

Maneros

Poetry Recitation Script

from a passing plague, drawn to an abandoned harp in the corner,
up to each note-point in turn, ticked out Maneros: hymn on the strings
have won, consider that now be now be half machine and half
If it is a freedom, if who to actualizing those desires that
second party can image, free. The Harlequin will
when the many, who whom no one wants,
To the in the cardboard-box;
to the hats, stars-up, you will
freedom will make of you a lone
dancing-figure pulled by the
North Star to the Great Bear's
hot plate.

The yellow-tape tied to a signal its box.
It is a freedom, you will not miss it,
land to melt to North if lives;
a fire and warmth - retaining hides,
rail Earth left itself beside,
who left them be.
who of sea
shadow, on pearls - pastel stands:
of sand, of pearls - pastel stands:
southern Cross.
southern Cross.

June of 2023

That light
on land
- that place
The color - yellow
but no left in the
Said line spring - with
So that what the
to not wants it to be - go but for - des are
to the wind - sweep room.
In the morning.

Part Sylvia

Angels had watched be mapped Erato's genome.

*We-are-all-one beast
whose gate is paced
by relations in millions:
our simple-machines.*

Off this pen-mausoleum for a monster's demise,
O Juno, will you lend me
just a few Argo eyes?



Off Penelope's loom the pattern was taken.
So was bargained Rhodopis up to the four-digits,
Red Cheeks.

Fear has four hands and its choice-weapon is strangling.
How does she pin all those eyes to the peacock?

"Don't learn to count" said Aesop in the dark,
"lest at tower, you be tasked,
before each dawn, to number stars."

How did the leopard get its spots?



*Would consciousness not be agar,
were it come to think in a Petri?*

Who gets the high Sun-fruit in the snake-guarded tree?

Stove-tile stories told in the blues of King and Queen:
windmills and holding back the Sea.

*They go without problems, to Balcony,
what philosophy, ever, has been topic-free?*

Let ego venture, where he could not see.
Walked dark matter's id, methodically.

Is consciousness not the very agar of its Petri?

The honeycomb biosphere from planet's first dynasty
has a crystal vase where is budding
branch Hesperides-tree.



Sun reads a brief day in sidewalk's chalk.
Rosé, the inaugural sky
and the single-ocean, camel-fog.
An early god was skipping rocks.



Someone was flying a kite, from Island Rock
directing the decline and rise of its rainbow's flashing —
an artificial seabird; the beauty of her species.

I found you at a meeting with an itinerant interpreter of dreams.
Sundown, you left with everything you could need.

Kite built a nest and left its eggs
top-roof the temple of Elena
where gull-custodians swept by wing, white marble.

Eggs of kite-technology incubated
lucid-dreams on Leda.

Kerosene that cut the light on bird's whale-watch intuition.
With gulls, I have been custodian at the temple of Elena.

House gull-swept of anxieties,
left there clear-exposed: geometry.

Lines-along, points are places that for pause be valid.

See, how rope pulled at each end of an argument
makes to arise tension, deep fiber-filament.



Neanderthals, an ulterior species accessed into Eden's quarries
by the auspice-art of interpreting tea leaves.

We fear the serpent for it has no legs
but, I hear it has two hearts.

Portal at perception,
a butterfly sliced its eye-spotted wings over eye' retina.

They thought the dragon to be insect,
we now know that it is reptile.

Mane of lion was a persimmon's flesh, in fibrous strands.
Moths left their wing-dust, as autumn's chalk
to rotten trees with fruit in rot.

Cacao to silky soil, manure mix and coffee grinds,
all a rancid-cup, drop swan-taken of sangria's wine.
Red silk bookmarked bare-body of chimera-swine.

Papaya showed its seeds: fish-roe in burnt-rot
all dead below the net-illusion of branches' shadow-knots.
The gracious mango spat acid-sap.


Sick-crops let their sweet-kiss ferment,
behind a lot of locked-cement:
prison on a tropical island, where garbage ferments in solitude.

Than in a sling, newborn — Semiramis
who would build in nature's image, gardens.
Drawn to warmth-retaining marble,
moths settled as painted-insects.

Dreams set up in the hanging gardens,
a menorah for wild-bird song.
Wind-east pushed-high a swing of pale-rose lattice.

Printed a path to the graveyard, paws of big cat.
To lightning's hand, Sun gave sidewalk-chalks to vandalize
empty egg of robin-sky.

The dragon — ancient, airborne insect —
coiled its loops to a Corinthian-pillow
on the shoulder-hanger of Collier's model.

Picking harp strings one by one, 
solving riddles as we laughed at chimeras.
By magic, the harp played on.



Caught crevice–stone, cacti find a home.

Below: aloes, hens and chickens.

Sibyls frequent the quarry in months of Sun.

Leave tamarinds to trees as ornament–rot,
to quartz–walls, leave poems when they go.

Moth wings obstruct paper–lamp’s candle,
let soft night dim–fade by their airborne dial
when quiet string–game alludes to act of strangle.

She is rope, frayed, been two–parts broken.

Acid had scarred rough, repeating tigrée–rays
to wallpaper’s pattern, up–thighs, over.

Hips hinge, off truth’s track turn, all elephant hide,
she is last wall–limit against demise.

Chance plays a game of chess alone:
moves both rock–volcanic, pieces tusk of bone.

I want to be a car herded in your flock.

Shepard sent you, Sheepdog, to guide a wolf out of the dark?

Extremes know not to be opposing a counterpart
so, cut dialectics at the very concept.

Let’s go where it is most dangerous,
have me extend invitations — to whom —
harbingers there, say, will do us wrong.



The bearward faery of blush ash-stain,
she has earned respect of dark-mountain range
from games been played
at the deep-green slope's ragged, onyx face.

The iron and the hide that she is wearing-ready
is concealing faded rooster-print for bonfire's late dancing.

Chance, itself stitched-out on a pattern: destiny.

There on the steps, three tethered bears.

Wild woods would go the bearward,
live as manx on mountain-face,
to moons her martial-practice pace.



Pack of helium twist-dog in costume
bolt their line dance for innovation:
to lightning, a ritual-offering.


Newsprint oozed from the cut-gash
they dashed through the stomach of the business-sector.
They traffic in the beautiful and in the unexpected.
Sun-disk's other side lit currency's laws.




