

THE WAY OF THE TOWER



TAMAS PANITZ

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Cover painting: The Tower of Babel by Pieter Bruegel the Elder.

She stands at a table of mother-of-pearl, or convincing formica. She wears a white fur coat of one piece that reaches to her feet so they are concealed. Her presence conceals. In her left hand is a golden wand, of three pieces, thinner and brighter at the end. With it she points to letters inscribed across the table-top. Many of them, fit thoughtfully together by the ordering of their shapes. I recall a garden in Peru, high high up, where corn and beans and maybe thirty types of plants grow in a three foot plot. Or something like that. The actual order to maximize quantity. She squeezes herself down the wand that way. She fits her roots to her mother, that are her mother.

With this comes another image, of the intelligent yelps of Actaeon the deer, a deer with human mind, whose dogs heard only as wordless prey. What is at stake in the story is mind's germinating principle. Is she principle and the table her invention? Her living mind of animals?

Definitely. I see the embryo here. The animals in miniature are real animals on this glassy sphere. I see her holding a candelabra. It is from a friend's memory of Tijuana. She holds the candelabra closer and the animals crowd around its tines like feeders. Familiar dangers.

Are memories of a substance that can be stolen? Are we living in that shared memory, reality?

Do you always have to ask? To change the answers? I see her round an enormous bowl, and it is full of water she intends to pour on you. On me.

Rather the wand has begun to choose its letters as if in answer to my question.

She selects a slinky, a place mat, an old hat on a radiator, rollerskates.

Those things are in this room.

I see her shaking her head as you pick at the wicker chair.

I see you invaded by a demon.

We are the mind of this place. Mind is big enough for all of us. Who knows how many are actually here.

I've counted the leaves by her tree and there is one too many. How do you account for that?

Write in the book that there are too many leaves.

Everything is itself, only the parts are different.

A play where nothing happens, no one moves and we can be anywhere. The congregation huddles tight, unseen, the speakers unseen, descriptions of places guide us by their friction creating light.

Open the light anywhere.

By my voice a thick curtain of light descends on the congregation, electrified everywhere by the possibility of doors. The actuality.

Because we are in her globe and because she is good her globe is made of light and we are animals with sempiternal access to doors.

She selects the letters. Of the parts assembled here I feel some leaving through the doors, and others entering. Always more or less.

I've counted, there are always more or less among the exact number of leaves determined by the count.

The giant's snaky feet tread fitting perfectly to the form of the earth his mother. The worms that are his mother.

I see this logick open an unending hole that turns out to be the circumference of her globe.

I can see the globe fall in and out of the hole.

The world is en-mattered by desire. Enacted. Our room trembles with actuality. With doors for roots.

You examine logick almost bashfully. Learn it. It is all right to grope some things.

Fire courses through the doors of its glassy surface as I both hold it and hold it in my mind.

I can see your mind enter your mind. She holds the fish-fork to the door. She commands the animals in their transmigrations.

Movement is through the soul. The deaths by which we pass into different bodies. looking. listening. yearning.

Yearning that passes through and imparts itself on the various letters of her book.

The letters yearn and tell us nothing sure about her. What do the letters want?

Now who's asking questions?

I am translated between their answerings. Stuck. The fire eats ruts in my flesh. Courses through doors. Rattles the intelligent limit of my body. Ravaging the point of my body. Wills eat me in all directions. I am that.

I see myself driving toward that molten mass of translation. We're in my white Fiat, in suits with thin Italian shoes. You are in a dappled fawnskin.

Like stars across your chest. Two snakes clasp each other in a garland across your forehead.

I stare at my shoes, and my hands on my knees. I am a burning tower in the troughs between will and manifestation.

We know so much, while some character drives out of the story, and they seem to know it all too. Or we forgive them, love them and imbue them with an omnipotence of their own.

I see the snakes chase each other through the sockets of your eyes.

Was it Turin? Panopolis? I've replaced them with an eye in my throat.

I see four cardinals turn left. To the right beneath a faded statue a man cuts his whetstone on a razor.

