

POEMS

by Lucas James Finnegan
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ALLEGED SENSE

Conundrums a-swelter wilt
in my mind
Making a pastiche
set of colors
A deck of cards
replete with aces
And
a silent
lapdog
A dark hue.
Obscuration.

Ordinarily,
While conundrums would arrest my stride
causing me occasion to pause,
To consider,
To ponder,
I certainly do not pay them heed willingly.

I am at their mercy

If I
could
understand them,
I would.

ANGELS AND DEMONS

Angels and demons seethe in their plight of mercy.

Listless longing in the tethered heat.

Be knowledge of all.

For good alone will not due.

Go-WITHOUT

The haze eeking thru cornerstone blocks
Which are crimson in stoicism.
The slumbering bodies shifting on mats
Issuing forth null vibration.
A certain dis-ease of the cats, too.
The floorboards seemingly misaligned.

How could it feel like enough to anyone?
When bread was sawdust
Water-fool's gold
fruit-yellow 5, red 3, blue 2...

And then there was the one heart that hurt.
A flame that had yet to go out.

Discarding a cue from the masses to extinguish,
"something like this."
He bore witness to
His straight and crooked
thoughts.
His surroundings all felt very plain.
All he knew with certainty
was:
He had done all he could.

In order to reach a place of resolve,
He honed his intuition
to a
Piercing degree.

So that all the mislaid signs
of inaction
and
disease
amounted to a single equation
Which left no doubt.

If love's extent is without bounds.
The denial of love is its one bound.
Who gets to determine when the timing is ripe?
When all avenues of escape are sealed
And,
One simply lets go.

So,
With utmost care and forethought
This one set his thought-free
to its own salvation.

How to anticipate the totality of expansiveness
of go-without?

INTERPRETATION:

Loss & The introspective process of the one whose heart hurts

If the flower never blooms,
Lilies, Pansies, Roses,
By some act of god
or other such calamity
No one ever will view the flower.

If the water is brine,
It might well be transformable
into
Some potable water
Yet,
This would require energy, knowledge and aptitude.

The one whose heart hurts-How much of these does he possess?

Is there anything written in the covenant with god
which states:
Ye who wonder, will never lack in the capacity to execute.

Yet, we're talking on the essential nature of things:
Breathe, Giving, Guidance, Truth.

What goes on in the space between
The loss and the letting go?
And why does that space exist?

It ought to have a fighting chance.

Imagine a flower bush with all its
buds snapped off.

It seems to me this is the denial and rejection the one whose heart hurts
contemplates.

Not because someone wishes to crush his spirit,
But because his spirit is crushed.

Perhaps it would be more correct to wonder what does the one whose heart hurts feel at this calamity. It must be the case he became aware somehow of the deeper nature of things that he possesses the knowledge, aptitude and energy to create something from apparently irreconcilable situations. Is the seed of creation inside those who have yet to forget their dream?

Is it faith then, upon which everything depends? No. His power was in his choice. His choice to ask, "Why?" when no one else was able to feel it. They felt no lack. He must have bore witness to greatness in that he was self-aware. He could discern between straight and crooked thoughts. As though his lens for viewing were crystal clear. But, of course, there were none among the living to shine the light of deliverance on his process or recognize it for its worth. The only instruction they provided was to discard, "Something like this." Strangely he was alone with his flame yet to be extinguished. How incredibly vague the flame must have felt. With no one else to sculpt it and iron out its kinks. Not that he couldn't comprehend it for what it was...He couldn't comprehend himself for what he was.

ANALYSIS OF GO-WITHOUT

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AVATAR

Once when the dust had settled awhile. And the vast chalice of shame was but a ringing in the ears, ever so slight, ever so informative. Tenitus it's called. Do away with naming. Stay awhile with me. As long as you like! In my folds and rivulets the chalice spills-allowing all manner of poison to dissipate.

Hobos seldom are able to speak directions. I asked a hobo for directions once. She knew before I asked the question exactly how I was torn inside. Blizzard! The scalding sweat of living at home. No one around. Counting beans.

Might it be possible, please, to show me the one who is without sin? And this happens.

How did she become? This exquisite thing. How did she become a part of my point of view? And she is, as clear as sustenance from the well of the infinite.

Shadows fall and the distance is less friendly. I don't dare venture in forbidden magic of enlightenment. Let this one exist in a state of becoming. Let this one go unharmed. Let this one be held.