For a bargain's moment, tribe of mariner,
grounded in mundanity by each port's vernacular.

The direction-points, they dared to bridle.
A hula-specter pushed their hot objects.
The cups they drank from cast no shadows.
Winds had found their natural riders.

A landed-queen's solar sense of justice,
been latent in many a Phoenician princess.

A harpy rips out her own heart 
when — bells — on winds gargoyles depart.
On a long, cold ride, they fly bareback
across the sea from New York,
to guarding-duty, for our Great Stone Lady: *Notre Dame*.


They would pickup camp when the snow began.
From tradition's candle, ran — wick snapped harsh by finger-burn.
Their sleigh pursued ice-changelings so tracked the Tam-tam.

Vertigo-on from the tree-pine wood.
Some trail abyss-suspended above chaos of gorge,
sleigh origin-over, careful the cords.

Bridge-over, jumped jokers from out of the cards.
Strophes that sleigh carried were game's book of rules.
Froze to fossil, faery so resounded half-ring of bell.

Sleigh sighted Prudence in the ice-shaft hill.
Winter mountains show a reflection clear:
two-headed monster wants to play with the broken mirror.



Slam-trickster whose speed revealed freestyle
immediacy that stung languid and bitter
in durable repertoire of master.

Eternity's envoy —
at the state of Clio — convoked his soul,
invited to invent imperial riddle.

Time melted commission's material:
all of kingdom's silver quality-sterling
into a moment at his disposal.
The elements were silver-caught.
So, in slam the poet talked
with local gods who presided at their quarries.

Trickster, convoked and chosen cynic
left behind his riddle —
returned to gothic rings and diamond things
and gemstones for hearing angels.

Death pulled a riddle from the joke.

To component-lion, Sphinx put out a call:

Body is forming, the time is here.

Commendable Cub, you know who you are.

Death had pulled a time-locked riddle that no one could solve.
It rolled the land far-over but, it would not evolve.

Met in bow symmetrical
to one paw outstretched,
sll prides' *opus*-representative
and Imhotep.



Bark, cut of bridge that long-stands spinal
to outlive the legend of its matter's original.



Part Tef-nut

Petrified to stone,
when she perched top-marble's crumbled bones,
feathers of a dove far-flown.

Columns grew in poolside rows,
their Corinthian caps held captive birds,
semi-sculpted, protruding from high aviary-marble.
Alternated doves and ravens.

At opposite width-ledges to water's length-confine
were composing-Narcissus and nymph Echo-responding.
Prisoner-birds felt free flight on winds going inter-islands.

Correspondence folded precision-strong,
along lines dotted by dialogue's symmetry
to paper boats that carried poems cross-pool as cargo.

Lyrics ballad-advanced pool's surface, dancing,
scale-ascending out to Apollonian rhythm's reaches.
Rope ran rhyming knot-paths through the letters with loops;
turns seal-locked at faith: boat's anchors.

Myrrh trees in vases and tranquil lemons
flanked cedar-woodland's cascades at the fountains.
Pool's ocean-blue tiles tuned to tints for introspection
the blood to hill-grove's circulation.

Round walls secluding cavern's sacrality,
blue lichens paraded their lions as warm light.
Before gates' entrance stood wild Ishtar's apricot.

Mountain-deep there is a room, temple-adjacent:
therein a priestess received antiquity's tyrant
and incense guided their psychosis. Inhaled Aurora,
from myrrh-root up to crown-cone smolder.

Narcissus and Echo-maledicted
found palace-cavern's pristine acoustics —
lines chosen random from Vivaldi.
In sight was sovereign's hunting-sanctuary.

Brim-Gallé touched with signature pollen mark-lips
and Ishtar released blossom's distilled essence,
when tree's fruit rotted-amber in a playland of opulent lapis.

Then picked up camp the vagrant-pair.
Echo transposed their song, harp parts and all,
three octaves West off quartz wall,
on hearing the Company was returning to mine the quarry.

Paths deer-indentured were softly walked.
Crusade to stray far-feral, on the steps of artiodactyls.
Sacred mission, pilgrimage without a destination.



Part Sylvia

Tree roots anchored a stone structure's open door,
coils rose and dove a turbulent tale over Earth — the floor.

Hunched to heavy seed, a woman's rag-clad carcass —
died by surrender at temple's center,
in her green-illusion's tree-shaded ruins.

The banyan with its airborne roots
lets mosquitos fly-out their lives, its strings around,
knowing it may never reach solid ground.



Part Tef-nut

Strings low-tuned,
tranquil palms at the sand bar, Echo has gone, now deeper the song.
Through cracks Shu leaves, sunrise directs in apparitions
and releases stray stars — fire shards to crown them with comet-halos.

Bastet sent three leopard cubs, up, to Hermit's Cave.
Cubs found him,
as a lotus-held flame, untouchable, in visualization-crystal
and coughed up jewels.




Part Sylvia

When a poacher loves the elephant,
she remembers, she is equipped to forgive.

Sprung up split-shoots yield to footprints that crush earth
and concave crowns to her path.

The matter she milled into pulp on her way
receives light dusk will print on her step-forest days.

The mechanical elephant, Karma
lumbers the mountains, invisible.

In fields, a way to be a farmhand 
is a hand for handing arm in —
to return hands to fields,
to return fields to agriculture.

Plans to learn-to-talk again,
the school needed a teacher.
To return where logic lives
and children, the last abstract thinkers.

Turtles, old as time and wild horses.



The conservation society held a meeting.
From tree-shade in headquarters' ruins, was put out a call
for man adept at speaking with the lions.
Sound wove its ribbon 'round a run of palms.

At the conservation society, Sun moved meeting's dawn.
The lion interpreter stepped Sundown, up palms.



Part Tef-nut

One seeress found cubs — a cat-mother had died on and left.
She appealed to the King — that
they could instead feed from her breast.

For the other plate, the scales to make balance,
what asked the King, at value of utterance
but property on presage to come by eye of seeress.

The Moon came full by that night,
to see deep the future, seeress needed the light.



Part Sylvia

Horse was an ash-shadow mare in 4/4-gait
coming by fox-trails of a sage-green dream,
rocking mist into angular pines.

It does not stop, it has adapted its walk;
wound its canter to a pace for soldiers.

A legion *sparito*, brought-down at crossing creek's curve.

For reflections, their women all searched the murk
but, waters showed only trees as runes-in-reverse.



