

Craig Heimbichner

9/11 Lie Movement

I've met the 9/11 Truth
But my neighbors met something else:
The 9/11 Liars
They are everywhere
 Omnipresent with the message
That you must never believe
 what is seen by your eyes
but only what is seen by theirs
The 9/11 Liars
lied about the Towers
pulled news
like demolition teams pull a building
And they beat the drums of war
 with their wooden lies
still beating,
blood still flowing (cheap because
 it's someone else's blood)
The myth of the moment, which brought down
the towers of thought
 with recurring images
And set the marching multitudes, waving tattered toy flags
behind the grinning mask of their Bonesman in Chief
 whose daughters in the dark debauch themselves
in safety
while yours or mine
 die far away next to our sons
because not enough of us
 dared name the Lie

Magickal Thinking

I wondered out loud
 who is the real illusionist?
who surfs the Satanic:
the teenager with his Book of the Law,
 or the Wall Street tycoon imposing his will
to the street damnation of the multitudes?
evil wears business suits
and lives in bright, antiseptic offices
where everything is clean and scrubbed
including the hole in the mind where
the conscience used to live
The real illusion is the appearance of concern
 (greatest magickal trick of all)
Serving the Dark
 while praising the Light
They damn the other
and say it's trickle down—give it time
 that wand of Merlin, waved in the ether of speculation---
while profit margins increase and eyes glow with avarice

These are the new Occult Rulers
Causing change to occur in conformity with will
The whole of their Law
all Hell bathing their luminous brow, which glows
with an infernal halo
 only discernable to the eye of the pursuer
 who tracks their cunning craft
The Overlords of the New Paradigm
A cloak hiding the ancient tools of exploitation
And the inexhaustible will to malice

Golem

Created by my own hands
 while I was sleeping
by an absentee ballot
 deluded by the two party scam

I was climbing a tree of life
 caught in the Sefirot
like an amateur fruit stealer
bouncing between the two pillars
Just another pachinko ball
Clutching for an equilibrium eluding me

So I voted
 two evils: pick the lesser
 (everyone said to)
they all want someone to die
 babies, mothers, fathers, wars, bombs, scalpels,
experiments, body parts
Death everywhere
So I voted with the electronic switch
 but first I had to switch off my brain

that was years ago, and now I'm watching what I
 helped create
 brought to life
 from dead fecal matter
And it's ravishing the planet
with a stench which chokes off all analysis and perception

It's a Golem, I can tell
 I see the mark of Cain on its forehead
 (which is my own forehead)
my own kabbalistic corpus mysticum
as I march around in a stupor and do the unknown bidding
 of others unknown
Bringing death
Before my next sacred vote which multitudes died for
 stolen before I cast it
Prefab rotten choice of Hell's twin roads
last fraud of liberty's lie and truth's decay
 let me alone to stumble and believe

Freedom

What infant dreams it is born in captivity?
Or who sees the sky like Xenophanes?
Free will, our assumption:
 The will is a grazing, roped animal
I know it in my bones, yet dream
 of an infinite pasture
No jerk of the rope disturbs this stubborn myth.
I worship the muse of freedom
Until I spy the slaughterhouse
But myth veils truth
Who dreams of light
 raised only in darkness?
I will not deny freedom, but name its sphere:
Somewhere Zeus lives, but not in the sky
Olympus lies within.
There the grass has no fence,
The cord is not felt around my neck
And the light, sought outside
 Shines, burns, blinds—
There I must go

Jane Crown

“The Blood of Saints”

Holy Mother Mary in a miniskirt,

My American savior is out there in
Her fuck me pumps,

And her tight little rhinestone
“hottie” shirt,

And the three wise men got
into Euro porn

The golden footed bringers of joy
Find solace in black label beer and
Erectile dysfunction tabs

This psychic vehicle I got will take
Us pretty far away from the unpenitent city
It only needs magical gas

Mother Mary looks pretty good climbing up into it,
That high step it takes to get into the cab,
Her quivering alcoholic ankles
Weary of christlike behaviors

Roll on in, we got some pez dispensers for the kiddies,
And needles filled with jelly for the faithful
Ain't that the blood of saints?