I might as well be a space-alien for all the good it does orienting according to my past markers. THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING. Because an avatar exists with whom I have communed; The pain, The problems, The distress are all dispelled. Awakening in relation. Of what life could be. Of what life is. And what is that? Apparently, it is much more nuanced than I anticipated with a centeredness total and all-encompassing.

The bind is: she's crazy so to speak. Her madness is a coalescing with godliness.

I find myself aching inside for the radiance of her.

DOGGED NIGHT

Hello Ashley,

In the wisps and the dogged night
Which eats its flesh scowered leisurely by firelight
On steaming plates, in heaps and mounds of delicacy;
This is the pleasure principle of insatiable desire told simply:
A girl and a boy meet (full-grown), or a girl and a girl meet, or
worse than better yet a boy and three girls meet.
Coddling phrases: They share stories, chit-chat and mesmerizing
rituals of flesh. Banter too!
Some tire early. And most suffer ennui's guise. Not sure, confusion-
filled when the rituals become tiresome too.
The truly sick ones encountering their plight of boredom are
earnest in their desire for MORE. Not more sex, per se. But harder
sex, more orifices, variations on pain. No more need be said about
this type-You might gather the picture in fullness?

Then there are the fortunates who, knowing the mesmerizing rituals
of flesh actually constitute real longing for union, will seek out
psychosis as a rite. Transfiguration. Embracing and embodying the
obvious insanity of conjoinment being a labored and even a
disdained act of accompaniment. You and these too transfigure
mesmerizing rituals of flesh out of the dogged night into the wisps
of smoke spiraling in patterns of madness and ecstasy which
consume the very candlelight which itself has a kind of allure, a
nimbus of gravity, purity and rainbow essence. More on the smoke
though. As it bifurcates, as if torn, it tells conundrums (riddles)
to the lover both. For they are always separate and never were. In
these instants, the eternal
doorkeep gingerly tenders the door forth and inward all at once in
a subtle and graceful motion between dimensions. Am I not a door to
your window? You, a girl raised by power upon magnitudes for whom I
begin a quiet chant here of ruminating silliness? Or, will the very
wrenching which is the manner of smoke be a node in a network of
doorways opening upon the infinite chaste shell of a man who still
is not lost. Surely ripeness is truth nature.
And when we are ready to have sex, let's have it. I am ready. But,
on the nature of this division called bifurcation we are, "Lost men,
living all alone." "I'd like to use a metaphor but I can't get
beyond this shit." I am not saying give of your self
indiscriminately. It is more like the tendency to associate the Tao
with What Dreams may Come which is Shakespeare and Rachmaninoff.
Let's hope we don't grow overly simplistic. Our sensitivity to

Each other does not merit this love poem, does it? And my ache is told in the suffering endedness paradigm. Mercy. Mercy. Mercy. Pretty word if fulfilled! I am scared for you and the forcing of joy. My heart reaches out to you, as it were, if you will allow triteness in the name of something extremely better. I do get you. I get that you thirst to overcome the pain of the world as I do. And when faced with the grotesque atrocity of having so-called friends force upon you a night of debauchery you took it upon yourself to enjoy it despite yourself and the pain they chose to inflict upon you. That is genius. That is the lily-livered pest rising phoenix. I do not believe resurrection is inevitable; it takes a singular stoicism, brilliance, alacrity, tenaciousness and kinship with principles outside this realm. Also, plain gestalt vibing. Yet, you have this. What you have is special. It is worth a grand celebration on a cosmic scale. Ultimately you will choose whether you extinguish your own flame-which I do not wish for-or embrace the one you are. This is all in the way of saying I am in love with your freedom. And that I believe you belong in the camp gently love making love gently along with the poet, musician and hippy not excluding Jesus Christ himself. Who must have been a fantastic lover himself considering he was a master of reality. Yes?

FORNICATION

I saw her time spaceless.

She let me in.

She slipped into my bed

Immediately becoming a fuckable lump.

She never moved much except to give me head, which I know she didn't enjoy.

I certainly never allowed myself to enjoy it because I suspected she hated ingesting semen.

A vacant one she was.

She would finish our trist with an email:

You live knowing memory cannot be burned.

Maybe not vacant but inert.

She did say a few things.

Matter of factly,

"You like picking me up."

