Which heat our hearts this way,
Pace us to a fraction of an hour.
Though there be darkness in the pyramid
And the Rosicrucian's hollow walls
Sound back echoes to my ears;
I'll follow, follow paths, take chances,
Spin the world even faster
Until dizzy with relief,
Giddy on high fortune, span the time,
Mock that fellow, man.

The summer pastures are unkind homes
Once the hair grows natural
And all upon you are the signs,
Vestiges of indulgence
Still insanelly forbidden.

Give me time !

There is no time.
We're off to the moon
To seek the gods
And find beginnings.
When we reach an end,
Then will be the dealings.

Canto IV

Give me a winged horse
 With wings of Icarian wax
 To trip the lever in this skinny box:
 A maze of young Freud
 Who with compatriots trampled the world,
 Kicking heads, while six-pointed stars
 Dotted into new constellations.

Surrounding these walls.

Crying alone and silent,

In fact the day beside the gate

But how that life is to be

That the world is to be,

The world is to be

There but a part of the game

Which never ended or went away.

But with that time they changed,

Over back in a new machine,

Surrounded by mirrors, dimensionally draped

So that the world and their former selves

Were interpenetrating eternally.

True enough to men

To many-legged circles

Whose back covered a hemisphere's throat

Slipping as easily to sleep.

There dreams pretended to be reality.

Canto IV

Old ones,
Winter snows have come between us.
The sword hangs heavy in your grasp
And we wish to sheath it for you.

I can cry again.
There is no gaudy Acropolis
Surrounding these emotions.
Crying alone and within,
To feel the joy inside the pain
And know that life is here;
That the chances taken,
The risks involved
Were but a part of the game
Which never ended or went away.
But with Einstein they changed,
Came back in a new universe,
Differently colored, dimensionally shaped
So that one could see their former embryo:
Pupae metamorphosizing eternally.
From monarch to moth
To many-legged crawler
Whose fuzz covered a hummingbird's throat
Singing me softly to sleep.
There dreams pretended in new reality.

There god was man massive in his right,
Heroic in spirit.

Underneath the cheap dollar-sign facades
He fed the poor from his own land.
He left the chappelled churches
To do their self-immolated begging
For a new stock market crusade,
An auction for souls
And playing Russian Roulette
Against a Revelation.

Canto V

Media men surround,
Finding radical news in one so young.
LEADER OF TOMORROW HAS TAKEN OVER TODAY
With the mob behind him
Chanting his words,
Slogans from a past leader
Who has not fallen,
But is not here.
All the cliches of the present
Are an afterbirth of centuries;
An evolution of great mens' minds
And peoples' worlds brought together,
Syllabically crystallized,
A shining carbonized stone.

Did they know if these germs of a culture
Were hidden beneath their microscopes ?
Did they make our toy chemistry sets
Waiting for the flames to evolve from them ?
Giving us so much knowledge,
Did they think we would not use it ?
Creating the problem in situation
They sought solutions to the circumstances.
The world became inside ourselves.

We sought solutions
 Before the age had come upon us.
 Expecting it, we rose to meet it forearmed,
 Then like a tide fell back
 To wait and clean the last footstep,
 The print of a child upon the edge,
 Cliff-hanging horizon with his body
 Clutching haggardly to the rocks below,
 Breathing in communion and solace
 As a lemming when the food is gone.

The rusty nails have driven to the brain,
 Met the wooden structure
 Saying love me, take me in your arms.
 I will lead until I grow afraid of you,
 Of myself and thoughts that make me
 Too much you and not me.
 Is this the way I died for you ?

Canto VI

Still the mad loon calls surround us.
They poke leering faces out windows,
Seek empty streets,
Bowery avenues where dead men live
With their hollow eyes staring,
Absorbing life from your blood,
Making it a wine drowning their lips.
They are hungry upon your soul
And you are bleeding with every step
Away from them.
The rivers dredged up in your morning coffee
And afternoon bath do not meet them.
Melting a spoon over a flame,
Injecting hope through an empty pore
Into an open, leaking frame
They place small, weak fingers
In the holes of life.
Others have become vegetable markets
In their search for new sins;
Minds full of colors blazing,
Mixing in a checkerboard pattern.
While men in priesting white robes
Burn crosses with these strategies,
Playing sides,
They lynch the lonely and themselves.