Part Tef-nut

In my pocket is a drop,
piece of shore enclave in purification territory,
word in a language spoken by birds,
petrified petal worn smooth.

Drop in a pocket weighs like the sea
and buckles knees under as does sinking sand:
earth trickster
who plays on attachment to motherland.



Castle sand-yellow, by lagoon-wave come lapping,
Lido-solemn saw the sacking.

Rough feathers, they felt at embarking.
The Swallow Riders were gradually departing.

Absence lay its form down by the lonely.

So went wind-carried whispers:

*dock into shores of bays North Sea,
where fishermen's children know of geometry.*

Streets lamp-lit and lunar-gingerbread,
named plazas after good kings from legend they needed.
Smoky inn's black cat cast in the drama noir.

On a bicycle, one wheel split dualism of cyclicity
when it got sideways—pulled to a tropic parallel.



Part Sylvia

Comestible cream, the August sky
signals stones of summer's fruit and autumn's rye.

Air to speech got caught, half-talk.

That labyrinth left by conflict — its boxed in dead-ends
are limits that Daedalus, where he in there
would head-bang to comprehend.



The calico-kitten whom no one wants,
last one left in the cardboard-box,
Sad One sphinx-sits its acceptance of loss.

Sekhmet sent pious flies to pray 'round the pits of equestrian eyes.
No one want it to be-gin but hor-ses are get-ting scared again.

In one wind-swept room, moths strayed from a passing plague,
drawn to an abandoned harp in the corner,
flew up to each note-point in turn.
Picked out *Maneros*: hymn on the strings.

*You have won, consider that I would now be half
machine and half animal.*

If it is a freedom, it will show you to actualizing those desires
that of no second party can collaboration be required.

The Harlequin will cease to be,
when the many, we become, in its image, free.

To the calico-kitten whom no one wants,
to the last one left in the cardboard-box:
From big cats, stars-up, you will learn to talk.

A freedom will make of you a lone dancing-figure
pulled by the North Star to the Great Bear's hot plate.

The calico kitten was returned to the box.
Yellow-tape tied to a signal its loss.

If it is a freedom, you will not miss it,
the ones that do not mock or limit anyone-else's

The land to meld to, North it lies.
Come in furs and warmth-retaining hides,
to where real Earth lets itself reside.

Shadow the translucent bear lost when he was charging,
now runs the Tundra, isolated.

Ice-below are floors of sea
and mollusk-walls who let them be.
Bear without his shadow, on pearls-pastel stands:
Arctic's iridescent sand.

Let to the Boreas wind, conjoined the poles a kite:
the Southern Cross.



Herds migrated hoof-trail, single file, each in orders.

Gods to every homeland local,
all wanted Earth as one enclosure.

Did the herds travel with us
or, did we travel to follow herds?

*Where on a map is land in single-kingdom?
What of coordinates, when gone all the nations?*

At the hour of Pan, where there once was enclosure,
upon waking, by old habit, scanned the sky the herder.

By the rooster's watch, fields went to seed.
To standing-faun and playmate-doe,
it was the one-eyed ram who told them what to do.

*Could common wheel spin crops' rotations?
Towns were linked by steps of pilgrims.
Who inherits land without divisions?*

Migrating four-legged orders
kept surpassing new and ancient borders,
caught on the pull of Arctic Circle.



Part Tef-nut

The merchant who, to his brigand's box
had only three harmonicas.

Outcast is proceeding on:

Walking Saint wayfarer with his lonely drum.

At villages, against percussion, translating for those listening. Then
back to Open Sky,
forging lonely drummer's road, still speaking
what desert rose crystals say.



Part Sylvia

Out in Guild's margins, they're always chasing
Painter Saint who with each canvas — Christ-capture succeeded — will
prigger-predictably be up-departing.

All Artists' Keeper lives by plunder. Rich his works, this jackroller.
From graffiti site, he's first to flee, leaves his friends — may they be.

Sky will have the depth of glass-enamel,
when you turn yourself in, to the personified Sun, for execution, say,

Finish me off, I will not make it.



Part Tef-nut

Rhinos linked to Suspended Cromlech stone
shifting, as rays in a circle
those stormy nights with rainfall.
When Pixie Speaker opened her umbrella,
then, as a standing triangle,
forecast a yield of flowers bitter-yellow.

Abandoned riders' stables:
halfway house where mutilated unicorns convene
to telegraph-whisper,
as Job imagined,
to their harnessed sister-horses.

Code of electric signals,
clumsy sibling crushes said by dots and dashes.
Rhinos, hinged there in Wiltshire, declare their love

—

by lightning.



Part Sylvia

Island's maze was first a pattern,
slithered into dust-dry earth by a serpent of the place.

Sick speaking-seers stationed summers
at maze-corners split to angles by dusk-wheel's receding rays.

Divinators destitute of word and message.
Noon–shadow of Lady Leper, an agent of pestilence —
had hunched them hard by hand of pain —
plague’s representative, incarnate among the magi of disease.

In its own image, Sun made idols with bright tangerines in trees.

Bells were a duet–rattle to make Heaven’s circus laugh:
Cecilia on the triangle
and Compassion — got hold of outcasts’ staff.

The local serpent’s slither
rung at the vibration of the logic
with which she drew the maze.

Map for Island’s labyrinth
and path–utterance of all its winding ways
was a word in original–language,
first written when it was there engraved.

Serpent’s word repeated, stenciled with ease:
tagged fingerprints that on walls exiles leave,
lyrists who try to last September at Orphalese.

Poets had assembled psalm–gates, hinged at their hearts.
Perception listened for sound when the door shut,
heard echoes through arteries of house’s core–heart.

Harmony of sentences to identities:
the differences of their guilt's design
a cappella in the chapel of their varying crimes.

Together, tones of different tags
spanned the city's labyrinth over to transcribe
in original-language, breaking lullaby.



Part Tef-nut

Pool's surface tranquil, marked by momentary lightning.
From tiled depth, up, came a golden fish to breathe.
It snapped mouth open, as a whale.

From the kitchen's jade island-top,
Neptune paces the fishbowl.

Runs the first deer in the carpet,
birds who see her dare to circle.
Home Tree weeping, is abandoned,
menagerie is animated.

The olive connects-circular two sprigs:
from body tree, out a crown.

