



# *Symphony No. 7*

*(detached resonating hour)*

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# *Symphony No. 7*

*Hours move through  
the mind's conception of infinity  
as matter forms  
its thready skeins  
which descend  
onto barren furrowed plains of ash  
it is here  
that the fate of blemished gods  
hover in silence above  
an empty molecular sea  
it is here  
the detached glandular eye observes  
the charred and nameless ancient remains  
which lie smoldering  
in a hoary blood-field's ambient resonance  
it is here  
the celestial aperture opens  
and imperceptible light  
floods the burning sulfuric corporeal womb  
where the silent muse infuses its will  
into hollowed lifeless sepulchers of flesh  
and it is now  
that the unsullied orchid grows  
on the luminous threshold  
of humanity's door  
where an archetypal memory's visceral flame  
enters the newborn infant's beating heart*

...

1

It is  
a mutated primordial archetype  
it is  
a cadaverous shell of molecular dissonance  
it is  
a celestial effigy of transient refuge  
it is  
death in the dust of a plasma wilderness  
it is  
a face in the mirror  
reduced to enervated angular silhouettes  
it is  
here to speak of humanity  
of apparitions in doorways  
of an elongated shade at noon  
of divination in an ancestor's eyes  
as a gauzy reticular eyelid's web  
as a hallowed poverty's cornerstone  
as a chained song's morning thaw  
or in the nature of a grey water's ashen drift  
and of a castellated radioactive errata  
and of a gouty neo-platonic deity  
and of a frozen crow in windless dawn  
and of a jeweled immanence in visceral ebb  
and of a Neanderthal's id perceptual contusion  
and of a littering impotent Newtonian muse  
and of a glassine eye's burning landscape ruin  
to form this reality's foci

an imprisoned aura of cerulean mercy  
night sky and orbits of transience  
diminished elusive undercurrents  
as is the purpose of words  
as being materiality  
a paper void's guttural wind  
a bleeding womb's consuming euphoria  
a dead leaf's rhizomic trajectory  
an image elucidating compassion's futility  
an image somewhere not here  
an image of a bloodless lion's reanimated corpse  
a sundering of philosophy's existential tyranny  
a suturing vestige of atomistic indeterminacy  
and to fabricate windows from walls  
and storms gathering in framed alcoves  
and wherein lies the empirical  
threshold  
ending in mythology

## 2

It is  
a day of unwritten sameness  
nomadic moon and dust forms  
upon an isolated stairwell  
the phenomenon to transcend  
the ghost of Rilke's elegy  
the disquiet ameliorations of flesh  
the nature of a singularity's unwinding skein  
the prismatic recession's hypnogogic flux

and to perfect this intoxication's corporeal asylum  
this dimensionality's mutating turbulence  
this lingering unconscious serpent's trance  
in the veins of congenital slurry  
in the gnawing worm's colic persistency  
in the blood and spirit  
in the rind and skin of inner resonance  
and to remove the intimate measure from distance  
a light through slotted gables  
a transmutation of detrital hyperbole  
or words of a bed-sitter's tar plain lament  
or blind crows in a field of roses  
reminding one of death  
as in portraits of curves and horizons appearing  
through ebbs on stratospheric tongues  
as in the pendulum returning  
an eschatological transcendence  
a tracing blight of corridor sperm  
of placating aspirations to malignant verity  
of breath within the opaque body bag  
of afterthought in wakes of repression  
of the grasp of the detached sublime  
the bereaving elisions at apocryphal limens

3

And to understand  
there is only  
the appearance of light  
accentuating the corridor's void



and a brick wall  
facing no empirical direction  
and a partial variable  
in spatial equations  
defining a realm  
wherein nothingness derives  
*“here we formulated  
thoughts of ourselves  
existing  
at the boundaries  
of a corporeal time”*  
a time  
where coneflower blooms  
trace receding paths  
along a Precambrian  
ocean’s dusky strand  
a time  
where a mute doorway perceives  
the pallid shadow of dust  
passing through  
the quantum needle’s eye  
a time  
when willowy seed pods  
burst within a fallow garden’s  
ice-encrusted trough  
a time  
when burred welted faces  
look to amorphous gods  
to manifest in grey  
spiraling transparent haze

a time  
when endings are defined  
from smallish broken windows  
letting in an emaciated night's  
dripping soundless wail

**4**

It is a room  
at noon  
the sky is blue  
a predetermined landscape  
has been envisioned  
at windows facing east  
a molecular disturbance  
on the retinal membrane  
and to perceive a moth  
in distal asymmetrical flight  
knowing there are only theories  
to externalize  
imagination's effacing gloss  
as when observing  
a testimony to what is  
unspoken  
by ashen silhouettes  
appearing in lucid dreams  
where faces are indistinct images  
repressed by fears  
of doors and isolation  
as in a world

where words satiate  
the hyacinth garden  
as a late rain  
waters the hilltop's asphalt spine  
and as voices trail off  
into an obliterating absentia  
and an encroaching outcrop of darkness  
stains the horizon of a red thrush  
perched on the flaking slate rooftop's edge

5

*"Dear Mr. Schrodinger"*

your feline lies within  
a linty coffin's  
quantum oblivion  
within a darkened cognition's  
gilded-iron reliquary  
it is an entropic mote  
in a blinded azure eye  
a ghosted presence  
scouring an inner cranium wall  
it is one less voice  
scribing its attenuated resonance  
in a catatonic beholder's  
tawny closeted dawn

