



Genesis Suicide

turbulence and spleen from the aftertime

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Argotist Ebooks

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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

hhhmmm
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.