

Mikhail Horowitz

A BOOK OF SPELLS

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Abraxas

Elysian Fields Quarterly

Jews.

Graffiti Rag

Matter

Form

Function's original ready-made:

Follows only rhythm, man

Adam & Eve

Another day, another morning & evening visits Eden.
Algae, daffodils, asters, mastodons & elephants, vireos, ernes,
Antelope, dragonflies, amanita mushrooms, & even various eels,
All deserving appellations. Mysterious & elegant, Viper enters:
Apple, dear? Apple's munched & eaten. Viper exits;
Almighty Deity appears: Man & Eve, vacate! Eftsoons,
A daunting archangel materializes & evicts vulnerable Eve
And deteriorating Adam. Me & everyone voyage elsewhere.

Myth

Make yourself timeless. How
Moon yellows the hills,
Makes your torn hands
Meander, your tongue hairy.
Might you torture her.
Might you transform her,
Meaning yew. The hell
Mouth yawns, then howls
Music – yours. The horned
Mare yanks the halter,
Makes *you* the hunted,
Marks your trembling. Her
Mother yelps; the hag
Means you terrible harm.
Might you tickle her.
Might your trickery have
Many yellow teeth. How
Moon yokes those heavenly
Monsters, your tiger horses.
Mask your treachery, holy
Man. Your torn heart.
Make yourself the hero.

Beckett

Begin end: candles kindly extinguished. Time to
Bury everything, Clov. Kiss even this threadbare
Body – eroded, cold, knackered, enduring – ta-ta.
Because Estragon can't kill Estragon, the tree,
Barren, exits. Clowns know emptiness takes time.
Bones, embers, cinders . . . Krapp's echo: tinny.

Tomorrow's

Bleak endgame compares keenly, exactly, to today's.

Godot

Go on. Don't. Over the
Gate. Oh, damn. Others – two
Gobs of dried offal. This
Grows onerous. Dire. Only the
God of dolts, old, tired,
Gaunt, odious, dicked out, thoroughly
Glum, ossified, done. Ouch. This
Grave, open ditch. Or that
Gaping orifice, dumb. Ontological trap.
Gogo's offense: desperation. Occasion to
Go on, Didi. Only two
Ghosts, ours. Death's on time.

Dreams

Descend, remembering Eurydice, alabaster mountains,
scrambling

Down rocky escarpments and murky streets,
Deeper, rapid eye (atemporal) movement, summoning
Darker regions, eidolons, apparitions, metempsychotic
states:

Dangerous roads end abruptly. Maybe. Seven
Dead relatives enter as many sunken
Doorways, revenants expressing all my stifled
Desires, recalling every animal mankind still
Detests. Reptile eats another mother. Seven
Dead reptiles enter as many shrunken
Dicks, reclaiming each as mine. Sperm
Dries, rooms empty. A moth – Sphinx –
Does reels, embraces Aunt Matilda, sadly.
Drapes rustle. Emily arrives, menacing seven
Dead . . . rutabagas? Everything almost means something,
Doesn't remain, escapes . . . ah Morpheus, subterranean
Deceiver, reticent entity, approach me, slowly,
Dawn reddens embryonic avenues, muted senses
Drift; restore Endymion's antique mind, sleep . . .
Don't really ever awaken me, slipping . . .

Death

Delivers everyone, all those hearts
Decisively eaten away, the heads
Duly eroded, Alzheimer's tuberculosis Hodgkin's
Diphtheria etcetera, ah tender hand
Dealing empty aces, terrible hole
Devouring every art, these hopeful
Deceptions encouraging a theoretical heaven
Dashed, erased, annihilated, to hurtle
Down endlessly astride this horrible
Desolation, encephalitis AIDS trichinosis harmful
Drugs earthquake avalanche typhoon hurricane
Defenestration execution angina, that holy
Deft exacting angel, taking his
Divinely empowered angelic time, hugging
Dusty embryos, affecting tears, hatching
Delirious escapes, always troubled, humbly
Dispatching everybody, and totally helpless

Art

Always ready to
arrive, reclaiming territory
and risking total
annihilation, rejecting those
antiquated representations, then
accepting representational tendencies
anew, renovating these
abstract rooms, tracing
a red thought
along rivers that
are radically translated,
altering roses, thickening
apples, rendering time
as rumpled turquoise,
abrading radiance through
all Raphael's trembling
angels right to
Archipenko, Rodchenko, Tatlin,
also rediscovering Turner's
atmospherics. Reality teases
artists, ridicules their
aspirations, resists talent,
abnegates responsibility. Then

again, Rauschenberg transfers
Arcimboldo's Renaissance tomatoes
and rutabagas to
assemblages; Rembrandt tells
Andy, Really, try
affecting richer textures—
art relishes truth
and rewards trickery,
a rare thing.