The tactics have changed.
Brainwashing has complacently
Taken place between us with our eyes.
Our ears the subtle rhythms have overtaken.
Dangerous Beethovenian emotions ring falsely;
No loud freedom hurrahs to a new Marsellaise.
Cymbals clash nightly under treading feet
And the cobra hoods over itself,
Biting at the snarling mongoose
Split in half around it.
The Bengal tiger has jungle-striped
Himself, hisses along the river,
Stalks the empty, flooded land,
Re-establishing his territory
As baiting spectators stand by,
Throwing meaty bones at his efforts,
Wishing courage enough to do the same
And follow a natural law,
Place themselves commonly and jointly.

A lone banyan tree drops its first seed,
Hopes to become a garden
Within itself, create a natural order.

Canto VII

Can you feel me, see me, touch me,
Make me a part of yours,
Though we are the same in a social circle
Which condemns us out of hand,
Bands us with the little boys
Who sing songs and tell fairy tales ?
Or are we lonely in ourselves,
Reaching as others back and forth
While in mirrored halls we meet,
Hiding our sex with starlight.
We show not the day this glory,
As if the shameful spectacle
Of a creating sun would burn the act,
Would melt us too closely in reality,
Show the mistaken forms felt,
Dreamed were in existence.
These hidings are all cruelty,
Savage in their bindings
As Wet rawhide twanging dry,
They strangle between the legs
Sealing pleasures off,
Leaving dollar-dream books,
An empty conclusion of a cheap affair.

The first night was a twenty-dollar night,
My father making me a man,
Never caring for the woman in her; or me.
But running up the economic scale
Of our sex life,
Checking the debits and credits
On replay performances
Of a steaming, salted nightmare
That closed me off from the touching world,
Left me walled up naked.
My placenta, a concrete shelter,
An armadilloed turtle curled in a ball
Which rolled around the highways
Under cruising tanks and trucks,
But never having the courage
To boil the blood to nitro,
Explode in their midst, end it all.
I will die, an empty suicide,
The gun has been shot before.

Canto VIII

I cannot live yet in a cause,
The effect has not come.
They have deluded me with their rules
And played middle-aged games.
When I reach that age
I shall fall upon old structures,
Old gods, worship in their houses
With blooded golden walls,
The windows stained against the real,
The priests robed against the truth.

Come, Chicken Little,
Make the sky fall down,
The mushroom pillar will be gone soon.
I have taken your sword,
Found it too heavy
To carry upon my side
and melted it in the earth
Where it grows silent fields.

These were dreams, hoping dreams
Pawned by a secret soul
To a public need.

The faces it presented
 Opaqued in mirrors, seen only
 As one small stone in many aspects,
 Gemming out its fragmentary light
 Upon the shadows, your shadows,
 All your shadows.

And some will say,

" Now is this all true,

Or were you only faking it ? "

And there will be no answer,

No knowing.

William: The Conquering Hero

or

The Boy With An Arrow In His Heart - Book II

Canto IX

Should I hang myself sterile
Upon crossroads and let them,
My brothers,
Use me for a bridge, a signpost
Struck too soon and tilting, misdirecting.
The mistake was made
In admitting to the man,
But not the force behind him,
The universe in his gaze.
And mortal mannerism that I was,
Who played Democritus with the word,
Baked it over an open fire,
Missing the flames catching at my heart.
They caught, enraptured the soul
By warming, sending it rising
Upon the currents into the womb.
Your belief became a mattered thing,
Essential in its consequence to me.
Your love, my love, our love,
Scent of an incensed, exalted candle

Purging back the wooden frame,
Rushing the sour metal of a concrete mind
Deep in its important self.
I settled lonely in the middle,
Gazing at a pool silently entranced;
Swam underwater
Looking up at my image,
Drowning in the idol,
Too much within my world.
Choking, grasping hands at my wrists,
They pull me back from meditations,
From the monasteries tried,
From the life unmade for here.