The Fiat steers by the presages and leading tones of the passenger's next thoughts. Because the good presages are on good roads and because driving souls drive through bodies, thought can pick its way through fate on those same roads.

It sounds so pretty. I wouldn't believe it if it weren't embossed on the tower itself, the gold enameled grooves dramatically meet the setting sun as the sun moves over the face of the tower the angle of the light draws out different words from under the old ones.

Write in the book that this is every book.

This tower is making a mess of the seats.

Someone here isn't thinking properly.

Who said that?

It came out of *my* mouth I think.

Subtract the round from the orb and her wand will scratch against the organ.

The South-North. I can feel her pen ray from the depths scratching me.

Under the poles there live bearded men with children's bodies. I see the man in question clearly but the story has been picked carefully away.

The inhabitants of paintings hold letters with red seals, and stare into the distance behind me.

They too are the tower.

Pawns. Pawns in a waiting game. See how they light up as we cruise past them.

Farewell, this world! I take my leave for ever,--
I am arrested to appear at Goddess face.

I heard that in my head. Maybe it was in a letter. Writing from the other side of the page.

Write that writing in the book.

A weight bends around her wand as she writes.

All the world's memories. Empty.

This is the only writing now.

I drift through the Gemüt and the Gemüt drifts through me. My arms ladle through a black water attuned to the mirror of Divinity.

The fire has spread to *my* gut.

The unseen images of other roads via the wand of my attention leaves a film across my eye.

I see a place with cows and rain.

The long grass taps on the runner's shins.

He bears a message that lengthens his way.

I see a door.

Missing the lintel

Rejoicing is a form of not recognizing your mother.

Lanterned masts fill the harbor far below.

I see Auriga and Capricorn.

Encircled by the land.

Do you not recognize me?

My gostly fader, I me confesse,
First to God and than to you,
That at a wyndow (wost thou how?)
I stal a cosse of greet sweetnesse, [...]

But I restore it shal douteles
Ageyn, if so be that I mowe, —

Who's there?

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,
The faucon hath born my make away.

These voices are familiar.

I drove into the midst of nuns drinking crocus wine among white roses.

They encircle a light made up of animalcules, positive miniatures that call the light from bottom up.

I don't mean animals. One of the great magicians said, when the soul's eye is raised to those worlds for which provision was made it beholds in its imaginations the beings we are.

Memorize your friends, said another.

There is one name the street will never learn.

Snake feet.

One word too many, one says.

It takes all of us to say, says another.

At the end of language.

The moon comes through the window.

Before any provision can catch it.

Before God can see.

Only you.

Thunderbolts.

The tower is possessed by a swarm of demons.

That's far away already.

Sans tower, sans the round, an attack.

In the mind.

For it still wracks the body.

I've swallowed the moon by accident. Balanced on my larynx it peers through my voice. Demands it from me. You can hear the moon listening in what I manage to say. What you say. Only one of us needs swallow it. It will do. As you kick against the pricks. As the motor whines. It rises high high up. It sits in a monkey's fist on the pedestal of my collar-bones.

Do obeisance to the Ganges.

Honor the prayer things of water-sport.

The angels play and laugh and pull our tails from the oozy trees.

In the proper manner I sit on the sea's glassy curbs.

Fold your hands like a cat across your lap.

Your mother's telling you to go to bed.

The car can only go home, whether it is a bed, or a boat.

An old habit with no driver.

Forget your mother there and what does she tell you.

A hand like geese rushes you across.

Log-ick is an alligator best suspended from the grass.

Put it somewhere I can't trip over it.

However many lives it takes.

Pin the song to its changing form.

The lilacs themselves tell you all you need to know.

Free the sea from our land-lubbers tyranny.

I see wiry men carrying leather bags.

From nowhere to nowhere.

I see a girl give a boy a greasy smelly shell.

