



Sagas of Life and After-Life

and like Alice I'll make-believe
 and make make-believe come true
and hope - bitterly at times - that some
 of these thoughts, somewhere, somehow
 and by someone, will become what is,
 what am and what stands for myself

all of which is given in pieces

inside knowing all questions, all answers
and by brain knowing that no answers are true
 unless they're truly given
by body knowing that whatever is spoken
 is only to be understood by the same instinct
 that said it
only to be understood when truly received

and though there surely'll be some knowledge
 left to be told, some feelings
 left to be given
and though all that is told is not knowledge
all that is spoken of, is done so within heart

and so it is told
that some feelings are too strong
to be torn by tongue

but still a few of them too weak
to be nailed in writing

F

irst Edition

granum

cui bono?

banshee

aimlessly (score man! score!)

the credibility gap

Floracian Monastery

Juiced in Goodness

fade and out

granum

agelessly forgotten
lies the sound of my name
the age of mine dislikes me
and so does fame

but they don't use arithmetic's
who try to count me in
that ain't no more than a way of telling
how to loose, or how to win

I don't believe in destiny
that's just a way of pitying oneself
I dislike feeling sorry for anyone
especially if that anyone's myself

but I wouldn't care to talk at all
if I couldn't talk
or didn't know how to call

ain't that a peculiar statement,
coming from a heavy fall?

my friends are but several too many
if I may choose I wouldn't keep any
but for those that I now call mine
and have called so for a long, long time

'cos I'm not a candidate for adoption
travellin' agrees with me
I'm not too concerned with good manners
I have been too good to be

and as I'm not expecting
or giving kindness
I assume no one can accept me
not even in blindness

but if I ever should marry a woman,
that would be the system of the clan
'cos this is the meaning of love:
to spread the wings, not cut them

cui bono?

from across the field of horror
we spied a man with a haunted brain
"arms and hands all shaking"
ten loose parts rattling down the drain
where the layers of the years have dried
and moistened
and dried again

likely nobody will see the zoid
the inside of which is to be liven
likely too that his friend is not Kshatraya
standing, waiting to be given

cela va sans dire, I will return
to gaze the acres of my land
as soon as my head is loose from the sand

banshee

from across the field of quality
I spied the mightiest brain on earth
measuring the thoughts around it
and accomplishing the value of worth

concealing those who surround it
with the prodigal virgin of Birth

I beheld it enriching the peasants
involving the cicerone of Arse
and the embryo of deriving stars
and then, eagerly as Proteus and Facility
hiding the disordering scars
behind the integrity bars

I heeded it feeding the Bannister of Decease
hesitating whether heroes are Thespian
and when the sky was bright
and not a genital appeared in sight
polluting the spirit of the Lesbian

and now, when abandoned, I recollect him
as if his days were never cut
long before Dylan tolled for the outcast
and the omniscient had a decrease to shut

aimlessly (score man! score!)

redeeming voices heard all over
angel's pity roar
asking: "are you one of the solo people?"
and glancing at the door

Mahomedan quietly wrapping marrows
pressing camels through needles eye
whispering lonely rangers are hunting
for the Wichita sky
all asking for nothing utterly honest as trouble
sleeving shades of easy-men on the double
ask for nothing at all but care
sleeving shades into the deepest bottom
of wilderness' beware

and then wonders of faith are, or ought to be,
forgotten
some speak loud of all that's rotten
or "no use in trying now - it won't be better anyhow"

as is or was is unreal
commence startles wind reel
all looking for the trouble in the sky
when it's on earth all people die

and our waitresses of missing failures
seek the common gifts of any sin
and the Mormon cries to the one inside
to seek a way to win
all journey coming through the locker
aiming in heart to shock her
so you may send him in the jungle too,
he would, if he were you

inside the chartered bus all hands and legs
seem to vanish in the air
brain is often hidden there
seems like Guide ain't filling his chair
stand too close and he'll shout beware

you can't take anything at all for certain
where the sun is excluded by a curtain
and where the horses speed at runs
but their God will punish them sometime
and some will be punished at once

far ahead of the railroad traveler
leads a sign pointing out the way
can you then resist such a gifted thing
I promise you resistance towards anything
that's lead or caught or coming that-a-way

but Mona Lisa, smiling softly
ahead of the thread machine
neatly playing with her Karas
both whistling Harry's theme
they used to crawl out hand and foot
linked on by a rope
strangely looking as the wifely grin
of the riot pope

but it makes no sense of matter anyhow
we can only brake and bow
'cos their God will punish them all sometime
and some of them are punished now

the credibility gap

aint nobody here to tell me
how to gain or lose a friend
how to fill the hours' darkness
which useless are to send
far away to any darker night
or some obscure renown
will you call Edwin A Robinson
to meet John Evereldown?

