



# Genesis Suicide

turbulence and spleen from the aftertime

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*Argotist Ebooks*

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# Genesis Suicide

# 1

No ashes.

We might have expected ashes  
if we had known how to read twilight

but not blue leaves,  
a low circling red crane,  
musty water and receding sky,  
vermillion, gold and indigo  
made of interpenetrating motion

In the aftertime  
poison is the common tongue

- Did you notice an increase of crows, wild dogs and other predatory species?
- Yes, and several exotic species as well.
- What were the worms doing?
- What worms? doing what?
- Were they acrobats,  
painted in marvelous colors?  
Were they swimming through the earth  
and all the bodies it consumes?
- They were radio frequencies.

An endless stream  
in the transparent body.  
A familiar voice through the screen,

the rustling of dried corn stalks,  
the clang of tarnished lattice work

All poison –  
the common parlance

Oh happy day!

Oh happy day!  
When the devil drank  
my empty rage

Who's gonna sing  
the river bottom blues  
when the garbage trucks  
collect our bones?

## 2

Gravity comes  
in a wicked  
knot

The air  
tastes of  
meat and  
sweat

A star  
in a box  
cradled  
in cottony  
nebulae

Caught in a backlash  
how can they recall  
their original behavior?

It does not sting.  
It does not bite.  
not even pain is Real

Watch crow  
devour  
a thundering field

Watch crow eat dove  
and order  
fall into place

### 3

“To You before the light is done.” \*

Gathered in the mountain’s shadow  
waiting the dragon of Tenochtitlan to pass  
    call it even money –  
    Mexico City  
buried beneath  
    five feet of warm snow

All of it carefully arranged  
by Man, that old devil

    float the casino  
with the sweet descent  
    of easy cash

Even the sand was seared  
into polished green glass  
    the color of purgatory’s wing  
buried in the subterranean sky

He said,  
    “I’d never lie to you,  
    but I’ll kill you where you stand.”

And the dead came real

\* *Dante – Purgatio – Canto VIII – quoting the Compline Hymn*

## 4

Who'd castrate Christ  
to preach the sublime?

Who smuggled the holy viscera  
out of country at a profit?

Who reassembled them into  
the rusty hulk of an obsolete machine?

Who made the creature speak  
& ripped it free of all species?

Surely the tongue-tied devil  
has his reward

# 5

A man waters his lawn  
so he can cut it down again

Rain is never enough  
but no one can refuse the rain

On the third day  
the stench returned  
like the Son of God  
come for revenge  
on his murderers

## 6

Physicians indoctrinated  
by the pharmaceutical clans,  
made swindlers and  
forced into submission  
by insurance cabals  
to rob the populace  
of its small wealth  
and be delivered  
pill by pill  
into the grave

The extension of death  
to please the shareholder

You'll pay to keep breathing  
even if agony is all that remains.  
That's the bet and the odds are good.

So the nations disappeared  
to please old Avarice –  
sin made virtue,  
virtue made law  
and law made death

And if they speak of her at all  
none can bear to see his mouth  
working at the darkness

7

If the rivers catch fire  
and weeds rust  
    from the pole star out

The maker of Saturn  
swallowing thorns --  
    He's a banker by trade,  
a rabid dog in his prayer closet,  
a space made sacred  
    by his daughter's hanging

Sing that old banishing spell  
the one that grandma knew so well

Everything goes out  
    Everything goes  
        Everything

## 8

Anyhow, what she said was:

Hector, if you don't quit your grouching  
I'm gonna hit you square in the face with a cleaver

Well, that brought him around.  
A little woman half his size,  
and one of the gentlest people you'd ever meet,  
was threatening an all out assault.  
He knew she meant it too.

So he sat in his easy chair all afternoon  
without saying a word,  
turning the pages of his well worn Bible, not reading, but  
contemplating the sudden turn of events.  
It wasn't until she called him to supper that he got up,  
walked back into the kitchen and took his seat.

She'd laid out a meal of fried chicken, mashed potatoes,  
okra and cornbread.  
He said the prayer, took a long drink of iced tea and dug in.  
She was watching him.  
Waiting for a word.  
The only word she got, after he'd eaten two helpings of  
the spread, was a low "Thank you," as he got up and  
walked out the back door.

He sat on the steps until twilight  
and the crickets came on full fiddle.  
She stood on the other side of the door and talked to him  
through the screen,  
"You comin' in?"  
"Yeah, I guess I will."

That was the end of it.

In those days there was life in people.  
They were made of blood and bone.  
They saw and heard the world. They  
felt it on their skin.

He woke at sunrise,  
went out to the hen house and gathered eggs.  
They were sitting in a bowl by the stove when she got up.

She made breakfast and knew not much had changed.