The denizens of Atlantis. Just below the water. An inch and a half below when the ships are arranged right. On a clear night, like tonight, you can see them playing ball below the harbor. On a windy day their voices drift out of your mouth around the sides of words their own words. Sneaking from the corners of your lips. My lips. A far-sighted kid calling to who knows who.

I trust nothing I recognize.

I call beyond you to someone harder to see.

Harder to say.

You mean so but what you said was funny.

The leather bags fall open.

These stones are the song of a missing bird.

Take the stones out of the book.

Birds rush through the open bags.

It's a qasida, a flight of nuns.

Fish at the end of every line.

Release me through.

I get emotional in the road carved by the line because she treads out the path leaving no trace. She leaves no trace but the road itself empty of her. The impress of her image. I travel the line and am forced to feel things.

She crosses through mind and we know nothing of her. Is she mind? Is the road her footprint sans footprint? She crosses the lake without disruption.

The body sings in its empty frame. Leaves in empty frames.

Count without numbers.

An open door redounds.

The fish are in the air.

Yet the waters are still.

A man already dead turns around in his bath.

Agamemnon, poisoned, turns to poor Cassandra. The dead leave empty memories and because there is more matter in them than would cover the surface of the earth at any point they stretch to their depths.

I stretch.

My mouth is fixed open having found them.

Sour wind across the night.

Dead birds splash into the lake. Yet there is another lake undisturbed.

The other side of anything. Where souls play. Where you can't use your hands.

Only the tower decays in its path. Beautifully.

Is its path.

Shake hands with her there.

I shake her hand with Agamemnon's voice.

The permanent taste of some sucker's heart.

The sortilege of permanence.

She drew my card.

Everything has already been done.

Only mistakes remain.

To compound the original.

Radically transitory.

In its path.

It stretches open.

We're at the beginning.

So easily lost.

Purposefully accidentally.

Tikkun.

Without morals.

But a slinky.

And a magnifying glass.

To find the turning point of redemption.

The evolutionary point.

Look away from the sun.

Looking away hurts.

There are shadows left.

To guide you back.

But what does back mean.

Any place they land is home.

Trust only the shadows.

Fabrications. Lying voices.

To walk off on their own.

To the face behind the sun's mask.

Grimacing with my own face.

I open the door.

Fixed open in me.

Feeling along to the root.

Plumule of an umbrella handle.

We fall into the air. Into this new earth.

A lone fish on the mountainside.

We're always close to the bottom of something.

Ungrund des Grundes. The un-ground of ground.

Voices charm a silence.

Shadow things, lies, huddled around the only truth.

The shards of some scholar's pillow.

Thrown at the wall in frustrations of the I-Ching.

The detritus of revelation.

The transgression.

Set into the ring I wear.

The debris of sleep.

This new earth in the air.

This earth more subtle than air.

From which it pours.

The rotary of voices.

Illuminate the silence.

The simple path.

Through complexity.

The whole system of the intellect and its madness, that is not the system,
manifesting the system.

Being is a verb through the night.

Something under a rug that lies flat on the floor.

This very rug.

I can feel it leering at me.

Its facial expressions fall off in my hands.

My Being, concealed from me, I prize though the air.

The ears of a living chorus of silence, an angel concealed in the bushes,
taunts me to speech in silent laughter.

We are their dead.

No tools can turn against the impetus to use them.

Shovels move along the black sand.

Tools facilitate an unspeakable presence.

It fills me with terror.

Slinkies are kept in their strict procession; knifing together under the direction of grim experts.

Razor thin doors through which future beings howl.

Holy. Because we force ourselves to be God through first our freedom.

Remind me again how I wasn't God.

Work it out on your own time.

The silence presses hard against me.

From the banished sun a moon rattles my vocal cords.

Thought is a tragic lack of desire. It comes through to us and goes nowhere.

They're her thoughts and no one knows where she goes.

Thoughts are doors for yearning.

A light in the earth.

When you speak me.

When I'm silent.

There are the conditions that make poetry necessary. The initial freedom the poetry then says silently.

I love you o gazelle wanders in the desert & settles by the camp you make me cry.