why the tongue is always frightened
when it's due for it to call
no one knows, as when a leading man
will make his heavy fall

and the claim of independence
must shatter with the faith
and the gap of credibility
must tear us up with hate

move no one out of any room
when gleaming is of need
when time is early passing
or when Puny's succeed

'cos does it really matter
to whom the word is passed
does the gap of credibility
tell it where to last?

the Between of both the Dark and Night
used by Plato as explain
is, as crowd in getting pleasing,
the redeem of Fire's pain

and the unity of Labour
will be on solid ground
as the gap of credibility
won't know where it's bound

is the one of many hours
that have fallen on my chest
the one too many hours?
the one left by the rest?

the one which gives a mortal faith
when pressed down to the ground
pressed through the gap of credibility
it won't make a sound

Floracian Monastery

the narrow alley of Piety
lies casually muddy and cold
as the steps of Brother Superior
chills the body, but not the soul

Brother Wren is sitting in the garden
dreaming of his former two-wheel bike
and of pretty girls on back of him
telling him what he's like

hysterical music pours out through the door
and Brother Helicon is asking for more
Lucifer ain't behind him, it's just his voice
and does it really matter who makes the noise?

Brother Genius-Mechanical constructed a light
instantaneous eclipse is his dream
his prie-dieu is known for its comfort
and God he has touched with a beam

the cap of the bottle was put into ink
the same as Metagoraph and his Hat
but with blood, sweat and tears
it was pulled up again
and we thank the Almighty Dollar for that

"Ail me!" cries the sex-hungry lunatic
but he's not here on Avenue of Pride
he might be almost anywhere else
but here, where even angels step aside

a shining frog sits waiting for
the unknown Mysteries of Joy
"Democracy? Bah! Even Caesar would agree!"
the Masters of War is a wonderful toy

“Useless in all” was the description of Lou Haggarth
he refused to do anything but pray
and that is not good, a convent must have a profit
nowadays you can’t exist on what God may say

‘cos though it is good God to have seen
in winter it’s cold to have nothing in between

Juiced in Goodness

A brave man - a hero - has been so good
cleaning my desk and my table
The same man (the hero) has done what he could
(as a surgeon being come-at-able)

Both Alpha and Omega have been so kind
making me want some more
Both Alpha and Omega have used my mind
to cover their dirty floor

And the openhanded painter, destination unknown
but originally descended from your street
He and his mother are likely to have grown
while drawing crazy patterns on your sheet

And so a jack and a harlot have left me here
paralyzed, but not standing still
Captain Nemo and Emolument have gathered here
tougher than Osmon's drill

When the outside right forward deals a card,
staring blindly at me,
the outside right forward is trying hard
trying to make me see
that the riverboat-captain is floating high
making a deal with the best
You can say that he's simply crushing a lie
with the breathing of a sick mans chest

A hereditary peers got lost in the mist,
trying to reign supreme
But he has the Queen's Birthday Honors' List
so he won't ever scream

The Morning Post, in noxious, four days old
is wearing a head-line of sun
The editor writes only what he's been told
and yet he hasn't even begun

Both Daddy's Girl and Moses, getting short of food
(only occasionally, of course)
A costermonger, a basker - all in the mood
Mingle with the labor force!

Penetrate your friends and all the other strangers,
a rolling stone gathers no moss
Too many people, watch out for the dangers
before they'll show you who's the boss

A tailors dummy tells me I'm clever
not an uncommon condition
But there's no money in professor, so I will never
forsake my mind for a vision

But as a crucial circle, daringly used,
crushes the feelings in a frown
you can be happy although you're confused
although you don't know it, you clown!

