

Residencia en la tierra

The purple dawn of hangovers sneezes into existence.

Several deaths... Shaking widows fall onto the threshing floor, defeated by the silence of the hideous Void. I cannot offer absolution nor peace but only understanding: you, crawling in suicide-shackles, murdered into horror — I know your pain, put it on me — wherever you are, feel my broken arms holding you close...

Time does not heal, it only provides a ~~wall~~ mouldy bandage to tigger within the turmoil of your personal chaos, promising — if not peace, — drunkenness and a shallow grave...

Forgive yourself, no-one else will, and refuse to allow Fate to change your will: do exactly what you yearn to.

I am only a prisoner who thinks he has found Paradise, if only in books if only in music if only in Art...

She walks in beauty like the night, this shadowed corpse

I call my own has survived things that cannot be expressed, defeats, wilts, shames, victories, rages, terrors, joys, ecstasies

and purple hangover dawns — mouth like an ashtray, eyes bleeding, bloody tears, urine-stained pants and ripped shirt — with the beauty of drunkenness erased, shuddered into nothingness,

as you wake in some house in some town in some world

with hopeless confusion, passing as functioning; glum gurgling, Godhead, mutilated by the Evil we create in everything we are, sits, poignant

in a bone-shawl washing the decaying, desiccated feet of lepers

with a smile beyond words and a certainty no human knows...

I watch his calm movements, his simple gestures, and realize this:

God is not hate, He is not religion, He is not shame,

God is subtle, beautiful awe, He is manna and air —

He knows what you must go through in order to attain Nirvana

and nothing, not even suicide or murder, will stop him begging you to let him in...

I promise you no absolution, no peace but only understanding: I know your pain, put it on Him —

Wherever you are, feel God's stoic heart healing your soul....

An accidental miracle

"Doom," he said, whiskey bottle off-kilter in his Freudian palm, "is only the approximate definition of a life lived in circles of distrust; there are certain barriers you cannot cross without drugs, meditation or deep grief. Believe only in the fundamentals, only cross bridges if the destination contains a puzzle-piece, a certain refraction of identity that assimilates chaotically and beautifully into your consciousness..."

This said, he coughed violently spilling viscous spit onto the deck; the sea was all a-whirl and he was dead, in the way blowflies die by landing on shit or deer fall prey to that that is lying in wait. He was gone, no more no less. Sat, in full abandon, in tears calling out growl to my ancestors... who lay dead, drunk, deluded, dust — they heard not a whimper, too lost in the discoveries of their minds, unaware that deep below one-of-they lay distraught by the dying.

I remember (here-now) a sense of endless melancholy infecting my visage, it was as if a million dominoes cascading and bustling boom boom bang down into deep-thought, all tipping the scales of abandonment until I was left, slaughtered, served-as-sizzle, on the seashell beach of liquid dreams, all aghast and a walking catastrophe with my mouth open screaming: "He's dead! He's dead!" And all the rest, somehow burnt, left scattered on the apologetic sand melting like refulgent limping lilies bleeding like escargot onto the weeping all-seeing eyes of White Tara — enough. To even name her eats at my soul in the knowledge that I will never be... Enough, enough, enough...

no more

but the dust

and the silence of

a
thousand years

fading
fading
fading to
Doom...

† = sentence following is asserted to be true

atheistic teleology

† God exists even if you deny ^{an} omniscient, ~~omnipotent~~ Being who is the Creator because the collective consciousness, wherein is contained the entire idea-base of humanity, exists which is essentially God in that all possible knowledge, the ability to attain omniscience & omnipotence, ~~is~~ can be found within enlightenment. You need only to look...

Look deep and look true within yourself, below all the vain and ridiculous commonalities, searching for the elusive and correct bases of reality, the scattered although ~~your~~ perfectly harmonious thoughts (contained within the silence of the internet Void sought after through narcotics or meditation) that you can not access in every instance, indeed finding them can take a lifetime, but your soul intrinsically knows ~~them~~ that which your heart either angrily denies or calmly acknowledges or adoringly loves and the real lessons of life, the building-blocks of reality, ~~you~~ you must train your will and mind (via will-to-meaning) to allow your brain to come to the innate knowledge your soul is born with. † Seek not power, glory, fame or riches: seek Truth and Knowledge and Rationality and Logic...

I have not found any of the answers so I can tell you nothing but this: follow the path your heart, soul or mind (depending on make-up of personality, different drives exist) tells you, in an inner monologue no amount of denial can defeat, is right for you. The path of your most prominent drive may not be good or beneficial for the greater society but following your path puts you in a state to do what you are meant to therefore allowing you to help or guide those who Fate dictates you must help or guide. ~~Time~~ † Time is an illusion, make your watch the prominent drive within you and live according to the schedule of your heart, soul or mind and not according to the fickle enchantments of day and night. Follow your God...

fragments of resemblance

Quivering the topmost branches of one of the tall trees, an invisible bird was striving to make the day seem shorter, exploring with a long-drawn note the solitude that pressed it on every side, but it received at once so unanimous an answer, so powerful a repercussion of silence and of immobility, that one felt it had arrested for all eternity the moment which it had been trying to make pass more quickly.

