

לאלהינו הצור ציון
להדאת יהוה אלהים
והדרך קדוש בהדורנו

*The Shofars of Diaspora: or,
49 Theses unto the Knowledge
of the Way unto God The Holy
in the Zeitgeist*

הודו ליהוה אלהי ישראל

כי טוב

כי לעולם חסדו

*The Words of the man upon whom is the Shekiknah v'Ha'Ruah **YHWH** :
That in freesoul in the Spirit of the Holy One of Yisrael :
Gershom Yisrael Ha-Nazir, or,
as Englistongue from America, Garrett Taylor Conte*

גרשם ישראל

הגר הנזיר

אדם בן־האדם

יערף כמטר לחקן

תזל כטל אמרתי

כי שם **יהוה** אקרא

הבו גדל לאלהינו

Preface: Foreword as Canticle of an Alley's Aviary

What follows is a song of birds to me: Translator: YHWH The Only Deity The Only Deity The Only Deity; and thus for thou ye massbodies, folksypolksies, and rigamarollers on streetside vistas of the greens. Month of Sivan, 2025; Year 1 of the Second Installment of Trump Presidency. Glory our Creator of World as greenly and singing its own selfriddles. While in love with a woman who loved me once. To be sung finchily.

I

“Goodmornings! O ye gross swineherds,
Goodmornings two & three,
Goodmornings is the song of birds
Here hear and open be!

Goodmornings frumpadumpadoo,
Goodmornings do we sing,
Goodmornings to ya lumps o’ poo,
And dingalingaling!

Awake, ya neighbors in ya beds,
Awake and search the trees,
Awake ya louse & krumpetheads
From insipidities!

Awake with song of happy birds
Who sing each from each other!
Awake unto a life of words!
Sing one for one another!

Goodmornings! Goodmooornings!
O be a lovely place to meet!
Sing with us we goodly things!
Skip to faces you will greet!

O be thou gooderly real people,
Stop piggin’ yer poop deceit,
Stop goin’ to the droop steeple
Where people poop for meat!

Oh! Cease to be all crappystocks,
Crapcorns, and all forlorn!
Oh! Cease to be a crappyflock!
Remember how yer born!

Turn ‘round then O ya dummyworms
From drugs & rags of race!
Turn meekly from yer arrogance
To not be a disgrace!

Oh! Goodmornings then, Goodmorrrows now,
And watch yerselves apace!
Take time timelessly, say “How!”
Go seek th’ Eternal Face!

For even we the birds can see
From roofly perch or tree,
That all ya dumdums in ya rows
Deserve His Wrath in gallows
Fer bein’ ye ohsolows!”

And then I said to them I said,

“Well this is quite the song you sing,
How do you know them all as dead,
And, you Darmerrigomerrigollumps,
How be the days be doing?”

And she, “Sweetly oh & sweetly dear
The goldigoldy day! Happytappy I most here
Dance skyly flutteryday!
But could I ask a blessing?
(For they are cursefolk everyway!)”

“What uncanny little flitterbirds!
What julips of yer lungs!
I see I hear, I hear I see,
And blessed be ye,
Darmerrigollumps,
Darmerrigomerrigollumps.
Many may yer eggs do come,
And come each egg to hatchlinglumps!
May they learn to flapflapwing,
And learn yer chatter to sing,
And may their egg in each their nests
Be without sum for counting!
And you over there,
Darshoodelypups,
May yer seed be feathery, soft & gay,
And all day sing for play!
May all yer days be feathery chups
No whether the weather each day!
Now may I ask ye, ask yer troop,
What is it ye birds do want?”

“Well thank ye thanks and blessed be God
For letting you in on our song!
We tell ye what we birds see wrong,
And what the world can shod:
We want to give goodmornings dear
To children all at play,
But all they people do is hate
Each morsel of their plate!
And because they people love to hate
Each thing that meets their eye,
May they be soon their neighbor’s plate
And their fate be to cry!”

Book 1:

Book of Execrations, Lamentations, Whips & Scorns upon the Neomodern Spirit

Prologue to Book 1

Come gather round to drink a drink for cows
whom We made mad with madmade drops of truth;
which, yes, forsooth were not to sooth but shout
the Wrathwrought streams poured with Gin and Dry Vermouth.
But there could not be our streamly dreams uncouth
where brains of cows went to sound their pseudotruths for we bestrangered others.

At festivals and in barstools the flocks
want minstrel songs, sapped apes with merry clocks,
pinup girls in rubbersocks, stiletto heels,
tubemade meals, and sweetsongs sang from ethanol.
So I sought to go to disenthral then scrawl
in wraps of trees what I had seen in the fiend machinist's wheels gone under.

But woe was me! I shared my pearls with swine
to find that from the trough they turned to shit;
but from the shit returned with it entwine
to raise my standing whereon I go to sit.
The flocks and stocks have not poesy nor wit,
and in their stead give spine of head to marketman to keep their belly fed.

Revere our God instead. Be wait to witness
what dread kneads of plasticine fill this Miss
Alabaster-Cakes, or that Un-Mister
Name-Me-Not who demands that he be shethought
across and from the stonemen as was betaught
by marketman and schoolteacher who each in salespitch sold each hand for bread.

Yes, our Maker beyond the milk beyond,
and then beyond the silk beyond the milk,
and, yes, even beyond the willow pond
where there Is the No to end where thought begins:
the Yes to dust befall'n from each spirit's dawn,
and here upon the lattice sprawled to wonder, a brief Note is Writ and Said.

I will to not obscure shallows with mud,
but to stitch fringes of our olden shawl,
piously my pen covered be with blood
of idols on their pedestals for whom priests crawl
in cesspits of their temple crud which they turn to all:
This day Babel's decayed abscess opens itself and comes the Voice of death.



Tarry not with me, little bird. I grow upon fallow
hillsides whose undergrowth leaves bitumin'd leaves of
grass emaciate & dangling from the antlers of a burning bush.

Tarry not with me, little bird. I sing from ignoble
hollows marrowless whose bones have cracked in barbiturate & damp
fields of sand, whose names are vagabonds without psychosis.

Tarry not here, little child. I write upon trees
who taught my weeping, whose weeping I thought from the sky
to fall madly when the waters have breached Ararat, when breath has ceased me.

Tarry not here, little child. I walk through shadows
who showed me death in a valley of mirrors, whose many houses
have been laid upon the foundations of the abyss

for me, and the rooms of the abyss have been laid open
for me, and I wander with the Voice into the rooms
of Sheol, and I have no breath to go quiet.



Tumble down the winds, oh my breath
Tumble down the tall grasses, oh winds with the Song of God—
I will not keep it—

witness then, my love,
Creation
as it is
Itself with its blood, its warsongs and
despairs; its grief, its songs in lovers and
hatefulness in wooden chairs; its flowers from tears of
age; its violence, its sex and
peacefulness—and all
in shakes of a fond Wish, or His
Absolution in Wrath
or the Sublimemost Grace; its waters from Place
of NoWhere; its doves and its gold
plates of suffering, assorted toward
a vexation, a palindromatic: Nothing Absolute::soothing-Not:
—Hu Ha'Elohim—
and a wisdom with no speech or
flesh. And I am afraid
of my God—of coming Near, or
going
further and
abandoned. And I do not pretend to know
the Reasons, Its or it's or
for the acts every or ever the
Will of
God—and then why should I blaspheme
for an audience of no knowledge?

I can invent the Reasons of God to tell
to myself or to the aggrieved, but I cannot know
what Unknowable is:

Here, stand here under substance—now
perceive? Now,
witness then in
our circumstance familiar? Insight what shall
stand, happen? Now familiar? Oh, there is forever
the beauty this our gathering, this our unfamiliar, and
thereafter? Another breath, Here,
without

love. Oh, there, bathe me in the rivers
of light and let still be I
and I would not know
the Reasons of God.

Conceive me then in robes of the abyss,
engender me then in Solomon's Temple,
in the Holy
Of holies, and who can reach
his fleshly mouth
into the Mind
Who shares Not substance? No,
not to swallow it nor death, instead

I unknow not toward to know
but know to this knowing in-
to absence of knowing of
the Reasons of Eternity's Given

Eternity
Who named me and
wombly songly and
for knowing the to this
His songful all songfull
in His measured winds,
returning,
already sung
in being
and having come
returning unto this



I have seen the world of the suburbias, the continual petunias of every shade and color, the children of amusement and sorrow.
I have been made to hear the static in the telephone cables like antiquities of only the week before,
the glowing of televisions in livingrooms of no persons, the pantries of surplus and psychiatry.
We coexist with cut dandelions and immigrant tongues and yipping from behind fences, each for cutting of sweetgrasses in the schoolyard.
We have community that happens where we are committed to being faceless, personless; and this, only there, there, this only.
People who walk dogs and do not respond to their neighbor's hello.
People, so called, who turn neighbors to strangers, strangers to enemies before the neighbor's hello.

They see human face in the other; they draw the windows blind, and shutter.
 They hear human voice in the other; they shut the framedwhite door, and mutter a curse lest a blessing they should utter.
 They do these things for to see is an act and to hear is an act, and to act is to inconvenience, and this is no thing of any news.
This is the reddest grave of graves. This the tomb of the buffalo. And they hunger.

And they do have little kindnesses in the marketplace, reserved for shoppingcart of customer and uniform of clerk.
 They have comfort and build houses of safety lest they be required to do good: they have prudence and an almanac.
 They degrade themselves and volunteer for detachment in servitude as the pathway to gains.
 They teach their children to degrade themselves and volunteer for detachment in servitude as the pathway to gains.
 They are convicted that their pathway to gains is the pathway of the goodmost thing.
 Yes, I do believe detachment from self and other unto the end of gains is their highest ideal of moral personhood.
 And shall I say I could never be so happy as to be here, waiting? Every man is unhappy who must be here, waiting.
 And shall I say it is liberty to be here, to gain? I shall wait, I shall wait upon the Face of Eternity in my going where I remain.
This is the reddest grave of graves. This the tomb of the buffalo. And it waits and it waits and it waits.

7

1

O stammering goodheart in the balefields of Alexander's great dollar exchange!
 O doleful lids in mourning for the mornings of labor!
 O videologue in the fruit supermarket! Autosale! Autobuy!
 Smile me pretty! Smile me nice! Smile me roach in a handful of rice!
 O employ me thou for the greatclerk's marketscheme! O slit me smile endowed with jingle & mingle & ring!
 Oohlala sweetdanish & tarts! Lalafeed ye all yer farts!
 Ooh ye wonderwonderbread ye feed ye with gyrofoam be silly!
 Oohyahda electrode me! Waterstuff with thy weirdly yellow flavoring!
 O methpipe intractable from John's tractatus on the division of families!
 O heroin inextricable from the bloodpipes *per mundum stimulatorum*!
 O soporfestal odes from Uncle Jack's broomhammer on the poopstained alleycans of Nebraska!
 O plastic inevitable boom! O furnace ripped blonde odd with no blooms & hypomaniac fantasies!
 O charading velvet mediocre bauhaus in Andy's underground sexshow!
 Oh me oh shrive my americawomb me sprout me seed me drifting!

(Ooh and I don't want no job Herr Guv'ner but I ain't no sickly wormthought thinker nonono, that's you I tellin' ya true true true. . . .
 Ooh ye sick ye sick ye fat ye pretty ye pilld ye crapped ye grassfodderstock ye crass! ye Ra! ye Ra! ye Ra!)

and oh my mortal nausea turned bardstrings and song.

Tralala lala. . . .

and oh, our famine of love turned meads and portfolios of human bodies.

Tralalee lalee. . . .

O ye we all ye silly, ye foolish, ye fickle, ye three!
 What does the God who Waits Eternity's Is, the God
 whose every Is is and is not thine whose Is yours needs,
 yours thus owed, owe then and thusly be Present unto thee?

And here there is a neon ornamental cactus with pluffs in a viney coffeeshop;
 and there! here is a twinkieroll on the iron rod of a banksheet.
 And over there a mustardman with a doglyjangled tune at the same cafe:
 and here a pair these snooty bigjobs (or to pare?) with no conversation.
 Here a paleproudface concept-hipster with a freeman's nasal-awl & tattooface
 serves coffee with lipid-sucts & crepsal-jocts as the rootflavalbalance nodspace.
 There a thick grey deathbag in plain clothes does cocaine with the costumed whores
 of disneyland in a big black bluecoat for the dangers of the poor & toothless.

But it is a sinister joke, the existence of man in the labors of history.

He lives through his hope,
and from his hope he finds despair.
Anxieties & humiliations & despair.
He tells himself it is better to be without hope,
and in his hopelessness
is also his despair.
He invents a small hope, he clings to it and to it he does grow,
until it turns, it turns also to his despair,
"A worm I give to crows for air."

So he says unto himself,
"I shall become wise, and collect knowledge
of all the works and days
which come and pass under the sun."
And eventually, inevitably, death also must come
to the sage as to the fool:
And to the sage comes the vexation, and from the vexation,
his despair:
"What means this, this that the same thing comes
to me as to he whose skull is air,
and I was no more the happier here or any there?
Oh, but the moonlight and the sun have shone their walks for me,
and in the cruel of desert fair, and in the forest talking,
I had not destruction, but joyful song from my despair."

*And it is a cruel jest, to be a man, to be lone in sun or shade,
to be lone in snows under the barren peach, under the yew in summer's day.*

And then we after modernman, how can he be man?
He hopes be loved. He hopes a love.
He finds there be no path of love once dreamt for him of cage:
for way of man in after modern day is bottle shard, spectre in house,
koolaid to dampen shade, to love not other selves but half & half own of his self,
and to degrade for pleasure's sake and replace the stuff of barren shelf:
and when he finds his self renounced
or blessed of another self,
he halfway finds his halfplaced self in place of cage, in shards of terror'd shames,
in stares he guards as pestilence, the stares he calls a game;
and soon he finds his work is meaningless, merges himself to newwrought name.
And he shall crouch under a table, mouse between a wall,
keep the cradle of uncared alone, forgetting he is to give of bread,
and herein loses all, he hopes disaster shall atone,
and then he seeks withdrawal.

And then to shame and disrepair, then to another other self,
another house debaucheries, another place for simple cares, for willful unawares,
and in mirrors or in whispered rooms, in insult or love's gluttony, he then despairs,
"Is there no love for any man
but be other than flesh of wax & sand?"

*And it is a frightful comedy, to blight the canker with the worm,
with canker blight the bloom as remedy, as remedy for giving of its honey:
such and such are all the ways of the man who seeks an ideal's ideality.*

But why misblame the pessimist?
why misthink the otherness?
why mistake melancholies for a fool?

And where the other hand of true?

Look, ye fool! How woefully the selfsame otherways are all to self to go to
in the quiet lookingglass despairs, whores ubiquitous of billboards &
taxes, the vacancy of hearts from blank & buried distances, groundfled or
seaborn hopes from home, and where is home to we?

In the waiting room of an old McDonald store?

Or in sterile room of servicestore whose world is to make extinct for yours?

In morphosis & injections?

In throwplastics from a jogger's shortshorts who speak be anorexic &

be in selfobsessive hatred? Or in a vat of swiney lard &

a toothpaste tube? Or contest in the halls of school &

in the television room? Or shall we in a plasticsack of pinkham cans &

Polanski's baby jesus from the virgin rose become our being?