And all the candles are waxed in black
as a rhapsody of sweetness all through
Through one candle runs a crack
a portrait of darkness, too

It's the land of the free, the home of the brave
yet not touching the ground
The land of the free, the home of the brave
goodness turning around

fade and out

far 'neath the fairy maiden's toll
of undeceived mistrust,
and the folly path of insaneous games
released and out of trust,
lies a shiny box of missing faith
and reasonless compare
aimed to be the without-knowing-how
that sleeves inside the air

claiming voices heard all over
strangling views around it all
says: "you shall be the happy one that
none may sharply call"

strings of forehand looks might tell me
strings of beam might go outside
strings that cannot tell or fade me
will be alone to glide

and staircase glance of empty rooms
and leaves of empty shell
and canon eyes of remnant men
can be the only smell

Second Identity
arrière pensée
silence law / erehwesle
sane
backlash

arrière pensée

as wishing for no other
as whispering, as watching still
my eyes
by reckoned wealthiness
gaze at Bedlam Hill

Miosis speaks to me
ossifying her silent voice
to echo in the impasse of choice
as the murmur disappears into noise

“hate is the feeling”
said M without respect
‘cos it’s so much easier not to react”

“but if war is good business, invest your son
and in choosing between two it’s no one”

glances of the fallen leaves
is the main disturbance of frightened trees
and not a sign of any thrill
is lead or caught by any will
or lost on any seas

and while flowing
through the gates of eternity
on a voice whispering nearly please
preoccupied with paying attention
I know
we have shadowed the Greece

and M said:
“the one that passes you
does just the same that you’d like to do
and if passing wasn’t a game of skill
defeat wouldn’t be a missing will”

and I spy the echoes from my homeward bound
where the people meet without a sound
as it's difficult to know who you meet
where life's hard enough without a beard
where no man of no woman has ever disappeared
where no wallet tells you who to greet

but I also saw the picture of the Cameron Men
returning into dreamless fake
one can trace the missing lines on top
anyone who's not himself a fake
almost anyone who's slept awake

as M:
"some cannot judge good from bad
or worse, not bad from good
most of us call it lack of faith
others just brotherhood"

but my relapse of emotions is growing
and its language is the must of knowing
so therefore I can't possibly win
'cos though I'm hauling my banners
and life's improving its manners
in every hand of the arthropod is a sin

silence law / erehwesle

lawless guilt I hear somewhere tapping
but somehow it matters less
how to make it fit
or how to make it quit
the question is:
"how come some shatter less?"

and M said:
"some will be forever proud of
what they are able to snare
and some will be forever proud of
what they would never dare"

coming through its own scar-hidden beard
omniscience is totally weird
knowing nothing but its own laughter
smile will show some time after
matters less who comes first
they are all 'gonna die of thirst

M said:
"I guess some are just thinking
of another way to relax
and some live to damn the art of thinking
what there will be next"

"some refuse to go by forehand
everything to be as before
so I will turn to the black
and they may turn to the negro
I wonder who'll first say what he is longing for"

behind man's obituary
shameless seekers search in vane
for anything at all that might throw a glance
at the fact that no one's insane

talking M in question of law and right:
"no answers are to be polluted
and no question, to whatever degree,
is to be mixed or in any way computed"

but then the silence tongue
of the cameron men
throws the guard away from the door
and the silence tongue reveals its secret:
"no one is to be heard any more"

"and all the low-down ways are to be practiced
and no eternal sin will go unused
when the equal to what you and I believe in
will stop and return confused"

"and all outsider's inside currencies
all velvet belly-nets
will no longer seem so fraternized
as there will be no more regrets"

and every cloud that has ever lit the sun
will walk away quite slow

"and no one else but Turnin' Fast
will have a chance to glow"

and they say some red speak in metaphors

sane

"Grace" I say and my voice is clear
as if coming through the distant near
"the sun is yellow, I'm chicken too
and the aim is almost hidden"

"the glance I take upon your eyes
is heavily disturbed by laughter
it will be so forever after
and the games are now forbidden"

in the field Solid Matrimony cried
unable to defeat her flying
she's trying high
one can hear her sigh
and the world may catch her dying

I questioned M, who answered released:
"some of these damsels make me feel pleased
I would be happy to have one as wife
as struggle is not equal to life"

between the garden and the rope
where all the dead are hangin'
there is a step that leads to nowhere
taking Grace in there
I felt the hope
as I felt the breath of clover

she said: "dear Sir, or may I say Master?
the view is what I mean by somewhat dim
causing nothing but disaster
aiming to cease for some to win
we knew each other better at beginning
and as I said
some are better when not winning"