*"Dear Mr. Schrodinger"*

there can be  
no sacramental mourning  
for an observant mind

accelerating into a chthonic oblivion  
or a wincing pound  
of quivering flesh  
swimming an isolated gauzy existential sea  
thus  
you have raked  
these medieval plains of gurry  
you have stretched  
this bloody torso's impermeable rind  
you have frozen  
the eyes of narcotic sages  
you have bled dry  
the verity from apocalyptic omens  
you have erased  
the slate of equation-bloated trolls  
and here  
here you have seen  
the nullified ciphering  
of myopic gods  
the hermetic penetraila  
breathing life to the alchemist's corpse  
the dying light  
from a terrestrial forest's ancient fray  
and you have sown  
the eternal orchid  
in a ivory tower's barren steppe's expanse

**6**

To sever the relationships

where the sleeping heart resides  
on the broken paving stones  
beneath a melting asphalt sky  
*“they spoke little of their dreams  
which kept them chained  
to the plastic edge  
of an infirm reality’s cancerous fate”*  
and sooner there was sun  
sun melting frozen veins  
in the chanting tongues of no repose  
sooner there was the unconsciously absorbed  
archetypal subterfuge  
filtered through  
a liquefied retinal phenomenological scree  
and sooner there was  
the day of the dead  
with windows glazing over  
an eye’s conceiving  
vision of blindness  
*“it is here I observed  
a gaping void  
in a glass sky’s vitrified face”*  
and thorns of a dying rose  
growing through  
a closing door’s sodden frame  
where a molecular sea has turned to sand  
and time exists as an impermeable singularity  
leaking from a theoretical dreamtime realm

What  
is  
found  
in  
this  
dead  
zone  
sheathing  
the  
terrestrial  
eye  
    a  
    well  
    spring  
    unseen  
    beneath  
    the  
    ivy's  
    creeping  
    limb  
a  
pale  
sun's  
distended  
reach  
through  
a  
quantum-tonality's  
resonating  
loom

a  
hinged  
window's  
view  
of  
crows  
stirring  
in  
snow-laden  
fields  
at  
dusk

## 8

What is understood  
as image (identity)  
passing into transience  
chains of solidity burn through flesh  
as a bridge bearing the weight  
of many centuries forms  
the grist of irretrievable memory  
it is here the rains bends  
the summer orchid's bloom  
in the shade of iron swords  
crossed beneath a gallows tree  
it is here the eye denies  
    the manifestation  
        of transcendent prescience  
and to see into this

fledgling remnant of vision  
a crystalline light  
appearing hollow through prismatic windows  
a north wall entombed in shadow  
a reduction of surface area  
to internalize loss  
as the unspoken  
methodology of perception's  
disfiguring emptiness  
as the bleeding placental heat  
    is radiating  
        off the furrowed asphalt pathway  
as the flaking ancient saturnine fresco  
    is consumed by  
        the unconsciously mined blighted landscape  
as the weedy rem state of a madman's id  
    erects hermetic walls  
    in a silty dreamless terrestrial night

## 9

There is little space  
    where the heather will prosper  
        without light  
there is little substance  
    to the resolution  
        keeping the sulfuric heart's  
            inmost desire in abeyance  
or keeping this rock wall  
    solid to the touch



and inseparable  
from the thought  
of its permanency in transience  
and to think it must be  
the outcome of alienation and estrangement  
residing within the intractable mind  
as here there are many scouring  
blemished souls  
whose silent eyes bleed through  
a quantum intestinal corporeal furrow  
and there are many noumenal airy entities  
which cause entropy to root  
and weeds to flourish  
on the distended meadow's  
circumferential edge  
yet to speak of a transcendently pellucid sphere  
where grey periphery fog  
disperses among the azure diamond  
inlaid embankment  
or in a palatial room  
that is empty  
of silent vegetative neutrino breath  
then to not know of such a world  
conceived within the eclipsed eyelid's  
blackened cask of night  
or in its yellowed sepia anemone dream  
following the thorny prosthetic appendages  
across the sodden threshold  
of driftwood and flesh

10

Terrestrial resolutions are as sand  
an immeasurable singularity  
bleeding from the womb  
of molten celestial ecstasy  
and to speak here of spatial fate  
of where the garden knotweed limbs  
cover the motley pavement scars  
of where ten thousand years removed  
returns to scrape the dried scarlet flesh  
from the disfigured amoeba's transparent spine  
of where the glistening prismatic sparks  
    from a night's jeweled diadem  
        fall onto a bleeding king's arid eyes of steel  
of where the cloistered celluloid engine throbs  
    within the dissonantly echoing  
        menstrual trough  
of where stairways cut in stone  
    reflect the grey incendiary light  
        off the buried parchment's sooty brow  
of where a bleary sea of passion's maw  
    drowns the nascent orchid  
        in a briny calloused slurry's wake