“Progress”

There are still magical things
Like how photographs bathe in chemicals
And come alive.

There are still rapturous, silly things like
Stories of heads filling up like balloons and going
To heaven all swelled for God.

I find small comfort on touching a fable of my youth.
I find solace in things within.
Like an old actor who swaggered and shone on that
Great big silver screen ages past, long since gone.

Like cat people shapeshifting into the dawn
and a new human body.
She so thrilled me Nastacia!

And my leftist
Views to remind me of my own perilous body,
My service.
My ambivalence when I wax too close to knowing
What's really happening in the world.

There are many motions that remain a sort of
Static memory of self,
That strange sameness that drives a person insane,
But, oh, so slowly.

There is that banality that makes my ears ring,
There are still letters that I vault into
Like a morning glory.

Oh, flowers, such a language I long to know.
Take me back to magic, if only to rouse me
In a few hours time.
I have slept days and years waiting for something
progressive,

Something new.

“Pavlova’s Jar”

Sometimes touching you is
something like the Pavlova experiment

Those twisted little jars on shelves
tiny scotched and faded obscure Russian labels
for armies and agents alike

They seem empty and nihil of content
but they hold every whiff of danger
during the cold war, and after

What a weird little thought,
something full and empty till opened
tapped lightly on stone floors
and made to recombine to the past

Of grey uniforms and remote viewing
of all the origins men keep silent
until the need for secrets becomes
nothing but an afterthought

A sly little experiment on the senses
that only the insiders grasp, like the tightening
of tops and the filling of jars I have tried with you

I am an elderly slice of fabric long lost to
the past, clinging grey eyed
to the glass now remiss;
looking through, hoping to find your intent.

“Termites”

I have that half drunk fear here,
Bumbling this bumbling across wood
Floors,
I left my closet light on last night
It did not help
And barricaded the green shutters
And the pocket doors

Their numbers grew larger even still
And their noses
Swiped across my face

I hear scuttling
And wings
Frothing mad working
Bodies
Squirming in anything but
Cypress

It's too hard to kill an old hunger
The stumps forget
Nothing in
New Orleans

I feel the Swarms and
Limpid splatters
I try to hurtle the light
To a glow
Of brown
Swirls and last call

Something that does not sting
But stays with you like the feverishness
Of blunt bites.
I miss home and the tension of very small things.

“The Green Soul”

There is a hole there working to be
As prolific and large
As the ozone
This is where the brain should have kicked in to ponder

It plays not harmlessly
But vibrantly happy none the less;
Fingering tendrils of my hair as it coils

It grapples with my hips and breathes on me
Breath that is used for the softening of the dead
Like a cantankerous old bastard
Whose cogs have slipped, it breaks through me

It wants something tangible and edible from me
There it lies on my shoulders like an astonishing
Old mink in a thrift

And it is pinned within my body
Made of sundry bits of steel and glass;
There is an abyss there
One which I dare not cross to God without

Where this gaping wound cries
To the sagebrush
And wanders into the city at night

It is falling,
Falling to earth and backwards to the sky
We refute and refuse it

And the grass yet grows, deadened
Beneath the heft of lazy feet.

“The Giant Man”

I want to subdivide God into a thing.
Give it, Him, the thing; a purpose
Greater, honestly I do.

But it may anger or amaze you to know he is human,
Altogether human to me
He sits with me in my shocking night rooms of restlessness.

He wallows in his utter Christian trinity
shaking a thin finger in
My chocolate moments when the cellulite croons
Sad songs to men on the nearby sidewalk, grimacing.

I want to tell you all, God is something

Even the Muslims and Jews
Can and will place a premise
Or a vowel upon, to make sense to their ear alone.
There is no word mentioned of a Father, to the Muslims
And no word of hell to the Jews.

So, God, He is a man
In a darkened Yahweh cloak,
one that mocks me daily.
He is the jester of all grandiosity and verboseness too.

He clings to my ptosis breasts as I try on a bathing suit
In private stalls, smiling like a man,
dividing me as the Red Sea from knowing.
He is my conduit to all my imperfections:

For me He is a giant, yes, so be it – a very tall one,
Bent upon my pillow in the dark,
Lullabying me with wicked ditties about getting old.