I spoke with M, who said quite clear:
"is it not so that some will hear
and some will not, hear at all?
your duty is just to make the call"

"Grace" I say again, trying to touch her body
her clinging on the border-line is thrilling
"Grace"
"my friend"
"this is the end
you must admit it, I know you are not willing"

"but the feelings you miss are somewhere about
maybe it's them we've been killing"

and the sun was dim
we all forgot him
and the blankets were pure when deserted
from the paths all around me
my sorrow surround me
and the foul plot that I have unearthed

then I heard one who said:
"Damsel, come here and water my oriel
all for the sake of memorial
and to make sure there's no one in"

"birds will lose their wonder
forsaken hearts will seek
for the proper - and the only - way to speak
and the only way to win"

"but some belongings will become of no possession
and some of Ginsberg's books will never die
and still
there will be a few too shy"

backlash

sometimes I go in there, trying to be too deep
sometimes I stay

as when I heard one who said
whispering

“Aralee, wherefrom origins all
questions, to whom are they given,
and who has the answers chosen?”

“the pudenda”, I smiled

“the pudenda is head now”

as when believing there’ll be no regrets
nor any faults

that return - in ashes - after passing vaults
and still believing

in heart

there will be a candle lit in the darkness
for all of these belongings that will become
of no possession
as hatred is equal to passion

Third Dilemma

Third Dilemma
to M
to sleep elsewhere but in hearts I plead
the lonely, the tender and the dear
hatred, anger and pain
on freedom
on reason
to get it over with

to M

blind

without metaphors

I stand here

Stranded

waiting for someone to tell me

on which side I am to sleep

someone to tell me

on which side I am to rise

still no one can see it clearer than I

and no one else can oversee it all

but then I know

it would be better

much better

even best

if someone could only face it as bright

I think of the danger

that lies within capture by feelings

so

to sleep elsewhere but in hearts I plead

and so

strings of guilt might guide me

and the other hand might tell me that sorrow comes

when not good-bye has been taken

but

if there is nothing called you in heaven

and no one there can speak your name

it would be good to think of you as gone

therefore

it seems strange now to think of you as gone

when I know that you are still near

to sleep elsewhere but in hearts I plead

to sleep

is like walking through gardens of wine,
with laughter and joy
and happiness dangling in ear
because to sleep is knowing never when to awaken

to wake up

is pain,
silver lightning through neon skies,
at the same time tearing roughly
and grasping smoothly
tearing down all knowledge
when you wake up, you know there's no sense in trying

to wake up

by body

with arms tied to air,
tied to the dim scale of Rose and Bourbon
and the sound of all the leaves a-falling
by body still feeling the saga of being warm
when awakening
and by brain knowing that all sagas leave unnoticed

and then

after awakening

lying still, breathing, thinking,
desperately gripping for the blind
slowly, calmly regaining sense to facts and figures
making up - making even - to yesterdays dreams
and binocularly foreseen truths and solutions

after awakening

picking up left-over pieces,
remnants of thoughts

after awakening

after awakening

by body

nothing no longer seem equal
as the light of day makes the night look as shadow

in the morning
 staging yourself up on your knees
 before resetting body to normal spirit
at that moment a lot of time lies waiting to be thought of
and in the morning all time seem endless

in the morning
time leaves a lot of space
 untouched, virgin space
room for feelings to enter
feelings that once seemed as faithful truths
 and miraculously reformed sacred revealings
but in the morning no feelings seem to last forever

in the morning
when all time seem endless
 no solution is ever so far away,
 that distant, or that long ago
than in the morning, by the light of time forever

in the morning
my weariness amazes me
 when all gleams of remembrances,
 all steps used when strolling
 down Memory Lane,
 all Paths of Victory, are forgotten
are then all words nothing more than the air
 they were spoken in - or the paper on which they were
 written?

am I then stupid enough to believe,
 or wise enough to understand?