As I undressed her

I asked, candid, is this okay (not quite specific)

She replied, with a perceptible nod.

How am I to know what she wants!

I've concluded she wanted nothing but to be loved by a handsome man she fell in love with.

I guess she had a nice body.

She had a prominent forehead.

People have fantasies about black women.

I have demystified the topic.

I was reminded that the trist "felt good" by my one-armed therapist when I bemoaned the loss of my virginity where there was no love.

I tried all the tricks.

Exuberance, cunninglingus, gentle dominance.

How am I to know what she wants!

She was inert.

She said other things too which make me think she was not inert only
soaking it all in.

You're hurting me.

You're hurting me.

Twice made my folly

As the rough jeans I used to hide my member grinded inexorably
against her sacred place.

Also to protect against creation.

Protect against creation.

I was ready presumably.

The utterly baffling thing is why I didn't start sooner with these
mistaken exploits.

I had a spacious lagoon of free love
and might have dove heels to the sky.

GRIST FOR THE MILL

These battles within.
Are easily resolvable.
Grist for the Mill.
No crying shoulder.
Suck it up, be strong.
You'll get thru this; I promise you.

One slight promise broken
Prepares the way for despair.
Using the words, "I am"
or, "I will (see you thru this thing)"
Are better left reserved for the most pressing question-
And I hope one which is under the influence of those who utter it.

Than again,
"I want you to get out of this mess"
Is no where near as convicted and frightening
as, "You will get out of this mess."

Why should any of this matter?
Conflicting beliefs.

If I assume one's energy can make things happen, always.
And I know, This particular situation an outsider has no influence over.
If the outsider utters, "I will."
I go into panic mode.
Spiritual Teaching of the power of thought
Comes up against stark reality of being locked away.

"Locked away."
Hmm...
Where to put things.
Where to keep them separate from the average human being.
Some container, ha!

HEART # 2

If one gives another
every
piece of
one's heart?

One still has a
broken
heart.

NOT-PRE-COGNITION

I can imagine how an event might have gone afterward.

I can imagine how an event will go beforehand.

The imagining is effortless, unbidden.

It comes in a visual form.

I can decide based on imagining, prior to the event, what I believe to be the optimal realization based on practicality.

If I do not make the optimal decision based on forethought

It doesn't seem to matter.

All my unmade choices produce the result of doing no wrong.

It's not this simple

I remember things which didn't happen:

imitation of a person with down-syndrome by wetting my hair and blow drying it in the bathroom

and feeling spaced-the-fuck-out.

Pretty elaborate day dream and visceral:

The blow dryer was too hot, wondering how he made it work?

NUTS

**"Nuts
Which
Come from a shell
are
thinking about
my mind
which is a tourniquet
and
a
pleasure disk
spinning
Tireless licks of pure magical
chaos"**

Which I agree with. Them being such a whirlwind as you put it. Like, there might be more there if I were to plumb their depths. As though they were an opening or a beginning of sorts. Right now, they are something of a throw away gag forcing people to reach, perhaps too far. Each one-1.Nuts form a shell. 2. My mind a tourniquet. 3. My mind a pleasure disk. Needing to be imbued with meaning.

Let's see.

1.

Nuts which come from a shell. Articulated by nothingness in embryonic phase. Shattered. Made dull. Yet, held in the place of highest honor for their leavetaking. Birth. The grand affair. Some are torn. Some hearty. Some shriveled. Nothing is wasted, however. It all churns in the great crucible of the living. Although, some would wish not to be borne into such strife with the bearing they must assume. Asking only for a wide birth for their very tender heart. Does not the leavetaking come from a great blow? An entirely unexpected gestation cycle to which all are bound? Give me grapes, give me wine. Let me sit awhile and collect myself. I am far from the beginning, the whammy (if you will), I have the room to breathe now in gusts and huffs and squeeks. I have the freedom to move across plains, into hovels. The choice to gain an edge on next man. From shell to ocean swelter. Tossed. Regaining of balance. Riding effortless with tireless practice a wind board ribboned with pliable coloring. Made to be uneasy on the shore. Diving with full force. Asking to be held.

PATERNALISTIC SYSTEM OR POWER PLAY

I Am
pleading for a decaying
Ancestor
To return.

My grandfather
Checked out of this plane
With no luggage
Only,
A handbag
Make of Silver
Filigree
Adorned his skull.