11

It begins to rain  
a bleeding deity's effluent  
falling from disintegrating skies

and from a roof  
wherein distance is measured  
    a crow appears  
    to portend eternity  
    in the singular breadth  
    of a black wing's beat  
it begins to rain  
oily runnels filling  
discrete cracks  
in a crumbled tarmac's edge  
as in an emptiness  
    which precedes  
    the intimacy of light  
    shadowing the wiry clematis  
    frozen to the concrete foundation's wall  
*"it is here that we are  
at a loss for bearings  
of identity and reflection"*  
or unaware  
of the lesions  
growing unseen  
in the molten exo-planet's amethyst core  
*"it is here  
there can be no  
continuance of vision  
without"*  
prurient limbs to mine  
the twisted metal clouds  
dripping caustic sulfuric tears  
and the brick-faced density

entombing the siren's archaic wail  
and the spiraling quantum storm  
moving through

    a raven's unreflective molecular eye  
as the burning ferrous sky ascends  
above a visible horizon line  
as the descending cloud substratum  
obscures the saffron scar of dawn

## 12

Life's antipathy  
entering the open window  
as night's jewel-eyed onyx face  
    gestates in the unconscious  
    ocean's prosthetic womb  
as the ancient sage's martyred ghost  
    ascends through the briny silted loam  
when the gnarled mountain's  
    vacuous cavity fills with light  
when the dead moth's hollowed torso  
    divests itself of terrestrial resonance  
when the rusted steel circular loom  
    sits in an abandoned meadow  
    of bone shards and thistle-down  
and when Venus rises  
    above the evening's asphalt scar  
    and a synthesis of resurrection  
    infuses the sleepless hearts of minds  
    harboring a veiled epistle

of mercy and fate  
and when quantum scalar waves  
wash over the closed eyes  
enslaved to the ravenous  
tumescent-faced reptilian vision  
its dulled-sword excoriation  
bleeding the seams of an austere transcendancy

### 13

This unraveling corporeal fabric  
in the embryonic aspect  
of a scabby disillusive sentience  
or  
a cloudmass of ploughshares  
beat into liquefied plastic stone  
and it is within  
this heaving molecular machinery  
that thunder resides in its astral shell  
and where the isolation of dust  
infuses the cloistered vesper-corridor  
with dislocated unleavened coruscations of light  
and it is in this moment  
that the gun-metal overcast  
plies its edge against the shuttering terrestrial eye  
and it is in this moment  
that the radiant mind conceives  
of cellular structures  
existing in a molten ocean's uncharted abyss  
and it is this moment

that devolves  
into a symmetrically angular  
dissonant sphere of light  
and casts off  
its cleaving promethean flame  
as the fleshly cathedral's drifted fog  
enshrouds the fledgling sparrow's barren womb

## 14

This dialectic of misunderstanding  
stems from an unconscious inclination  
to retract the hands  
which mold the hourglass sands  
the hands which erect  
the asylum of an insoluble sanity's fissured vision  
a vision where silted eyes scan the mercurial sky  
and the grey autumnal overcast  
covers the burred eroding veins  
pulsing a life-force through fleshly appendages  
*"it is here we spoke of essence  
intangible as desire  
it is here we saw visions"*  
crossing a boundary that is within  
a sleeping nomad's transmigrated world  
where a hermetic night's ghosted embrace  
shutters the votive candle's transient flame  
where pallid light sieves through sodden corridors  
cauterizing the philosophical mind's  
devolving Neolithic equilibrium

where an ethereal realm exists  
to internalize what is seen  
through the silicon amoeba's theoretical eye

15

Clouds drift  
above the asphalt palace's reflection  
as a myopic subterfuge vision  
entombs a bleating sheaf of burning parchment shards  
it is now the past  
the past  
of a mindless geometry's  
dissection of reality  
a voided space of subtle negation  
stealing breath  
from the votive candle's  
tapering flame  
it is now the past  
the past  
of dust closing  
the impervious eyelid  
as the unnoticed stealthy cirrus wake  
enters the sleeping torso's  
weedy glandular dream  
and here it matters not  
to the mercurial faces  
of grey elegiac anonymity  
if day passes  
into the diaphonous rags

of a sweating chemical night  
it matters not  
to the narrow-spined stranger  
if a black linen veil  
covers the concrete meadow's  
sun burdened rupturing edge  
it matters not  
if a discarded sea  
of limestone slurry  
sculpts a sinuously calcified intestinal ravine  
it matters not  
if a carbon atom's unbalanced orbit  
isolates time  
in a frozen eye's  
gelatinous oasis of sleep  
clouds drift  
it matters not

## 16

Outside this circumferential amber light  
the blooded glass towers  
lie in shadowy ruin  
here some have turned to their  
straw mountain's celestial refuge  
some have turned  
to face their obsidian god's heart of steel  
some have rooted through  
the molded talus pile  
imagining jewels



embedded in the ancient  
sage's hollow bones  
some saw the anvil eyelids of restive sleep  
fall across the scarlet pavement's melted lip  
some heard the petulant eyeless wolves  
howling outside the burning cathedral's seething nave  
and maybe there are minds  
remaining  
that cannot fathom  
the depth of their own  
bottomless acidic sea  
minds that cannot fathom  
the incipient conflagration  
fomenting in the bleeding  
prosthetic shell's cranial veins  
minds that cannot fathom  
the weight of ten thousand  
wingless sparrow hawks  
haunting the imperturbable prophet's dream