it's hard to wake up both by brain and body
and never knowing when to wake up again

the lonely, the tender and the dear

once
I knew a set of lonesome heroes
all wearing female shirts
 as bandanna
on their heads

in trouble
to them there would be no way
 to rescue or to relief
if it weren't for some that now are dead

but
if there would be a step by being forgiven
the stairs would climb to the top

and if grin
would be too close
and rain
would be to close
then drowning needs no help to be fulfilled

if one could
 at this moment of solitary attitude
only ask for M
 or S
 or Kshatraya
else the bannister will be as strangle to me

'cos M would say
 as M slowly regained conscience
that:
"as all around me know the color of red, for one we
cannot say to vanish"

happiness is a warm bed
and someone to heathen it

but
what if M refilled the need
and not opened the mutual sleep?

what
if conscience was not retrained at all?

if
the reason for awaking was the tapping on the head
and the answer was too weak to be given?

pregnant heroes
 lonesome, tender and dear
will
 to them that don't believe in sayings
never be but a rescue to the end

before
there was if
saying "nothing called you in heaven"
 including the strings of guilt that led me
now
there will be a song for you in heaven
but in heaven no one will play the tune

not in the end
not until the Gates of Eden are closed

hatred, anger and pain

on coming through the vessels
and the pounding, dripping eye
elusive
 and eager
wear chests

and in land of sullen
 of property
and gap
consequently the reason is for escaping

but up to whom this is passed
and on to whom this is known
 there'll be no anger
 nor sorrow
of the fallen

and in the end
of the end
all problems need solution
 aim for solution
result in slowly becalming solution

and hard words
 as tales
tails me
and the wing in the scenes
of a lonesome, pregnant hero

the angels fly through the room where men
 who conquered men
sit and wait
reigning
longing for someone to fill in meanings

to someone else
 than the one that sees through
 the looking-glass in front of pain
 and closes doors in anger or as hatred
which is lost or what is lost
and which is found or what is found
and what is gained
ends up in nothing

and all this is better told by the ones that had the gift
 to tell secrets, and answers and truths
to us that failed

in giving up
what was ached and pleaded for
and closed up
to the unknown
 out of world
 out of room
 out of need
 out of mind
is nearly told but by those who have anger
 as their commandment

what's then more to have than hatred, anger and pain

now
as before
when all the need twirled
 and the lust twirled
 and twirl itself was the goddess
through the clouds I see what is and what stands
 and am
 without and within it
convinced that in end it will loosen me
 from leaps and bounds
 and from chains
that led me
led you
led M
to the pole

notice it when it washes me to the ground, wasted

on freedom

now
with M clapping hands
and waving free
pity there are some questions arising
pity they're all put on too late

like the first
free?
for what?
for whom?
the first is not a question of loosing, but of gaining

and answer then
free for what?
for whom?

or like the second
free from whom?
from what?
not a question of gaining, but of loosing

and answer then
free?
from love?
hate?
need?
sorrow?
joy?
or what?

wonder still if it's a question
of portions or positions

or like the last
free?
in what sense?

and answer then
is M free?
or others?

pity they're all put on too late to be answered

main question then
is freedom within speech
or in manner?

freedom from or for?

freedom as liberty or responsibility?

freedom as ego or solidarity?

and what if there's someone
who knows my ego better than I?

somehow
there's only one feeling missing
the one of M before

but surely there's no room in heaven for
mission?

still
I feel
M as before
or as "to M", remember?

and still
I got a feeling that in the future
the birds will lose their wonder

on reason

as time tolls
 vague and distant
as the sound of unhidden prayers hits me
at times
it's hard to roam
 to find ways
 to pass
or to leave

the first reason
 softly declared
somehow unnoticed
abandoned:

"strong feelings mean no change. freedom has struck me"
 feelings of what strength?

the second reason
put out harder
 freaked
pushed in front while wearing masks
 of convicted virgin and madonna:

"if I feel, I shall"
 feel what?
 for whom?

are then all feelings equal?
judged and compared in the same spirit?

what if feelings are the same afterwards?

what if time does not heal?

what if dear means more in the end?

and so question is
M would have allowed it
 allowed soul to be reigned by feelings
will M (II)?

the only reason
in sense
 of sense
that makes sense
is deeply buried in the mud
 out of scene
seem no longer as reason

called:
"only way to know the truth is to find it"
 no questions then

but will M (II)
as M
admit fault
 take heed
regain control
or will she
 as Mahomedan wrapping marrow
 and pressing camels through needles eye
not see

not see
not realize
 just fade
just leave unnoticed
in the rain and the storm?