Animals talk, birds walk and caught in descent and fin-ascent,
fish circuit-swim *nymphéa* pools.

As a door-high statue, arch-entrance placed,
the speckled dove was speaking.

Doe, she-fawn is of mutable pelt,
new sunlight waxed in young spots as gold.

Set, as a leopard, with scars displayed as spots,
in a robe of light-red, bipedal-stalks Min's halls each dawn.



Each night on a Chicago City corner,
the bengal cat called Madonna Bastet counts all her kittens' spots.
Cardboard-box litter of diamonds.

Then specters from the Childrens' House
come out to dance at hopscotch hour in a ring.

Each alley down they run is on a map of moats.
Urgent sneaker gallop leaves rhythmic horseshoe tracks.
Rosie in the dying light, 'round cloister trees, 'round Gardens of Orange.

When they run strings of electric lights
down Castle's entrance-lines of columnar pines,
they are invoking Uriel.

At their court the jester spears another rat,
blood to the chess tile floor, alchemical death dance.
Flesh to sustain the hunters' day, their team of leopard cats.

The pheasant turns one wing up,
a street-discarded fan:
arch that fits the sun-ring's missing piece
in a wish-bone snap.



Part Sylvia

There are playful far-strayed angels
gone shadow-catching to high-hedge mazes.

Nest origins release their incubated contents,
stacked in a second origin cave.

To soil-velvet from alcoves on honey walls, swiftlets rhythmic-fall.

Leopard cats arrived at a Venetian island by way of the Lagoon,
swimming silent in formation as one grotesque canal monster.
Their shape-shifter descendants inhabit still the Castle.

From the rough boat park,
on wind salt their silence sharp is felt as bitter nettles.



Remus remembered a poem — it was Latin, heard from wolves —
and picked it by the heart from the leftmost spoken word.

*Venus, who knows where be from —
though the Minotaur is someone's son.
They like to stack heads, be careful
for they stack them all up, like Man Ray's ovals.
Let the Moon speak from the eighth,
see Ecate light a lethal fate.*

*Belief is a false-hostess, know to look out.
Stay below her palace — and she sells you to doubt.*

The Joker's wife was trained as scribe.
Now that she is among Court's astronomers,
stargazer-ladies play at being her disciples.



Dear Castor,

Instructions for the Underground:

Navigate my lucid dream, I left its paper-boat in the corner.

I have never dreamt of chords, inhale, let out the sails,
soon now, from Lower Lands, you will be down-streaming.

Feel your way over all the seas,
Ionian, Capri, and Adriatic —
there's Cagliari.

Four winds with their faces perceive.
That's the Zephyr
and counter to the current, in the sail, that's Etesian breeze.

Exhale.
Back upstream.

-Pollux

Dear Pollux,

Report from the Underground:

Chimeras have taken up residence on cement's highest rafters.
Ceiling-soil is an echo-board
that receives at times their hum,
that mixes earthquakes from their mono-pitched song.
With their sure wings folded,
wear-fragile their leather.

Biology is limited to the uses of a dead language.
Tedium reigns from the redundancy of hypotheses for the life sciences.
Out of boredom, geneticists have started making angels.
You were here, you will not remember
that you have tagged on the locks to their cages.

Feather pigments —
the game-table greens and the phosphorous russets —
are from deep-sea Renaissance medusae.

One, who can't fly, stand up yet,
claims to retaining your thoughts still in her lap.
With any luck, she'll soon find herself under the tutelage of Uriel.

Streetlamps here emit red light,
to direct such apprenticeships through initial stages.
The memoirs I'm composing by this invention,
I'm titling *Reason*.

Part Sylvia

On request sent from Schifanoia,
one chimera was let out, back up Pu-Abi's narrow flight
of porous, metal stairs.

The forward-leaning gate she climbed
was a gift of Gabriel.

Skyscraper-high, face winds of three seas witnessed
deep-ocean glowing big cat claws
down Moreau-indent shoulder-leather.

Feline sinuosity is derived in-lab from spirals.
Perfected lion tail showed its 5, 8, 13-curve,
roof-high in lemon-scented darkness.



Part Tef-nut

From the opportunistic curiosity of an electric lamp's spirit —
Uriel refracted red beams
off a ruby in a cardboard box —
from light's wild aspect.

Structural rhythm was established
by gem's plurality of refracting surfaces.
Syllables caught in formulaic constancy of strophe
were by light, condensed to dust-dots.

At the *Hortus conclusus* of loss,
we have both drunk at the lion-faced well.
It holds bitter water when the moon is a crescent.

We wear honeycomb crowns.
On the left, below the lightwood table,
sits the ennea-point diadem in its spindly elegance.
On the room's afterthought of a milkmaid's chair,
kingly cabochons are placed where papal bees
made errors on the paths of their penta-walled construction.

At kettle's rim, a moth alighted.
Before it dove, Moth paused and waited,
instinct mastered its impulses,
as liquid fermented a cultured surface.

On tea-pond, Moth danced in performance of a Buddhist proverb.
Discovered by ripples, its wing-axis:
the range to which rotations opened.

Wings relished fly-stroke in the new environment,
as a butterfly-swimmer, affirming efficiently their presence.

Close behind there was a plague that followed:
pulsated biological wing-force at the window.

Air, forgive, I have here used in vain your aspects
and stamped with light your best angles.

-Castor

Ibis: carry this blood note up
with flight that's swift and sure.

Part Sylvia

Dear Castor,
Instructions for the Underground:

Sail on in this lucid dream.

Upstream from Elephantine,
granite fine print hides in landscape stone.

Against the emerald current,
search there all alone.

Commemoration Lighthouse
stands in tranquil trees.

Notice fire birds, Ra's timekeepers,
who melt wax by drips from mango leaves.

Cataract seven-year low-Nile chronicles
absorb river's reflections, bouncing in prosperity-green.

See orcas by dozens, up, are rising.
Tides, their way, cross-horizontal.
Reindeer are Tundra-running.

Circle with Apollo's lyrical fish: the dolphins,
dive deep with whales,
swim the Ionian.

-Pollux

Dear Castor,
News from Islands:

Down high-peaks from a septentrional-Sun,
delirium descended a sheep-herder's sharp, Sea-going shadow.

Flutist played to sheep — whom he never lost.
On wind, notes melted from morning, orchard's frost.