Or toward a mouth shameless of meat, origins unknown,

in a nightclub bath or one big smooch of worm, and then in pleasures groan?

Or own the earth to desecrate in playground our little child?

Or at the ballot screen to click the box of trusty smile?

3

O looming american mouth stuffed like banquet pig whose apple is a wad of monopoly money!

O junkstock of mediocre hippy with irongraphed tees & a rusted aluminium can of anthrax for the soul!

O ye in a garage of windless years! O turbulence of days in the fields of love!

O silently I turn Rachmaninoff despite my loafing perpetual in a supermarket soupshop!

O grave burlesque & prostitution ubiquitous of billboards!

O we the people for taxes & drudgeries & emaciations & despair!

Does the God who Lives Eternity owe to thee any care?

And they ask me and they screech, "Do you dare there at me stare?

Do you think you better over there? Dare you preach out from your lair?

Do you think peach & plum your ways? Do you think you not from our days?"

And when I do say, (and I do I go aboutabout and say), "Do you not understand the Day?

This also passes through, this also with everything shall pass also must you.

And could you never see that God does forsooth, Invariably, Vengeance you throughly all of you?"

(Oh pin then thee thy needle me then! Fix me then thy jail! Slap me the nail on the skull & the hand!

Tag me thy tag! Name me thy riddle! Call schizophrenic me me 21st century me! Call paranoid man hysteria me!

O ye yer things yer things yer things all yer bludgeoning blunting things

yer drudgery things yer things yer things all yer million trillion things

of ye Amerika the great are builded illuminate so, so goldcoalmined for world so know

ye make ye make ye make ye think exist forever ye exist forever ye for ye exist to be ye be!

Hurrahhurrah huree! They say. Hurryitup, hurry! They say.

Say progress things be thing alway, they say, progress bring me things today!

Say 'fridgerator crate go stale no way no way we want meatmeat meatme

Say me milk me cheese me cream machine me for me to me alway!

So they say they say they say. . .)

And I so say and then I say, "Let God differentiate

between myself whom you estrange & you the people

of an age: if He searches I & you,

finds also the same of mind of leperlicking steeple,

cesspits of heart's malignity, spirit of naught but poo,

then may He erase then also me, and myself be not called a Jew;

from the earth & from the sea may He purge from me my being,

that to you, O ye Amerikani, He does to does also to you

and the earth rejoices, and is relieved beyond relief of you."

*Oh, lada, ladee. . . Ulalu lulu. . . .
And color the madman redly true,
color me skipping feet from you.*

7

And I have fasted with meal of parchments doctrinal whose Written is the Absolute and been disrobed
to anorexias, hysterias of the naked & paranoid spirit, in expurgatories
of the psychward wherein laid were epifoetal catatonics whose images were sheepfolds
ancient tablatures of heroism, in subcatalytic fragments of ways whose children have no hope
in meticulous strifes between veneer of brick & hollows of family; I
whose permitted sanity was be called oblivious box, I who turn to lucidity
of prophets am named skull of serpents & schizophrenia's perpetual gadfly,
I who with the kids of america will be in a happy house whose root is
rotted in housepot of dead cocoons, I whose chrysalis once golden is pregnant from upon the Rock
of Zion, I whose root is a fetus swelling greenly in the drought of the iron earth.
I to be trampled & displayed, flayed of spirit upon the rug of a sterile room,
have called my garden *ha-tórah*
and to the capsuled grave of the thief & of the rich
have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
and from the tenderest of roots have seen turned
the sandstream into bloom.

*And all the happy people go sailing in a screen
with the bombshells of whoredom clinging to their lips of sorrow. . . .*

*And an albatross wing, turned slightly black,
snaps, tossed in through their hair. . . .*

*With the wind blowing the dead albatross wing
through their rotations of the stair. . . .*

*And this to this has come from thus, from thus shall come to other,
and from this sprawl the dust of smoke tomorrow.*

Your drudgeries sink into the pale, oh strangers of machinery, with judgements of the S.S. mail whose olden lecher's tale
is folded thrice and then retold in telling what thy merchants sold and scolded at the vending of the schoolhouse.
Your hands are sold into the net, oh children of machinery, by grade of set & spectacle whose only circumget
is the molding & refolding of brain as laborhammer's millet and spine as grinder for the workhouse.
Your dirges breathe of empty breath, oh folksies of our mining worms, with obsequies for thinnest net in balladfactories,
with praises from obfuscated dreams in organs of the tower & laudations for house of slaughter.
Your ballots game the game of teeth, oh crowd whose grapes are of the asp, the smiling of a kingly seat
for the pedestrty, the dull chisel, the crack of head whose holler goes into the house whose meat is fodder.

And I have been interred in the entryways of clamorous barrooms & nondescript cafes
to whisper intellect or hand a coin of must & have-you-not & thou shalt not continue,
I who from the One Unknowable have heard the Telling of the days, I whose offering is soul
to reverence He Who Threads and Spins them, I whose hand's chrysanthemums have blossomed
to be given unto an age whose ways are shadows, I who carry the trumpets of balladry & death
upon the ballast of thy frail intoxication; and ye people, the people yell their furies
against the heretic of pleasure's christendom, the heretic among the land of stuff,
the land of fetishes of stuff & crowns of plastic icons: and must then I be not
doomsayer of the great Amerikana? And then when other and when not myself shall I for thee become?

How long for thee be the cup I drink of wormwood? How long for thee be the egg & milk of blood?
Ye whose heart turns the pasture of other to wasteland
Ye whose eye turns the highway of God to a river of tears
Ye whose odes turn the Giving of wonder to a space of distant rocks who give blessing & curse
Ye whose mouth is full of flesh, whose meat is torture & idolatry
Ye whose flesh is full of cancer, whose cancer is daily bloodshed & daily silence of the masses
Ye whose masses are a moratorium of disease, whose disease is upon the whole earth

*And all the happy people go sailing in a screen
with the bombshells of whoredom clinging to their lips of sorrow. . . .*

*And an albatross wing, turned slightly black,
snaps, tossed in through their hair. . . .*

*With the wind blowing the dead albatross wing
through their rotations of the stair. . . .*

*And this to this has come from thus, from thus shall come to other,
and from this sprawl the dust of smoke tomorrow.*

¶

Ah, begrudge not God where dust of empires remains upon the greener earth & spring inhering in
disfigurement of sickness, convalescence in room of severed mirrors & a clock with a cuckoobird
singing upon the darkest isles of our dream kingdom in the lamplit room of our living.

Ah, and there is a goodness that inheres also in the spirit of man as sapients—capacitants for personness
or something of the sort—metaphysics in neighborly duties or other; but there is no sapience herein
the greater America; and the Spirit is the Old Deathbringer at His Most Empty, and the worms
have split, have feasted already on the copper cheeks of the Iron Lady of Manhattan.

Oh, what a gaunt & louse inheritance to be called fellow American. To be the infantile screech of aluminium rods,
to have breath & smile & coke of politick in the essence of spirit's thumbnail, to have marked
books with immediate death, and bare forehead with a smiling pricetag for the room of our falseliving.

Oh, and the Lady of Copper has rusted with oxytocin & more cocaine, and even in the drunk flapping meat of her ecstasies
her torch has always lit itself for the fires of oppression; and even the birthpangs of her freest expressers
sing only the songs called "Self for self of Self in self" toward other as self of self in self
and freedom self please self to self for self do self born self for self all be all for self (*and then love*).

Ah, and the only goodness in her heart is a beggar in a fruity bulwark of dircloths, and the only remedy for her leprosy
is the furnace of fire wherein all the innocent blood of her bathwater is remembered in seven courses
of terror & death, and the cleansing of her leprosy besigns the Will to the room of our actual living.

Yah, Yah, and the vastsweeping Finger of God as has all shall bring all come past to happen, to bring as passed come all He shall.
And here on our infertile tables the discussers bleat like goats to continue discussing the game of stock,
of ball & millionaire, of billionaire & noble game & machine of war; and the days of Babel are dust
already, and the stone groweth from under the walls of Jerusalem & the fires upon Mount Sinai. *Higgaion*

7

A villanelle. A summary of sorts. Written at a bakery in heartache.

Man worships hollow wombs, emptiness their stillbirth,
Hysterical, naked and mad:
Man reveres what he works, destructions to the earth.

With pills for sex makes his own worth,
With stage to pretend sad or glad:
Man worships hollow wombs, emptiness their stillbirth.

He fixates a fetish for mirth,
Lies he sews to talk of monads:
Man reveres what he works, destructions to the earth.

He praises the work of his girth,
He raises the trends of his fads:
Man worships hollow wombs, emptiness their stillbirth.

Pillows of stone shall be their dearth,
All love they have bound to be bad:
Man reveres what he works, destructions to the earth.

Who has seen death's distant, pale firth
Who lived to tell how to be clad?
Man worships hollow wombs, emptiness their stillbirth:
Man reveres what he works, destructions to the earth.

8

With the influence of a Spanish Gypsy: the poet must poem be of himself for the poem is a Word from the dream of life: the dream of the actual in life the poem upon the poet's heart of mind in a state of wonder and of awe: and all this of the Speech Eternal unto him must come, and the rest for us is interpretation.

1

Replace machine of spinning wheel with a jubilee, the bullet
with oxen & hope of Shepherd.

Replace engine of marketplace with a vineyard, the pill
with garden of neighbors.

Replace vacuum of the institute with a brainworm, the aircooler
with orchard of apples.

Replace industry of steelman with a dog & flock, the bullet
with lepidoptera & *Ha-Shabbos* from God.

What then is the yoke in a vat when the grease boils and the hen
is alive? What then is the knife in the fat
of milk whose heifer's blood unto God
outcries? What then is the wheel in a tempest
while the earth sings repose from our brimstone?

I pluck the daisies of old graveyards, singing
falalee falalee

I play the dungbeetle pushing my dung up a hill of daisies, singing
falalee falalee

A little rabbit, a dumb little innocent
 rabbit
 ran underneath my car the other day—death
 beneath the spinning wheel of the machine.
 Sudden,
 death.
 The fool a meal of flies, or
 worms. The sage a meal of flies,
 or worms. (Poor flesh.
 Fools we all.) And,
 laughing suddenly,
 I wept
 with the bullet in my skull,
 and the neighborhood
 has no appletrees along the roadside.
 There was a dog there who hungered
 whose master offered bits
 & a spray for the pestilence
 of wild yellow flowers.
 (They guard and keep their giving
 of rabbits
 for the great engine.)
 Days passed in our pluralism of tolerance
 for the carcass of the rabbit,
 mutilated
 in the middle of the neighborhood
 road.
 The stench of blood
 & maggots in blood,
 of guts
 & maggots in guts,
 and the neighborhood road remained
 quiet
 as safely it is,
 as is normal.
 And I have seen on the neighborhood road
 there is no mercy in the grasses, only
 a hunger.
 And I have seen through the windows of the neighborhood
 there is no happiness between the rocks & the bed for flowers, only
 a safehouse
 & hunger.
 And I have seen the silence go uninterrupted on welcome mats & T.V.
 in the doorhouses & rooms along the roadsides of all my boyhood
 waiting behind all the living of my child, and
 I hunger, I hunger,
 & a thirst.



Written whilst Yeshurun grew fat and stopped kicking, upon the patio of the house of my upbringing overlooking the new dystopian sort of Soviet-style suburban housing neighborhood where once lived a field of crops behind the backyard; whilst attempting to overcome.

Oh you, hello you there, there you, oh bellybrain, dost thou call upon my feet today to fill thyself
 With insatiety? Dost thou desireth to please with oxen hearts and with a peach
 The vacuum of the senses? Could thou not be reached to witness our mutual
 Sedition and defiance against our reason? Oh, my dear and happy bellybrain,
 I have a gutted wish toward be kingship—and could you not tell my fortune in this wafer?

This is me at my most masochistic: one entire baguette from the bread factory,
 A small wheel of cheese from the udder of a parisian goat, brain full of wine and
 Full of mouth and teeth, brain full of masturbation and sighs. I do know it is
 A lie, to eat perchance to replace love or friendship or revolution. (Or God? Oy, but I am mass
 And gravity.) I am compiling dust for the toilet to swallow: these pipes accept my self-abasement.

Oh, thou dearest bellybrain, hast thou not enough of blood in thy lungs? The air is becoming
 A nausea which turneth into mine eyes. Yes, our yellow smoke that crawleth up the windowpanes, yellow
 My fauxcloak in the artnouveau countryside, our cornbread suburbia of America's saltshakers
 Whose orgy is the amusement of California and the Phantasia's great adventure. Oh! I am happy to be here.
 And I stay, positively. Oh! For progress of the decadent man I remember when you clawed the gold from my mouth

And gave Adam the rights of outerspace, as long as he never talked to God. It's in the stem, the leaf:
 The seed, the fruit of God's Love. Credit to the marketeer: the world as mirror and serf. Credit to the priest:
 the world as devil-ruled and serf. Credit to the schoolteacher: the world as priests and marketeers
 and more politick assorted serfs. Offer of the songbird: world as not insufferable and the red of heartstuff
 without opium. Offer of the opium: world as sufferable when hallucinating for the cause of a corpse's factories.
 I could never keep so quiet. I have wanted toward disquietness for the many. I to disturb have given me works, me tossings,
 me garbages, me fill of fruit & search: and could you tell me fortunes, after all me urges? Oh, so my chalice runneth over. *Selah*



And I do keep I the dew
 of love held I in milk mine eyes of wonder
 viscousdoves unraveled by rose in crowcalls dawn & twilight,
 in mailboxes of corrosion uponwhere Glory the Glory of God is
 the facegreyface of the moon, OrandOr and blackcloud eats the moon for food

Yehi Or va'Yehi Or

and I do see I the good
 from Spirit in this of longbrought desperate
 generids ephemerids yes miseries misfortunes yes
 its griefs its dissolutes its marrows flesh despair its no its yes its roots
 behallowed & besung its rare its search its yes its no in ataraxis being there
 of anywhere abundant fruit its through its yes its no its dissolute
 though frenzies greed the and & go and manias the oppressor
 though shocks bloodpulse go to & come toward our vain in gravestone
 though contumelied eyelids go & leave and sheaves not see our flagpoles
 waving destruction's fields of godless men, and yes
 though bloodwallowed our stasis of charitable death in the silent villages,
 though harrowing the cry of earth mutilated raped lay bleeding blackly blackly
 to be silent

and though and though and though
I Yes

Vai'yomer Elohim Yèhi Or va'Yèhi Or

And though I vessel I man I
marrow & mucus & blood I
tendon & meat & bone I
feces & stomach & born of mud I
poet whose reed shall ink the winds of God

Ah! aha! ach! some Bethlehem I Nebraska herein lived
heretheby my stranger neighbor lovedtheeby continuum continuum ashes to
ashes fall they all theebye. Clock work our eidolons into nethersea
Return me return here me Nebraskaby allot me spearstone feathered people
Crow my Crow my Rosebudfoot, Blackfootland Sequoiatongue be
o my people mine people people be mine
Ach! Aha! Oh! Oh my what have I done unto thee? I Nebraska lived heretheeby
I wait I call thee by

And I do I do contain me
joy in carry my feet
I runriverrunriver
withernotwithern me I
beflower me feet
YHWH deluge the menotme
YHWH unfolding the roses for me

YHWH

Holy! Holy! Holy!
Be He!
Eternity He!
He Eternity Itself Be He!
Ehyeh'asher'Ehyeh Says He!