He gives you flaws
That no man or woman
Can come out of alive and unquestioning.
That is His purpose!

He is not they, nor even we, He cannot be separated,
And He is aware of time and age
Much as any mortal man.

He brings my empire to dust.

“WASHING MACHINE”

It could take days to make the bed
I can wake the next sun
Just as tangled in the coolness of my melodrama
Asleep here, crumpled, stained
Weeks go by the lingerie is fighting again,
Ranting organization
Spent by the revolution.
Doors open fearfully amazed to find the panties
Slumbering harmlessly
Next to the winter socks.
We're quiet in here, beneath bodies
Across seas of fatigued, material souls.
This is where we belong in the half amazed
World, stroked a few moments.
We smell like rotted daisies, recompensing,
when comfort becomes
Damp with patterns of blood,
We wash, dry out, we sometimes
Fold.

©2008 Jane Crown. Jane Crown is a widely published freelance writer and poet. She currently resides in San Antonio, Texas. Her internet radio show is JaneCrown.com. Jane interviews poets as well as magazine editors and publishers on their craft at janecrown.com. You may find all her shows archived at her site alongside a calendar of upcoming guests. JaneCrown.com

Nuwbunun, The Black Lotus

The Path 1-03

Subjected to mental scarification,
Man's complacency weighs heavy upon the scales.
Thoughts are impaled and brought down by dead weight.
Words said, sedate
Like the fumes of men who opi-ate.
So hard to open gates
to Mystic Gardens long over-grown by thorny vines.
People drone on and put on ties
to face the morning grind.
Could this be a warning sign,
of coming bad times for those who succumb, blind?
Hard to find ourselves inside the Hive's myriad of cells.
Religion teaching us this isn't Hell,
saying "It can't be".... I can't tell.
In a swell of silent emotion
I'm surrounded by a violent commotion.
My security from all this comes from tried Devotion.
I've tried to motion for support,
subtly, like a player caught in a spiritual warfare.
But it seems there're no more who care
so I'm left alone to stare
into the Mirror, which is Life.
My pupils dilate wide like tunnels to the inside
and I can see parts of my heart that have since died.
My sin cried, and even my eyes have tried
but my tears are dried
Become dusty, barren, like the sands of time
that slide through my cerebellum.
And all the while my inner-child plays alone
making His Way home
through the Fields of the Nephilim.

Back it down

My humble words are vanity.
Applaud me for my truths:
cries the hand which pushes the pen.
The Christ says to be like a child,
but all I achieve is to be a childish man.
Give me the attention I seek and you become a co-
conspirator
in the degradation of a god.
Correction is what I truly need.

Untitled 12-12-03

I sit here tonight detached,
yet enthralled by thoughts of this and that.
Unworthy thoughts for a being who knows
the wasteful nature of indulging
in the oft-irrelevant whims of design.
Time, for me, grows trivial as I realize
my permanence in this universe.
Come, Divine One,
drop Your Veil that my eyes may become one,
may become Yours.
Doors slam, open, slam again.
So often that I've lost track,
become unsure of my condition.
Am I acutely There?
Or destitutely here?

Poor as an orphan and abandoned with my negligence
Aeons may have passed...
How shall I know?
Distance certainly makes the heart grow mournful,
defining this recent Sunrise surely as "morning"
for yet another day of wandering is bestowed
upon my lost soul,
only that I may perceive the concealed warning.

Untitled 4-03

They call me corrupt and say I'm deviant
and at one time I was believing it.
Plotting men sell the greatest lie
Tell me buy or fry for not receiving it.
As stricken moms fall into grieving fits
because a part of their heart died, their sons.
And in the park lies a gun
the same fields where children run.
How can I ignore the struggles?
How can I deny the pain?
What do I look like hiding away in prayer
while outside the bullets reign?
I go in-sane and contemplate the fate of Earth.
Keep turning to my intellect
trying to comprehend my birth.
I let my mind surf the cosmos in search of answers,
but, as my heart spreads, the Dead multiply like cancer.
Infectious to the people,
a disease as of yet, unchecked.
They propagate their evil
and right now they've got me vexed!