I dreamt of him
The other night
Not
Long Ago
After he died
which feels
like eternity.

And,
He was
Just Standing
There
In my
Nonsense
Dream
Which made little
Sense:
In the company of Strangers
At home with
himself.

His serenity,
Which I rebuffed continually
throughout
my
life
By making the choices
I did.

BURNING DESIRE?

The distance between us is leagues distance

far away

I putter in my floundering palace.

Thrashing about like it is time for something to be said.

And I am better off led

away from this place

at a dizzying pace.

The world abounds

with sound.

Some dish out buzzkill to boot

And the pleasure principle, the hedonist's dream,

Which is our merit, our squalor,

Finding rats in bullish places

Weapons makers fetching god from the darkling attic

To wear her attire

dress in drag.

Eternal dust motes obscure the sun

Which we will never see.

Begin a song about lackluster days

and you might find it is wanting in some

fine play with endless women.

Livid in flesh. Kissed on the temple.

Told to be quiet, serene, even contemplative.
Last wishes before the executioners slap-stick humor
 hews forth your very soul?
 Come hither kindred soldier
 Ye, who hast earned a place by
 the tired statue.
 Flirting with disastrous decisions.
And making monopolies in the vast game with fate.
 Be comforted.
Your soul-less body has not lost but gained,
 a kind of re-paste
 tokens of glory and sin are:
 awkward moments
 lovely sunshine
 and
wandering lustfulness filled with gravity.
 In the shadows and the mist
 A toy is talked up kindly
 Like 'twere a doll
 All dolled up for pinching and poking
 small torments, bitches brew.
 And those who "smile at the hereafter"
will certainly doll out goddess rings for the shitty king

Who will never be deserving of his mounted inheritance of raindrop attire.

At last a scottish bride with horny kilt and luscious jewelry
spread between her legs,
creates a wistful calling for the place called
home.

Forget the momentary release beyond all time.
For your own member goes limp as pleasure courses thru it.
And you bob your head and call,
"Sister, mother, lover, friend"
all in one syllable.

Bridges to Tirabithia and I fell in love with her again
on the journey
from here to there.

Learning about stench of flesh alight in pleasure
and,
also,
her softness and fury.

AM I THE FLY?

There is nothing which exists outside my world.

Everything exists inside my world.

Or,

Am I the fly

trapped against the windowpane

who figures

the more surface area I cover

the closer I will be to freedom?

There are no magic doors.

There is only intentionality.

BAMBOO CHEESE BOARD

Magical thinking: where concepts gain power

I was cutting Brussel sprouts on the counter top without any fallout.

I switched to my Bamboo Cheese Board
and

proceeded to nick myself

without drawing blood. Then I thought: the knife and board have an affinity around cutting.

As soon as they come together

they are enabled to cut

me

because cutting boards are made for cutting.

THE EXPANSION

Entry for March 08, 2007

I expect the expansion to be infinite.
The rising genius ride is chill and challenging.
I will ride it out, so to speak.

LOVE POEM

Sleepy Style
Blissful Mood
exonerated from hatred
this poetry is proof
of the end of all time in your eyes.
A subtle characteristic there,
of the divine,
I call it sublime.
A beaming glory on a
rocking and fitful sea
We are none to be
and so free.

Legend has it you've seen the door and the eternal flame.
Legend has it you've crossed the threshold and were able to pronounce your
lover's name.

Be certain that your heart is safe in my hands.
And be wary, as you are, that I would crush such a delicate thing without second
thought.

PSYCHOSIS

What is psychosis? I'd like to answer this question directly seeing as divergent thinking is a sign of psychosis. I once felt limited by definitions (delusions, black and white thinking, visual hallucinations, auditory hallucinations etc.). Now I can laugh about it. They are tools limited in themselves. The mark of a fine writer is altering your mind with the text. If I can teach you to think like psychosis I succeeded.

Somehow it is also scribblings in the mind of healthy men. It is the unconscious premature utterings. Insensitivity say, in the ability to discern a josh from a taunt is psychosis. It is lack of spiritual development.

This counts for the mentally ill as well. I cannot reach for my dream of liberation. It is more like wrestling. I test myself on the world if I am healthy. After all, "The way through the world is harder than the way beyond it." I get excited writing about this. In hope I will hit on something real. I think the real is feeling. I can't trust feeling. Feeling deceives me and guides me amiss. My therapist asked why this is so. I know why. In Holland [see Testimonial of Grief] I had no cognitive compass and followed birds until they led me into the water. One of these dirty canals.