and then
all reasons but the last
are weak
 and answer is needed
as in the evening there's no need for tales, just rhymes

to get it over with

somehow
when weary
 and cold
there 's need for calming

though hard
though rough
although acting solves surface

what one needs
 badly
is to get it over with

and
when up to fairies
 and curls of faith
curling faith and curling truth
and twisting

what one needs
 poorly
is to get it over with

and
when in search of faith
 of truth or of answer
release equals love

then
when out in need
 tender in vain
then
dear is up to M

but then M
seems away
 far away
beyond development
out of discussion, out of word and out of reach
far 'neath maidens toll

"what M needs is someone to get it over with

long ago
not in time but in word
I believed there was need only

maybe
there's gap
 or mission to fulfill
maybe
there's no need
 no sorrow
and surely there's no blame

but still
though gap between me and M is big
 and we don't know whether getting bigger
gap between the two of us and others is bigger

and if question then
is knowing the width
 or if shrinking
'tween M and others

answer is not found in aching

and
if question then is bridging
 or making passage
'tween M and me

answer
and solution
is not found in sorrow
 or need
 or blame
 or mistrust
 or act
or unfulfilling given promises

somehow
release
 and solution
equals love

love in brain
in heart
and in hand

Fourth Year
were known
of better words
dream world

were known

seem to some people

"as there will be no anger, there will be no need for talk"

says the one who have only to wait for the right
word to turn around

seem to some people

"as we all know what has happened, we ought not to sit,
a tired man should walk"

says the one who has eyes filled with ashes,
purple as the ground

"a hungry man is not to be slept with"

says those who cannot hurdle this into a brain of
empty and senseless prosperity

and then

up to the one that believes in destiny
whose wounds are to heal themselves

"forming answers? asking for comfort?
salvation from fright?"

but as the same goes for the wounds he makes,
that's no final solution

and then M:

"let's fold the mirror over the ashtray and the vane,
close the garden, but for those
who have suffered with pain'

"shut the eyes of the men who can't hear
close the mouth of the blind"

"but to the one who sympathizes with death,
and eagerly pushes it in front
kill him, 'cos I won't"

through that scenery shadow is thrown but for pleasure

and to build it is easier that to destroy it

of better words

as we spoke once
together
with eyes gleaming of understanding
 healthy and wise
and never then asked for a word or more of each other

it now seem strange
somehow strange
 though tongue before spoke of all this way
to realize
that whatever words or more that's now spoken of,
 nothing could be more out of meaning in the end

nothing, when you only dream of better words

and only heart
the only heart
was before able to forgive and forget
 tongue and word always spoke otherwise
now heart seeks a better word for air
 confidence
 or having faith
 or trust
and both heart and brain know
 inside
that no better word equals no word at all

dream world

once upon a time

I'll walk the Black Forest, happily forever after,
with sound of heart mingling with soul and
body in ear

I'll swim the Dead Ocean, fearless, with hope of
unrestricted air of life in veins

I'll see the Throat of Graveyard, scarelessly and unbound
for anything but hope to live and let live or die

I'll feel the Skin of Lady, silk threads touching my body
with the same instinct that gave peace after granum

I'll mystify Miosis, put fear in heart of Kshatraya,
paint Banshee and without fear and need
help Mahomedan wrapping marrows

I'll beat Aralee at the horse runs and throw only vague
glance on body of Pudenda

once upon a time I'll be in Dream world

there, where life is shared with the one you love

Last Refrain
phase
on necessary statement
on abstract conclusions
on escalation
on credibility
on knowledge
on Dream World
on reincarnation
on foretales
on hard manner
on ethics
on four years and after
on life and after-life
The Last Refrain

phase

while dancing
out
far out
in desert and in pain
 upon ocean, painted by guilt
 and laughter
 into zeal
painfully aware of meaningless actions
 unfulfilled promises
and now gleamless visions of Joy
inhaling atmosphere that no longer softens
 only chills

at that time
you know
 by knowledge deeply buried in your heart
 and in your chest
that whatever you say
 and whatever you do
whatever you make
 and whatever you feel
is all colored by the light of Miosis

and like the Cameron Men
you twirl
 your thoughts, your visions
 and your senses
 your trials and your resignation
into a meaningless ring of truth