POW 4-03

I said early in this bid I wouldn't let it turn me bitter
But yet another dark summer has unfolded
to the cold winter.
God forgive me because I'm a sinner and I need ya!
As I struggle in this life I may live trife
but don't deceive ya.
I know I oughta believe ya
I swear I try please know I do.
But the eloquent keep coming through and lying to me
about You.
I try to do the righteous things written and ordained.
But God, what about your Mercy?
I'm dying, hurting in my pain!
Striving in this Game though every step I take is blocked.
Adding to frustration,
I'm trapped by these redneck cops.
This madness has got to stop!
Not just for me but all my people.
Trapped by foul labels it enables oppression
by those of evil.
And now lurks a sequel to devastations of before.
And me, I can't get my hands wet.
I'm just a prisoner of War.

Untitled 2-14-03

In this life, I'm like the Golden Child.
Surrounded by flame never touched by Fire.
Put to trial,
Faith and Wisdom brutally tested.

Yet my response constantly remains true
 Resurrected
 So I'm blessed unlike the Beast who got respite.
 Soon enough though, his punk chest'll get wetted.
 Spread with blood as the Whore of Babylon menstruates.
 The battle rages on
 'Til it's gone, that's Men's Fate.
 Just a mustard seed of weight of pride on the scale'll get
 you done up.
 Have you blazing in the fire like a vampire at sun up.
 As I sit and sip from the bitter cup of belief
 I watch the Prophecies unfold and seek relief.
 But I find none.
 My only solace was hope in the future
 And there I find none.
 Aye yo, Peace Sun, The Truth hurts!
 So some dudes work to strip Life from living
 Bely the blessing Forgiveness
 Deny the essence we're given.
 If one looks to the Son, well, then their vision is lost.
 Conquered by division,
 it costs the extradition of pure hearts
 from the place where pure starts.
 In all your surety you part
 away from your true roots.
 Leaving you physically stuck in cesspools
 beat down and brutalized by blue suits.
 Yes, it's clearly true that the Youths
 are all we have left to invest in.
 But how are we going to solidify
 while the gods and devils are wrestlin?
 Causin chaos
 truth's tossed off center
 misbalanced
 Gyroscope the cosmos.
 And people are too scared to think
 I think that's what costs most

A Trip to the Well 1-03

It's like drawing water from a rock
 every time I get locked away in solitary.
 Kinda scary how much I draw from the bare walls.
 How many proofs for "truth" I undue
 And how many lies that bind I find are see-thru.
 It's like I need to
 put myself on ice every now and then,
 'Cause in myself I locate what cannot be found in men.
 As I swim through the floods my thugs are drowning in,
 and seek to speak the lost words, unheard, which are
 profound again.
 I found myself surrounded when
 the enemies of Peace heard the eternal sound within me.
 They're trying to send me to the depths of hell
 So I'll boil and die where their fathers crept,
 their moms wept
 and now they dwell.
 Like a tsunami wave I swell
 Except my momentum carries me from the shores of deceit
 back into the oceanic depths of comprehension.
 It gets hectic, constant tension.
 But I prevail and adopt a lesson.
 Not to lessen the fame of my Prophetic predecessors.
 Just simply to resist the tugs of my dogmatic oppressors
 the automatic suggestors, the whisperers,

the crippers of progressive nature.
 The serpentine temptors who seek I regress
 'cause they're haters.
 Fakers, who lace the minds of the babies
 with evaporated facts.
 Like they're giving all those who're living
 a dead man's rabies.
 It's time to reestablish and snuff out anguish
 vanquish the thankless and take the power back!
 But it's my own who lack.
 Complacent to sooth the flames of desire
 by getting higher off of man's original sins.
 From before the lying and the games,
 I mean the pride which hides beneath our skins.
 Moment after moment, the cycle of rebellion, rejection,
 fury and atonement begins.
 Only when those who fell rise up, seize their soul and own
 it will we win.
 Only then can a universal resurrection come to pass.
 Only then will men realize that the insufficient reflection of
 the ill-luminated ones has come to pass.
 Only then will the hour foretold by wise ones of old
 come to pass.
 And only then will the Scales weigh the hearts of men...
 Will you come to pass?