-Pollux

Dear Castor,
News from Islands:

On loom in the barn, spread a pattern in nettles.
Clio, Apollo's crier is weaving glamour:
nettle-dress Great Poet, Master
told his scribe to wear at dictation.

Aspasia's numbers resulted
when muse fitted the Spring
for season's suffocation-act and green-sting.

So it read in chalk,
when we drank standing in parking lot:

*Venus, who knows where be from —
though the Minotaur is someone's son.*

*They like to stack heads, be careful
for they stack them all up, like Man Ray's ovals.*

*Let the Moon speak from the eighth,
see Ecate light a lethal fate.*

-Pollux

Dear Castor,
News from Bays:

Cut crystal lines have no end and no demise.
To Consciousness Edge, roll Lucia's eyes.
Specter from a fisherman's life, flies line from rod.
Sound skips-a-row with abysmal-rock,
broken -from-its-reservoir of rhythmic-thoughts.
Wind-reeds inflate-expand ripples as glass.

-Pollux

Dear Castor,

News that has arrived at Islands:

Geb has been assigned the task of guarding mounds,
of keeping serpents in the ground.

Now, the realms have been divided —
kings will be Sky-departed.

Palms fanned a day's heat to horizon.
Sun reminded stars who built the home the rise in.
Beggar shifts a day of profit —
sets to fly some doves from market.

Clementine-peel left top-marble.

Pursue it, as it is not here to stay.

Happiness is known to get away.

Shadows-through, I feel slumber, where you hide.

Hand to my shoulder Master, rise,
we will walk on the waters of Egyptian Skies.

-Pollux

Dear Castor,

News from High Sees:

From the undulating screen — North surface-Sea
Typhon kidnaps seasonally —
recruits sailors, reels-out girls on their knees
to stage Neptune's murky fantasies.

Fish flew deep-tones by rich-scales, on Grecian wave-tops,
spirals-over, by murmuration, swam their flock.

Sea snaps masts right cross bones to bouquets-brought-down,
has exposed as lead — imperial crowns.

Prow-head, selkie face and bodice
is a piece of life from below the surface;
in no form does mystery look front-on at us.

Rolled in on her hour, one selkie's tide
for a seal shifted into wild-hide.

Some years-past, seen to pace the shore,
recorded into fisher-lore.
She turns hook-formed iron-flips against the waves,
trying to reach sundown-rays.

Pine's sharp needles pierce the dusk,
give to mist tree's oil-essence.
Inlet opened to hear orders from orcas.

-Pollux



Dear Castor,

News that has Arrived at Bays:

Scribe had made many cubes of his box.

Lightning came, to light the lines to fold-down-dots.

At island-top, a note, on marble stained by last-storm's smoke and cup.

And the sender — got grounded by the once-over sting of ring's piper.

And the note:

At the driftwood poles, a kite-bird needs plucking.

I am off riding orcas — the pod came this rising.

–Pollux

Part Tef-nut

Dear Castor,

Instructions for the Underground:

Anchor at this lucid dream:

When vibrations on harp strings
that were pulled too tense
made glass splinter,
auburn ornamental fish thought
that she must have rebelled
from the inside of the glass of champagne.

Harpist, always indifferent to a chaotic scene,
aimlessly continued to pick out a melody
on the most tense of court instrument strings.
So went the night.

Sound skips rocks in a series of undulations:
a yellow slinky's coils hit the water
between the islands of the Nile's first cataract
and proceeded to the Dodecanese islands.
Then, by solar wind with the Auroras, to both poles.

Castor, there are pearls beneath the ice,
the kind that come in indigo and pastel green.
Know that there are divers:
ice-oceanids who find them.
Slender selkies, the kind with fins for hands, the green-haired kind.
Know that.

–Pollux

Dear Castor,
Instructions for the Underground:

So you keep clairaudient with angels?
The Earth Bird? Not material for Uriel.
You celebrate your capacity to reason, with the sphinx-makers?
You're self-referential. In competition, write me pages.
Envy the proximity I maintain to rhymester-muses.

Lie with underground neo-fauna, the flightless variety.
I can tell, you risk acquiring the stride of lab-chimera prisoners.

Interact with blood, paint, investigate blue.
Freedom — consult the detained about it:
the only philosophers trusted on the subject.

Buddhist proverb? Envy curiosity, given-us by life sciences.
Regret to not guard the seas, to not taste their pungent bitterness,
if you will not make a practice of my dreaming-formulae.

-Pollux



Remus remembered a poem — it was Latin, heard from wolves —
and picked it by the heart from the leftmost spoken word.

Soul recitation articulating motion to its hinges
reflected bilateral in mirrors
when his twin recited too, starting from the word most right.

Consistent pyrrhic rhythm, predictably maintained,
folds each line by latitude center from the sides.
Action conjoined actors when synchronicity was kind.

Their spoken pageant all through, in their handshake-upheld mirror,
twins incubated in one impression of embrace
they brotherly mimicked by rhyme.



Remus, he was psychic to modular topics
on beliefs that frayed to strands subtly, when felt collectively.

Heard tomorrow's legends told,
saw great lapidary-point engrave their stela-cradles.

By dreams, showed Romulus side-sights of complexities in chaos-coming:
there was interference in divergent-strategizing
with alerts and hints in the kibitzing,
there were exhortations felt first as intentions of strangling-apparitions,
who as if at attention, arrived to a nescient council.

Peripheral-sights instilled in his marrow by a messenger-shadow.
So Remus governed — as intuition-herald of ruling King Romulus.

Us Siblings, what luck have we, to be corresponding as halves.

Part Sylvia



Venus has her scale-plates
and the rod she holds is chance.

Rocks balance their arch between Night and Day,
dedicated time to one hinged-off ray.
Prometheus's mother has stones imitate each other.

No one here at point of meeting.
Stone symmetry below a crescent
that mines for silver, far the desert.



Sekhmet resurrected sand cats when she desertified the land.
Eyes shaded, Bastet had painted on their bands.



Pit is what is coming,
when by your senses you are led in a line.

Earth-wall what is waiting, when you are in with the blind.

When on one knee, song knelt down,
helped *logos* stand to kitten-call.
In eastern skies, the Twins seen rising,
glad desert-apparition — tall and slender wisdom walking:
Thoth come to give Tefnut a talking.

The drought: her cubs who run arid land
she will call them back with upright reason
when a whip has been left in the umbrella stand.