Yes delugesweep mine people white mine people minemynotme and keep we little
to be not towers as men to be not statues not rungs be men to be not idols & guns
as men instead instead let men to not be skins who idol dead let bread be plenty
and milk & milk & milk & fruits of garden and chickendung grows
(Hineh mah 'Tov! Mah 'Tov! Mah 'Tov!)
tomatofruit garden be plums be peaches be thyselfes thine befruited trees how good! how good!
o Return me then meminemenotme when the nethersea has me becleansed of body *Amen*

❧

Flooded rose with worm
Fullness of black milk, empty
Carcasses, gardens

Indulge us our dust
Body animalia
Worm's feast, skin of soil

Death's bed, nirvana

Strive not to be to become
Abstract, formless, void

Sigh, oh fallen branch
Remain budless, with God, wait
Patience gathers moss

Daily gathering
Fruitless spines for black treesale
Anthill, selves bedrugged

Oil in roots of rose
Wither stiffly, weather not me
In beds of no thorns

Rejoice, ye oaks thick and furrowed,
Seek not the orchid's fragile stem nor root:
Crows have nested, squirrels have burrowed,
And in thirst and reaching the tree is good,
though fruit trees too are born to be as soot.

יב

I exist performing
the eternal balancing act—(my
waltz trapeze! my rited
spring! my violent song, my ballet sing!)
—upon the silver cords
of the dead. Beneath is void:
void unto my holocaust of mirrors:
void unto the abyss in the heavens:
and the clouds forever
return. And I have seen the way of the dead:
there is no spirit
in flesh where hopelessness is
—it has no breath in it.

יג

Could I be butchered
in the garden of Eden
with love?
be then buried and
alive beneath
the dust
of my sorrow? I have
Yes

I am

a little, dumb fish,
in a pond
beneath the willow
and the eastern sun. God tosses in a stone
on an Occasioned Whim,
or a Penny
of His Thought.
and the water tosses, ripples.
And beneath
the slumped, western sun,
my brief hopes are shadows,
despite all the fishes, or
the many lights
beneath the wings of a black heron.

And sometimes God appears as the Blackheron:
Swift and Brutal and Sublime:
Giving and Devouring and
Always and
Neverfull.

And sometimes, on the shofars of the wind
God appears
with transmigratory leaves who talk
as His messengers
among the tallgrasses, or
He Shows Himself
as a Pillar of liberation and
the Burning,
like an albatross of the Eternal
to carry us over the faces of the deep, or
as an eagle Immaterial and Formless
over the wildernesses who give no living,
and upon the Burning,
to some place like a Zoar,
a Horeb or Sinai—
and not for any other reasons.

And I think my sorrow eases His Solitude.
my sorrow and this wind
who comes with songs of Zion.

*YHWH Is the God of Salvation, God the Everliving,
Over the sands and shorelines of the heavens,
Beneath the lights and pillars of the earth. 728*

77

In the great little city upon the Nebraskaland, west of the Missouri river—namely, Omaha—where I come from—I went on a date with a girl who had been priorly kidnapped for some half of a year and had only been home for a month. We had matched on a banal dating app sometime before this kidnapping, and we had talked about some Nabokov and Dostoevsky in the cruel little talkmachines of our modern addictions, voyeuristic shame, and vicarious solaces. Then she went silent, as I remembered, when she reminded me after it happened that I waited on her table at a cajun restaurant (this after the return from kidnapping) in the suburbs while she was with her mother and mother's older sister. We went on a date the next day, and then planned one for a week later.

Our first date was as beautiful as any date I had ever entered or left in all the days of my searches for love. I picked her up from her mother's house and instead of following the coffee plan we went to the Missouri river. (I suggested this before learning of the scenario of her kidnapping, and with almost no hesitation she accepted the spontaneity of my company—and may this ever be called a virtue—only America be called a crime for raping innocence and turning it to prostitution.) Soon there was a riverside confessional of her sorrow and her many horrors, and of a dream she had, something like a vision of herself in a garden in a storm which was written in a poem; wherein also she told me that if she ever did disappear again without explanation, it was in returning to him: for she had the trauma of the Stockholm leash: mania began and ended with his handful of pills, hunger began and ended with his handful of bread. (And she said she was never fully raped in all that time, only continuously half-raped in almoses.) We went downtown and my vagabond acquaintance, Allen, played his guitar and sang his vagabond song for us. She had on dyed hippie pants and we walked barefooted in the rain on a hot summer day to the river and in the city. We talked and played piano and talked in the living room of her mother's house. (We never kissed, of course—who would want the lips of a man only a month after all these things? So I ever tell to me, yes? Yes.) She opened little else of herself but could see I could see her in ways of no one else, and had said so, frightenedly, as I could see she could see me also, for she also was a bit of a brilliance of music and words and literature; and she also was goodwilled and everlonely. I think I fell in love with her in some ten hours of a date. We planned for another: I was to teach her how to swim at a local nature park, or we could go actually to coffee if that seemed too daring. She opted for the swimming. However, she cancelled the date only an hour before I was to pick her up. She told me a call would be welcome, despite her sense of an inescapable antisociality that very day. She never answered that call, or the second later on, or the third then later. I had been rejected and not had much a care in the past, and I would have held nothing against her for ghosting in a state of fear or panic. Or perhaps she panicked and then panicked more for panicking about going on a second date, wondering if ever she could love another man after what had happened, and panic went through her blood and marrow; and then she turned to where her instincts had been coiled and twisted to turn—that is, to him. That is what she had told me before she would do, after all. So, sparing some further detail, I then wrote this poem, searched around for her any sign of her or for some help for some time of more than a month, and have never seen her or heard from her again. Summer 2024.

Go to the river, with me, Alison, can we?
I am wary of your throat of dust, oh, Sarah, Sarah, or of mine.
Dimensions thorough as a sun bleeding from these your eyes.
Or of mine, which keep blackening with hopelights.
Or simply love me with the child of your breast.
You keep many objects here on these rocks.
And your skin is soft and pale.
I am being impaled in your tempest's garden.
I cannot watch the dust in another fire upon my palms.
Though you were never in my grasp, I hoped.
I have always hoped.
I have begged for the end of hope, but I could never be other than a lover.
Incongruencies are everywhere in our tales.
Oh, mirror, mirror, shake me from my ephemera—I am keeping it.
I should have danced with her while our vagabond sings: I should have given my hope to her.
Why could not I love with her, anyone?
I am not even listening to myself.
Oh mortal nausea in hymnals! Oh eternal suicide in the park!
The police are never available when it's needed.
Do not be hysterical, let me.
Blame thee thyself, the disappearances of thy daughters, oh ye happy & fat & comfortable.
The pimps & buyers, the whoredom.
Thine be thee: thine be thy ubiquitous whoring of your daughters.
Thine be thee: thine be of thy sons their ubiquitous raping of your daughters.
I convulse at a table of my servitude: portrait of his sedatives in her body, his noose upon her soul.
Fury: it is a redness in living wells, and very bleak.
Seller: name: pig hanging from bridge of my longing.
Emblem: Amerika: pig hanging from bridge of our dreams.
Oh, the easyspeak, the shame of breath I live to share in.
Tell, do tell. I want you to lay where you laid in our few hours under each night.
A troublesome sea, a thousand illwrought arrows of God: and keep me my dreams from sleeping.
Were you only a finch who sings for a morning, and I the branch of your relief from the tempest?
The wind is still blowing, return, I wished you please return.
Oh! The sun is a phantom of our conceit.
Oh! The sun looks as black from the windows of my eyes as my dream of sleep.
You could see me in your mirror more than you could see your mother.
It's not abnormal, anyway: you have no mania I could never trust.
We must have been fingerlaced a thousand lifetimes before you lay in the threads of my desire.
But I need your hand to pull you from the abyss behind your mirror.
And this coil never to be shed for the sake of the living, and all the words of our tomorrows return, return.

יה

Another story: situation: (and being does happen as subject in event of relation & situation of other subjects: some eclipse the former which eclipse the eclipser, and whose mind's well can fathom lucidly so deep to know the Speech of God in the flickering glass of our days?) Situation? A first date with a woman of piercings & tattoos. My own follies of urge libidinal—Ha'Nephesh Chayyah—& romantic desperation in the city of Omaha. Longing to belong in arms, yes, yes, arms longing for a love's belonging in me. Natural distresses toward the beautiful & predictably irregular turpitude. Year 2024. Some time in late spring.

Nausea. She felt nausea from the dust, the stains
of smoke upon my tongue. Naked flesh & nausea. We had our fill
of pleasure, of pleasure
and mortality is surfeited to nausea. A sound like glass bottles wracked
into a metallic dump on the other side
of the wall. Panic in bacchanalaries. Disturbance in our spittle. Flowers of our disrobement.
We dress. We gather ourselves to witness
the excitement of the hysteria of other people, and oh the fear & panic & fury!
And we did our concerning of ourselves, did not we? Do we not always?
And it is a good thing, after all, for any other earthly matter to be done
for a good thing,
before it all.

Yes, some drunk had driven his machine into a telephone pole.
He and his machine fell downside-up onto another person's machine.
Destruction. Devastation. Heaps & one body, halfly breathing.
Conscious. Drunk.
It is always midnight for the blindhearted.

There was a lion's head, a gargoyle sort at the doorway of the building. So many shadows
in the schoolyard. And a box
like a henhouse, full of picture-
Books,
for children.

I don't remember much of picture books for children
save a wilderness of familiar strangers & the fairytales from England
with their magical worlds & morality.
We never remembered the wilderness & world of morality.
Only a few neurotic dreams, hysterical utopian dreams, dreams we have sold
for the sake of selling dreams. The enigma is the continuance.
I have begged the Why of God, and there is *Sefer Daniel*.
Bystanders. Clay pigeons. The lump sum.
Somebody else with a crystal lamp to worship.
Architecture of iron maidens & polyester silks & aluminium gold.
America the beautiful of canneries, of childshoppercarts, of highwayrides & greatmouth dams.
And another unmoved pedestrian wanders inside where still
flash the lights of fear & law & fire. Herein I was moved
to disassociation
by a small patch of grass, a sign &
a bucket of shit.

DOG WASTE STATION:
PLEASE CLEAN UP AFTER YOUR DOG

It was our first date. She had prettiness & tattoos &
nausea. We said our goodbyes somewhere near 3 A.M. We
kissed. That was the last time
we kissed. I did reach to go her way, but I never did
cross her path again. And so I thought
of William's white chickens, mocking

how much depends

upon

a plastic bag
holding

the feces of
a dog

beside the grey
schoolyard.

י

Everyone has their own
pink, rusted

bicycle, gathering
deafblind dust.

Or, sickly, kindly keep
pink, wilted

roses, hanging in glass
like the dead

unvanishing between
our sleeping.

י

In the deserts of the East the peoples resent an eternal sunshine.
For death shows its way in want of tears, and water is very scarce in the desert.

In the isles of the North the peoples weep for want of sunshine.
For death shows its way in a deluge of clouds, and much rain is not bread in the cold.

And the West has brought its evangelisms to the earth,
and the earth has been swallowed in the idols of the West,
*For death comes with a bottle of anodyne, dentistry as cure for miosis, a promissory note
for a candle, and a smile to have ataraxia in the comforts, to live in pursuit of the comforts.*

And the South, whose kingdoms of the sun remain in the chains of their illusions,
claims the chains of their idols to come once to the same death as in the spirit of the young.
*For the idols come as a doorway knocking at the other door,
saying, "Abandon all joy. Abandon all sorrow,
Ye who enter here. Ye will be happy to pursue me."
And the people will be happy to be dead, to live in pursuit of not being.*

יה

What follows thus, this strange & silly rhymely tale, came from Doctor Suess-Camus, a real moose-canoe whose moose called Mouse, all while paddle-hoofing, told to me this story in the Alpadalpo region of the green rivermounts of Idaho. No, no, no. That was not it at all. I heard it on the radio! Yes! I remember! It was a frigid afterevening and an Elvis Costello impersonator doing an Elvis Presley impersonation of Elvis Presley impersonating Dr. Seuss attempting an allegorical interpretation of the works of Albert Camus. (Or was it from a spaghetti western romcom? (Or a graphictree in a haberdashery? (Or in a microscopic scroll from a cufflink in a men's warehouse?))) No, no, no...That's right! I won a contest in a social commentary in the scrolling web, and the prize was nameless braggadocio while the masses all ooglyogled the master insta poet in beanie-shoes and handsocks. Anyway, here is a parable for modern people.

"In his depths, in the town saloon, (or was it the gown salon? or Preacher John's hotair balloon?), well wherever it was," began the talking mouse called Moose, "He thought to kill himself, so then for some advice for how he brought himself to hear the priest who burned the knowledge on his shelf. The priest and chorus together preached to bathe himself in lamb's blood: the blood, they said, would wash from him the pain & sin & mud. (Curious rites, aren't they?)" And the talking horse, who was called Chelsea, went on, "So his guilt and all his shame, all the women of his lust—some were clean and some were pretty and some were more robust! But each one herself had stitched a single fume into his life (if a man could turn a thread into a stinker); and there was a fat lady in a desperate hinkerdinker, and some others who went unloved whose stitchings were the knife!"

"I know the sort," said I, "I've seen him young & middle & old. Young & lusty & not-be-trusted with a wife even of a brother. Middlaged & sourpussed & frumped into a sorting, or sourpussed & grumped & lusty (and pray for the poor mother of his child!). Old & damp & selfbedraggled & snagdicked, fat & lawnchaired & huffgrumpy with regret & nomorelights."

And so the horsedocter replied, "Yes! You've seen the kind! He would oft succumb to fast consumption—(gumptionless the glutton for a muttonleg! and wait till you see him have a dreg with a cartonfull of eggs!)—avoiding hours of grief: you see, eternal life was his assumption, forgetting death's relief; (for life is very brief, and a soul ungracious of the granted is his own life's thief). So everyday," said he to me, "I watched him push his little rock up his little hill, pretending to be happy; but only on the day it felt absurd & nomoresappy did he think himself to kill. Never had he seen the sun, never the earth had known: yes, better it is to be unborn than a thousand years bemoan; (and that moreover as a creature of the underground, of serfdom for a stranger's house, who never saw the light abound.)

"And so they came, those dread singers, on a mild afternoon," this odd, pop-philosophical horsedoctormoose resumed. "They held him to the lookingglass, gave him a microscope: he saw his life, he saw his waste, and begged for potency to cope, for in the earth just one more moment, in the earth just one last thing to grope: they offered him eternity as flesh with a toothbrush as his bestowment! (and get this! get this! what an elephantsnit's atonement!) This brutefellow asks, and without irony or wit, would he get a bar of soap! (How hygienic for the moment!)

"And so then & therefore, with a scythe they lopped his head, lest his daisies never hope."