# 9

Icy ferment on Europa  
The frozen seizure – Conbemara Chaos

Beijing slipped beneath coal dust  
and southbound desert

Pluto's fifth moon testifies  
system within system  
as the anthropoid eye  
reads in wheels

Such in the fabrication – Mind:  
electricity wound out luminous  
any beast that earns its wages  
to fall beneath the hammer and be eaten

Everything goes

# 10

Take the low channel  
wet from the rock

The animal body  
rises cold  
out of vortices  
beneath the threshold

Shake the elixir  
choke down the toxins,  
praise God and the market  
for every concoction

Breathe into fuselage  
the scuttled wreck  
the blanched eye  
buoyant lithe and rusty  
for a lapsing tide

# 11

Tell me mama

7.5 – 2 (in bed)

9 – 12.5 (asleep)

---

(w/ an intervening sweat)

enough

to arrive at

zero --

aleph null?

## 12

How does horror express itself?

in the appetite?  
in a soggy mattress  
falling to pieces on rusty bedsprings

to be alone with Pan  
in that other earth?

Singing hymns, back and forth  
while the rocking chair creaks the meter?

“It’s coming you know.  
You know it’s coming.”

The old washing machine  
with the hand cranked wringer  
in a room beside the chicken coop –  
brown eggs  
still warm?  
Is that an accurate account  
of patterned reflex?

Is that enchantment,  
to be alone with death calling,  
a trigger hidden in the brain –

a secret impossible to know  
beyond the process?  
not even a whisper  
buried deep in the ringing silence  
of the old gal’s ear?

Out of cold faith in pain  
to supply the tones

between a broken plow  
and the open door?

A > B, is she waiting inside,  
wet, gray hair  
combed across her face?

Is that erasure  
too much to drive out?

# 13

shimmer orbit  
undertone specious  
malignancy irrigated  
    or anflering rhizome

tethered nine, wait  
fuselage comes  
    broad until lakes  
raise cicada

Venus swimming close  
easy now, epistrophe  
    languor climbs a leafy well

    rises at 17  
    abundantly  
        stroke to barley

so much potioning

# 14

“Usually it begins with water  
and the quickening of electrons  
blown from oblivion.”

“Move that to the back burner, darling.  
You don’t want it to scorch.”

Corn, squash and beans  
ground into a paste,  
boiled in bear fat.

At some indeterminate  
chaos brews into such complexity  
that entropy is overwhelmed  
and supper emerges.

“Here now, eat yourself a plate of that.  
It’ll keep your belly warm  
‘til the frost breaks. Maybe  
we can get a little work done before dark.  
Don’t forget to bring your gun. There’s  
wolves about.”

# 15

e chish langon upsilla  
rapps scoer  
    lee lee cantor wale ah-ee  
lycum broal  
    anner cawl orafage  
neacrabbenea gowl  
ohwa shree elumlaihd myxko  
nur insa  
    fuul boc alloo  
        shhh...

# 16

Come August, a glucose rain  
    of various spiders  
each phosphorescent, illuminating the flood  
made the wet grass flicker and crawl

Any reprieve from the tormenting heat  
is a savior

    Even a destroying savior  
    consumes agon-y

        hovers and waits

The graphomaniac at his corner table  
The persistent contraction of body  
    cast out of the nethers  
    The gravity well glows superabundant hands  
    seizing for ...

whatever the forest brings  
    is Panic across the inverse screen

# 17

Rain and electricity  
little else remains

shards of the Plentitude  
bricabrac  
old teeth strung on a fencepost

“Come play with me  
the best of games...  
sticks pointed at each other  
behind trees, wire and cinder blocks...  
Oh, what death scenes!  
Everyone wanted to be the first to go...”

“Pray for us now and...”

20 years millwork  
and the sacrifice of the innocents  
Old enough to speak  
is old enough to kill

criblock  
The garbage dump on fire

Gehenna

# 18

She sang  
the hard nothing  
    in a raspy wail  
swaying in her chair  
    to a rhythm  
    no one felt

The closet barked  
The lantern spat  
The feral cat licked soapy water  
    from the bathtub drain

All the deuces and sevens  
    drawn from the pack  
    and nailed above the door

and whatever else sorrow does

She sang the hard nothing  
    and drank the sparrows well

# 19

Apopraxis in a kerosene globe  
Call out the guard  
    Radiate their nests  
There are voices in the catacombs  
    summoning the leopard

Can satellites broadcast  
these neolithic frequencies?

What is the ratio of pain to amusement?

Ask the tarnished moon  
while the calends march to orgy  
    to feed  
    to leap from the weeds  
    and castrate  
    Cinema's children

This is the month of seizure  
This is revenge for coma  
    closed by law  
    Fuck the legislators!  
    Raid the market!  
    Torch the stalls!

Come down Cricket Griot  
make the nightmare dance  
    Vaudeville is waiting

## 20

The sediment of apparition  
and howling pestilence  
feeds the discharge

the pulsing sun,  
random branches across the field  
twisted by the beat of infinity's wing  
The compound Beast  
slips beneath wave and earth  
to weave, "What is it?"  
"Some absolutely other thing."