Ace upside down in clubs' abode.
Tefnut at point of south node when you are trying to track the moon.



Part Tef-nut

In combat, shadows go as boxers.
They are half giving, half receiving.
Fixed on circuit-walls of labyrinth, link passages' intricacy.
Step and sway, they alternate the yield and melding.

Shadows combat first with foot-left.
Than hinge, to shoulder-opponent swings shadow right-fist.

Improvised strategic dance,
opposite steps meld as corresponding pieces.
Ventriloquist, she speaks
to single dancer from the boxing match resulted,
Somersault into the dark,
psalm-advice from sealed-lips guided.

Superimposed stones, ovals for open land explaining,
balance at driftwood teetertotter center.
Method of honoring each rock's subtle equilibrium through feeling.
Work of four hands by intuition stone stories exploring.



I am a wheel, learned to spin, days on cart of olive.
And when the cart dust-pebble parked, I strayed free to keep on spinning.

Bovine-spokes revolving at joints on hinges,
durable boards cross bones and tendons.
Forward, the free-direction.
Heave and step: mechanics' cooperation turns cart's total wooden-motion.

Fields we passed,
fields expand, contract with pulses.

On way gray-road that a serpent desired,
going to press, I sweated oil that yielded the olives.

There were other wheels, I knew
but I was on my on track,
not looking side or back.
Buffalo leg, I inside-saw from back-right view of tanner.

As child-wheel, I repeated a mantra, repeated, repeated:
*If I gave the cart my life — as for wheels is a freedom
than time would place it as the screw that hinges cattle's right ear.*

By night, I'm spinning my own way,
forward, back, side-spinning.



Part Sylvia

Artisan before the guild window, arms open,
releases his work.

They have finally invented mechanical scarabs.



On a sunny, southern continent:
sand cat burrows and rose of desert.

Inevitable winds—etesian
push free—direction forwards
souls in legions of roman soldiers.

Castle, window open — his square of Milky Way.
Sparrow — come as signal — to perch a bed, the hay.

Over fields of sunshines gone to seed
herds march the walk of their breed.
Hathor lets livestock safely sky—step,
beyond lions' valley—play.

All of ox parade reign's recorded—floods
and fore their brows to drink the East
when Sun has see the day.

Passer—genus, roost—alights off sprig of hay.



There is a jacket of kid leather.
It is book of stillborn, two—headed verses' cover —
compiled by Little Bo—Peep
who reads it wave—rhythm, aloud from the Greek.

To moonlight-birthing, guided her flock
but could not keep souls that she lost.

Bear-cub does not hatch of egg, you know.

Pursued them to the reaches of desperation
that ran out as far as she lived to let them.

Staff-walked through verses on half things and thoughts.
At the Styx, built a cairn of volcanic rock.
Fuel from distance that formed it was bargain to cross.

When fireflies were to few,
stars fell down to Rome, their supply to renew.

It meets face-to-face with its variables- x ,
chance is a machine of mobile parts,
crosses way of the clubs and the *tao* of some hearts.

On pyrolatry's mantel,
electric-fire, pyromania had granted a permit to wire.
Side-sighting, by grove's petrified cemetery:
a young mother waits, reading like Mary —
says the *Continental*, crossing stops here, maybe.

In a glass cabinet at Hell's aviary
are the peahen's tiara and tape-cassettes of canary.

Prince face of triangle, he is doing the rounds,
to see what bird hatches down on red-light-grounds.

She amplified, in a dream, his drummer's part-purcussion.

Brother,
we have been as swans together.

He is confident quoting Rimpoche,
says a sky-lord and the lordships spawn the reasons to pray.

In the dark, they made plans —
when his pebble's throw sounded off her stone shepherdess' bed —
to open a butterfly sanctuary after war's end.

Would later put last-nail to rail's final-tie,
holding a hammer for the first and last time.

The little girl who waited on legend, the *Continental*, with her baby —
would run as a candidate of the conservative party.



Part Tef-nut

Lepidoptera,
Sekhmet, in a late-Spring, bloodshed-meadow,
calves to thighs side-folded,
been left standing by Apollo.
Humanity was as a butterfly,
standing on a base for its landing
and Sekhmet, despair wearing face-lion.

Ave,
Lepidoptera.



They were the keepers of shot-down stars:
wanderers come-caravan,
who collected comets when they entered fields
and traveled with a box of stary jewels.

By moon, their parking timed to crescent.
Music of fiddle, of lute, of lyre
strummed always to their night-arrival.

They came when stars fell, in the summer
and stayed through hot months of emperors.

Tails of some comets ended
between lazy legs of long-horned cattle.
Day was of the cow's horns, night was of the tail.

Change undulated fields, dynamic.
On those waves set the song
sung when seaports-distant join together-choired.

You can lasso the Moon, they deducted.
It was said the travelers knew of ocean.

Cast nets deep-sky with generous intentions,
pegged at cornerstones of the heavens.
Proceeded skies by points of cairn,
on a path we learned never ended.



Metal affirmed its presence, by form of standing-obelisk.
Island — spoke the Mountain,
on what they say is done-and-written:

*A time when our grandmothers were all women-of-letters
and their grandchildren: intuitive spring-moths,
to our sisters, telepathic in our flocks.*

Cloud-illusions will gnaw time as rats.
Sky's altar to vapor is forgetting land's paths.

Compassion oriented to a branch of bats,
I asked winds where kite flyers are at.

On marble mantel, metronome's core keeps equator's pulse.
Returning off-face is essence-fermented of the factor in test.

When it was soil that let you down,
who still could put stock in ground?

Mountain's mate stands, free on one point, alone.
Balances in love with her natural home.
They call her a rib of its very stone.

Path-down — a gentle commence
to walking faithful, doubting at earth's every rest.



Dance and music are the transportable arts,
carried in the blood to be performed from the heart.
Caravan bleeds music until its scab-dances scar.

Keeping the anklets, dance-steps and the sandals,
bird-peck-cloth retains rooster-crest pattern.

As serpents, they rattle lines to the old plays, by heart.



Bright, 'round the upper branches of the sapling-*Malus*,
a maypole's leftover ribbon.

*Alleys wear thistles; the grass, blossom of weed,
the birch-grove wears nettles, dan-de-lion mead.*

Mechanical pollinators flew their hum through cultivated lavender,
behind the low light-wood lattice.