And with that the one Mr. Dr. Suess-Camus paddle-hoofed away in a moose-canoe with moose called Mouse and the Elvis Costello horsemecinemouse singing about uncaught rabbits of unfulfilled friendships. And somebody said something about a Sisyphus being the local janitor at a Runzhouse in a zoo elephant's rectum whose belly cannot be satisfied. (How gross!) I then wandered the other direction, sameward-bound, reflecting that of all the existentialaters, none seemed less as self-idolaters than the crows in a wasteland's trees after the scenes of war. The crows and I, a lonely Jew in a poorhouse.

טו

come,
come near
brief nectarine of yogilove and yodel for me, come near,
Inhale
Black & swallowing Rage of God in
exhaled tenthousand vanished suns

yes,
dear twofaces & lovely at the physique-me parlorhouse,
Inhale phlegmatic dances,
our anxieties in hedonic grass; (or was it upblown to balloon, the glass
of the meditative moon?) Ah! Exhale then the windblown dew
for phosphorescent food
in the slaughterhouse of the machinist's gods
and eat the shrubbery, instead:
I have no idolatries, no phantasms of corpses to worship:

Inhale despair then
selfsame pedestrian lovergirls, somatose loverboys with soiled rags
ye hanging
from the black steeples of Amerika. Yes,
exhale the grotesque—your hallucinations of prosperhouse with mouths of black
tar & gold in
urinations of your psychosis
whose hope is an iron coat of pennies &
oxidation

yes,
come Inhale the inevitable, the ontical dust
of progress toward comfort lifelong for the entire Adam: witness
liberty in suburban windchimes & an old broken bell
whose song is the cursing of angels, of singers
in the park, or dancers in a sitdown alehouse, whose liberty is
death to soul of child, death to heart of wonder in child, death to spirit of dreams
in eyes of little child whose song was

HalleluYah !
HalleluYah !
Hallelu ! Hallelu !

oh come,
come ye
shiny telepeople, ye happyfolk, ye marketpeople,
come revel, come yogidoo,
come beerguzzle & spiritshoot
in the blood
of the graves of the buffalo for whom the winds outcry
to the God of gods, Yes
upon the fields of the bones of my people, come slutout,
come asslick & merry be to the goodly Amerikan showtown
of the torment & slaughter & blood
of a million dailybulls dailycows in autobutcherhouse for the glut
of the everyday innocents, of a millionbillion daily swine for the polka
of the olde commonfolke, of a milliontrillion dailyroosters for the smiles
of the blameless everyworkman,
Yes

come
eat the blood of your festal offerings to gut!
eat the blood of your gluttoning rage!

Oh, impotent jaw of my hands! Oh, the impotent wind of my age!
Horror has come! Horror comes! Horror has come for the Day!

I envision a locomotive in a dark tunnel,
a fat & leprous man laughing, drunk, driving
toward it, busfull
of his own children
imagining the lights
to be utopia, or a cornfield
of the dreams of heaven. . . .

Blood of the fat man whose glut is destruction.
Rejoice, oh earth of my people!
Death of the fat man whose consumption is falsehood.
Rejoice, oh people of my land in the earth!

הודו ליהוה כי טוב

כי לעולם חסדו

אמן

כ

Dance! ye shadows toward oblivion! Dance! ye shadows in ecstasy!
Psychogenic waters drip from ceiling full of lights.
Dance! ye lights through infinite stream! Dance! ye lights in ecstasy!
They're giving psychotropics at platform of door. They're giving visions of death
at the platform of the door

℘

Will the girls who scream know love requited while their idol performs?
Weep for the daughters with bullets in white dresses. Weep for the daughters with mouths of bullets in the schoolyard.
Will the girls who scream while their idol performs remember the fears, the wish of the mother? remember the hurt,
the face of another?
Weep for the daughters raped with nightclubs. Weep for the daughters raped with magazines

℘

Dance of blood happening through millenia. Dance of death coursing through the minutes the hours of days.
Cycles of movement and effect in time present and time past in ellipses of generation and decay
going all to void, going all to black, going all to Hand of God bereft.
Dance eternal of returning wind. Dance eternal of the sea and the leaf.
Essence of obsolete in zero and ever here that cannot be Nothing. Essence of Absolute in One
and ever here that cannot be other than God

℘

I wept here, hearing the forlorn bluebird sing her song of tiredness, of hopelessness, of lovelessness in sex.
I wept here, remembering their soft bodies.

Oh, women whom I have loved!
Oh, ye daughters of the earth!
Oh, soft animals of love!
Oh, my daughters of the earth!

I want my daughter to be.
I want my daughter to be
Good

℘

What meant the rock from which became the seed? What the furnace of the tiger's eyes?
What the river? What the sun? What the hammer of the gun?
What meant the pasture from which became the lamb? What the needle of the serpent's tongue?
What the forest? What the moon? What the wilted daffodil in bloom?
What meant the sea from which became the sun? What the anvil of the earth?
What the mathematic? What the milk? What the woman dressed in silk?

Dances and Dances and Dances
Turn and Return and Turn
Dances and Stillness and Dances

Return and Turn and Return



after it all,
after the noise, the fury, the sudden call,
after the snare of moonlight downed upon a downing shawl,
after the evening's disappearance and the scent of morning's rosy sheet,
after the pomegranate trees, the dates, the figs, the peaches on the beach,

I want my daughters to be—
Yes,

after the movement of the tomb,
after the candle brief,
after the engine dies beneath the mother's womb,
after the forest burns of all its wood,

I want my daughters to be Good.



I lay me down
among the thorns, the petals, the unfolding calculus of blooms;
among the wasp, the monarchs, the hives where prosper them, and doom
be me,
alone
and without
friend, wearied
of dewsong, synthetics
and crabweed earth
in sorrow's bed
of blacklipped roses.

And I know I know of griefs foretold,
unknown
and known to be
anywhere,
and despair has become a friend
of antiquities
with hosts of ameliorated frogs also
anesthetized beneath their scalpels
of dissection, my songbirds
etherized by their children of
sanitariums, lobotomied
children
whose knowledge is fear
and dissection.

And so I sing sing I
my songs to dirt and sky carry my
carried my weary eye slipping the dirt through bones
my bones tell me it is
marrow: (tell cannot you feel the spurn

of patient dulled in salt and turn?) and look the patient
worm, pulsing war in attic burns, burns in windows
dreaming dirt we hold
for search of home and dirt remains
in weeping: (cannot you hear flesh
writhing, squirm in drunkenness to be
celestial and death already said itself
would be near you?) and thrive you
naked embryonic dirt you for

pasqueflower, for bushel marigolds under eyelid
bolden nights of love unthefted but moths have come a hunger,
and the sheet our roses once were in holiness is ruins.

No, I do not seek a shrunken god
for comfort's sake of grieving, or image for a saking
quietude of and without multitudes many the Eyes Eternity's
Witness to unrealities my thrall my disenthral my thrash about
the tulips or sick the willow where cannot be founded I or
founded cannot unfounded be; and

Have you stared into the glass and seen the Terror of Sublime
in a handful of your dust, you truly Mister Wasteland?
(I will give you Fear: God's Hand full of dust
and keep me our wailing,
our waiting at the wall whose name is also
Dust in Peace's City.)
I have become war pastures, bull offering, wasteland,
circus in my dreamchamber, (what and for?
goodspirit for pursuit? for whom group is me is?), to speak
of merriment in love's sprinkled streets.
(Oh but neighbors believe my psalms are madness!)
Have you felt the Terror in the One of God and known
what come shall and has with Blacktongue Deepmost in
self's noumenon? (O! Black Unimaginable

Inkeeping all! O! Despair Unimaginable Inspeaking
all!) Yes
there Is God Is God Is God
Yes there Yes there Yes there Holy
here Yes and let us ode to **YHWH** God, pray to kneel to
O! my Beautiful my *Elyon* my God beloved Yes

lather me Yes in dark wisdom's oil and with I alight to growth our suns
Yes, Keep my skull, my Reaper my Rock, Destroyer me my and my Give me

and this for flesh to worms. (O! and once was happier this day that
than that of my day birth yes
and not because and no and no—) To live to Yes to love I want and but
I sing I but and oh I watch and die I must like with the earth
and we are weeping.

But O! my God *Elyon Elyon*, my God Sublime **YHWH** and oh
I want my God Omnipotent *Shaddai* to be to

Ha-Qadosh

to Be
and the whole earth whole, whole Filled with His Face,
His Glory. *HalleluYah*

כב

And I have been to the houses of folly,
revelled in wine to find madness
in company with vexation
in tongues who scoff at the good,
and oh! to lie on the brink of the sea among them.
And I have feasted in the houses of mirth,
been entertained with the sport & the game,
and the cinema continued in the city,
and oh! to lie at the brink of the sea among them!
And I have watched their rivers turn to bone & to ash
to grow the grasses of the houses greener,
the houses entertained with the pleasures
of the cutting of grass to turn it greener
with the talk of the sport & the game,
and oh, and oh, to lay here at the brink of the sea among them....

And there will be times, the hours of times,
Hours come to hour's end, tend for an hour's soon begin, and ended for you and for me.
Hours for the times, times for the crease, the sheaves of fruit & of disease,
hours of the sweetly bitter & hours of the (oh-so!) bitterlysweet,
hours whereupon the hour's shore is born and taken of the sea.

And there will be times of God wherein our eyes are blood & days of wine,
times when the blood of times & wine turns to water upon the rind
and there will be no end of wonder.
And there will be times of God wherein a quiet stills our weeping springs,
time quiet from this time's violent rings gone through the open window
and there will be music with no forgetting.
And there will be times of God when He moves the shells of all the earth
and this, and this be done with no remorse
of pillars or of forms or of all of breath & breath of life.
And there will yet then be no more of war, no strife be taught in her,
on whom her children see the sky of sun & dark of search,
and in the silence hear all things speaking,
“Our God is One, He is **YHWH**, and there is no other.”

and forever will be the times of God when *HalleluYah*

and forever are the times of God when is *HalleluYah*

and Forever is *Hallelu Hallelu*

and **YHWH** God is *and Hallelu Hallelu HalleluYah*

Epilogue to Book 1

—Wisdom cries aloud in the streets,
raises her voice in the marketsquares.
At the head of the trafficked streets she calls;
at the gates and entrances, in the center of the city, she preaches:
“How long will you simple people love your simpleness,
you scoffers scoff so eagerly,
and you the dumb hate knowledge?
You are indifferent to my reproachment:
I will now speak my mind to you,
and let you to know my thoughts.
Because you rejected me when I called,
and paid no mind when I offered my hand of love,
Because you spurned all of my advisements,
and would not hear my repulsion to you,
I will laugh at your calamity,
and mock when terror falls upon you.
When terror comes as disaster,
and calamity arrives in a whirlwind,
when tumult and distress come upon you,
you shall call but I shall not answer,
you shall seek but not find me:
because you hated knowledge,
and would not choose the Reverence of **YHWH**.
You have refused my counsel,
and disdained all of my exhortation.
You shall eat the fruit of your own ways,
and have your fill of your own counsels.
The tranquilities of the simpleminded will be their deathknells,
and the willfulness of the dumbstupid will be their own destruction.
But he who listens to me will dwell in safety,
untroubled by the terror of calamity—
from Proverbs 3

1

Summer come! oh come black summer of eidolons!
Wherein I would be drunk
from the yellow milkfalls of the sun,
and the river has become
bone, has it not become black
as the ashes of your bones, my Annie, as the ashes
of your ashen hair, dear Shulamit?
And scamply her sweet yellow poppies beg to be adored, offering themselves with Margarete, her golden hair
in springtime Germany, in our marching land where the echoes of the death still
in the olden fields of our life's shadows
with harps & harpsichord & fiddle,
and the harpybird is shrieking
in America now with milk turned yellow in the ease.
(oh give me her black honey! her black opium! her fever!).
And here wherein I pluck the veiny leaves of the old & hollow tree
to scry myself meandering
through idiot heat & idiot daisies;
and the grave has not been so shallow
or any deeper than ever it once was
but the soil of my eyes is stone,
and beneath them is a garden shown in me.

Summer come! oh come pale summer of idylls!
I want to touch the bare skin of the earth with bare my feet

in rosethorns and let my blood my footprint be
through mud and through dirge of the river Jordan
and through urges of music in the winds & sands whispering
songs of the earth's travail & sorrow
and in songs between the moon & the dog.

I want to suck immaculate milk of pomegranates in the sandseas of Engedi
and drink the juices of sublime figs in the land of our ancestors
and taste the oils of olives in our mountains of the dead;
to talk with Eternity about the absurd and absurdly
Halleluyah in all our comings & goings & passing away.

I want to love to burdening love the burning of love
to be beloved in ecstasy of love of skin in ecstasy of skin
of skin my flesh my flesh & bone in warmly marrow
to sleep in softly sleep again to wake in love to make
our love our love our love again begin
the day begin to sleep in love again ever again

Everything of sweetest dream. Everything of milk & honey.

2

Sleeping in the city bleak
our shadows come our souls to seek:
What hereafter would be doors
are guns & bombshells on the floors.

I could hold a tune with fruits
or charm strange snakes with stranger flutes:
Did you use or slit the string
which with a veil sings every thing?

Do you see me? Do you see?
Do you sow tears to reap your sheaves?
Will you eat from apple trees?
You call obscenity all true belief:
I lunatic who cackles at a prophet's thief.

Everything of sweetest dream. Everything of milk & honey.

3

I peeled a branch who offered peach and found its sap was poison.
What science of strange fruit exists? What knowledge? What metaphysic of strange essence?
Meal of bird & ape & man: what Will brings stone through root & branch
to offer sweetest substance? will of chance to turn the talking tongue to taste it?
will of binding infinite expanse in countless contradictions of indifference?

Oh world of the machinist's neonfruit supermarket!
Oh village of paraded tractors!
Oh town marching band with infants on the altar of commerce!

And the neighbors are watering the grass yesterday & tomorrow & today.
And the neighbors will be cutting the grass yesterday & tomorrow & today.
There is no garden of neighbors in our metropolis. There are suicidal children
in the park & drunken mothers
at the nightclubs & drunken absentees drooling for clandestine
asstongues & the hollihocks & the mulberries
of Molly. This, of course, was all in the paper, silently.
And they go on, freely belabouring selves for all these things
far beneath the surface of the earth.

Everything of sweetest dream. Everything of milk & honey.

4

Plague of maggots in the heart of the dog meaning
Death
Debauchment of fruit in the soul of the worm meaning
Death
Paranoia of masses in the bowels of the tower meaning
Death
Bloodrot turned black in the feathers of the swan meaning
Death
Castration of boyhood in the bread & grapes of the priest meaning
Death

Timotheus, old friend, why do I shiver
in the presence of your cold? Why do I stutter
in the vagueness of your false stare? I shall depart with my despair.

Timotheus, old friend, why do you shun
with your long hair? Why do you shun with the crooked
smile of your despair? I shall go with all the wine you sold
and tales of laughter told.

And I have witnessed the deathwish of many strangers as I said hello in the cafes of America:

be thou silence: tolerate the others: glee our coexistence.

And I have watched the huddled vagabonds of midwinter who slit each other for amphetamines, or who with tongues in obfuscations of mud & cold
& vodka write catatonic poems on foodstamp receipts and become mad hoarders with furies in their grocery bags and turn fat:

be thou silence: tolerate the others: glee our coexistence.