17

Threadbare reflections  
of the dissonant present  
and a clouded mirror  
where liquid-onyx eyes perceive  
the mind of one  
inhabiting the zero  
where the resonant sentience  
of unformed stones

speak of the oracular quantum aura  
    infiltrating the nascent zygote's amniotic breath  
where sinewy vectors  
    of corporeal limbs  
    swim within the cerulean hued translucent seas  
where pieces of an inert burning sky  
    resolve the amorphous edge  
    of a terrestrial night's gelatinous core  
and it is here  
    that the burred and besieged primordial heart  
    lies bled of a theoretical immortality's  
    lobotomized belief  
and prayers  
    from a candle-lit room's evensong vigil  
    fuse to the radiantly distant nebula's eye  
and it is here at dawn  
    that weeds in an overgrown iris field  
    shadow a vernal sun's frail attenuated embrace

## 18

These spectral coils of mortal blood  
where sentiment follows  
in the uncounted drops of summer rain  
where clouds are brooding insentient ghosts  
    unaware of the dim-lit stairwell's ascent  
where the half-way open iron door  
    leads to the orchid garden's winter shade  
where ephemerality exists  
    as a hidden song of the symphony's silent note

where the celestial memory of wounded sparrows  
    signifies the light of resurrection and loss  
where the shallow rooted lily dies  
    in a rusted cathedral's ionic void  
where a primitive city of stone lies  
    among an unconscious vagrant's weedy anamnesis  
where the sentient wake of an electron's trajectory  
    leaves a facile absence  
    in the crescent moon's waxing girth

## 19

...And to internalize  
this corporeal grail's wounded sentience  
where to understand illusion  
is to see  
a contiguity of space  
within the unconscious mind's colubrine web  
and in the frothed peaks of a cerulean ocean's swell  
or in the shrouded transparent ontology's tear  
a tear which blinds the penurious vassal's closeted eye  
or in the glandular lacquered teleological sands  
sands which clog the prosthetic limb's abraded veins  
speak then here  
of the contrite aspects of fleshly intangibility  
of the dim-lit metal forest's  
    crumbling runic boundary stones  
speak insofar as this coheres  
to a primitive troglodytic mindset  
in a day of sailboats in a harbor

and steel-lined clouds  
moored above a hard-tack asphalt quay  
in a day of plastic-veneered ecstatic platitudes  
where the dead meadow's tree-line shadows  
the humid breath of molten antediluvian fears  
and where the comingling mass of twisted torsos  
are existentially lost in a drifted amniotic haze  
speak then here  
of this threadbare gaunt philosophy  
best left for the glomming cold  
of late autumnal isolation  
where burst hearts and congealed candle wax  
form the static existential mosaic  
pained beneath a flaccid leaden sky  
and where the drifted orchid blossom lies  
silently beneath a gelatinous  
desert's sebaceous rain

20

A blind moth  
flittering through  
the eye's glass keyhole  
an entropic denizen  
of imperfection's celestial sea  
a melted sutured torso  
bleeding  
the emulsified  
molecular filaments of rust  
bleeding

the besieged dreams  
of a apocalyptic seer's theoretical zero  
bleeding  
a deep-seated cyclical rage  
through the opalescent dimensional doorway

21

And what little light  
appears to emanate  
from the beaded black-eyed cormorant  
hovering above  
a distended asphalt sea  
and what little light infiltrates  
the gilded mirror's faceless anonymity  
scouring the empty corridors  
behind the dead-bolted palace door  
and what little light there is  
to penetrate  
the briny petrified  
stone-enlaced heart  
imprisoned behind  
the isolation of one mind  
imprisoned behind  
the scarlet-lined molecular thread  
imprisoned behind  
the tearless eye's encrusted gaze  
imprisoned within  
the cloaking  
intimate

self-impaled  
shallow  
rasping  
breath

22

Death appears

as a clotted cobwebbed maze  
shrouding the time-thickened  
fleshly extremities

death appears

as a bottomless calcified ocean  
flowing within  
the blooded helical coil

death appears

as a thorny intestinal parasite  
piercing the cranial shell's  
inner membrane's rind

death appears

as an excoriating undercurrent  
scouring the sleepless mind's  
deformed penurious dream

death existing

as a prescient welt  
on the newborn infant's  
outstretched arm

death existing

as the primordial bearer  
of existential fire

bleeding through  
the dark scullery shades at noon  
death  
as blight  
in the isolated crow's  
aged eye  
death  
as distant  
as theoretical galaxies  
unseen behind  
the black searing veil of night

23

She has forged  
a palace of ash  
in the empty corner  
of her darkened room  
where her deepening sorrow  
mines the splintered angular fragments  
lost in the shadows of a receding sun  
she has understood  
the flow of her transient  
emotions' slackening latitudes  
their intangible hemispheres  
revolving through  
the electron halo's  
attenuating spatial wake  
she has lived  
the dried season of frozen stones

facing the glazed window  
when the northern gale  
buried its archetypal memory  
at an ancient ocean's imaginary edge  
she has been within  
her unconscious fractal id  
estranged  
from the floating skeletal grains of celestial dust  
and has been within  
the anvil mirror's pallid specter  
reflecting her blackened faceless weight of rage  
and has been within  
the white blossomed lily's shade  
growing in the creviced asphalt garden path