Butterfly-catching was an outlawed practice.

It is the age of gold, have you not heard?

Through the grass, from edge's nettles,
steady in miniature up the lawn of our castle,
two white oxen pulled a toy cart with flowers.



Sail-triangle tips newsprint, nose down,
gives paper-wreck to floor-sea and with it cargo-dreams.

Play pirate ships passing wave peacefully *Ahoy*.
Sea-coins watch stowaway passengers,
heads' copper blushes rust-accretion — in envy of emeralds.
Caves echo with stories of *mind over treasure*.

Weed-dandelions watch herds, fields-over,
spear lions-entered, wear manes.



Sheltered by shade of a village in caravan,
from emergent-scorpions sometimes, we pierced prized-venom.
Effortlessly exempt from local famines.

In heat, by fields that the drought would waste,
bugs crawled the little girl's face.
Mosquitoes dismissed by bored arm-wave.
I memorized what zip-fliers had to say.

Curtains pulled to presentation of puppets-shadow in performance.
Destitute in epidemic, juggled the acrobat for entertainment.

Escaped those puppets-shadow.
This when at row-pastel, parked by Sea,
for fun, Fool let out our menagerie.

Shadows descended, to live on stone of castle.
For a new tribe of mountain-angel,
petri yielded a generation of groping, groveling chimera.

Cloister-trees around — run shadows of escapist puppets —
up-over standing granite-arches.



Part Tef-nut

Pursued to Chimera's Valley.

In the dark, stones aimed at lepers.

Never lost, always leaving,

gray pebble slopes — up and vertigo-falling.

Arriving at dusk for inauguration:

nuclear life forms' night of passion.

Bonfire flips to upright landings.

Acrobats in turn grab horns on head-toss propulsion taurus,

three tambourines rattled to yowls of *taurocatapsia* fans.

Here comes rhino and *alpha*-rider.

Spinning skirts with strings of beads in circles, learning dances,

watch out for the little ghost — he likes to strangle.

Now they let out the liger.

Sphinx chicks: bad hatchlings, armadillo on a leash.

Throat-burning chemical mead,

taste limestone without the greed.



The fire was four undulation-ribbons in smoke:

each one released moths of vapour.

A shadow dance ran 'round me in a circle:

memories of antelopes in a ring

alternating with light-footed shadows of hunters.



Through an empty cabin
went a mobile wrestling match,
going as warm tropic shadows.

Conquistador's wife, waiting 'round
lunar time, slept
with all her jewellery.

Along the wall, wrestlers proceeded
linking in a line
shadow dancers' polarity–armlocks.



Pipes, method still hot with aromatic embers,
hearths to cerebral domus.
The initial point for departure past fly lights,
far into starry kite–Crux reason.

Between profane gingerbread tree *häuser*,
they exchanged paper planes
delivered by postal–stamp grade parrots.

Parrot–delivered paper plane,
received when silent Macaw wings
feigned to alight by candy–roof, top–cage,
blue downfolded indigo silent.

Merchants' boats left to mangroves,
walls–bamboo below eclipse red and quiet.
Plane's top paper layer
scabs its grainy criss–cross in pieces.

Anthropomorphic smoke-stands twisted.
Ascension dances in duet left fermented breadfruit far below,
when they came upon the Jewel Box.

Hermes, with butterfly-swimmer's mechanical Ma'at-wings,
headed from the Aegean
to a view-point in the Mediterranean.
And treaded wing-circles counter-wave
to watch smoke-strands dance the sky.



Part Sylvia

There is a castle made of words
and a card-constructed town.
Upstream, gambling hall:
monument made out of brick that Sun had cooked, trees-between.

A golden sphere of hot crown-light.
Amber gave to gravity its agency over,
was taken to core-dot: legendary center.

He was among the mystic princes
who travelled earth-down, through the ages.
Above: his wild menagerie, left out of cages.

Good for mine-descending is amber.
Lucio lamp-bearer knows where walks the Jaguar Mother.

Down, free-direction, floor-ground of jungle,
past soil-rich from jewel-scales of river uncoiled.

To ground-chambers, gravity, deep-descended,
sensed convene earth-apes of legend.

Gold of lamp-amber lights Underground, what is down-written.

On cavern walls are calculations
that show why russets keep getting deeper.

A bipedal meeting with the robed Jaguar Mother
left him all alone, throne-sitting, on his lap mobile memories:
three crawling kittens crying their clairvoyance in clarity's colors.

Up, ascending, by resistance-necessary,
spotted cat trio
was added to his uncaged menagerie.

Each earth-cat spoke and each other echoed.
Sun-cooked memories of erased ancestors.



Part Tef-nut

Flame molted by a falling star
gone ridding on its mother-comet's route.

Collision's tightly written in a point right on its track, crossed
sea-rope for emergent angels, surfacing.
Now that eras be good for closing,
they would have done their time in Hell.

Sun sheds a cross-section of its deep ratio, revolving.
So contributes to confusion its high-carat molten arc.

Angels' great releaser, humble to be guided by intuition,
had imitated *opus* of the spider.

Up, they're coming as a work crafted
out of tied-up acrobats.

Watching — moving slightly in range of rope —
past their portal, to glimpse damage, nonchalant.

Their advice for docking into dreamland where masochism necro-wants
is taken by the mystics as a few degrees off-track.

And interpreted as nightmares: reflections dreamt some decades past —
with sure ramification on current circumstance.

Wings-fallen see things by a flooded-mirror,
as they would have looked gothic-back.

Recorded-film by watchers, as great pulley reeled on up,
reflections were negatives
got by angels' light with flash.

Rising, they met a farm dog — by balsamic moon kept out.
Not chained this time but left there,
to *stay* — as so orders ocher-wolf.

Higher, there was a pilgrim, walking sideways endless steps,
headless of displacement dancing to the rattled bells of loss:
long-skirted leper with her harbinger-limericks and her instrumental staff.

School was out, it was early afternoon
and time for urchins to come home to plaza-stairs of stone.

Lost ascending angels asked a beggar to point North.
Someone had sealed her brow with exclusion's makeshift brand.

Thank the tides for sending angels
for sending crow-winged angels,
flown Gibraltar-over, cave and bay
when they were looking for Greenland.

Sent to Hoover as a lunar omen that insanity would watch.
Roosted a presence of their murder top Plaza of Drummer's Steps.