Canto X

How I wished to be with you,
Hold you in the midst of leprosy,
Your skin peeling later in my hands.
The people throwing coins
From the distant road,
Getting lost in the grass,
Mixing in the soil with our bones.
Entwined between us
I find the solitary sheet of air
Breath had vapor-mingled,
Until carrying up your light-year soul
I touched desperate stars,
Their light a burning branch
Scorching feet as I join you.
Communion give passage,
A star-voyage in the trillion-
Faceted heaven, awesome in its facing.
Four riderless horses limp,
Stumbling on the plain
Past the lonely hill where we rolled
An empty rock from cave and changed
Garments in the brass interior
Awaiting assumption.

Canto XI

Returned to mind for a lost game
And found that being trapped by all,
The solitary garden gates
Were closed by an opening
So emotionally wide and void,
Vague of myself, that I could not cross,
But rang the bell, waiting for the porter
Who came dressed in fancy,
Whiteface masking over his breast
Though the bones showed stark,
Bloodless, and the fibers, gut-dry,
Sang in the wind and coldly rang
With each step across the jaded floor,
Revolving in the center
I hang on a middle cross
Waiting for the spoken word indefinite,
But knowing that the sun bleaching
Will wrap my skin tight
Which like a hollow drum
Will echo out to you
Secret nature calls
From the bread forest.
And peeling the covering off wild fruit

Canto XII

Taste it, succulent, devouring
 In its freshness a death,
 A modest communion.

Shimmering like notes
 Sparkle against your eyes,
 Green growing soft
 Under the pressure of a smiling state
 They come like stars to stars above them.
 Never seen in their single state,
 A single white, blended character
 By the shadow of shadow
 Conflicting spirits in every atmosphere
 are these.

Lady Weibull, gentle-wind.

Oh, here's a spot.

Oh, we light-mantling notes.

A hand, and smiling tale.

Soil there away till they grow old.

Die away, forgotten without of shadow.

Dark lady, meet us in this world.

Half back and respond.

Canto XII

Growing soul taken back
Out of your greasy lantern,
Filtered quickly,
Shimmering lute notes
Sparkle against your eyes,
Green growing soft
Under the pressures of a soothing wind
They come calm to arms always there.
Never seen in their single cloth,
A simple white, blinded chaotically
By the shadows and shades.
Conflicting spirits in moody withdrawals
Are these.

Lady Macbeth, candle-bright.
Oh, here's a spot.

Give me light-washing color,
A blend, and finding taints
Seal them away till they grow old,
Die away, forgotten without my vision.

Dark Lady, meet me in this mind,
Melt back and reappear

Not hiding in your mirror's grasp,
Ripen to the instant of life.
Sacramental, come to the altar,
Take meaning in these selves
With a bright star shining naked,
Staring upon our souls,
Lighting deeply the rifts
We seek to fill with our prayers.

Canto XIII

Sea-sung wanderer return to port,
Your sails hung white in their mourning victory;
Chaliced hold revealing a self-transmutation,
Philosopher stone upon your brow.
Walk from port to port in your searching,
Directly eyeing at the cold tumor of life
Wanting benignly for a surgeon's knife
And white nurses to hold the bowl,
Washing away a past thrown to the street,
Voided on a cross of selves.
Great cathedral body, buttresses alone
From the earth driving in,
Centering on a missing rib.
I turn to clay within Your hands
And kilning dry, glaze the sky
With dark, metallic beauty sounding
Out the spheres of existence unchosen,
While in acceptance I stride
Looking out within You.

And some will say:

" Now is this all true,

Or were you only faking it ?"

And I will not answer,
Not believing in this question.

Artifice

a master of ceremonies,
a singer of your songs,
a message to your heart
and a silence to your soul.

I will sing in the shine
of a moonbeam,
market lamplight
in the writ of a word,
enlarge the heat
inside my veins,
clash the edges in
my furrowed brain.
I will take this time to tell you
of a certain dreary rhyme,
enlarge upon myself
to wonder,
not why you read these
words of mine,
but why
you
spare the time.