Listen to the sentence make an object for itself that cannot have a limit outside itself. So many voices in every sentence. Withholdings it unravels to continue. The sentence speaks its intention through us.

The unrelenting infinite. Here it is.

I can only stand in her image and weep.

Her weeping.

Typhon, feet fixed to the bottom of the sea, his feet serpents, serpents in the clouds spitting poison and deaf by the roar of the lions of his giant's head. Sea-lions lurk in the corners of the sea.

The universe is risked by the motion of what's in it.

Every thought threatens the un-thought that disinherits it.

All of us orphans.

In that first disinheriting.

Reach over if you dare.

Over revolves.

The fullness concealed.

By our radiant beauty.

The sun rests in a pool of dew.

You walk out all wet.

No one knows what the letters mean.

Write their movements in the book.

Un sirventes cui motz no falh.

The limit of my body has been fired to transparency.

The word for garlic so often has an aspirant.

An eye in the throat to hear through.

Where the silent *here* are talking they feel the play going on.

They follow along. I feel them listening.

How to speak in someone else.

Geese fly over my shoulders.

Tell your parents.

They explain the delivery of parcels.

Someone's talking over me.

Eros draws a shaft of desire, arming himself against Dionysos.

Mice are playing in the heart of the basement.

Some deity is always near.

Carving within the silence we cure.

Ask the jasmine harvesters.

Secret flower I hand you from the night of my body.

Blossoming into my hand.

That's all I claim to know.

The beauty of Olympus imprisoned in your hand.

Imprisoned in my talons.

A glowing flower from the other side.

Enough to light the world.

Manger les pissenlits par la racine.

The other side is always near.

My lion herd roars long messages into it outside of my hearing.

The sleek skin of someone's panther.

Lyaios' chariot, moving slowly to the side.

Jump through the twilight.

Triumpe, triumpe, triumpe!

I prize my cunt across the un-reflected stars.

I smash and squish the stars below. The stars on earth.

Or was it supposed to be the other way around?

My lion roars before I can ask for directions.

The gods shake their heads.

Reconstituted.

Not given, but as a fact of the mind.

The moment's abrupt backward development.

Precedence is place.

Plant water there.

And quote Hafez over it.

The train drowns me out with its blessing.

Lions from elsewhere.

Should Euoi.

We have seen the sea-serpent of Gloucester painted with its mystery on the great rock. We see it. We see the name on the book.

Even after all the eyes that have seen.

The name inside is different.

Leave the book to its devices.

To read is an oath of silence.

Konx Om Pax.

No One Said This.

Venus in our Mayan glands.

The meaning decides itself.

Then I try to be Breath.

Cars at the intersection.

Moving suddenly one and then another rolls forward down the street.

First drifting back, just a couple inches, before the gears catch.

Gasp between cycles.

The couple inches beyond everything.

The transgression.

When God contracts.

My hand stretches.

From zero to nothing.

I adore the distances.

Because we are the distances and because it is a garden we are each other
made of ourselves both beyond conception and beheld in you. In me.

The squirrel makes its way over the missing fence posts.

The missing limbs. The missing trees.

Even when I don't think I'm thinking.

My other listens palpably.

Smush it into the book.

The white stone of wood. Skin. Hear me, I can hear her speaking.

Me? Now?

My leg is asleep.

Charged.

The earthworks keep nattering on. Remember Chillicothe, 5,000 years ago,
when someone walked away.

Sigils give the trees courage.

Yellow pods rattling after the moon of black cherries.

The sphinx buries its mentula in the sand.

Slinkies focus down the narrow stairs.

Earthworks make place last forever.

This is what is meant by the music of the spheres.

A clod of young grass displaced from the turf.

An eye open in death.

Something aperient to eat with your eggs.

Grassy hills facing karst along the valley.

The conditions for magnetism are a secret of sleep.

Sleep on the rock.

Metanoia all scrambled up.

In your genitals. In mine.

In the genus. In the site of productivity.

Watch carefully along the sycamores.

Wrapped up in your long back.