## 24

It is a hypothetical room  
where shadows cross  
the prime meridian  
within a midnight sun's angular cast  
it is a room  
where the obdurate flow of tinder ash  
settles upon the black arachnid's dormant limb  
it is a room  
where uncounted days recede  
along a spectral line of skewed dimensionality  
and linear rites of time  
abrade the sleeping eyes' averted gaze  
it is a room



where ragged moth-eaten leaden emotions  
bleed through  
the heart's sinewy reticular skin  
and where a bell tower's isolating susurrations  
fills a starless sky's bottomless void  
it is a room  
where vanquished insentient flesh  
forms a bond  
with the hunger of an uncertain immortality  
and cataract-blinded eyes  
divine a universe  
rotting beneath the burgeoning alder limb

25

What is lack  
but the semblance of entropy  
existing as toxic atoms  
entangled in the veins  
or spatial mutation  
in the citadel of immortality  
or undetectable oscillations within  
a dissenting season's early blight  
and here to redefine finalities  
as distant as  
    privations appearing as light  
    imploding upon an azure sphere  
as distant as  
    the guttering poetic assonance of death  
    swimming in a blood-thickened amniotic sea

as distant as  
the rooted fleshless astral thread  
unraveling  
upon  
the  
corrosive  
asphalt's  
macerated  
scab

26

It is not the fate  
of the undefined  
observer  
to retain the mutable  
aspects of matter  
lost within  
the calcified eyes'  
frozen gaze  
nor is the essence  
of the dead leaf  
a knowable ontology  
to bestow upon  
the terrestrial denizens  
of an unlettered poverty's grasp  
here there is the negation  
to explain  
the loss within  
the angular mirror's

petulant faces  
or in the archetypal  
promethean ire  
hidden at the ferrous dawn's  
internal edge  
here there is the rusted penitence  
of hard-tack obeisance  
and the elegiac wheeze  
of the ivory-throated sparrow's  
liquefied dirge  
and here there is  
no onyx ghost  
to inhabit  
the tractable specter  
of evening's fall  
where narrowing  
fragile aberrations  
infiltrate the celestially radiant  
anthracite glaciers  
receding behind  
the dust-knitted  
quantum veil

27

Beads of sweaty rain  
fall onto  
the ivy-laden meadow's edge  
fall onto  
the briny tract

of a black arachnid's crawl  
and here  
another world remains  
unseen against  
the viscerally deified  
cognitively-surreal backdrop  
another world where  
flaking alabaster statues  
return to their iridescent essence  
of quantum singularity  
another world where  
deadly nightshade blossoms  
wither behind  
the clotted iron sun's liquefied eye  
another world where  
distilled insular emotions  
fill the sooty metal trough  
with undivined sacramental light  
another world where  
rusted flaking lunar dust  
falls into the madman's  
silted mind of raging chaos

28

He becomes aware  
of the continent  
drifting beneath his feet  
of a fragmentary ocean  
flowing through a room

where he is not confined  
to a perception of self  
he becomes aware  
of seeing  
a moment of dissilience  
existing as a grain of sand  
in the on-looking stranger's eye  
and of mute surrealistic effigies  
structuring a molecular tapestry  
from the ineludible celestial  
geometric void

he becomes aware  
he is within  
the mind of the reincarnated tyrant king  
sired by the terrestrial fog of mutant time  
and where the gilded mirror's  
harbinger of anonymity  
stares through a clotted corporeal membrane's  
ill-reflective ancillary edge

he becomes aware  
he is  
the impotent corporeal prey  
of a vitrified Newtonian sun's  
devolving gravity of theoretical fiction

**29**

Speak here parenthetically  
of the lean tourniquet years  
years conceived

as a collapsed wave-form  
of uncreated occurrence  
residing in an abstract sea of perennial being  
years conceived  
as a viscously ferrous menstrual blood  
flowing from the blackened  
acid-lined neutrino's molecular womb  
years conceived  
as a winter daylight's splintering flame  
scorching the fleshly labyrinth's crossbeam wall  
years conceived  
as an unconscious stranglehold's emulation of night  
shrouding the insane oracle's penurious eye  
and here the interred colluvial hours follow  
the immolating stream of macerated sand  
through the flaccid-limbed king's sinewy heart  
follows the glandular repose of a beggarly waif  
bound to a dying torso's theoretical fate  
follows the undulating  
black sparrow's hypnagogic trajectory  
through a crystal-glass palace's sardonyx doorway  
follows the repentant pilgrim's breathless plea  
through a gelatinous eschatological landscape  
clasping amethyst spirit-beads  
between palsied skeletal appendages

30

She thinks of the logistical flaws  
in the elusive realms of non-locality

of how the closed doorway allows  
    an oblique light to enter  
    and penetrate the braided chain  
    of a dark matter's tactile void  
of how a pre-existent world  
    consciously exists within  
    the mind of the plutonium atom's  
    unstable nucleus  
of how the black-winged moth  
    floats quiescently above the throbbing  
    visceral hemispheres of spirit and blood  
of how the fading chalk outline  
    on scarified pavement  
    conjures the neo-platonic ghost  
    of unrealized disembodied form  
and of how she sees herself  
    as an indistinguishable entity  
    blankly reflecting the pallid mirror's  
    shrouded face of consuming dementia