The conviction I had about my dirty perceptions being correct urged me on in madness.

Conviction is real. In recovery they call it rigidity. I once liked rigidity. Now I'm a bum for flexibility. Flexibility keeps me from damaging relationships. It keeps me in obedience. It keeps me functional. I must defer to others' judgement. Mine is so often awry.

It is a turning of the mind, a vast network of associations.

It surprises me with what I didn't know. It gets muddy here: Most voices are mental garbage. Likely they are created by myself for company to make sense out of overwhelm.

There is a significant piece of rebellion. Thinking I work and the world does not.

It is ultimate repose. Life feels so good. Shouldn't it? If it weren't riddled with paranoia it could easily be smooth as a dream. It's not feeling good which interests me though in this case. More it is being stimulated with the mind alive, maybe that's mania. I don't think psychosis should be relegated to a cowering thing.

It is grand. I make some impact. I want to make some impact. I want my life to have meaning. I don't think it is so great because most of my fantasy is riddled with fear. A comb, watermelon represents torture. A man in a wheelchair represents the international space station where everyone wants to be 'cause they have freeze dried ice cream. I could see my friends there from other lands. The technology would be advanced. Most of all I would be accepted as though I passed a rigorous entrance exam of character not left to rot on cesspool earth where the predominant though is glutted pleasure on pain. Not a good combination, I'll have you know. Whatever sells, and cruelty is selling hot. What can we do? I stopped. I stopped listening to radio. I calm the calling urge. I eat right, brown rice, quinoa, broccilini and toasterstruedal. No sugar. I don't feel any better. It seems I should feel better! If the way is better!!

I believe I shall seguy nicely into the rebellion. Nothing about reality appealed to me. I let my friend know my madness was intentional. He recognized the implications: "Whoa, that would mean you would have power." I'll have to think about it. I took him literally. I am miserable, I want out. I found an allure to padded walls and derelicts. I found an allure to ...

Now I think my neighbor is evil, I think Cecilia is a goddess and my father is a black man at heart. A decrepit existence, truly.

I feel nothing. I want to die. It's a lot like that.

Finding meaning where there is none even though meaning is everywhere in my mind.

Voices are crap. Telepathy is crap. Telekinesis is definetly crap.

On the subject of sensitivity: Whenever I see George W. face I feel good, same with the flag. It's fishy. I have no particular fondness for these symbols. Advertising skills in politics perhaps? I want to know how you imprint something like that. Maybe television and the right wavelengths is all it takes.

And I don't want my Lamictal raised. I would rather die feeling something, feeling this ache. That's why I rebelled against reality. I want no part of it. It is an inherently good thing I believe. But tiresome, a dead end. I wanted to die in Europe. I was done. My parents resurrected me. I thought in the end I could stay in the happy place where I was learning so much from special people. People like Merlin the wizard (who was regularly sexually abused by the orderlies and was sequestered in a quiet room). The tall priest with jet black hair who wore a smock and was pinned down and injected with the fluid they call salvation (He said I could learn a lot from an ant and he had beautiful colored pictures on his window, cut-outs). I thought the ant comment was all about me. Now I'm to believe nothing is about me. It certainly appeared relevant, me rebelling against productive society and all.

I tell myself I am happy, my body won't feel it. And this morning I felt better.
Better than yesterday.

Psychosis is constant meaning. I wonder if the limitation set on the average man by science is impetus for the desperate search for meaning. We can't make 10,000 case studies. We can only take our own. And our own is called subjective. I think we need to know we can make objective observation, to improve our lives.

All my associations are my protection. Now I have a second life I know to make all the connections. Every Chicken McNugget I ate made me smarter. Mr. McDonald is to thank. I didn't make enough associations. Blockbuster never made the slew. They fade as my memory fades. As though my mind were bleached. I am resilient and lucky. How can I possibly make enough connections to save me next time I fall? The consciousness is so easily erased and downtrodden.

Some lock the door because it works.
Some shut the door because they believe shutting the door will close the door.
One works.

Criminals want attention, Hell I want attention.