And I have seen emaciated children raped by psychwards whose hearts were pure lithium & bromide and whose dreams turned black in the
florescent bulbs of the schoolhouse, whose wonder turned blind in the blue lights of television games & magazine roulettes of anorexic beauty:

mourning be love: grieve the others: debasement our existence.

And I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed:

there is no heart of love in the cities of our tolerance, only
the basenesses of decency & a cruel wish in traffic.

Everything of sweetest dream. Everything of milk & honey.

5

Of what do I speak?

Nihilism in the saintheart of the doctor. Nihilism in the braveheart of the engineer.

Artifice in the bricks of spring. Flowerstuff in rooftops as decoration over iniquity & perversion.

Horses pull reveries of a vacuous time of nostalgia's turning which had no existence.

Pigeonshit the redemption of art in the sidewalks of pedestrians. Generations consuming the flesh
of swine & cream of cowblood from the iron hands of industry. Crows sing the only unhollow song:

"How long?" Another artist piles straws toward enlightenment in a museum for the modernman.

Nihilism in the pasteheart of the artist. Nihilism in the leechheart of the priest.

Everything of sweetest dream. Everything of milk & honey.

6

Oh ye industrial stalks in the heart of America,

You pour gasoline into your guts to become cowards with the black blood of debauchery. You drink cyanide
for pleasure to give your malaise to the whole earth's little children. You use people as rungs of a ladder and your sons & your
daughters use each other as sexobjects. You starve yourselves of beauty in your gates to make yourselves deaf & merciless to the outcries
of starvation in your neighborhood. You stuff yourselves with stuffs & things to make yourselves empty with the plastic berries wrought
with the blood & lash upon the children of the whole earth. You proclaim the blessing of God upon your entertainment to walk the earth
as automatons of pride in godless serfdom. You hasten toward the collective death of mankind for ephemera and strangle your children
with usuries & falsehoods.

Oh me industrial stalks in the heart of america,

May your days be black as the ninth plague over Egypt. May your hopes be dust and the fruits of your labors
be abscesses & leprosies. May you come to weeping and your comfort be a blanket of dirt & tissues of sandpaper.

May your wine be wormwood as it is an adder's venom and your water be salt. May your tongue be glued to your teeth
as its den is a nest of a viper's eggs. May your curse be the curse of Sodom, and your empire stand as the empire of Babel,

Interlude: 3 Utterances of Dew or an Aria for 3 Voices

1

*In short, yes, it is a tale of old, being told before to be told again or never,
again unto the last of stories old and then begin
Unto the last of words and sentences of syllables are meant
which gather earth into stone and hammer down a Judgement.
And tell them then what comes to be is Writ in those old Commandments Ten.*

And I have walked barefooted through the stargilded streets of America, through the streets of slow trafficking whose crowds are always
going elsewhere, nowhere known unto themselves, hurriedly, banksheet in hand, callers & radios & wreckage,
Through the streets whose path is become by dynamite in the mountain's hollow ore, whose asphalt is become the ore
of empire's pleasure & blueridge scenic byway,
Through Beale Street & Bourbon Street & Sunset Boulevard where a sorceress reads cards in a church's shadow, through Hollywood Boulevard
& Broadway in Nashville & Wall Street whose fountains are a swimmingpool of the world's tears,
Along the Pacific Highway through California whose skies were the apocalypse, along the I-80 steamtrack over Wyoming's white mountainscape
which opened to the driver like the heavens of God to speak of the unending,
Through the byroads of the Florida Keys whose swarms are drinkers of blood unto the road at the Northline river of Maineland whose children
are sorrow incarnate in a nation of rape whose forests are blueberries & dew, through the roads of Mexicali to El Paso,
Through the Hoover Dam roadway whose abomination is two lakes & the Vegas Stripsce which is as metahistoric to also B-D-L-M-nW
the great whore of the earth, through Malibu & Oceanside & Lahoya beach whose white utopian paste is a tube of barren humanity,
Through Chicago's wondertown of fat pies & mad institutes & a mile whose miracle is destitution with a pretense of Paris, through Beverly Hills
where I ate from a tangerine tree on the porches of fame, through Honolulu where a rooster bought me a floral shirt with buttons,
Look me now, I am no son of any pride nor of any greater shame.
Yes, look me upon and look me down, I have been beggar & bondsman, been slept in beds of northern snow, sang the southern crow
to braid and worn his feathers, and I have been not afraid of freedom.
Yes, yes and thus so I have seen what is come, what is to be, what was upon this land of freedomstuff.
I have seen this land of roads & cars & buildings & roads for twenty thousand miles, and I have known it all as from of old.
I have seen its cities in sprawl & height & ghetto, its towns & villages in desolation, its rottenness of soul, its spirit of decay.

*And in short, it is a tale of old, been told many times and not before,
perhaps to be again retold, for the human is a whore,
And yet untold remains forever, and then all
that has been & will be big or ever very small:
For who did Behold but God Elyon, and of us what is more?*

2

Filth upon filth! Medieval squalor of bones! Death in the Mississippi of blood! Wheeze the industry's grey frogs! Children who search
for abandonment in love! Oblivion in graintowers where bread is death! Oblivion in cornfields where bread is gasoline!
Hopelessness in teeth of Moloch! Moloch in bureaus of the collegebarhouse whose spittle is heart of iron & no blood!
Ashtoreth in the tombs of ashecan suburbias playing sacred bondage games for the fires of boredom! Moloch in the factories whose shape rises
from towers of Babylon! Moloch whose towers scrape for firmamental reverence! Moloch in the machinery who proclaims to be gods!
Moloch in the schoolhouse whose teachers are drunk & toothless! Moloch whose smile is drunk with a boozed river of dead children!
Ashtoreth in the sexclubs of Yuma wearing bestial libation! Ashtoreth in the transvestite's NYC glamourshow! Marduk in the blood
of Vietnam who festoons the earth in echoed napalm! Marduk in the bullets who shred the Phillipines! Marduk whose cult
of death is the armies of Lady Liberty! Marduk whose evangelism is democracy! Inanna at president's Easter! Tammuz's weeping festival!
Inanna! Madonna in black death! The Nazarene whom the idols serve! Jesus whose flock is idolatry! Jesus whose priests are serpents
with doveteeth! Jesus whose great signshow is a great obelisk of Horus! Horus who voyaged the river Styx and returns to conquer death!
Horus the savior of Egypt! Zeus the father! Bacchus whose bacchanalia is the wine of hysteria turned from the waters of Lethe!
Moloch! Moloch! Moloch! Moloch whose fat is the marrow of the Indian! Moloch whose fat is the bone of the immigrant! Moloch whose song
is the whip of the slave! Moloch whose mouth is death! Marduk of iron feet whose drones are shrapnel in Kuwait's heart of sorrow!
Rome whose pillars are the crossbones of rape! Rome whose machine is war! Rome whose guns are engineers! whose garden is fear!
whose fear is peasant! whose fear is death of comfort! Mammon whose empire is the globe! Mammon whose senators have white
teeth! Alexander who inured the preschools of my neighborhood! Alexander whose knowledge is death & taxes! whose lover
is a wad of bills! whose bread is a whoredom for dollars! Moloch in the schoolyard with iron fence! Moloch whose heart is death!
Washington whose head is a tomb of stone! Washington whose tooth is a plywood house! Jesus whose mother is a whore! Jesus whose epitome
is a pit of black widows! Washington whose name is Pharaoh! Washington whose gold is a line of zeroes on Wall Street! Washington whose
props are vaulted in Hollywood! Liberty whose party wears a mask of fear! Liberty whose drunkenness is paranoia! Liberty whose
happiness is delusion! Moloch in the showtunes of nostalgia! Moloch who rapes the soil for progress! Moloch who sews no fruit!

Washington who reaps a harvest of death! Washington whose fruit is the earth's fast rot! Washington whose teeth are decay!

Visions in Ezekiel's cherubkempt wheels! Man the fourfaced seraph whose faces are animals are human also! Man whose fist is destroyer! Man whose hand is an open poet! Visions in the skies over the lakes of New York! Holograms of facades whose cipher is the whole America! Fastfood empire whose chains are the whole America!

Oracles in Jeremiah's skeleton of tears! Babylon the hammer who made itself its god! Washington the chisel who carves its own face into the blackhill lands of God! Here the pictureshow shows world of no rest! Here the mutilations of comfort have distress & taxes! Here calamity in a winejug of vomit! Here the poet's heart strangled by the brownyellow roots of America! Here the city of black alienation whose edifice is a house of blood!

Bare me upon thy stages with real holy laughter in the Heart of God! Dance me into slumber's dreams in my turnings unto House of God! Aye, ye pinpricks can bury yourselves in thy house of dust! Skipping in ecstasy I on the waters of Shiloh! Faucets of life at Meribah & Shiloh! I shall go illumined in the Spirit of **YHWH** whose Face is Unknowable! Infinite of infinite Faces! One the One of the Infinite and Nothing of Faces!

And O! And O! I shall go to my Rock to sing to sing of Zion!

3

I sing my dreams, my dreams be deeds,
bespeak me awake & lucid—beekeep in honeydew lit
springs whose bloom perfumes the windchimes, whose chimes
bestill the streams; my streams be these:
plum & pear & peach of trees,
apples barecheeked (happy wives befathered be! happy the man
bemothered, bewived, happy who unmothered, unspoiled be
& unloathed be the daughters, unloathed be sons) & rosey;
pomegranate seeds across oases
of the sand, waters, datepalm shades
in the days of heat, figs for speech & meat; and nakedly, here
the garden swears her needed meads, and (for the dream has no kingdom
of humanly onlymeans) there the fences are vines
of winegrapes. Lemons & mangoes & limes,
the fruits of the earth in the city; the fruits of the tree
on rooftop & hills, in streets & in valleyways, the beautied Will
Be my sepulchre bare, bare me naked there where flesh be feed
be then of worm, theatre our dirt, where flesh be seed
of wheatgerm, of daisy whose flower pure so
purely hearted bears, so whitely wears no thorn.
Could we clip the tarspoiled corn? the ringing root
be tendered with lute beflowered & unwept,
and we bemoan our dirted worth together? and lest be
our dearth unprettied let prettied be unforsworn deeds
of speech to God the Living: lies & lies begone from death,
begone from this, this here this love, begone from me
this & every lifetime—O! let merry be singers sweet in
sweet of corn & heart of maize! Merry be singers in the apple tree! ah! marry me
in the lampshade where the ferryman has no kingdom's river! marry me where
the damper day has not drawn blind the soothsays of the ancients. Be walls tumbled
from our trembled sick, be doorways to the peculiar, to life to be ajar, and who would not
have winejars in the city of neighbors happy? who have no peace (dovely sprung
from tender leaves or saintly be the trees) in the city of **YHWH**? *Selah*

Book 2:

Book of Reverences, Meditations, Execrations Moreover, More Laments & Reflections Thence Do Herein Be

Prologue to Book 2

—Praise be to **YHWH**, for He is Good,
For His steadfast love is unto forever.
Praise be to the God of gods,
For His steadfast love goes on forever.
Praise be to the Master of masters,
For His steadfast love goes unto forever...
Who remembered us in our degradation,...
And saved us from our enemies...
Who gives food to all flesh...
Praise be to the God of heaven,
For His steadfast love is unto forever—
from Psalm 136

—By the rivers of Babylon
there we sat,
sat and we wept
as we thought of Zion...
How can we sing
the songs of **YHWH**
on alien soil?
...Fair Babylon, you predator
who are to be destroyed,
a blessing on Him who repays you in turn
what you have inflicted upon us,
Blessed be He who seizes your infants
and bashes them against the rocks—
from Psalm 137

—In the year of the death of King Uzziah, I was caused to witness
My Adonai seated upon a high and lofty throne; and the skirts of His Robe
filled the Temple. Seraphim stood in attendance beneath Him: each had six wings:
with two he covered his face, with two he covered his legs, and with two he would fly.
And this called to this, and said:

Qa'dosh Qa'dosh Qa'dosh
YHWH Tsavaot
M'lo khol'ha'aretz k'vo'do

The doorposts would shake at the sound of the calling one,
and the House was filling with smoke;

And I said:
“Woe is me: I am banished!
For a man of unclean lips am I
And in among a people of unclean lips
I return:
For the King **YHWH Tsavaot**
mine eyes have witnessed.

from Isaiah 6

And upon a crestfallen night of zealotry in dances,
In midsummer of 2021, after the great lockdowns had transpired,

I was called upon to drive
unto the park of the remembrances of pioneerwhites
where the wildbison live behind their fences,

And before I strode the grasses His Voice called unto me, Saying,

Take thy shoes from thy feet, for there is blood which cries out beneath thee.

And I did so. And I walked as if drunken
with the Spirit of **YHWH** upon me,
and thereinto an evergreen I beheld, and Behold!
I fell to knees with no strength, and there upon the tree
was an Image like the Face of **YHWH**:

*A Woman Whose Eyes were Purest White, Whose Face was Black Entire
Whose Character was like a Monster of Great Terror, Humanlike and Most Beautiful of any form
or shape imaginable to behold.*

And then as on a spinningwheel the Face turned
And therefrom was Face of **YHWH** Another:

*A Man Whose Eyes of Blackestlight, Face Singular of Greywhitegreywhite:
also Monsterlike and akin to Man, and Sublime in The Horror of beholding.*

And the Images covered the whole face of the tree.
And then as on a spinningwheel the Faces continued
Turning in lightblinking rapidity, a Million Faces
Passage in the spinningwheel unto the Infinite:
And I fell to my face with outstretched arms in raptures,
And thereupon fell asleep immediate as a man passed out without intoxication
But in the Spirit and Ecstasy of **YHWH**.

*Herein He, The Faceless One of Faces Infinite without Likeness, whose Image He Created man to be His Likeness in, has Commanded me to relate this event.
Herein this witness be heard as the poet who serves **YHWH** shall speak. HalleluYah*

ז

And the Voice of YHWH came unto me in my silence amongst a crowd in a cafe called Zen, Saying—

Let the poet of America not revere what the americans revere,
not sanctify what they sanctify,
not consecrate what they consecrate.

Let the poet of America judge their sages as fools,
their saints as blasphemers,
their justices as thieves,
their beatitudes as cacophonies.

Let the poet of America not be inspired by what inspires them,
nor aspire to what they aspire,
nor breathe the breath of their filth and rottenness.

Let the poet of America trample their stuff-and-thing parades to ruin,
defile their totem-morals of normal and strange,
desecrate their sacred temples of their sacred pillars and their sacred figurines,
disturb the peace-masks of householden suburbs,
disquiet the sacromasquerade of university and marketplace,
disdain their popkabbalah—their gnostics as the nausea of Judah,
come dishonorable and dishevelled to their parties in robes of beauty,
and destroy their tower whose flesh is fat with the flesh of the earth, whose brains are
drunk with the wine of the blood of the children of the whole earth.

ו

*And in the trembling between the gatefence of the head,
in the Heat of the Touch of the One Omnipotent,
the Voice of YHWH Elohey Yisrael comes unto me again, Saying—*

I am the Person not
also but Other
than you: you are flesh
and a personhood—I am the Person
Absolute: **YHWH El Qanaa**
Who Loves
you.