31

A winter light  
hides the briars  
in shadow  
a congealed misted frost  
settles in the eyeless  
statuary's creviced limb  
it is here  
one can determine

the vibratory thought-forms  
of primordial amoebas  
interred at a desiccated  
ocean's briny strand  
or see a silent lenticular cloudmass  
pass thorough  
a solitary doorway's  
glass-inlaid frame  
and it is in an ancient strata  
of frozen bones and ash  
that one intuits  
a presence  
    removed  
        from  
            a  
                respiring  
                    sentient  
                        fleshly  
                            realm  
a presence  
    immune  
        to  
            this  
                finality  
                    of  
                        death's  
                            formless  
                                inarticulate  
                                    disease  
a presence



outside

this

throbbing

carbon-based

organism's

turbulent

heart

of

steel

a presence

entangled

in

its

own

geometrically

unconscious

ontological

labyrinth

a presence

bathed

in

an

eternally

flowing

sea

of

unseen

perpetual

light

a presence

And to follow this thought  
to fruition again  
the cathedral appears  
in an abandoned field  
of roses and weeds  
as in a dream  
where the mind cannot interpret  
a fall of snow  
emanating from a crow's translucent eye  
or in a sunless expanse  
where dalais grow  
by an ocean's edge of gravel and ash  
and it is in the immeasurable  
duration of time  
that faces emerge  
to clarify  
a life once lived  
in the pallid air  
of grey painted rooms  
where holographic effigies  
dance in the thatch-shadowed mirror  
of a frozen indigo glacial night  
where a mythic archetypal identity  
dons the transient molecules  
and soluble flesh-covered carapace of bone  
where the null grammar  
of a palliative ontological indeterminacy  
defines a still-life

isolated in the heat  
of a latent season's refining fire  
where apathetic eyes at shattered windows  
stare blindly into a scarlet sun's eclipsing descent

**33**

To  
wake  
to  
footsteps  
following  
this  
yoke  
of  
intimate  
oppression  
this  
wasting  
image  
of  
mortality  
isolated  
behind  
the  
tattered  
silken  
veil  
drawn  
by

noon

34

To gaze  
down a glass corridor  
through drifted myths  
screed on the gnarled spine  
of a crystal gnomon's bough  
where the severed limb  
of a ghosted apocalyptic sentience  
roots in the furrowed wormwood fields  
beneath a hollow-eyed constellation's gaze  
here there is no totem of repose  
    entangled in the atomic structure  
    of the eye that is  
    singular  
    in its articulation of space  
no totem of repose  
where one must thrive  
upon this hardtack loam's petrified crust  
where a dawn's silted obtuse breadth  
hides the nightingale's cubist shadow  
in the stunted shadbush  
grown lean into autumn's unraveled skein

35

The flow of a river  
by nightfall

when he dreamed  
a world without absolutes  
a world inside  
the moted eye's  
blinding sty  
a world of a sodden faith's  
cloistered insignificance  
a world where  
    the grain of sand  
    remains unchanged  
    in a field of late  
    autumnal fossilized tares  
a world where  
    the weighted stare  
    from a breathless skeletal moon  
    scours the winter pasture's  
    ice-enlaced veins  
a world where  
    the indeterminate destination  
    of the electron's trajectory  
    stagnates the mind  
    clouded in its own  
    penumbral clock-time's crawl

**36**

Something  
of  
a  
veil

unconsciously  
seething  
through  
the  
discourse  
of  
what  
is  
unspoken  
of  
what  
is  
external  
to  
touch  
this  
memory  
as  
substance  
reduced  
to  
abstract  
bleeding  
scars  
on  
the  
sleeping  
magi's  
unopened  
eye

37

And somewhere a room exists  
a room of chiseled-stone sentience  
entangled within strands of barbed wire  
and breathless grey molten light  
a room of disconsolate isolated entities  
where the liquefied stare of archetypal prescience  
penetrates the white-washed mind's silted skull  
where the bifurcating glass ocean's brackish strand  
heaves life from its sterile acidic womb  
where the icy-taloned winter air  
freezes the clotted eye of verity's perception  
where the anesthetizing palsied appendages  
grope through the penitential dwarf's dreamless sleep  
where the entombed primordial serpent's tongue  
travails the astral spine's crystallized plain  
where the vortical clouds of celestial blood  
coalesce in the depths of the nebula's womb  
and where the attenuated echo of the nightingale song  
severs the arterial night's dark interring vein

38

There is no attempt  
to defy  
the icy edgeless night's approach  
or the prescient isolation  
in another's eyes  
facing the penumbral shadow's

onslaught of death  
there is no attempt  
to shatter  
a glass-philosophy's  
lesioned view through eclipsed eyelids  
or to explain the apocalyptic ghosts  
melting on the descending stairwell's  
iron and steel rail  
there is no attempt  
to decipher  
the dark formless plastic faces  
existing within an ill-defined reality's grasp  
or a room where crows glare  
through gaping serrated holes  
onto an ocean of grassblades  
and cold stone dimensional gods  
there is no attempt  
to quench  
the updraft of promethean conflagration  
where flailing ember limbs  
throw themselves  
from the amethyst temple's crumbling spire  
and where the bleary vagrant's psychotic rage  
fills the sodden fields with howling wolves  
and dying nightingale cries

**39**

To see the hidden nature  
of light's celestial symmetry



unobservable  
in its actual essence  
to see only  
the ill-divined terrestrial hour  
covered in primordial slag  
and martyred cinders of bone-yard ash  
to see only  
a devolving sutured landscape  
layered with glass doorway shards  
and the unleavened parlance  
of wordless angelic choirs  
to see a sky  
empty of constellating astral prescience  
and littered with the rusted steel gods  
of drowning mutated amniotic ghosts  
to see the sine-wave  
formed from matter's decay  
and a light-body's deathless quintessence  
eluding the threadbare appendages'  
palsied maiming grasp