The tremendous ache of erosion  
drives out  
born and born and born again

The transformers explode  
node : ruin : fuse

Imagination = critical mass

Who can reap these materials?

Where is the hunter  
who broke his feet in the scree  
and flew womb to star  
in the feeding frenzy?

Animal is light without number  
or what lust demands

## 21

Field mice under the floor  
Copperhead tumbling out of the ceiling  
from the attic on fire

Hackberry and jasmine  
up through the parlor floor  
crashing through the window  
at summer's pace

The ghosts have vanished,  
gone as memory and echo

Indifference is merely a human thing,  
minus the gravity  
to shape a body

Who remains to follow the rails  
down into the branches and thorns?  
No. We sit in careful rooms  
with antiseptic fever  
calculate the power bill  
and hope the cool air holds  
until autumn  
caught in the aftertime  
chanting a hymn  
into the drapes  
smothered as she was

while the preacher scolded her  
and the boy behind the pulpit trembled

The crows come every morning  
to feed at these roots

Sweet poison –

pill bottles crowd the  
fruit, vegetables and bread  
for shelf space

Sweet idolatry  
toxins and vanity

Let the crows take whatever they want

## 22

“Love for sale...”

Air war, they called it –  
whales drifting over the battlefield –  
gray bloodsmoke  
and the lie of nobility

The pitted earth and poisoned clouds  
cramped with bodiless souls  
screaming the hell Man made  
The vast heaving ribcage  
of that venomous shape  
built soulless drones in his anti-image

“Love for sale...”

Death itself  
slaughtered  
and brought to market

He'll fuck his own children  
before he'll face who he really is

“Love for sale...”

Keep the engine throbbing  
Keep the malice humming  
  
until numbers run their course  
and the steaming gallows crumbles

Make goddamned sure  
no baby ever born  
would want to suck that tit

## 23

Kick the rail lord's skull  
    caught at the switch  
    with the brakeman's lover  
When the court summons the executioner  
no one is guilty anymore

It's pleasure, sport and market forces  
    that write the code  
who'll get bread and who'll be turned out  
to face the road

Ignis salamander  
    and the half cloaked moon  
mark the dragon bone  
    and mark it well  
with clipped accounts of the affairs of court  
    political theater, dramatis personae  
for an age the myths will never recall  
Nothing else will be discovered  
Nothing else will serve the gambler  
    who'll bet his stones for roasted pig

There will be swarms  
    who uncoil language out of the  
    metal fragments of their ancestry  
Memory fell away, unused  
    long before circuitry was given charge

The object: a spigot = 7  
23 is damnable and serene

Primes are the fundamental treatise  
    by which blood may return  
if Saturn is dissolved

She jumps from the swing  
and breaks her leg  
(video documents [here](#) and [here](#))  
soothed and healed  
with poultice and rhyme  
call your mama and the frame dissolves

## 24

No one can refuse the rain.

It precedes and excludes the world  
– everything that is the case –  
forever unopened if it can't be spoken  
or so the story goes  
(if they are still singing it)

One myth is as good as another –  
a clap trap vault of dead objects  
Imagine the fossil remnants of  
fuses, cigarettes, sheep bladder  
and Chaplin's stutter step  
upwind so you can smell the dance

Or so the story goes  
(for those that missed the matinee)

Poison to poison  
wash it down  
wash it clean  
wash away the film  
that coats a new born lamb  
Twins born in a cedarwood fold  
two days before  
a hail of gunfire

the baptism  
the chemical wedding  
and assorted fornicators

tum de tum tum  
floo bdree hoor  
smoke in the balcony

blood in the corridor

saturate the halfwit's ejaculated sleep

A man like any other  
wet to the bone  
can't get dry  
can't come awake

Brooding over the face of the deep  
mumbles a wordless song

shh...  
shh...

ah lu grus  
hhhhhhhhhhhh

luresh

kwilu kwilx  
mu ah

mmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
le-ahs umrom som

oouuuu  
oya  
ea  
yaihl

hhmmmm  
mmmhhh

## About the Author

Jake Berry is a poet, musician and visual artist. The author of *Brambu Drezi*, *Species of Abandoned Light*, *Drafts of the Sorcery*, and numerous other books. He has been an active member of the global arts and literary community for more than 25 years. His poems, fiction, essays, reviews and other writings have been published widely in both print and electronic mediums. In 2010, Lavender Ink released a collaborative book, *Cyclones in High Northern Latitudes*, with poet Jeffrey Side and drawings by Rich Curtis; and *Outside Voices: An Email Correspondence* (with Jeffrey Side) was released by Otoliths also in that year. He regularly records and performs his compositions solo and with the groups Bare Knuckles, The Ascension Brothers and The Strindbergs. *Wilderness and Grace*, his ninth solo album, was released in 2012. Ongoing projects include book four of *Brambu Drezi*, a collection of short poems, and a wide range of musical projects.