a ring, beyond which all egos are - in altruism - reformed

all of which fades on main issue - life and after-life

on necessary statement

as living
make life for life itself
 riding beside dead pony
animated publicists cultivation
in land of sullen and of death
island of neat and proper

at times
 times when your own weariness amazes you
 - as feeling of need has no room in chilly heart
you feel the right way to live is to share

at times
 solomonal times, easy to decade into eons
 as true
your life is to be lived only by yourself
a life, liven for life itself

and like the capricious pioneers of the Midwest
 12 ft 10 and rising
exchanges notes only with eager friends
 and friends of a higher degree
you walk
on further
alone in rooms of naked vendetta
 and ashes of slaughtering in velvet
miraculously avoiding final task:
"to live by yourself, but alone?"

and speaking M in question of behavior:
"share your feelings with the rest of the world,
 and your life with the one you love"

on abstract conclusions

as after-life
sound of all victory
 and all of us a-reignin'
patterns
and dims the scales of Rose and Bourbon
they say
"a poet is no artist unless he starves"
 by brain or by body
from love or from heart

and so question of after-life reign in Doom Valley

on escalation

as justice
tolled and unworn
 gleams like visions in the dark,
 blends like seaweed and holy spirit out of Hades
and when torn by anger, hatred and pain
 when lit by the lonely, the tender and the dear
all trials are forgotten

and so M
wheels
and steals
 down
 down
 down
and breaks head against silhouette expectations

and then
rise
after wheeling
 comparison and fragrance of stealing
and kneeling
then rise

after breaking
and forsaking
 thrown blue flame scattered over
 horizon of morgue
and overtaking
then rise

at that time
justice is unimportant
just rise

at that time

time of M dwelling body in milk
of omnipotent herrant
and brain in fog of growing innocence
and patterns of the roamed marture

justice

and consolidated heart
is unimportant

and all grown

fully fat

"hidden behind walls so all souls can see it"
and daringly accused of slaughter

on credibility

as to grow
planting seeds of unreleased virgin in the sun
and then
 with eyes smoothly colliding
 with the ardor of the fallen
appealing for one true drop of rain

then
impatiently awaiting growth
meanwhile consolidating all feelings
 passion and fervor untorn
with arms and hands tied to pedestal
watching happiness grow
 and grow
 and grow
and when satisfied
when requirements no longer seem as necessities
you cut it off at the highest peak
carefully avoiding extermination

and in beginning there was true light in heaven

on knowledge

as to know
to be certain of
 the right way in
 and the proper way out
and to be sure of what's placed in between

to know
the two Houses of Instinct
 shaded, monastic architecture or wrath
One House filled with need, the Other House filled with
 lust
from inside eyes see nothing linking the two together
 cloister lies dark and quiet
outside, schemes of unrestricted intriguing awaits
 night-time
roaming for one way to get in

at times of lament I question myself:
would my Miosis
 by knowledge of esoteric everdarkness
react
truly
if the light was lit again?

and then knowledge
 though sometimes weary
to me seem like fear of cabalistic events
seem like drained in gutter
 and moistened
 and drained again
and still wet

on dream world

as refreshment
shower of change and alternation
slowly injuring veins
 and guts
and constantly interfolding plans

and in light
of sudden foretale schemes
 and the sound of sails that rhyme
you realize
soon
that some sails only rhyme in night-time

and when used to live in dream world, destiny
 strikes you hard

on reincarnation

as to loose
weapon of trust, not of loss
lose weight
 and trust
 and faith that comes by loosing trust
and trust

and when you're certain there'll be nothing more to loose
there'll surely be nothing more
 to gain

on foretales

as make-believe

 make-believe there'll be no feelings
put out visions of rapidly falling senses,
 faking raped and colorless skies to belief
that no hard feelings equals no feelings at all

as if someone

let out his hand in loneliness
and you took it - in your need

then make-believe

to yourself
that rescued happiness never gleams inside charity
not happiness, oh no
only weakness, need and lust