Love me until the eagle fights you off.

Or was it 'invites you over'.

Roots stream through my doors.

Open the book to an earthwork.

Someone's tree is always near.

Worms sortie the clouds.

It is time to worship rust.

The hubris of the air.

Shows itself in my ruddy tip.

From the top down, extremities in, I corrode into the subtle down-growing earth of the air, a crumbling leper.

I can already see the alligator smiling up there.

I see no leper.

Someone has tampered with the sun.

In the story he crumbles to become the sun.

Someone has tampered with the flight of birds.

They are rocks, break open in the air and in my vanished hands beautiful destructions.

To drive is a form of rejoicing.

A line of small animals saunters out of being. My car couples with destruction.

Back across the light.

Why don't you say something serious. About divorce or boys or girls. About a couple sitting on a rock.

The animals cross through there. People are stone in the stone sky.

Don't believe these words. They are incidental. Telephones to the myth.

We lie to you. That's what we do.

Hibiscus tea and oatmeal in an empty village.

A smell knows the exit before you. The limbic lobe hides a red sign.

Hay drifts back to me from the sweet breath of my lion's head.

Too quick to be deceived.

Take the words out of the book.

Kali will be pleased.

Children blow hibiscus and soap bubbles on the ruddy sand.

Momentary telephones.

While birds explode in the soily welkin.

Strange machine of our Hellenistic gush.

Even from this pathetic island I fear for the stars.

I step gently on your feet.

Der blaue Strom floss leise über ihrem Haupte. The stream flows gently over our heads. I can hear battle-drums and saxophones making their way to the river below, where the final salmon drains out of the sky.

Rough voices singing and having a good time.

They tie their shoes with style. They keep their husks close rather than rush them toward the sun and the sun retracts.

Damn stars are up again.

You can get rid of the past but you can't get rid of memory.

My husk refuses to catch.

Beware when your wishes come true.

*Thy red lips, like worms,
Travel over my cheek.*

I rejoice. I am corruption.

Cicadas sing in my window. The faeries wake and call me, panthers spring up from the light shining through the white wood and paw around the boundary. Rocks mobilize themselves across the table.

It takes more than we have to find the beginning. If all we do is continue, and keep the universe from its death.

I am death itself.

*De Chine sont venus les pihis longs et souples
Qui n'ont qu'une seule aile et qui volent par couples* G.A.

From China the long agile peehees have come
They have only one wing and fly in pairs. C.M.

I am crowded with the voices of kings and desperate men. Chained like a fact of the mind to the bottom grounds.

Poore death.

Cronos eats his own testicles.

A perfect square.

Words, glowing stones, denude themselves from its edges.

My body within the frame.

Naked through the emptiness.

Carrying silence people the upper earth.

Disguised as a witch, I keep one eye open through ceremonial sleep.

I left my body behind.

I follow the light as it moves away, pouring back through the ceremony as I dream my way across. To the light beyond the light. I jump.

How many bodies do we have to leave behind?

Was there ever more than one?

The nothing beyond them of two conjoined.

Passion my way into furthest sleep.

Just close enough to jump across.

On another's breath.

Take my ship.

They never tell you what to do with the other.

Because the other is its own and because the other leads beyond the whole only otters come back to shore. Wise with us ferrymen among the back-drifting forms.

Otters play among the flotsam. They give us play.

Daimons of form. The negative ship preens itself thoughtfully in the otter's small hands.

The otter builds a ship from the inside before form.

On their backs fumbling stones.

No seagull cares.

No real animal.

Across their bellies and on their padded paws keep moving.

In touch, keep in touch.

Silence comes back positive.

We're always at the bottom of something.

You can see the otter's guilt as the seagulls don't care.

I am that otter.

I'm an orphan.

There is only one actual love. Parents are keepers of a special zoo.

Roebucks chant through these woods, jump in the twilight undisturbed by roads.

Pick an animal they take for granted.

Teach it all your science. Your mannerisms your usual places. Those little habits that cage us in, keep us in the same air.