REQUIEM

Bliss for the fallen warrior.
My heart breaks to realize he is absent.
I was proud of the night side of the man-
His stubbornness didn't bother me
it was, to me, an endearing trait.
However, now by the men I love stubbornness becomes a warning sign:
One too self-absorbed is likely to divest himself of
brothers in plain sight.
He bore his soul with the air of a Prince.
He was proud like the right guide of one's own boat.
It took him to other shores with women I will never know.
And friends with whom I will never share.

As I estimated the man.
He rose like a brilliant sun,
His heart was such that it filled the sky.
Or perhaps not.
His beautiful heart was sustenance for kings,
Or perhaps not.
And there it is.
Were we not made kings in his presence?
Where does it leave us now and now and now as the longing and adoration
fades.
We are still kings of another domain. Kings whose kingdom has weathered the
blight of tears and arisen stronger.
Where, how and why did he leave?
I guess, in my contemplative moments, he went where all fallen warriors go when
they die. His soul surely went to a better place? He fought valiantly- did he not?
In retrospect, his demeanor was akin to the obligatory smile on the mask of an
over-furnished stage set. One to be warned against again and again as lacking in
the fiber of man. Cowardice, yes, a son of man. And self-righteous designation of
how to get from a place where he didn't want to be to somewhere better. In this
transit there was no pain. He exited and never looked back at those strangers
still on the stage smiling genuine smiles. When the leading role is vacated. We
beg for an understudy.
How can one pivot with no axis? I felt anchored by the man.
I imagine he went to the place of all fallen warriors.
I care only to know how he did his severing of every remnant of himself. The why
stands in relief against the backdrop of devastation. He possesses the trait of
existing in absentia, and that is All.

REMINISCENCE OF PAST MEDICATION GLORY

Sometimes I know what to do
And,
I do the opposite.

Disconnect.

The thought-splitting disorderliness
Which has this-thing-that
Turns me three moons to Saturn.

I am speechless,
In this vessel,
Made to correct a phase-shifting problem

The medication will not aid me in my task
I am with myself in this.

So, I seek quiet ways again.
Toast: not burnt.
Fertile Crescent: un-polluted.

The oddest thing
is
It appears ultra-mind
is assailable
by
Incompatible articles.

And I feel shame
at not being stronger
At
suffering the failure
of
too little energy.

Of course,
I wish a healing.
A metamorphosis
of sorts.

I wonder,
Can I find it deep within myself to correct my course?

I will not talk about what I'm missing: Most precious of all.
I will talk on what I've found.

This engine of my brain
running
with an overheated radiator
Forcing the engine to do double-duty.

What's odd:
My memory was astronomical for a time.
Then, sooner rather than later,
It grew tired and the synapse melted.

What chance would allow such prowess to transpire?
What act of god?
What concert of elements?

I will see this as a growing process.
One by one.
two by two.

It is desperately hard
to master
this pony.

I cracked the safe on connectedness:
A prayerful coalescing.
Instead of hollow shells,
Others,
Bloomed into fantastical creatures.

"I hope you can
Get back to that
place," they say.

I hope I
can find my
way in this
place.

Maybe,
this is a period
when
breathing is enough
of
a requirement.

That,
were I to know
my breathe,
Everything would follow.

This is not beyond my capacity
as one of my brothers would say,
"Vacate, and do what you know works."

Ahlah.
Ahlah hu akbar.
Om Nama Shivia.
Om Mani Padmi Om (Shri).
Om Ah Hunh.

My anchor.
O, Lord.
Grew twisted.

Silly mistakes
are the centerpiece of my awareness
growing
a potential spaciousness
Where thoughts might play
Where thoughts might arrange themselves
suddenly
With all things considered.

In order to master
the
Mechanisms
of this vessel
I must release
haste.

Triumphant I will
stand
after
Weeding my garden,
all day,
on hands-and-knees
with spade in hand
speckled with loam.

SELF-ASUNDER

The catastrophe which happened
is
me.

Take her by the hand.
Ram her apart.
It's all slight of hand.
It's all in the art.

Shattered Tears
of yesteryears-dreamtime
leave me lonely, desolate even.

Yes, the stars
are
still called
the
Firmament.

My moment
with
divinity
was torn from it.

I've got a
quiet
world.

It lets me
slumber
and
ridicule at the tragedy
of a pretty picture
made from my vacant soul.

She made
momentuous
(taking me into her fold)
a majesty
imbued with grace.

I took her hand
and

then erased.

It looks like times ahead are going longer. The patch of sand. The morning longer.