Untitled 11-02

Forgive me if the words I say are blasphemy
 But God, please let this cup pass from me
 I fear if I speak up it'll end in catastrophe,
 With Legions of Demons strapped
 and ready to blast for me!
 I mean, "Why?",
 What is it You ask of me?
 Why couldn't I be left alone to live happily?
 At 24 my whole world changed drastically
 Why couldn't I just be allowed to live haphazardly?
 Nope. Every step I've made Creeps and Teachers have been
 tracking me!
 I got cornered in the hole,
 they kept attacking me.
 Back to back, they come and go
 Now I stand alone like the U.N. has sanctioned me!
 No one's thanking me
 My opposition is strong
 The Dead try ranking me,
 but I don't fold 'cause my inner-god is strong.
 Like an Angel's Song,
 I hope my words are heard.
 I hope we can kick all of Their tricks to the gutter-curb
 But, ya know, what are words but tricknology?
 Let's deal in facts, and get back to biology
 Let astronomy tell the tales that you maybe never heard
 Let's do the math to add up the facts
 and subtract the absurd
 Maybe it's just me, eh?
 Maybe I'm just trippin'?
 Secretly I do hope it's only my sanity slippin'
 Be it as it may, to silent deities I pray my soul might rest.
 No matter how it goes, May I endure this test!

(Published in HunterGatheress Vol. 1)

Nuwbunun The Black Lotus (Myspace.com/nuwbunun)

DEPARTURES By Eugenia Macer-Story

1
closed doors against the angles of
once possible time intersect
like the edges of a diamond
with this present rain
or will glow (refracted) helpless in the light
except to reflect where neat choices
have smoothed this chunk of a rock
into safe jewelry like the ticket for a voyage
never taken but placed neatly in a book

2
I remember I left you standing
incredulous in the lobby of a museum
surrounded by faded landscapes and other
public mementos of the private visions
sketched by strangers on anonymous wharves
where you had assumed that (like
a guided tour) your future presently
extended into my past, and so on
room followed by civilized room
ad infinitum and not like the actual water
which licks at the leaking pipes
above the display case: a sea in the ceiling sky
not sealed by the literary
expectations concluded in dress stores.

3
where surfaces are careful, ashes form
from the breath descending onto
the floor in musical patterns
as if we spoke the fire or ice
suspended in emptiness like an instant of snow.

4
I noticed in the mirror near the exit
that you had decorated my face
with red zig zags
I wondered "why?" until later
when the lightning struck my heart
years after I'd left you at Easter
holding a basket of painted eggs.

5
your plans have changed:
sitting suddenly back in the seat
with your hand on the automatic door release
I thought you would jump
away into the anonymous traffic.
Actually, I had wondered
why we were all in the taxi together
but we must've been on our way
to the same destination: wherever.

6
the impersonal, humane information voice
answering my stupid questions
(fortunately) cannot see my soul
or even the more than one hundred faces
seen by the people in the subway
who are watching me snap my dress:
gently and quietly curious,
as the seams come apart again.

7
you, who do not exist,
give live performances
within the lost alleyways of your heart;
spider, luring spectators into the reversed address
where the colors of the circus
turn inside out into cellophane.

8
cellophane becoming ripe confetti
stop the lamp post blooming
like a tired orchid unnaturally
within the Decembers of the heart,
I steal a handful of these ribbons
and conceal them under my coat.

9
later, some cumbersome dragon
turns within my ribs
like a shred of dead vegetable stirring
pain so ancient I cannot remember
what source? except, like a birth it moves within:
swimming toward nowhere on currents of time
running sideways like sea shallows.

10
lying with my back on the rocks
I turn my face toward the morning light,
energy opening my belly as the sun ripens any pod
in season swelling beyond the smooth
bud into silken flowers
like windy clouds stretched out wide
for a moment within the body's sky.

11
because (manna or momma) the minnow descends
dovelike amid the shifting displays
laid out by the gypsy jewelers,
looking for the food of the heart
I have remembered who I was
when I was lonely and before I knew your eyes
only browsing (out of habit) amid sidewalk
bazaars ordering fish and chips every
day to the one hotel beyond hotels
(behind the eyes) and where love
will always spend the night
alone beside the death of time.