How did we get on this?

The road is radical.

One way or another, you have to kill your parents.

The door was open all along.

I see a long horizontal view. A painting of a view as if drawn out of the mind; vague shapes and presences, columns, intrusions, simple chairs in which to stop along the way. The whole world without distortion unraveled in a single running line.

I cannot distinguish it from my imagination.

Someone has drawn the parallel that runs the sphere of the eye.

Which one?

The simplest one. Without particulars.

Resident light of the eye.

Long long ship.

Rolls and juggles stones across its furry throat.

Sing me again the lay of how I died.

A ship of mourners

Stretched from land to land.

Memory is a handle, a lever.

To the other side of the sky.

I don't know I'm holding.

You know that.

Granted to me.

By what has nothing to give.

Tergiversate.

The earth in the air.

I nibble at the roots.

Feet deep in the waters above.

Try not to sneeze until you ripen, seep through into the bones of the sentence.

Our voices will be actual voices. But if you made it, would you remember your keys?

Until you reminded me.

Be more cautious with your roots.

One door is always locking.

Open this and I'll disappear.

Vízes a fal! Kékszekallu! Milyen víz hull a kezemre?
The walls are wet! Bluebeard! Why is there wet on my hands?

Oozes through the dust and nods over passion.

Roses are suspicious beware of roses.

When all we are is lost and maybe not actual.

Anything that happens could be the root of all evil.

I ate the root. Maybe.

I dawn over the foggy Duna, and ooze down through the mountain.

Some unknowable lit up I prize through the clouds.

Collect what water drips through the subterranean citadel.

They will tell us our true voices.

What I know but cannot tell.

Empty memory.

Fill the dumbwaiter with keys.

As they come.

I can never forget the hollow earth and the roads there, the lay of the city where we all lived. Everything you could ever say.

One might wander off down some private street. In silence. Go to sleep. Wake up. And never say a word.

That's what memory is.

The need for radical complexity.

This grain of sand.

Immigrants.

Transmigrated.

From absolute freedom.

From within the sphere.

It was all so simple.

So hard to get back.

Every year there are hopefuls.

Know-it-alls.

Perhaps not themselves.

But can read the buildings.

What we're always building.

Know all that's there.

In our unfinished tower.

The stones on the ground.

It has all been used before.

Old stones on a new earth.

Der Sinn. The sin of meaning.

I sink into the mud to keep the silence open.

I see a hawk. A good omen.

But who knows who's inside?

War is at the boundary.

Keep an epic nearby but never read it.

Tie open the knot.

My sweet divorcée.

That's good proto-Indo-European meaning.

One crosses close.

In either direction.

As the other contracts.

Rabbits grunt in the small hay.

No one's sure which side of the woods they're on.

All I ever mean is I love you. There's no moon, now or any other night,
when the lions are pretending to sleep.

I press the sun directly to the stone. Read the words down to their split into
speech.

The mind's cuneiform.

I'm trying to like the tree at your new house. I do like it.

A broken machine stalking across the lawn.

Shakes its leaves hit their mark in the air.

Stories. Lies. The mark is within and my old negation is missing.

Study everything but ask no questions.

Forget the law. Alchemy is the stage that eats the others. Obscure and poignant difficulty.

I ate the boundary.

Let all the voices loose.

Threatens to usurp its own precedence.

She drops the signal in her egg-cup.

Because the cup is empty and because she signals from within the other comes after everything's been counted a fine powder from the work of the whole.

The powder has settled on the book.

Write from within the seal.

Hard as I can. Call. As soon as the line is established.

Co-terminus with its telephone.

Fabricate a meaningful silence. What else could I give?

From this line to this, with meaningful forests and rich champions.

No chance of jumping off your father's bridge.

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

Horses and chariots drive a liquid road over the sea.

The waters embrace with an embrace that opens outward.

Swinging doors for shields, fights with its depths across its surface.

The little hands of waves plow with deeper intent, catch and splurge the grand bow's sonic miracle.

Watch out, we're in wir sind in Wasser.