'cos without self-respect all feelings are wrong but the
expected

on hard manner

as forgiving
making up - making right - to anything you need
anything you want
or anyone

and sometimes
 inside and outside all other times
it doesn't matter how hard you hit
 or how sharp you call
how rough you walk - or how far you fall
dancers swing only when they're due

and then
shadow of forgiving strikes hard on all feelings
feelings of importance or feelings measured in wounds
or of sacrificed stable value

at times none of them makes the difference
love is given freely - or not at all

on ethics

as awareness

sensibility

as mood, colored by brain

and sometimes put out in sun to be seasoned

wiped out only by the scales of the neon

as in the country where lady and madonna

slept aside

though closed up by gates of health

if one asked them, they always knew what ailed them

at times

awareness equals knowledge

to know the wounded and the sacred

victims in knights armor and heart

and sometimes

to be lost like rain

flying,

unable to defeat the dying

in air seeking for refuge - island of all dreams

at times you realize why some always lend refugees

a hand

but other times

when brain idles in contaminating atmosphere

knowledge and awareness like all of principle stand apart

knowledge of brain - and awareness of heart

on four years and after

as afterwards
after the third dilemma
 the miraculously unforeseen truth revealing
and screen-gems of know-how and bitter Miosis

perfect
 by glance and pre-dictionary tongue of holy
modern Romans peek out
into wilderness

caressed
only by gleams of truth
 revealing
and words
 selling
or buying
lies for swallowing
 easily
twice a day (after meals)

frantic
and
foretelling popular
and
up to know
the unknown
and all the diseases of healthiness

afterwards
 though heart beats hard on countdown
the eyes gain light again
 foggy and dim, but light
body whisper soft, and silky again
and brain starts counting names and portraits

at that time
of configuration
the sleepy eyes
 and fully tiresome body
 of Metagoraph
and
the skinny female flavor
 of Mahomedan
and the bothering pariah castanets
 of Kshatraya
all return unwounded from the mouth of Miosis

and then
pudenda
in morning
silently as awaking soul
vanishes into rain of emptiness

and so pudenda
only awaits the night-time

waits
not when gone to be remembered, but when there to be
 forsaked

and in the end
of the end
all ways lead down but for those leading up
and not all of the signs are enlightened

and in the end
of all ends
those who know only what's right, and those who see all
what's wrong
are out-measured by those who know not
either way

and in the end
beyond all ends
there's no need, no gift, no trial to hard
for those of us
who in ourselves know our brother

on life and after-life

and some work
and work hard
on finding happiness
 divinely gifted and determinated happiness
or finding justice, or peace or just love

and some of them
 randily, with nova reignin'
searching by power of heart
or of brain
or of body

by the power of all three together

and then
 when all the working's over
 and the fictitious friends gather
their oracular opera releases the final task:

to find happiness
not to see
to behold
 throw vague glance or catch
 vastly prepared eye-sights
not to observe or even to perceive
but to hold, to grab
to point out in space of guilt and laughter

to place inside your hand, inside your chest
to balance on your fingertips
 twist around your thumb
or to place underneath your feet

and then

M

while the balls are rolling your way

when the wind catches your lining

show me your power, your strength

the strength to stand naked under unknowing' eyes

and

after search

and after discovery

the power to open it

alone

and the power to tell others what's inside

The Last Refrain

when in armors
 blessed steel of presumptuousness
 and egocentric satisfaction
nobility never enters unqualified
and contradictionary tongue swallows all but autogamy

when suicidal remarks are passed
 and carried further by unreasoning hatred
 onto lust and desire,
 and by ornamentally verbatim exaggeration

at that time
the despicable judgment of for one time true reaction
grows deep

at that time
sumptuous repasts of heart and soul and the staggering
 expressions on distrust
are put on like everlasting words of Eden

but when stool pigeons rise through rain
 and contemporary moral discredits
once misconstrued assumptions feel like huge signs
 of misinterpretation

in escalation of signs and patterns
 and boosted drama air
aphorisms are thrown like innovations

at that time
enlightened and wide outgrows the dark and narrow
indubitably when afraid of dark

but in heart I believe
 when speaking through M
that when fear of dark reigns
enlightened roads are travelled whether narrow or wide
and impediments can be measured else way than by
 width

through times of irascible baiting
and on question of credibility of heart
icon of Kshatraya delusions heart itself

in beginning M questioned at times like these:
“who has the answer, tongue or soul? and which of
them’s the easiest to stifle?”

but when M speaks silently
the words cast echoes outside heart
and brain knows end, but not beginning