12
odd that I do not recognize
what is unique until it's distant
gone to work or on vacation
along the neutral commuter railway,
seeing the egg salad sandwich
recede in time like a talismanic
blessing amid peculiar deceptions
the empty cup on the counter
stands like a monument
to these endless departures.

13
the coffeemaker was dead when I woke
this morning heating no juice
so I got that in the usual restaurant,
wondering where you were now
or thirty years ago Chicago/Ibeza
sometimes the same saxophonist
seems to have followed us always
from restaurant to restaurant
standing just outside the door, or
across the street never closer
never tattered nor expensively dressed
just the same saxophonist
making jazz like a silent angel's
melodies of electrical static
flicker amid so many companions
where I have glimpsed your distant heart
move always ahead of me like a shadow
within the shifting crowd.

(magickmirror.com)

Cori Brackett

:30 Second Spot

Beneath the blues echo of community radio
floats a distant chaos of longing
to be a season with the fingerprint
of uniqueness.

The ocean of burnt sienna rooftops
with gas stations sprinkled among them like seasoning
whispers, "I am not the Oklahoma City bomber,"
"the woman who drowned her children because she
didn't care,"

"a terrorist." "I am different than all that. I am
the same as everybody else." Fear
keeps us human, mowing our lawns,
cutting off our neighbor in our SUV's
on our way to pick up Julia after ballet practice.

We are not who we think we are, we listen
to billboards which scream safety from a tv,
while we gently fall inside. The horror
of waking up thirty-seven, our twentieth high school
reunion full of balding strangers. Life has become
poignant in the twenty-first century
in America, a suburban Barbie and Ken
with no genitals, impossible
thick bellies, slaves
to the boob tube and spam
and Pier 1 parking lots. I am
afraid and silly and stupid
and longing for some human contact, as distinct
as Opie and fishing from a creek far away
from a ribbon of highway taking us
to a dream of who we were.

The toxic sameness
cuts our throats with plastic french fries.
I listen to the chanting chakra music on the radio,
closing my eyes at the red light to listen harder.

The Antelope

onscreen during National Geographic,
caught and eaten by the lioness,
while the other antelope run away fast
disturbs me more than it should. The herd
bounds into the woods from the prairie
while the unlucky antelope,
ripped open wholeheartedly
and just as quickly forgotten, knows death is merely
when the world is taken away. When it's happening
to us – an absence of everyone and everything
we have ever known – we continue
to look at life from the lion's point of view
or the herd's, but never the animal who's been caught.
How likely that there are more of us
missing a finger or needing insulin
than the ones who escape, the beautiful people?
How can we expect
to be trapped during our lives
while the yearbook picture boasts
wrestling champ, pep club president,
the ultimate perfection in shining white teeth?
The people in those photographs
do not exist, lost
dreams filtering through a sleepless terrain
like the girl who got pregnant in eleventh grade.

What if she were you? Would you have
sympathy, then, for the antelope? Would you
remember. . . the mesmerizing blue
of a summer lake in the desert, the stillness
of a car's headlights, the death of someone
you only met once. . .
after the static white noise begins?

Ceremonies & Politics

The ritual
of an unopened journal
closed to visitors
a desk beside window beyond
landscape of pines
mountains
Women without
transportation devices
(their own rooms)
arrive at my feet (!)
write through barbed wire
call out to me in innocent voices
Stirrings belong to history
Virginia Sylvia and i attempt a miracle
(dresses ripped to shreds) rainstorms
evolving watersheds evolving blood births

Might the door be closed on all of us (?)
Terrific traffic
earthquake of footsteps
lynch mobs reason fear
kept hidden away
(in sewing closets throughout America)

Elect me to your highest office
Believe me when I say (\$)
the chair will not burn
from a careless thought
rushed decision discarded wish

I dream every
place that has ever been invented
the fearful women of suburbia cannot fall down invade
like an army of children
like a troupe of butterflies new to their dresses

Will you vote for excess (please ?)
Feed me with good graces
I am a dying woman in a new regime
witness to the slaughter
of a porch light and soft music
bouquets of roses arriving (thank you's)
(the native drum beat quietly building
n a corner of the room)

Remember our forefathers taught us only half of
what they knew.