Made to plead formally, "Just if you please, just ask with slightly more yearning for completion in another soul."

Let it be so.

And made it was for long enough to witness the very trees bleed.

As the aching slows,
The mountains gather
Freak shows
To entertain
and
Bemuse.

I should be right there with them.
Asking for clarification on the syntax of God-Speak.

I treated her with so little care. A negligible trinket. A saturns dusky wave. A pebble tossed about.

Forgotten closeness made me hasty.
To throw away something I did not prize on, or boast.

She taught the
endless
game
of
give
and
receive
but
never
claim.

This alone is enough to fill the chalice of tradegic ghosts.

In my lifespan I've seen my bedpan overflowing with missed chances, erring ways, lost cause.

The happiness was radical, I agree.

I did not foresee the element of forgetting the who I was inside of her. The being there quite still. She held the picture long enough to see
Some god had unconditionally loving written into the plan for me.

UWC Rant

When will the age dawn
Of time immemorial?
I don't know what that means!
It means: Time out of mind. (Which is perfectly simple.)
I am a lost soul in the dazzling scene.
Or was,
Until I chose to
Come from the place of heart
As the always conscious consciousness
As a star in the one mind.

Consider this, you poet-god (daemon-king),
The adolescent gurl fully ripe and able,
Has now chosen to intercede on the side of balance.

Call it chaos if you will.
The long_now has a shot.
As above, so below. (Is what I repeat to myself, in my sleep).
With a trust matrix in place
It should be done.
It might be done.
It is left undone.

Does it last?
Better this:
No money spent.
(Damn thieving bastards.)
A night drinking Tequila
"Lemon, Lime and No Rocks.

'Cause when it hits our chests
It gots to be hot."

I gave the tired boy his game.
He played me as though I would not enforce the rules.
Although I now know how
and why too.
God didn't know what he was made of,
Clearly he is made of that which decays.

Maybe I was not SPECIFIC ENOUGH <sarcastic>
in my delineation.
I stated,

"It was \$20 dollars. It's kewl. Whatever you can do."
I also said, "This is a gift on me."
Did you record THAT conversation?
Or was it hidden, secret and untold.

I stored it in the only place that counts.
I know investment bankers who are savants or iedetic masters.
I schooled them, they schooled me...in school.

I have no idea why?
However, it is an educational institution.

I don't know who's at fault.
The bagger certainly knew to place the
Tequila and Salt together.
I knew to place the Ice Cubes with the Tequila and Salt.
I saw, and I shit you not, limes in the bag for the adolescent boy
Who already knew how to deflect negative vibrations.
That made me trust him.
My question for you genii folks is this:
Was I wrong to trust him? Was I wrong?

They were in search of some Mickeys.
I agreed,
Not that,
To buy them a stimulant.
Because, chicken little, because...
THAT'S WHAT THEY NEED!!!

And also,
her softness and fury.
(God's one love)

SEA

I burned out
in the spasmodic sea.
Your desert scene
and
my hillside vern.
Lips touching
Brain clutching
Strands of ageless void
Countering the spell of depressions toll.
I ran out of energy and space to hold
The need for memory, focus and drive.
Lisping sacred syllables
Foretold in loopy arrays.
Kindred toils for my sorry behalf.
And needles join the crowns of poor ecstasy and longing.
Cartoon faces are sent away by Netherlands post.
And fornicating bodies conjoin on benches first hallucination.
My body ached. And fluke was born.
The death toll is heavy in hells moments.
These times are gone.
My investment banker mates.
Triumph over tiers of hedge fund and currency giants.
My brothers are now military angels and navajo grant writers.
Who am I divine? Who am I lost? I am damaged goods. One more pot haze gone
too far. The fall was sensical she says. And I agree. Knowing the unmaking of my
ambition was too far. A lie heeding to past truths.

CLOSURE

When time is spent
for all things worth
a sidelong glance,
Measure of solemnity.
Sometimes the wait loses its ultimate coil
I've got grief for a life undone.

Effort is not appeasement.
Measure-the broken cup.
Chalice of the ultimate-beloved
caved in on rounds past half-dozen.
Brother-killer's sorry stare a path forgotten.

Once the edge between
legwork and imaginings
takes a blast from a
one unturned by measure's
lock.

It is silent here-
The rescue an ultimate happiness
or,
a petty virtue.
Kindness the last stance
deliverance

Closure