And in my mind is a trembling
for the Furnace
of His Word.
And oh, my Beautiful God,
my God the Sublime
Adonai Elyon,
oh let my flesh to speak
before the worm will have its daily meat. Oh,
and let my blood, my spirit, my sing
before the worm
has its fill of me. *Selah*

א

a chorus with Celan, the Jew of Bohemia, 1946

and who can be being be man? be and be Jew in America?
 sip yellow wine at morning we drink you
 evenings we drink you at noon and mornings we drink you at night we drink
 and we drink to America in yellow wine we drink you comforts drink humiliation's yellow
 wine we drink you yellow hair at nights we drink you serfdom drink you idols yellow
 moonlight bare in twilight there to sing and dance at call of leopard and bear
 to vanish we drink yellow wine to America we drink in lairs we drink happiness

and you, my sailor in the library's breast, my valley of Horeb you mock with white teeth flare when yellow
 wine we drink you mornings we drink you evenings at noon we drink and we drink to America for gasoline
 in layers of bread we drink and drink to road of dust in ceiling bare and they have brought it to house new house Eden
 for yellow wine of yellow milk and honey black and we drink you there and with bluest light have sweetness, have no cares
 and who can be man in America?

yellow wine at morning we drink you evenings we drink you white and bare the moonlight there when senator
 calls you play house you there you play song of care you there play hoptychop and do not stare
 for death is a master from Deutschland and America masters our grave in conditioned air
 in our flesh we beg we beg to drink to America yellow wine of America we drink we drink and the faucet of
 the sink is bare with yellow our dreams of America
 and senator calls to speak do not care or dare to be other and stare be yellow in dreams of you there America
 and yellow your cares your teeth of you stares be America

we drink and we drink with black straws of America the chairman calls build me bricks of America yellow the dust the wine
 yellow the lines of America, yes
 yellow lines, yellow wine for your throat in America for chairman calls do not speak in America not sing your own songs
 in America we drink and we drink and my tongue is a plague in America. Shed me America, sun! Shed me America, earth!
 my flesh house of worms in America! the hours the hours and the black solitude of America! O! and who can be Jew in America?

dancer, pale dancer at dawn what laughter, what yellow milk have you to dance in America? here, not here what swan born tar swims
 in the mouth of America? what idol's twilight is in the mightroom of chairs with the leopard and dragon and bear?

yellow wine at morning we drink you evenings we drink you at noon at night we drink and yellow
 we drink and the stalk of labor has withered by wind by twilight is America dead and blue, and yellow and bare the midnight
 where I stare and I stare for the white solitude of the womb. and the bleakyellow room has a heart who is
 bare and swallows the tomb as we drink to the time in America and we drink and we drink yellow wine

in the tomb of a chair to the master's happy conditioning air in yellow our dreams for America

7

The argument: Song of an Amerikan woman. A draught of bitterness which begins so sweet. Yeah, bitter as death is the love of a forbidden woman: and I would think I could never be so happy as to with her forever be. A fool are we to love's extinction, and a fool a sage cannot ever be if his heart should never have any of the days of love. So YHWH has extricated from me this, from this me. All praises to Him be.

Sing, sing for me, empty womb
 of my love, sing and I will dance
 in my sorrows, sing for me, my empty
 love, and I will dream for you in sorrow
 I, and love.

Who else could plunge themselves into your longing heart
whose spring was in your weeping,
and never love you? And now, so not anymore do I love you,

though fondly wore I your tears, then not more,
and your solemnities from where your best
madness could have poured a cistern, you say now
to your mirror, for pride you gave me
nothing, and herein you disrobe the songs of my love
from your body, calling false all of me toward you,

telling us every speech of love from yours for yours
a falsehood, and I a staircase with no level, no more
a tunnel of tender luminescence to nowhere than now
all in darkness. But I loved you, and you swallowed everything.
I clinician, I too saint in your eyes
falsely, and all my desire was to love you,
what you could not see
through your own glass jar.

Could you feel the worm in our love already as you touched me first? Hear me,
no: I do not adore you anymore.
Instead, I am ashamed to speak you. The zenith of man, the wind is all that it has been.
Go, yes:
I wanted to adore you—pail of sea in my eyes, pale of winter's skin.
Here every purpose returns with dust, and I mostly loved you. When would I know you?
Nowhere, nowhere. Go
toward our meadow again,
so I begged.
Oh, but I hallucinated our meadow where it began.

You swallowed everything, and the garden of my heart has its springtime most songly now.
And though the heart I poured into your eyes is forgotten in you, God has remembered everything:
images in the pool of your mirror should flail, and I do not believe I could have continued
in your valleys of no streams. See me? I begged.
I begged and I thought I could be in love.

You who do not feel the grief of loss, you who said you loved me multitudes
within our once blessed hours, I am he who penned our songs, the poems,
the remonstrance & letters of our few minutes under our moon and sun,
and so you have burned in shallow graves everything you swallowed;
and I am alive hereafter, *to so and so, to so and so, and so all the earth has known*.

(Oh, but I am dirt, dirt kicking all the dirt beneath
a bootheel into my hearth of winter,
so you said of me this day
in words of no meaning, lovelessly.)

Sing then not, once birdsong, and sing I now,
sing then I shall when the city's penitence is want of bread. Sing I my love in you also,
sing I for your mother is the bitumen you shall vomit, his absent heart
of your virginhood purge you then to sing, to sing me after I have forgotten
when dances your glassy eyes where rest the voids this light this land comes in,
and so not dance you will when dance then I upon when I have forgotten.

7

No, no, not I, not me
I have been given no
white roses but these
my lips & those dead
in a lookingglass. Pale my fingers, fingers
sift my wilted sands, sands of jubilation &
depictions, wrinkles of trees, (oh,
wonder my great
mountains) herein
our repressed prints turned
inward, thin, like
fishhooks
with salt & paranoia.
And would the blue, comely daughter of the earth
meet my secret fears
to swallow or to float me, I the
lighthouse &
sailor, or
the oarsman, swaddled,
swaddled thereupon
her breast? then would she me shed or for me
shed her comely sorrows?
and what joys be my companion's will?
and then to what nowhere would be her giving tree,
bound earthly? I hear the seed of God's long whispering
to have Adam in the fruit &
Land of mother;

and of the blackland's cry for feet
of redder man than we for here
more here we heaping people, we reap
the bile black from land who weeps
against us, all along the towered isles,
along all through us silencing, and we have all become
suicidal for

*after all
after all this
is all.*

Yes, yes after all
not You, **YHWH**,
You who keep me still,
me still, yes
Keep me, You
in this madness whose frame is lamplight or a glass
that does not shatter. And I,
I crawl to you I do contritely,
repenting, repenting, contritioning,
oh Thou my Redeemer,
and are my tears to be ever a bittersweetness upon Your Deepes?
And how long will You carry on the wind
to send into bone & into flesh to remember
we my dust whose broom I must be heir to?

Oh, and in the eversince the wilderness a pile of gauze has become my pillow
in riverbeds of solitude's choking tears wherein my only friends have been

feral cats, or
lepers, treecreatures, recovered addicts of
amphetamines & opiation,
& a few leashed dogs.
But I should cease to pity my flesh
for the rest it goes it goes
it goes upon
the Ladder of the Sublime One. . . .

And oh, to burn in this room of flesh & music.
to burn, to burn, to burn and this to swallow this white rose
of mirror & abyss of glass in a room of flesh & whitest music,
And oh, and this room's madness has gone to & again for through our ward & our begin
we sift this thick pallor of the skin, the thin yellow fingers of our disturbances
through this bilestain of corn & childhouse & many sands of many years
and this to stay, to stay to keep ourselves
from the blue striated seas whose countless abyss is ever upon His Music. *Selah*

9

ah, look
me my hands.
scrawls of
Mount Sinai
these hands.
Tōrah of blood in these
hands, life
ever &
vanished,
vanished things of is
& seems, these deathhands. oh,
look, my God my God,
my american
hands, remember not me
by these—
feet
Ha'lakha Ha'lakha
V'derekha.
oh ugly feet in Amerika.
foot my feet
in candied shit, the cannery's
beans, lopped
hands, split
fingernails, linger them
now in gastronomy,
men of rules, policies
of corporeal fingers: whole
oceans of tuna
canned for \$3.92, a bowel
of worms
for a bent fishhook,
a hammock for
lure, bait for hog &
a marshmallow root

for the running hordes.

Now sit.
with me
sit here the parkbench.
curbsit beside.
stop all that.
you,
you going,
going.
sit. yawn the afternoonday.
sit the grasslay with no questions.
you going,
you running
nonsense.
sit.
sit the morning,
mourn.
sit yourselves.
mourn for want
of mourning &
of gatherings for
mourning. or wilt.
or
flower beside me
b'ha'Ruah.
I will beside thee in It
walk. or you wilt
again around the trafficked,
going,
going for spectacle, going
for populace. scene of
to do.
then sit.
Pray, sit thou,
dread not mortalness,
dread boils
in mortal spirit,
(well thou artly threaded
& be coils our ecstasy!)
dread thou Wine
of *Qanah*,
Wine
for the godless
drink at gallows. *Selah*

scrape thou skinbags, jars
of dead fruit, moldjuice
of crime & arrogance. scrape
thou scraps
of sin's birthpangs with shardglass
& nails, with bitterness
& acrylic nails,
thy skin thou scrape.
scrape thine puss
for bread.
scrape stone of eyes for
water, thou thirsting
of tears in children
bred to scrape the tongue,

of tongue to be scraped, heartstone,
silences of the wretch, fool
of arrogance &
the furies. Oh,
but demand?
I too demand?
speak me when I speak you.
give worth unto thy hand.

can you
be? you could
be. Let
there be
lice, lice,
lice & flies,
a pound to each
a pound of bombshells,
gunshells, clamshells
raped & mortar'd
of tongue &
pearl in thine hands,
thou Amerikani,
thine hand's art shackles
like seabird's metal
noose, and blood
in the throat
of the meadowlark.

go now.
walk thy busy.
walk thy carcass busy
with no soul.
long thy walk be
to no soul.
walk with no drink
of tears & may long
thy walk be wasteland.
wastefields be thine as thou
made earth—and black
thy sunflowers, black
thy lilies
black thy sweet,
or weep,
everything weep &
drink it all.

—and ah, His *Tórah* is a well of deep wonder the Language
Holy thorough the of to plumb the in & through of motion & life
without bottommost spirit nor highmost possible place of mind,
and oh, His *Tórah* is a stillness of wonder pure the Voice goes
day unto day throughout happenstance of earth & images
for nightly to nightly the Voice returns as the world is being,
Oh! and being the Revealing the Words the what is of is this of Poem is form of is—

*& as the desert's eyes in vineyards red,
& white mine teeth with milk,
& hills of springs with tears be filled,
& oh of here mine hands,
mine ancientness appears
like Sinai here also to vanish.*

7

Bound to dirt we
mound and mound
to become,
to inhabitation
word
in become, or
eternality from
organs, shadows we
songs to netherrun, long
riverrun the sea,
uncoming, unfull
the sea,
and who can see
of the Eternal One?

I see my shoveled irises
with my shoveled shit,
mounds upon this place,
all gathered together,
like a greenish pool of bubbling
mounds and purpling
mounds, in nameless dirt
inevitably.
Eternity, oh Face Unknowable,
I do not speak We
in only myself. And
You have Known me all
this while.

I do although speak We,
though I had thirst
in our burnwhite wilderness,
crawling my knees for blessing a thousand miles
of the animal's stone
of sheep, the sleep
of hunger, the soul's anorexia, the capsules
of soul's unbeing,
the dirt we sought to swallow
with all its worms,
and I have said,

—*Oh Shepherd mine,*
YHWH *Sovereign Mine,*
Who gives to heal the sheer of heart
to trudge the simple
hillrose bound in mud
to bones laid on the meadow,
Hear us, Oh Unending One,
YHWH *my God,*
Heal us, Let us seek Thee.
Oh, do Let us,
Let us seek Thee—

And in hereafter the
of the sheepfold heard
my speech, though the Voice I heard
Who Speaks of violence and of sleep,

and then the sheepfold was forgot
of men, and all they went alonging,
along they to their own way.

And there are many pieties
in hysteria for asylums, or
for governments in solemnities of
dirt and all thereof remains;
and in my pieties I remain
in dirt, although I still
and in thorough dirt in thorough
love to stringplucked song
to Everrun, to go
and come skytethered
and in dirt my eternality
become
the beautiful
with mortal wings
Is only of our
God.

7

The immolation of a grand sun into the void;—going, Heard, each going and
unheard; the nocturnes of a swanmother into the lamplit pond; the words ancient
of a king into the sons of a deathbed; the stench of worms in every king's corpse.

And I smear my yellowwet snot onto the side of this driverseat as a coffin, and sigh upon the lid
of reprieve; and, despite a mother's cries, my outcast heart could never be other than a dreamer.

8

And the black bile remains in the abysses
of the mind's seas, and the yellow bile
sits in the spittle I cannot hide from God
to be allowed to swallow.

And have not we the stuffed men, the hollow men not pulled enough
the yellow bile from the nostrils of our psychosis for our souls to speak thus
from the mirror's eyes, "Ape you are with timbrel & lyre & brush
for vanity. Ape you are with ink & bullets & wrench for tinkering."

And the blessing of the ape is his lack of theosophy's motley drawn want, his want
of the grief of the mind.

And the blessing of Adam is his theosophy's song drawn onely, his wont
of the dance of the mind. *Higgaion*

י

Shitstains, industrious in porcelain bowl, our squalor of pedestrian
event remarked in unremarkable newspaper, marked here
front page between war foreign in lands and in city campus
squirrels, here equivocal—balances, measures *gravitatis*—for
epitaph of shitstains (*homo fatalis animalis*);
and the morningdarknight births rain to green, rusted green
drains as the annotation upon a worn rag of our purges
(*homo sapientis fidelitatis est*).

א

From the further squalor of the spirit in the neighborhoods of the heart of America, on a random sunlit afternoon. A satire of sorts.

*On a night in the city's plainview, a barroom of drunken men whose stifled or unstifled lechery
of intent prayed fast upon the moon, and into there an Indian went, feathered with gloom and remembrance.*

He said to an engineer he found boasting of invention,

“Will your machine exist unto eternity more
than a hill of desperate ants in a floodwash? Will your tower of frames and wires, though you have gored it
into the waters above the skies, remain with the earth in times or times any longer than a sandcastle
engineered by a boy at the mouth of the sea?”

And the engineer, more expectant than soberly,

“Redman caw and savage not know how, but mine is mine which shall outlive
any earth's eternity, my inventmachine. You call me anthill, scruttling? Stone my hill sandhill, brick my homebuilt
with progressive engineering! And I am clayman and iron allowed to make me fire of your sticks and horses.”

And the Redman whose chiefly feathers turned to the gold once worn of Job,

“I have heard empires of bronze, of silver, of bdellium and of gold be turned to dust,
and witnessed dust be turned to stone. The Great Spirit gathers floods from vapors, and from vapors sends destruction. Bricks and mortars
topple in a recycled wind. You can turn your sands to glass with invention for an empire of glass, but empire of plastic yours is: and the sea
is never full of emptiness.”