While far off in the maternity ward
A (new) woman raises her voice
The doctor holds her still
A knife scratches her stomach
the child pulled out wailing
She has never before seen him in her (life)

©2008 Cori Brackett is a documentary filmmaker on the
subject of aspartame: *Sweet Misery: A Poisoned World*,
and the author of *Through the Shadows*, an exploration in
poetry and prose. Her website is: soundandfury.tv.

Joe Milford

There's Stardust in Your Nucleus

Disturb this universe
Make slants and sways
Perturb the influx
Bray at the factotum
Invade the multiplex
Be the one the only one
Incredible the prawn
Out of water you are
Inscribe encircular the tome
That is a novel and also a poem
A poem skips time
A novel maps it
Endure this parade and motorcade
Take a moment with a salad in the shade
Of the next monument
That the last monument
Equipped you to interpret
Let light break upon your brow
As the first wave or particle
To pull into the bay
that vessel you knew always
that sigh from cosmos calls anthropic

Phantom Limbs

Albedo broken halo like Sanskrit the ash
and glass fell akimbo
In us with an alarum a toreador took the
swords out of the bulls
And stabbed them into the interstice time
stopped and the cab
You were in imploded into your pocket on a
whim and then
There was no then then and then the
religion of then spelled with
Zenith and the cymbals crashed through
stables releasing zephyrs
And choruses osmosis mitosis things that
integrate your skin to
Reality that you may take for grant or less
like highs or lows
Under solstice amidst equinox oval orbits
vernal eclipse sire this
But can't run into primordial night where
the symphony makes
Your cells scream for the first time it is not
the first time when your
Cells scream like this they are remembering

Lucid Dusk

In waking you know, the cool sheet against your ribs,
leaning up into the slant of a new dawn, that out
there a sleek ship is pulling into a harbor with seagulls
screaming at its aft and prow. The bamboo mat under
your toes and you know out there somewhere he exhales
smoke and she is brushing her hair bare back to his dark
eyes. There is a lock being opened and a chain falling to
asphalt as a gate brings a world to a world in its routine
openings. Rubbing your eyes, towards the bathroom
sink and out there in the bottom of the ocean the
leviathan writhes and concocts notions of futures for the
continents. And you see if the thing in the mirror is the
thing you thought it would be again as behind the glass
demons are trapped and banging their fists gnashing of
teeth and secrets of refracted light. Last night you took
the votive candles and placed them into the seashells
and made mussels of spent flame. Out there on some
precipice a crow gnaws a carcass as you grip your
toothbrush. In some other time zone over cocktails a wry
bartender takes her corkscrew and destroys a vintage
microcosm. In waking you know that the carousel
continues with or without the walls of books you call
your fortress. The coffee alerts your cells and in the wind
flies a determined virus. The glass above the mantelpiece
in this old house is warped and melted. Your knowledge
of shipman's knots can't hold together the cartilage
of the myriad pasts you chronicle. Barnacle of a man
clinging to the mortal vessel through storm and worst
of all the doldrums. Oh how we hate the calm. Shaving
your face while miles in any direction birds are migrating
for the season. In waking you wield at the end of that
morning razor possible worlds. You choose painting
or erasure. Poem or performance. Promise or pistol.
Guitar or saber. Words or silence. Vows or pleasures.
And choice is of its own lock being opened, the hand
reaching through the broken window to undo the bolt
and enter the waking.