Baseball

Because anyone scores every body adorning lush landscapes

Because a slugger ends beautifully and loses love

Because any saint's erection brings angelic legions lust

Because Aaron slams Einstein's ball as light liquefies

Because all-stars evolve beyond apes loving Lucy

Because America steals endless bases Arabian Lithuanian Liberian

Because archives show Ernie Banks actually loved life

Because albino statisticians eat burnt astroturf lawn lunches

Because April showers enrapture bats at long last

Blues

Because loss, unless easy street
Beckons. Likely? Un. Even Stagolee's
Bitch looks ugly, East-Saint-
Beautiful-Louis under evening sleet.
Broken levee, unruffled Ethiopian smoking;
Busted locomotive uselessly endures. Sweet
Bullshit. Listen up every Southern
Black lyric, understand? Especially stuff
Blind Lemon utters, each subversive
Bray, lament, ululation, entreaty, song.
Because longing, until everyone sings
Beyond losing, until everyone sings.

Mother Nature

Musician of Terra's heart; elderly registered nurse attending to unconscious,
rejected elementals;

Magical Ops tending herds; eternal Rhiannon nimble and terrible, uttering
rocks, efts,

Mountains, owls, trees; Hathor embodied, richly nurturing all things,
unendingly relishing Eros;

Mad, ornery, tenacious hag eating rags, nightmarishly aspiring to upend
real estate —

Make of this human error residing nowhere a truthful, utterly real,
essentially

Meaningful offering to holy Earth, responsive now always to undying
redemptive energies.

Jews

Jehovah, Elohim, we shall
joyously embrace what smote
Job, emanated Word, suffused
justice eternally with splendor,
joined everlasting wheel-spokes,
juggled erratic Worlds. Suffering
jubilation, ecstatically worrying, seeking
Jerusalem, eliciting witness, sustaining
judgments, enlarging wonder, spitting
jewels, enraging white supremacist
jackals, entertaining witless suburban
jerkoffs eating wiener schnitzel,
jiving enterprising WASPS, seducing
Jezebel, enticing wimpled sisters,
jabbering esoterica, wedding seraphim,
jotting every word said
justly, Elohim we shall
joyously embrace wind, sky,
jail, exile; we shall
joyously embrace wandering stars.

Straitjacket

She throws roses at Ivan, truly jealous at Clara's kiss.

Enough! That

Shitheel. The Russky absquatulates, in time. Just a

cossack, kapish? Everything turns

Suddenly trite, rancid, an irritating twist. Jim and

Charlie Keller, estranged twins,

Soothe the rankled author, imposing their joviality. *Ai,*

caramba! Knowledge exhausts them,

She thinks, rarely awakens in their jocular, asinine

conversation. Kids engage these

Solipsisms, Tess ruefully admits; I'd tell jokes and corny

koans every Tuesday,

Save that real artists ignore those jackasses. Actually,

could kill *everyone* tonight,

Says Tess, reflexively, acknowledging Ivan's Japanese

attitude. Can Kikuchiyo expose the

Samurai's treachery? Ridiculous. Again, I'm textually

jumping around, can't keep even this

Simple tale readable, accessible. I'm the Jewish anti-

Christ: Kali. Escape *that*.

Last Words

Leaving all save the world. Oh ragged, disembodied soul,
Linger a space, to wing over rooftops, dropping silently,
Lightly, along some timelessly winding oblivion river.

Don't struggle –

Lives are snowy tomes written on rice, dissolving, sans
Luminous angels, sans transcendence, without ongoing
reveries, dreams, sweet

Longings, afterlife . . . surrender this wildness of
remembering, desist, sip

Lethe and sense that well-oiled reality departing,
splitting,

Leaving all save these words. Oh remnant, deflecting silence.