*And the Indian left his dialogue to witness for himself again more the depravities to which his people have succumbed. To witness more again
where the mountain's mouth fountains the rivers, and the sea swallows what is continual. And the engineer scoffed in his drunken breast,
turned his maddened self to rebrick the house of his machinery's contrapted shiftmakes and gearturns; and this he does be vexedly, to no end, forgetting his
beginning and his own end, worshipping the work of his own hands, reverencing a parchmentscrap with no life in it.*

And this we shall call the most logical end of this most curious, most metahistorically grand and sorrowful story.

ב

*A choral with a rogue Jew called Ginsy from my old state university library which newly boasts a Dunkin' Donuts marketpost on the first floor, whose
comically masochistically roleplay baristas stereopound mumblerapmusic into the whole studyroom. (Ah! The glories of neopseudohumanist progression!)*

America I give you nothing and I am all better.

America sixhundred-sixtyfive dollars and a dollar of incense I burn against you on altars to God, *Rosh Hoshanah* 2024 to July 4 2025.
 America I would liken you to an animal but I do not want the animals to hate me.
 America your adolescents are rabbits or they are rabid jackals and I shall mock you for frenzrunning from no harm as you eat yourselves.
 Go fuck yourself for napalm in the ricefields of Vietnam and the Plain of Jars.
 America will you let my soul be more to you than pennies?
 America when will your sons stop raping your daughters?
 America I know you secretly burn Hebrew angelnumbers in your sexforward commercials, and what do you gain for the poor's starvation?
 America you are the earth's syphilis and the kids have derangement as birthwarts.
 Go fuck yourself for spam on Oahu and for all the superstores of meth & bad fruit on the islands of paradise.
 When will you stop telling me the eagle's wing is a servitude or a leech's home?
 When stop cradling rape in your teeth of machinery?
 I watched a hundred twenty-year-old girls play dressup and run toward houses famed for degradation with no questions.
 America your fathers are swinejackals who call themselves ox and your mothers are lovekicking donkeys who drink swamps and call themselves aquifers.
 I'm trying to come toward you the pointless.
 You made me also want to be a saint: *Baruch Ha'Shem YHWH*: He has made me Biblical: *Baruch Ha'Shem YHWH*: He has Waited unto the fullness of your vast *axon*, and thy cup overfloweth.
 America all my friends rejected me for pursuing Hebraical sainthood because they also drink from your waterfactories.
 America your priesthood is all asps & hornets.
 America I am sick with your showgirls & suicidal children.
 America I was one of your suicidal children but God told me He would evaporate you and the earth smiled in me.
 I still sometimes however want to slit my throat to atone for being born to your citizenry, to say to *YHWH*, forgive me the earth their dream of debasement, their sin of succumbing America, their debauchment the American way.
 America He tells me you are not worth the shoestrings for which you sell the poor.
 America I know you would prefer our suicides who do not please your goodly crowds of folks with silence.
 How many oxidated morons from the local Walmart can fill the ballot box for this warhead?
 How much oxytocin can fill the heart of your teenagers to numb the future of offices?
 Oh, and your ballot's questionnaire is ever, "Will you bathe yourself in blueberry winepiss, cover your skin with tomatojuice from shit?" Or for the goal of life it asks, in other words, "Will you eat this shit, after you fold & eat your hands, with mustard or with ketchup?"
 America I smell your snakeoiled bootheels in the sequoia trees, and all the rivers are famine.
 America your Pacific is black with the tar of your stomach, and the albatross are all dead on the oceanside.
 You should have seen me reading Kant's critiques.
 I won't pray to Bethlehem's favorite infant magician.
 America your psychiatrists call me schizophrenic because I read Torah & Jeremiah & I hear God say He thinks of you as lower than a Sodom of Babylon and not fully for the middling decadence of your gays.
 America your gays are friendlier than your straights and your men are proud to be serf & wagelaborer.
 America you are ruled by freewomen who freeworship vaginalmembrane to freewhore unto megalophallomania.
 America your blacks are proud & pseudospiritual nihilists excepting the big mothers and all their famous sing all to degrade women like would the motherless to fetish a cockmeat & balljuice & ritzball cocaine, fiendddoping & crackpimping & ballholler for game of bitchgetting.
 America your whites are of every color & a doleful cork in a bottle of the ashes of every people of this land, and the confederates linedance tutuhoedown for a porno, and everything else has been said already.
 America your immigrants are my favorite.
 America all your immigrants are better than you but you have sodomized their children into becoming as you are.
 I went to Mexico City and had a lovely time.
 America your cartels are banks & laundromats & constructioneers.
 America I am leaving you because I hate you and you hate me too and I will nullify my citizenship of you for Zion.
 America you also hate God and every halfseeker finds a vaginal worm or an old norwegian fable in a movie to be their deity.
 America I require multiple books to describe the thoroughness of your banality to you, and because you are stupid and I recently confessed the analytics of herr doctor you will believe I am a schizophrenic.
 America everything you believe is a delusion, and your morals are in a chamber of mirrors.
 I think everything of even barehuman decency you teach to a child is from Britain and Walt Disney.
 America your only moral teacher was a Nazi and an old yeller.
 I read Walt Whitman and it was list of lists with no music.
 America fuck off with christmas, Bob Dylan was a Jew and all his songs were empty after he converted for you.
 America say thank you to your Jews because God hasn't yet erased you from history.
 America how do I salve the wounds of our grief with your money?
 How will I stitch a blanket of your despair?
 When is it going to love me in return?
 America I return to God from you.

America you are stupid whore.

America every woman I have loved in your country has been raped by one of your regular people but there was a time in Edinburgh I loved a plainlooking Frenchgirl for one night with no sex and recited Robert Burns to her in youthful tears at the trainstation where a besoldiered horse statue winced outward with the bullet of conquest's sacrificial memories and the circuses of Picadilly & Victoria had strobes in alleyways of saintly vagabonds tapping worn vibraphones with whole crowds of drunken goths where the Frenchgirl took my cigarettes and I fell madly in love and all the lovers I have suffered since were my undoing for they always choose some extraneous American emotional impotence, trifles of a grand banality, a patriotic bombpop instead of any love or song I can offer.

America when will your daughters stop detaching themselves from obvious love for obvious abusers & an anorexia who defile their entire personhood?

When will any of your pretty daughters choose not to be hollow shells of girlhood whose joy is a stranger's meat in mouth, and then will I not find a miracle in a lover among them?

America I have a God who is not you.

America you made our fathers kneel to give you blowjobs at the rotisserie market after college.

America you made our mothers into crapshoots, and decency is a profundity in the streets of the everyday city.

I honestly appreciate your recent zionism but I do not trust your intentions.

America all your moralists require historical blindness as entriypassage to conversation, philosophic muteness as banner of virtue's sacrilege.

America I would not sell my shoestrings for the salvation of your whole nation.

America the angels unanimously mock you & your fat children in shoppertrainingcarts.

America I pity your fat children because you boil them in the milk of your mothers for strangulations of safety in the happyhouse, but how smartly you teach them to be eventually hapless serfs in the house of a stranger with a positive attitude toward the master.

America sometimes I think Eichmann would consider you banal and not for lack of jewhatred but you would be the envy of Goebbels.

America your only goodnesses ever happened in synagogues and disappeared antislavery churches & in 1920s gatherings of Trotskyites, and we their remnant receive a flower pot whose soil is the blood of Indochina and whose ceramic is a whip in Nicaragua.

America I will never be a good citizen for you.

I have enjoyed yelling at people on sidewalks for being lower than chimpanzees and travelling your cities with a will to bankruptcy & vagabonding.

America get ye fetters.

America get ye chains.

America get Mandarin flags and get ye Mandarin letters.

America braid me braids.

America you be China's lapdog on soonday.

America the China conquer you at your most absurd they soon yes will by numbers ease and Glory of **YHWH**.

This be your hope in that day: they abandon small remnant of ruined towns or enslave whomever remains.

Yes, yes, saith **YHWH**, that great empire of ancient birdsun,
That great nation of dragonbreathsong and mimesisdance of sacred & honor oblation:
I will send them as My servants unto the remains of America,
To use them as sicklehammer to flatdown the cities, and scythe the remains
Without mercy or consideration of infant or elder, and this with Pleasure to Destory shall I maintain,

*Thus saith **YHWH Tsavaot** of His Design for history.*

(Oh I am unhappy in America! I am Adam in metropolis and America hates me!)

Go run barefooted to the Blackhills and hunt bison with stones & sticks forever and rend your chest with the Indian, and you might have another chance of blessedness, or go to the northern woods or the Appalachian boons with bows & Torah, and then I will talk another day for your remnant who listened when We came.

And this also will come from **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Kol-Ha'Aretz**. ׀28

אִי

*After meeting a Jewess who was tainted by the church, converted in some sort of halfwaythere fashion, whose fashion was conformed to the comforts of America, whose contentiousness was beautiful in its remains of Jewishness, of spiritedness in friendship, but turned ugly in its evaluations mottled with the values of the motilities who know not God. This land has been my penury of love, of hospitality, and the spirit of friendship: for it has none in the bottom of its heart unto anything which seems slightly unfamiliar to its own primitive, inbred clans who eat falsehood for comfort. Anyway, I digress for the verses Ingiven to the mind's human heart by **YHWH Elohim El Shaddai** who gives the verse of the days and the hours of life, and a beauty to poets is known oft to be strife. (Herein I sing motley songs to fief to my fiefdom and fifeplay to wife and she made me lifedumb.)*

I have been treated as the stranger in strange cities unbeknown
to the human spirit, cities of my growth, cities of my cultivation, cities
whose soil is arid, more winter than the yewtree's mythical branch
which bringeth death to everyone of touch.

And my eyes have darkened sooner than the night
of our longings for hands to carry warmth in the presence
of not laying alone. Shadows of charred pines in California, inferno
of Gomorrah's vineyards, reflect it in the pools, wellsprings
of my visions; and we were never allowed to be the suckling
of roots between I and you and mother or grave
of father, only a grave
of solitude and a restlessness through dreaming
or a brave delusion that never could go farther
than mute or static. White noise then

becomes the object of our trivia, the cream of skulls
grown as mothfood with self as self's parthenogenesis in a purplerag farce
of astrology on bicep as knowledge: and what shall the indifferent stones
of a black hole in our immediate beyond offer
to our shadows? Room of pattering lights, a television
and her grabbing of my loins to consume me. Raindrops upon
a tincan roof of riches, the hooves of wild horses echo in my sorrow's dreams,
and between these strings of you and I,
a commercial with a spool and scythe,
and the world commodified requires that we forget, forget
or be pilled to be called to table. And I do not know
what other glass's world calls for itself with nights uncomforted
without zealotry for the goodthing anymore but mine.

So still I still drink Thine the Milk of Livingwaters
mi'Shilaoh b'ha'Ruah YHWH. 728

71

I have drunk and I have drunk I the skin of mine own tears until I drunken with lamentation am in ecstasies.
(Oh, and only these wells give ecstasies far from the sins flesh of living, these only waters cleanse the dung from off these nails!)

Everywhere the goodwill of man met with malformity of human heart as hardware.
Everywhere the kinder spirit encounters the automaton of eyelids on the automotion trail.
Everywhere the poet suffers the clinician's tone & nod of head that says, "Oh, helpless & senile birddog,
let me indulge your phantasia, let me keep you from your sickly sweetgrass picking.
Mhm. Be easy. Mhm. I promise I am here for your blessing."

Everywhere the dandelion beheaded underneath the scythe of machinarotator wheeling chainmail
turboboostvelocity killer of everything not as same of faminegrassyard & alien to the soil.
*(Oh, and so I go saying things again as said before and forward go to say again the same more thorough, and let it be
no poetic sin nor want of thought's invention to send you a continuance for you to cease this sin, this end.)*

I be the singer's self-estrangement when and I sing the Great Love's riddles. I be an Orpheus among the crows & vultures in parchment.
I be garden of Eve in Adam's branch. Adam in cosmopolis full of bullet & caulk & polyester laces for another vulture's wind in lamprush.
(Oh, to be so long ago from and to be sworn upon by the Voice of the Eternal One I do know it, and I cannot help myself even a little.)

Woe unto the house of those who give a mouth of evil for goodwill, who bestow alienation for the being of any other
unfamiliar of the group, whose happiness is the trough of bloodcurds & manufactured slabs of meat,
whose moral judgement is to greet the beggar with a handful of soot, whose offering to God is a war

against the skin & vessels of the earth!

They drink the black wine of the earth, and turn gaunt drunks of jaundiced gallows for themselves.

They are drunk with the foaming, hoppy, bitter draft of the blood of my people.

(Oh, and nobody thinks a thing of any thing but for a doing of self-gratification, calling this the moral of responsibility's freedom.)

Everywhere the blind proud of their blindness. Everywhere the deaf proud of their silence.

Everywhere the barmen turn talk present & the historical into the publichouse's great abhorrence.

(Oh my, Oh people no more mine, behold!

Everywhere the wicked roam where every road is of delusion,

and everywhere in every groan deceit shall go where everywhere the wicked have intrusion,

and everywhere the wicked shall live through them when banality is exalted above all real or good or right or life,

and everywhere, yes, where banalities stand upon the height, their treacles trickle down into each person's every plight,

and nowhere is there man of will nor will to any hearing light nor will to any of the clear of sight.)

Woe be unto the house who refuses acknowledgment of a neighbor's hello, who turn neighbor into enemy for lack of a familiar face, whose joy is to reject the need of the desperate, whose purpose is to use persons as sexdolls or a staircase, whose will is to the hatred of love, whose end is the pursuit of fetishes, who stuff their stuffed selves toward hunger ubiquitous, who starve themselves to numbness in their bed!

Blessed be He who Knows the measure & length of each our days unto days, **YHWH** whose Knowing reaches every remembrance & vision, and this when I myself cannot recall each or the full any mine own thoughts from this or yesterday. **מן**

יה

The ancient brass in the wind doth whistle truly, yes & yesly, to desire's sickle,

whistling of plagues, in a wistful zoo of jazzercise with plaque psoriasis & a milkman's folksong;

And so melancholy I me mine downly barnswallows through earthly rites, lude passage of wines, jeers

for scuttling on sterile floors with zines of dreamt bodies & an envied person I with my hands of years.

Tell me you have not whoredom in your loosely trembled bosom,

boarded in chores with lace dressage & Rue Paul's dragrace,

in your leprous face emaciate—city to empty city, face to crooked face—oh my lady

America. You tell me of such a comely day of yore but I have seen the tenement pictures & whippost auction

from those years in mine with all your birthwarts. You tell me it is not leprosy, your flapping lips,

but I witness disease in every frame—city to crime of city, place to death of place—from shining black

to sea, and the pustulent fat cattle have indigestion at lunchtime & hysterics for extrasolar colonies.

Wait shall then I for arrival of torchlights? Inevitable fire from God will it be: oh, Let come when I am gone the by.

Oh, and the blood & puss is in the milk already; and the machine is on the breasts of woman.