— Marcel Proust

Time is dew sifted about like crystallised fragments of some great mirror drifting ever drifting about as if each shard is a moment never to be repeated, each sliver an aeon indefinable a year endless and a warm cruel day drooling like acid on a fluorescent napkin stuffed hastily into the pocket of an angry teenager, all beduddled with dreams; a certain beauty equated with silence is the memory of a prisoner's cell — as if all echoing solemnity had been muted and only the endless thoughts of the inhabiting madmen exist — but often there is a stillness you can keenly ~~feel~~ feel by laying your face on the bars and quietly connecting with the calls of plovers, mynahs, pigeons, lorikeets murmuring their way home to the nests they have steadfastly constructed in patience and in belief that the births that, here-now, have come about will provide a necessity for sustainment, a passing-on of the nectarous supplements of worms and other — such quibbles (perhaps all Gods have scars for how can something that creates exist without suffering and without feeling deeply all the intrinsic details of the temporary spans of creation living bitterly like emeraldic black-holes, entropic deliberations, crawling yearning snarling sneezing weeping things hobbling on somehow like an endless array of dominoes endlessly circling a great sift that drips down, dew-like, into the consciousness of God, of Time?) but only the night remains ~~and~~ and the night is only the callous moon and the moon is only the begging we throw at the Master; (ah, woe!) forget me, forget me: I am only a shadow lingering on the edges ~~of~~ of consciousness dreaming ever dreaming of the End, that bitter curd of refracted delirium: time...

Pale dawn: cirrhotic miracle

And how shall you punish those ~~sinners~~ whose remorse
is already greater than their misdeeds?

— Kahlil Gibran

A very wise man once said to me: "lie to friends, family, enemies, whoever
but don't lie to your-self." He ODD 3 months before I was arrested.
I remember being at his house, just me and him ~~was~~ laughing at Death
me drinking and popping pills and him shooting heroin. I fell asleep to the
sound of Miles Davis (his favourite musician) on the radio. ~~Tom~~ Tom
was 23 when he died, a boy who had gone through more in his short
life than most go through in 80 years. His parents abandoned him to
be a ward of the state, he never even knew them, no photo no ~~note~~
note. By 15 he was already a criminal who had been to juvie
for stealing and assault. By 21 his missus had miscarried twice
and then she committed suicide 6 months later. After that he
started using heroin every day and from there is only one way: abyss
I sit here now in my cell with an unshaven face and tears I can't
shed trying to find a reason for all this pain. I remember going over to
his motionless body and shaking him but I knew already: the air was
cold and the music had long died and there was no pulse, only a scent
of vomit, the pool next to his head bloody and congealed. I called an
ambulance but I may as well have called a hearse. I am ashamed
to say now that I ran, leaving the phone off the hook and the
door unlocked. We hadn't been friends for long but I shared more
secrets, more honest tears with him than with anyone I've ever
met or will ever meet. Tom... wherever you are, know that you
are ~~loved~~ loved and not forgotten. The goat sleeps, no answer comes...

~~Chick~~ Chick - arch - voss - key: Kaddish for Chelsea

"Mercy on us who explore the frontiers of the unreal."

- Apollinaire

Neruda! You know the tears I cannot shed; because Reason does not ~~in~~ inhabit my boneless corpse, I have only Passion, that gutter-petal. I puke my intestines out the window as yet another neurotic plane spirals into a building.

She walks on invisible feet down a street of glass and shrapnel. I follow like a hesitant beggar... malarial delirious somnolent; no hour is so painful, so gut-wrenching as that when you find yourself defeated by the beauty of your illusions.

I cannot write of anything, I am only a prisoner
a painter a poet a poor poor fool composing
a symphony of serrated knives within my tonsils.

Dreams are my paints and the flesh of quiet horrors my canvas.
Forget it, those neutered years wherein nightmares roam.

Sing only of caps, hats, stockings feet, teacups and migraines.
Forget it, your eyes like jellied globules of vomited fire.

My woman, you are a halo of ideas, of promises ~~unfulfilled~~ unfulfilled
and I am sure nothing you have done to me equals the pain you have felt,
those changes of dress self-awareness creates in a lingered spine,
those widowed ~~tears~~ tears, those crumpled roses, those shadows in your eyes
like a sun-decked rainbow...

Like as if all the melancholy foldings
of timorous Time has shattered ~~the~~ the equinox of deliberate apathy, you
sit... a ghost of bone-shawls and superstition, ethereal in this
light, this fading light. You suicide, you dead beauty, you impassioned hate:
you exist only in my mind. Chelsea, what realm is yours?

Fertile paradise, cockroaches infect the impassable Gutes
with their skittering oncologies and ~~defunct~~ defunct tumours.

But you... little lady of my waking dreams, sit dipping
plaited toes in the murky water that Charon crosses
and there is nothing more beautiful to me than your smile.