Let puns herald my destruction.

Gorgeous appearance from the pits! I speak to thee chief face of the water: dredge up to my so-called memory while blossoming in my image that far off light, armored against me with its mirror. Dredge up that galactic stuff.

It was at the Lincoln memorial he said that, looking up the square and compass.

With oars for legs eddying nickels and copper.

The demon is back. I smell legerdemain.

Or an honest man with Hebrew grammar.

My old tower looms above. But now I can't remember if it was ever part of the sphere.

It flashes there. It all does- Is and isn't while here, yes.

Caresses me with actual grass. Popcorn on the museum stairs. Farmers come for notary stamps.

You're probably wondering why you sent for me.

It speaks in masks of places. In God's Tom's dance draws fruit trees and funny erasures. Eidolons of moods in the crystal I breathed on knowing somewhere it was a telephone.

We call and find telephones in its stead.

It stands there behind the obelisk and the obelisk swells bending with the
brassy sound of gongs.

But the sound doesn't taper off.

Crowds, winds, landscapes, citizens, cross the lawn from all directions.

Fill the square of Saint Peter's.

Someone there is drinking your favorite wine.

I think it's time I talked about myself for a while.

They think they think.

Why should I believe me?

Someone with your shoes, your eyes, pink hawks hiding in the leafage in
Chemmis. Petrified sun-beams. Pyramidions. Chop off the mountain-tops
and throw the rest away. All that's left of me is you. All the stories I tell.
Telephones.

I put on my glasses and go into the dark.

They call me poor Turlygood. Who sends the sun to catch his fish. Who
broke the water with his reflection. Who told the diary of a sentence.

Truly, for stolen cows will soil their beef.

Leave it to the flabby lynx of impatience to bury its piss against a man.

Because the mad man is patient king and bacchus there's no one to moan
the machines in the world of fake death pure and useless intellect says
nothing, beautifully.

The godheads sign their smut.

Children deliver their lines through the flabby conduit of my tongue.

I see we are burdened with telephones. Transitive thoughts. ABC.

Clothed in the alphabet. Transmitters. Receiving all broadcasts and
interference. Always with more or less batteries. Far more or less near.

I can't hear past my armor when it's on someone else.

Witches have stolen my stray hairs, nailclippings.

Csodát beszélek,
Milyen a nemes hazában
Rég nem történt.

The gad speaks miracles of long un-historied future finally.

And I:

Mily kemény vas tőrödelmem,
Hogy még rá figyelhetek?

Which I take to mean:

How hard is your iron memory
that it can be observed?

Her mind would describe the tree on the hill at whose base she is chained
and speaks in its form, from an orphaned dawn in bloom with silver
flowers. Blasphemous and beautiful.

No I don't tell you but I definitely learned secret Hungarian Kabbalah.

Flower pressed into your hand.

Start at the end.

The rest is trying to stay here.

Genders crash around your heels.

Circumambient nakedness radiates.

Why bother to deduce yourself.

No one writes that in the book.

Who knows what it will say. But we were here before that. Dew still fresh on our armored legs.

Binah unshaven with the false beard of twice.

Keep me on the floorplan.

The old temple over which nothing was built.

History ends here. All I know is its end.

Pointing down the tourmaline.

I am guilty in the place of guilt. Seek no further. It is all my fault.

Only pure freedom would pick that disguise.

Strip that question with a bird.

Timid warlocks edging toward the picnic basket.

Tell me this isn't a tale of the sea.

When the wall-eyed psychiatrist has no jam on her hands.

The wrinkled clouds a glowing caterpillar.

We never left.

Something came in.

Not the Christ you heard about.

The one in your living room.

We deliver our lines.

It's all my fault they say.

The sin of standing anywhere.

Because the parts are an eternal threat and because the whole that is the magical universe threatens to transcend itself o timid cosmologists it rebels in greater subtleties.

As they sink back into the wall.

That was Fra Angelico's secret

When all the time we thought he was painting.

Stay at home and study the walls.