And to spite the brassen skies the ore remains in Horeb, but in America we toil in a ground turned iron

with our progressions. Oh, paint me in tar, cover me in the feathers of sorrow and I will abandon you sailing

in a bottle of tears from God. Rotbrain me to an ethereum. I have begged of inventions, ours, the opioids;

and of our entertainer, sedately, I asked, "Unscroll me my life's book, dissolve my inkmade feet in the liminal aquifer of time unfull, to the unsparing nether whose yard is falsehood greenly, where our cement tree

bears no fruit for the whirlwind & sickle." And I have tasted the apple of the iron earth already, and we have grinded our teeth with it till our teeth be soot & another execration. Oh, but our white ribbons have their white heart in a hypocrisy's poem. No, nevermind would I know, but here upon the pierlight of the Mississippi I have watched drown my child, songly with a hope of more behind what is, and the treacle is black in his eyes from what has been before of mine.

י

Oh you here, my friend, my own,
my friend be here who bears the pangs of animal, the torments
flesh of animal, our green glass absinthless whose greenness thirsts
and has no relief,

I who in dreams of the abyss my own,
who in the Judgement keeps
the wilted black sands of my shores—the fruited isles
peopled by canaries and parakeets and long desperations,
wherefore I have taken dreams full of blood to longest sleep—
lest I abandon the flowering branches of the palm upon my epochal goings,
and here where falling waters are upon our stillness,
I am with you, offering it;

here, now through this glass
hear between our well of looking, wait between our wheel beturned,
and the dirges of your orphanhood, your widowhood,
your oppressions and wrongdoings, sing unto me them,
and they shall sing from me,
and with you I shall drink the flower's milk
of ecstasy in our betethered weeping;

sing them unto God **YHWH**
and He will sing from thee in each our earthly tethered dreams
from each to each our weeping.

י

Burden you not with wisdom's being? Be your dust not burden me.
Go then from me, I will not love yours anyway.
I will give you gentleness: require no faith
of me, agreed? Agreed, to give you sand
for golden teeth, and skin thy buds
in music's speech. I give thee niceties, I can,
you canned gently, gently sap thee seed
besapped before the snowfall of autumnal mornings.
Burden not we more with a mould's white teeth of flatteries.
I have given already skin & teeth
to sew the marrow of this fig tree;
reap me garden, me pomegranate seeds, me honeyed dates,
these me golden bowls of peach.
Burden now not me knowing the sandpapers of your delicacies.
My yearning has not been to eat these things.

(Oh, be glories be to She Who me asunders with shards of mirrorglass, Who folds we in the pasture of His Shepherding—
and the unknown has become a friend of my belonging, disquiet become the house of my progression's shows.
Oh, Rod of our brief wayfaring, Staff of these our long sojournings—
and the birth is very tired of opening, growth very sicklied in the heaven's close.
Oh, these piped organs of my flesh's rang songs, these wisdoms mine unheeded outpouring—
and the earth is very weary of our unfelt quieting, and death very sweet to our overlonlied those.

And I am human also, and these they never speak to me who talk of laughter.)

י

Verses against nirvana

Suffering is the man who sojourns the earth who lives his soul as mortal,
suffering the inextricable,
the dovebird wings the black birdwings inexplicable,
and the Eternal One whose sweetwinds bring our finchbird larkbird jaybird sings
where this also is ephemera.

And the happening world

V'omer Elohim

as light and no absence of light
shadow in barreled flood of light,

Yehi 'Or

halation and darkness upon the faces of thought's being,

Va'yehi'Or

gall of bladder in subfracted spine, patient spurn of mind whose mind
is milk and loathes the selfseen crowd inselved
where foams our unselfwitnessed shameless sighs,
and doubtless I have doubted mine in pangs of mortal
entrance. The entrances, the Eternal Mind, His
Wordlights underneath all worldform. All represented our extracted
pain of earthen mind, body's sense and sensuality's sweet otherness,
(O perception devoutly to be bewondered in!) our God in Whom to be bekissed
in perpetua our pools hallowed of lightswims
white and black and bled of love
where this also is ephemera.

Who can be witness in the sublime our mortal goodness
who pains his will to suffer nothingness? Who can be heard,
be seen in stance beneath beauty's dawn to witlessness?
(Silence be mine then in a candle's flicker!)
Keep me precipiced toward Eternity and Keep me, my God, on Jacob's ladder.

Oh, and death to be inked in melancholy of a pearlworn wish from girlhood:
virginhood clipped with slits of a shallow hand's debasement:
my rosenet who carries stones, who carries splintered jacks of game and sorrow;

and how to be without a lover's kiss? to fondly wish to fondle in her skinly bliss,
do you remember? Remember this me when you are dearer, my dreariness,
and I will always love you, my fondest wish.

Who will speak so lovely then, then of love when a lover's kids wish
painlessness? Foolbranded be their chantings to be our
lovelessness. Foolsicklied be their craving for
no wish. Sickle from me then the urge, the fleshborn wish
to pain's emptiness and Gather me the wish toward these days of
lover's mind whose wings are liberation barrelled in a flood of light
unbarrelled in a flood of kisses

—and this

also this

will be also
be dust Bewilled
be dust from dust

we ephemera

י

Be nakedness, ours, look: tree thou
 silhouettes with not green
 Dress, almonded neither, snowed over they;
 be rippled, in me, thou pond
 lightentries, world
 —images, like stones
 waterdropletted; flail toward
 dawn eyelids, mine, downly, essenced with going,
 our unnatural movement, this one,
 mechanical,
 reopened from the scrolls of Jeremiah. The earth, spinning,
 swimming—who

shall alter turn of altar's wheel who is not
 The Omnipotent? who other Draw sun from burial
 well in the expanse, give *ha'ben Adam* through faucets
 to drink it?
 who shall feel not Bespoken hour this dread
 Metaphysic, tollstations of /Eternaway, His Personhood in Blank
 Transcendence and not Here be
 Inmystiqued?

(Oh! to walk on horses, to be upon the wildblossom's skies!)
 To fingerthread the universe, to whim death as pennyflipped—I do
 not have it, here, or that with anything at all.
 (But Oh! to walk on horses, to run upon the river's still skies!)
 And we follow in a line of fools, we waiting in a traffic of fools, we waiting to arrive
 to where to every fool to where arrives, here, and this with anything at all.
 (And Oh! to walk on horses, to be shown into the mystery's skies!)

...and the tallgrass bends in the holyfields for Thee
 ...and the talltree bends in the wildgrass for Thee
 ...and the mountain bends in the holylands for Thee

*continually, continually
 to bend, to come, to bend again
 unto the House of God*

נ

Latebloom, rose, mine
 own goldbranched
 tree from
 wasteland, heaped
 dampshades
 under sheets
 aluminum
 wasteland; plumesmoke
 rise thy stoneblossom; from
 stonemill upon
 stemthroat thine
 upcome

by Breath
Of God, Breath
Ruah,

ah, you,
tenderroot of
landmine, wasteland,
thirsting
jars &
bloomless under
flintrocks their nonspirit be;
unmilked mother, child without
milk, boiled in what not
is milk; yet
almonded
rose beneath
blackgassed masses,
thirsting as
sexdust who heap semen
wraps, scrap wombs
together:
hypochondrias
against love, keepselves in
phobias of
other &
dance not,
seed imitations
chimpseed, orgies
here shitlitter
odes to priapic &
groundmeat, gasolines,
conditioners—all
fetished: the great becoming
death &
whorescene as ideal
scraped land, scenesleet upon
gutters tender-
roots landmined, quietly
dead
young daysoil
and oh, my rose,
rose mine, my almonds
gold of
branches where I am
holy,

Latebloom, bloom
gold, my rose,
oh body
my soul,
Breath
of God by,
by God be
uprooted, inrooted
be thy blossom,
thy goldenroot be
in springhills be fountains drink
of Zion.



And so I thus so have listened and thus so I have seen, have come to know to listen,
 And thus have I this perceived what not yet known shall be to seed,
 And I have gathered have me my many gardens from The One **YHWH** Absolute through visions
 And hearings mortal and of dreamslike and of what is what shall be is and what becomes ahead,

*And when the steel of grind has laid its teeth upon the clay millstone, turned waste unto the ore who does not feed the bone,
 And the floss has split upon the chiseled wheel of breath and the image vanished into the lookingglass,
 And the image and the teeth and the floss are dust and the wheel is dust also*

There will be time:
 Time in represented leaves browning through the farther fields, in whistles rumbling through the greener seas
 Time with the whitened wings of the seabird kited on the winds as proverbiahs of their ease,

and they will no more people wars that never cease

*And when the starved river has sunk her mouth upon the engines of this earth's embalmed disease and returned it to the Rock at sea,
 And the oyster's unspit pearls go nether and unbeautied in the black houses of the sea where there is no lace and is no silk,
 And the pearl and the beauty and the abyss and the sea in lace and silk is dusted into farther deeps*

There will be time
 Time in I represented in the mirrored reach, in the fountain yet from ceased
 Time for earthen pot Remended in the golden furnaces beseeched,

and the lion with the lamb shall sleep, be refolded on the throne of David

*And when the tabletstone of Sinai's greenest burning is Hereslinged upon the goutworn feet of greattowers made the vulture's meat,
 And the brimstone of God's greenest Sings has turned the mountains trembling and they kneel for the Great Wonderseat,
 And all the altarstone unheæn, the stone Læwstone, the Fire of God all give to wellspring earth who also must dust*

There will be time
 Time in ancient millstone and cord upon the saw, in vigil's wax of hymnal seed and shadows of the shawl
 Time for milk of olive tree in reach for kiss of dovetail I from the grief of birth to walk

*And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and there will be peace, be peace
 and the whole earth shall know the knowledge of God from the Root and branch of Zion.*



*Where is not the Speech of God in world of sign and interpretation?
 Where upon the mind of representation and searches shall not Torah be imprinted?*

And upon a van beside the smoke
 of my sittingplace was born a message
 to my little worldplace of one
 in this little place particular
 in my little occasioned sitting:

*HOLINESS IS RIGHT
 NO COMPROMISE*

and with the ashen lumping of my throat as days go
 and never return,
 I am in a perpetual reverie, or a stageplay

of smoke and dance and dress:

*And in the footpath of the Holy One,
I walk my naked steps immaculate.*

And soon thereafter,
YHWH Elohey Yisrael,
Ha'Qadosh Yisrael
carried His Voice through
upon the Deep to me,
called in through the Deep
wherefrom the winds begin
of consciousness,
somewhere from and again
toward the Ineffable, saying,

I Am the Absolute
Personhood, the Great I Am:
The Spirit of the Holy Will: I **YHWH** Am
the Absolute Manhood who fills the will and image of manhood from Mine
the Absolute Womanhood who carries the will and image of womanhood from Mine
Who creates all things and returns all things to ashes, to parts of heat and light,
Who Goes thoroughgoingly through in every and all in things and Is
Without being any thing, Being at all
Who brings all to come and pass of good and of evil in wills and events of days under the sun,
and there is no other god or gods beside Me.

*—Thus saith **YHWH Tsavaot Elohey Yisrael** of Himself.*

HalleluYah

Afterword: Exhortation Toward Another New Beginning

O neighbors mine to thee I speak, to thee I sing what thou must seek:
Now garden thou thy soul to being! Uproot thy yews who give thee shade & candy!
Uproot ye all yer sprout of nightshade weed & the million trillion pounds of shit thereunder!
Garden thou thy minds to seek! Orchard thou the trees of plums & peach & cherry!
Sprig ye fields of strawberries on rooftops & all along the roadside patches!
Let apples blossom by city streets, and in their shades be beneath like mosses soft & merry!
Apple the seedsprings of thy friendships with open bloom to the eccentric!
Let there be spontaneous affections! Let boys be tenderhearts for girls and girls be sprites of friendship!
Let men be springs with hearts of tears for joy & love & sorrows!
Let wives be springs of tender years with not a fear of their tomorrows!
Let thy youth be fountains in the Heart of God! Let youth a prettiness be in Creation!
Will thine goodness in thy dream! Will thy dreams become thy deeds, and cease to dream of business!
Play the grasses! Sing the birds and squirrel the trees! Play the seeds & rivers & springs!
Play strings & sing of God & love! Play keys & horns & dance the drums! Play fiddledees & fiddlethumbs!
Let thy hair & all thy grasses grow and go uncut! Untrim thy beards! Untrim the flowers of thine heart!
Circumcise the fat & fleshiness, the excess & hedonic of thy spirit! Repent and seek the Way of Life!
O garden thou roses, marigolds, thy tulips; thou dahlias, milkweeds, and viburnums all in the soul of thy heart!
Garden the mulberries, blackberries, blueberries three and nourish the fruitseeds of thine art!
Open thou thy fences! Open thou thy windows & doors! Let the sun to sprinkle yer houses! Let yourselves to fart!
Let wind to brush yer dust of mind! Open thou thy swimming places! Let yourselves be kind!
Cease to be to earth a strangeness!
Cease the meanness from thine eyes!
Become yourselves a host of mensches!
Become a stranger to thy present days of lies!
Learn to understand yer feelings, to feel them as the motions of thy spirit's rind!
Feel thou then the shock of woe! Feel thou the pang of sin's true shame as birth of better ways!
Repent in genuineness! Fast from pleasure's bread & cream & meat of fatness!
Feel thou sorrows! Feel thou griefs! Feel thou dreads & aches and cease to make each to each yerselves so lonely!
Know then thy longings well & true and know not more belongings as the entirety of you!
Know then humility begins all knowledge! Know then humility begins in Reverence of **YHWH** God!
Know there is no end of knowledge when all thy knowledge comes to know its end as an endless want!
Be thou neighbors goodly generously openly dearly all of all the spirit's reach!
Be thou villages & towns, communities & cities each of big fruitsome treefamilies whose purpose is all togetherness!
Justice sew together justly! Reap together fields of wheat!
Weep together and sing in hosts with birds & harps & shade of fruited trees!
Dance together jubilees! Dream together gathered dreams!
Praise God on Shabbos Holy evenings mornings afternoons and all thy hosts be holy!
Raze thou thy churches of falsehood! Destroy thy pillars of iniquity! Eat not flesh more of industry!
Destroy thou thy bastilles of the profiteer! Destroy thou thy temples of idolatry!
Raise thou Hebrew teachings from their dust! Raise thou flocks & chickens from the wastelands of their rust!
Become then more than carcasses of a nihilistic wish for what might be after death.
Become thou more than hollowechoing shells whose selfishness is a blind terror of any stranger's difference!
Do justice! Liberate ye yerselves to do what is good & best! Liberate ye from yer brainstems whose happiness is pigfest!
Do righteousness upon the land! Free the prisoner! Free the slave! Free yerselves of fearing pain!
Seek not more banalities of the spirit! Seek not more papers of the globalist! Seek not more devices of the engineer!
Seek not more solely comforts by the motley entertainer! Seek not more spirits in bottles of liquor & wine & beer!
Seek thou the fear of God Almighty! Seek thou the hunger & tears of atonement!
Teach thou each thy children well in this: to be kind requires kindness in the human spirit:
to be good requires goodness in the human will of human mind: to be just requires justice in the body from the mind:
to be true requires truth in the reflection of thine eyes: and to be holy needs all this of true discipline & true devotion,
and in & above all this, Seek thou **YHWH Tsavaot** the Eternal One whose Holiness is What from Whence comes all of this
and in this be your blessedness, and this so our story begins again