Higher, they learned how greed hot and explicit,
expressionless in servitude,
once waited calm for Mars
to signal action put to order, volcanic up and on.

An emperor's official chose to finally speak —
through lipstick left by the sweet-time that he had savored,
as a commander could.

*Come Hermes,
you will understand that this be war.
And to be distracted by prisoners, strategically error.*

But Hermes drew up killer-logic
in dust down on the floor.
Mapped victories of quick-elegance that only at the House of Life
would have been seen before.

Higher, red-light beams of angel
cast chicken wire's shadow —
patterns scales onto grotesque hatchling.
From nesting-shot coop, horrible-hatchling modeling,
I am basilisk now, as directed, is screaming.

And for the constant clicking cameras,
battery-phoenixes are shedding chip-embers.

Up emerging, turning fingers, the weary angels,
are distinguishing between bones in the basilica's structure.
Distracted, turning rotations, dark silicon plastic of windmill, halfway.

Some birds cannot fly.
They are the ones condemned to Earth-walking.



That summer I had taken to talking with the rats
and my hair grew out long with all those sad thoughts.
You had wired the harp I played on to give electric shocks.

Shadows that reason's sound let out from strings were a minstrel's soul
as law, in chords, had displayed.

By Skate Park's steep-rise ruins,
there is a hill for playing fetch with bats, blindfolded.

On light beams, voices shone diagonals,
Sant' Ivo, through the standing arches.
Wisdom's voices sang in clarity's choir:

*So, you have been signed with the smoke
that makes you visible for the red-eyed-goat.
Hold you hunger, Proserpine.
To decay's deep dance, got so resigned?
Mercury visits sometimes.*

When light horizon-cracks, dawn is molten gold.
That's when what's underearth, by shift of shadow comes exposed.

In the empty-old-stone-cottage, behind habitat and farm,
shadows pleaded from the corners, asking us
to set them into form.

Shadows came to cast the mold that I side-stepped lifting arms.
The mold they cast
was a wind-up ballerina who was never taught to dance.

The glass tree house that I drew to deer hide,
deep-cave, below your watch,
to better see the stars and to dream-lucid, you said.

The glass that I assembled as a tree house of a box,
below the Great Bear's hotplate,
above your executioner's watch.

At Tree House's lion-footed bathtub,
lived a flock of silkworm moths
that molded-aura 'round what figure
dreamt-lucid from its bed.

From imperial skirts and the authority behind,
came out goblins — bearing sulfur, kohl and bronze.

Dark matter side-stepped when it shifted human-formed
and shadows gathered to watch
how you painted my face on.

On an ashtray, goblins brought you the smoke
of the illusion played by shadows that you let out from my eyes.

Red ochre smoldered russet when it spread
until it stained the veil in mesh
hung over my vision, with smoke in gusts of ash.

I stayed a steady canvass against the press of painting thumb,
retracted for perspective
and touched thick bonds of hemp.

So swayed the wood floor over,
caught in the silks of beauty's safety net.

Messages once latent in the floor came clear,
exposed in oak's still scent.

O Harlequin, I never said to move,
you told me, telepathic.

Over nets to the opus of their caterpillar past,
wings quivered, preaching softly, in a murmuration-flock.

Choir of wings fluttered recitations:
excerpts of rules got
from behind the snakeskin jacketing game's book.

Big-cat cage, paced the Jaguar Mother.

Below, I saw a scene at the glass tree house,
so watched myself
swim by waves' momentum,
by their tips' foaming retractions
and by your calculations of the forms
that would define their final crash.

Tides that were directed from a point felt-lunar at my neck
brought me to a flooded mirror for reflecting subjects' depths.

On peering-knee-descent,
clung-steady to the nettles, thistles,
ivy-toxic in the twisting vines
of Chippendale's framing mess.

Skyscraper-top, by lightning storm,
to dream that you had me swim,
in the aquarium of obsidian
with strap-on tail for oceanid.



On the Boreas wind's exhale there came in apparitions.
One introduced himself as a temperate spruce tree angel,
said he had come for a meeting with his unicorn breeder.

Over wrangler's white she wears dark leather,
chiaroscuro bareback, amazonian.

With spurs and hat greets him, his custom-embroidered Europa.

*There is a new coal who will soon need breaking —
there behind the lattice in evergreen branches since snowfall.*

He asked to see the tracker and intake records.
Lifting knotted rope in cedar, she presented the most recent quipus.
Spruce tree angel of temperate climate traced the timeline,
equestrian magic.



Fool's Gold

Fool is the jester
but with his gold can make it fire.

Here's Thoth down the mirrored hall,
as an ibis-beaked clown, laughing observer.
Watch the sound of what he sees by vision-peripheral.

Pilots, light-luminous, conjoined at wing-tips
deep-soil stepped secrets, through gardens-Sicilian.

Hunters let their leopards inland-lead who,
mistaking wings for birds, brought them back an angel.

Pyrite struck accidentally by the juggler.
Starry cow painted red by all the truth of stolen fire.

Lapis lazuli as a record keeper
absorbs through moonlight its data,
to know it all at the level of crystal structure.

Fool goes night-sky walking back the Nile's milky extension-highway.

All those emeralds the Spanish wanted,
when you make it to the Jewel Box,
are good for a lucky round of chicken bone tossing.

To the calico-kitten whom no one wants,
to the last one left in the cardboard-box:

*There will be games to shift with our sad-perceptions.
Ruby-zag to the pearl-zig,
dice, cat's cradle and divination.*

Connect-the-dots with lightning, a hand-Promethean.
Extremes introduced by a friend in common.



By town's clock the hours stopped.

—

The lion's stars rose standing
and the stoic seconds watched as minutes gave up turning.

In unison the fishes leapt; stream-water swam for spawning.
From their fins, water-drops overflowed the scale-plates.
Jump-fish magic — active word, was heard by Pan as sea-goat.

Lightning — by even bolts — hit Spring of Faun to surface-water.
In sand-black — volcanic ash — the red ram was spitting fire:
heat — invitation to compete, delivered on solar wind to the Auroras.

Europa feigned to bouquet-gance, acting in diversion,
succeeded in a petal-flip to *taurocatapsia*.

The Centaur hit dim target-dot, got the Lynx by unmatched shot
with precision of a marksman.