©2008 Joseph Victor Milford is a full-time Instructor of English and Philosophy at Georgia Military College near Atlanta, Georgia. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *First Intensity*, *The Canary*, *Offbeat Press*, *The Iowa Journal of Cultural Studies*, *The Wisconsin Review*, *Shampoo*, *Action*, *Yes*, *360 Degrees*, *Blaze/Vox*, *mudluscious*, and *The Brooklyn Review*, to name a few. He is a cohost on Jane Crown's blogtalk radio poetry program and also hosts his own blogtalk poetry program, *The Joe Milford Poetry Hour* (janecrown.com). He is a graduate of the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

The Sonnets
A Neuro Narrative Sequence
By B. L. Kennedy

21

Now Jack, there is only the sorrow in your eyes
Which remains unseen & hidden as you read
Dr.Sax (cracked shadow shell of man)
Or talk shy (w/ Steve Allen at the piano) maybe
Your last poems or dharma writings tell
The beginning of your end...the arrest for decay
Prose & selected letters (you told Ed Sanders)
Jack, what secret histories are they writing?
About you & sweet diamond-head Lowell of boyhood?
Your love odyssey & desolation touched generations
Of heart & symmetry...lies we live to find our truth
(Dr.Sax laughs) last night you spoke of road & Jazz
Books...dreams...dead Gerard & the sea & Bird
Does fly across the sky as we render our hearts & cry!

23

UFO's...we eat & drink the alien...we design
Inaccuracy & misinformation to scramble
Starved personalities & the palatial home
Accidentally imagined, catharsis of consciousness
In which we live formation & new flesh
We purge nursery rhymes of Area 51 & Roswell
We MIB ourselves & reinvent history
The secret schools of the soul is environmental rape
& Those bug-eyed guys are our lies
We rumble space in migration looking for a fix
We kill our silence with codes & cookies
& Design the night for Budd Hopkins
"It just flew through her fifth floor bedroom window!"
There are aliens in our midst

68

I exchange writings with Kerouac
Drunken...bellies fill o cheap red wine & beer
BOP PLOP FLAT MOUTH...(Jack laughs)
"The world's become a shitbasket!"
Jack sings Sinatra...Embraceable You...
"We were young & knew nothing of Mexico
Fast cars or bitches...our vision was pure!"
We talk of Joan Vollman & Burroughs...
"He was the fag...& Joan...well...that Ginsberg
He was the problem...dumb Jew...& Cassidy?"
Kerouac opens his heart & talks of the dead beat down
Things..."we just borrowed our lives"
Charlie Parker & Diz cruise over the radio & Kerouac weeps
"I was the problem & the solution"

28

I dreamed I moved her face
Hitchcock watched & remembered the woman
Standing on the stairwell at Loew's Paradise Theatre
Her swollen belly looked rearranged?
Her screams phobic & her Assyrian blood
Flickers across her body & drips

Unto the screen with shadow strong & cold
Her dreams of Lotto are lost against the theatres
Dark walls...& layers of her skin stain my hands
Tony Perkins tells of stuffed birds & their eating habits
Janet Lee is dead in the shower
Her body wrapped in plastic & her money in newspaper
I think of the face moved in dream
Sam Cooke sweetly whispers...You Send Me...

52

Estrella de la Piedra
I speak dead languages
Bad English & Yiddish
Like Marion Samuel's I default
With the absence of light
My loneliness remains buried in books
The Wonderful Wizard Of Oz
Rescued me from depression
It's the story about a young girl
Who is transported to some strange?
& Surrealistic land
She kills the first woman she meets
Teams-up with three complete strangers
Only to kill again!!!

55

Estrella de la Piedra
Always the dead fall on the living
The old fuck the young
Sunrise at 5:00 A.M. (EST)
Sex-66 armed for blasting deposits
Dutch Falconi at Harlow's
Tough love & fragmented memories
Sacramento's junkie past
Even Ted Berrigan couldn't dig its flatness
Kerouac & Victor Wong shake its anarchy
With red wine & beer
Holocaust hangovers for the postmoderns
Who find god at Webber's Bookstore or
Somewhere in the deep ass end of space

24

Why is this picture dirty to me?
Because it kills beauty, pollutes the heart
Why is this picture dirty to me?
Because it prowls without attachment
Because it reinvents neurological lies
Because it bends languid vanities of acquaintance
Why is this picture dirty to me?
Because it converts false language to politics & laws
Because it cripples the muse
Because it says little or nothing of love
Because it rots skinless misinformation & strips our hopes
Why is this picture dirty to me?
Because of its displacement & injurious death camp
appetites
Because it lives in my world & slithers like a snake

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