40

*"We understood ourselves"*  
as insignificant  
entities displaced  
among an anemic night's  
sulfuric descent  
*"we understood ourselves"*  
as molecular oddities

leaking from  
a prosthetic clock-time's  
sutured void  
*"we understood ourselves"*  
as spectral anomalies  
blindly groping  
through the celestial rooted  
tombs of fate  
*"we understood ourselves"*  
as fractal notes  
of disfigured sentience  
existing within  
an entropic barbed-wire  
amphetamine cask  
*"we understood ourselves"*

## 41

And there is another sky  
to articulate  
the street  
before daylight fades  
when the fluid muse's call  
drinks from the sylvan mountain's  
transfigured wound  
when the anvil eyed visceral night  
dreams in ancient stone oceans  
turned to dust  
when a clogged arterial passion's lie  
burns through

the bent widow's crumbling spine  
and there is another sky  
where a sundered-wing moth  
seeks a frozen sun's lightless repose  
where an isolated gibbous moon  
hangs above a caged philosopher's  
aphasic oblivion  
where plague-littered avenues of steel  
reflect the alchemic skein of ember stars  
searing the hyaline silken angel's wings

42

The view is through a window  
it is an unseen ocean  
it is the atom's core  
at one with consciousness  
here there is no singularity  
in interpreting the observed  
yet what is absurd  
is defined  
by locality presumed  
in sinuous blood structures  
shadowing the weight of mortal decay  
in a waning grey matter's mirrored wilderness  
remaking the pitted face of visceral death  
in an ambient overcast  
projected through mute doorways  
in a tacit edge of light fading  
and for want of gravity unconsumed

rain enters an empty room

43

A glass door  
facing the north wind  
through a window  
an augmented view  
in a reality envisioned  
*“we were tasked to interpret  
the remains of an undefined  
architectural ruin”*  
iron stanchions looming  
on horizons  
at eye level  
a truncation of place-names  
remembered from youth  
archetypal regressions  
splintering intimate dissonance  
as if in a platonic cave  
of dead entity revenants  
with faces scythed  
from a respiring autonomy's grasp  
*“there were infinite possibilities  
that we imagined within”*  
the cellular structure  
of the beating heart  
the stained-glass imageless gods  
reflecting light  
off the black pavement's rain

the emanating radiance  
from cloud-mass constellation  
the open grave's sapphire-lined sky  
and the closeted heart's anemic tear  
masking existential solitude

44

A bridge materializing  
indistinct and amorphous  
a collective vision  
from sleep's outer edge  
*"now an intersection of planer surfaces"*  
clotted faces reflected  
in the empty flame  
and candles  
where the wall ends  
in obtuse angles  
below there is a rift  
tinted to blue-grey  
and at a window  
the slivered moon  
through crepuscular haze  
the emerging star-field's  
porous aggregate quarry  
and a clock time's fractal parsing  
into the shroud of evening's  
sparse geomantic redolence  
soon the remedial flowing  
the imageless hypnogogic fog

the voices to supplant  
the essence of the unspoken  
and in dreams  
the grainy unconscious effigy  
the hazy gauze surrounding  
the crow's black melting eyelid  
the dissonant implications of death  
exhuming the terrestrial clutter and din  
in a mythic autonomy's sinewy fate  
in the resurrected archetypal celestial heart

**45**

Consider  
what is dead  
or what is  
not spoken  
by the frozen tongue  
consider  
breath ceasing  
to move this stone  
or bury these atoms  
in sedimentary ash  
and what of moths  
encircling an empty house  
or the singular thought  
of love becoming  
a swollen torso  
on dusty seas  
consider

abandoned uranium fields  
and bodies within  
the deep transparent loam  
or how to interpret  
a spatial negation  
of intimacy's embrace  
with veins of gravel  
pulsing liquid steel blood  
consider  
a darkened room  
lace curtain drawn  
at evensong's approach  
and ageing eyes  
haunting a mirror  
of changeless fate

#### 46

Morning is without  
a dream remembered  
vanished in a fog  
as in an early snow  
occluding voices  
on empty stairwells  
now a face at a window  
indistinct among the weeds  
a lasting impression  
of compassion's loss  
*"we came to view ourselves  
as existing"*

*outside a devolving  
space-time continuum”*  
as when a rectangular room  
fills with smoke  
and eyes are only  
remedial vessels  
collapsing the wave form  
of corporeal occurrence

**47**

What  
is  
found  
in  
the  
visceral  
occurrence  
of  
theoretical  
faith  
the  
silent  
eyes’  
questioning  
prayer  
bleeding  
passion’s  
inarticulate  
tongue



And to speak of  
this enveloping light

*"insofar as we exist"*

as a mote of sand  
in creation's eye  
where there can be  
no desert of glass  
reflecting the splintered  
faces faith evolves

*"insofar as we exist"*

as entities to assimilate  
a muted transient presence  
respiring softly  
in an empty stairwell's darkened void

*"insofar as we exist"*

as entreating isolated voices  
speaking of transcendent gods  
while hearts of stone  
bleed scarlet tears  
onto a celestially glowing azure orb

*"insofar as we exist"*

as fleshly denizens  
pondering  
the substance  
of atoms and death  
while time holds  
its nature aloof  
and light recedes

from the closing eye's  
corporeal embrace  
*"insofar as we exist"*

49

It is not thought  
that overtakes  
the descent of night  
ascribing a cost  
to the insignificance  
the mind conceives  
in grey spaces  
covering  
a  
    blackening  
        corridor's  
            wall  
and it is here  
death persists  
    regardless  
        of  
            the  
                immutable  
            abstractions  
placating  
the sleeping novitiate's  
vitrified eye

50

Blooded frames  
on the still life  
and a room  
devoid of breadth  
faces resolving  
in a backlit mirror  
where insentient eyes  
observe  
life dissolve within  
the molecular nebula's spine  
and deeper still  
the pavement crests  
by a dying ocean's fleshly womb  
take this to mean  
there are many  
who are unseeing  
many blind eyes  
staring through  
white plaster ceiling voids  
many fractal neon souls  
reflecting shadows  
on laminated corridor floors  
many incessantly garbled voices  
vociferating through the miasmatic gauze  
late into evening's fossilized decay

51

Thorns catch  
morning's light

falling through  
the slotted window  
vacillating frames  
of posthumous dreams  
in archetypes  
signifying  
intimacy and isolation  
in disentangling motion  
consuming a static foreground  
insignificant  
as a passing cloud  
or dispassionate eyes  
returning to an empty page  
returning to tragedies of loss  
in silence  
of the dead leaves  
returning a harmonic progression  
in a clock time's insistent sting  
in  
a  
blue  
muted  
neon  
sky

52

Fingers fall limp  
tracing the frozen glazed  
iron-grated window's face

like voices which fade  
at a boundary  
where speech defies  
limits to eclipse  
the gnomon's shadow  
which passes at noon  
to eclipse  
the obscure philosopher's  
dialectical scrim  
creating a world where he sees  
no formative illusion  
to portend  
an understating  
of entropy  
completing its gnarly circuit  
in the caged rodent's unmoving eyes  
or in the tacit patterns of galaxies  
precessing through  
the neon-veined amoeba's heart  
or in skies of darkling alien worlds  
where imperceptibly distant constellations  
bleed their quantum essence  
though repressed archetypes  
of unconscious isolation  
or in the blemished core  
of disembodied faces  
mute at the obsidian mirror's  
eviscerating stare

So speak of desire  
crossing a boundary  
that is within  
a sleep of alternate worlds  
beyond the frail  
guttural resonance  
of endings clarified  
in faces  
leaking beneath  
the casement window  
a theory of evolution  
an accumulating snow  
(and from some distance)  
summer's ailing dross  
evacuating space  
in a mindless seer's musing  
as a hammer's claw descends  
to smash the indeterminate  
quantum Neanderthal's conception of self  
or to silence  
the blood-framed portraits  
chained above  
a circular stairway's  
empty cosmic womb  
or to question  
an unhinged cloud-mass essence  
passing from a swollen eye's sentient realm  
or to hear  
the guttural caw of evening crows  
echoing through

a cyclonic forest's dimensional void

54

A definition  
of endings  
where shadows clot  
and mar  
a corridor's wall  
where autumn's  
subtle light  
bleeds through  
a cloudy transom's angled edge  
and here to pause  
for thoughts  
or death  
approaching  
at the threshold  
of a forest  
wind shaking  
the limbs  
on a ageing oak  
and to see  
into this  
emptiness  
a lifeless shell  
a gray building's  
flaking slate roof  
or what is borne  
by this hour

passing through  
the glass  
and plaster doorway  
again  
to define endings  
as voices diminishing  
through an ancient earth's  
porous crust

55

A contrarian's belief in an angular overcast  
existing upon a hidden ground  
a misanthropic aphasia to nurture  
this Heraclitian meadow's flowering of chaff  
this backbone of a hunted mortality's atomization  
speculative shades in archetypal discordance  
an eon's petrified ephemeral resonance  
a broken fence's thin entropic alignment  
an unraveling thread's half-life decay  
cold swords at an ocean's edge  
slashing the fledgling creed's equation  
and to follow these vacated drowning eyes  
a vision's solidifying seamless grey parousia  
black outlined cognitive dispensations  
construing the architectural aspect of dust  
evanescent scraps in sanity's apprehension  
or moot theories to defend  
the hourglass mountain's fractal stability  
the specters of marrow and torso decay



feeding the sterile orb's ontological dream  
feeding the wreckage of driftwood and ash  
feeding the imprisoned outcrops of blood  
lost within boundaries of plasticized dehiscence  
or heliotactic eye on liling velvet wing

## 56

The sacred is elsewhere  
not in these  
grim fleshly lexicons  
buried in eschatological minefields  
not in swampy cadaver gardens  
burgeoning with insecticidal debris  
not in the anvil-weighted eyes  
laden down with veneered prosthetic vision  
or in the geometric constructs  
of a carbon-based fossilized life-form  
the sacred is elsewhere  
inebriating the chaos  
drizzled from a grey sky's  
arcing dawn  
and in prayerful tears  
vociferating the inconsolable isolation  
in the widow's lamenting heart  
the sacred is within  
the empty cathedral's  
tapering votive flame  
is within  
the dying leaf's

enduring atomic structure  
is within  
tracks left on cold stone  
in blackened uranium snow  
and in circular patterns  
furling the crumbled asphalt's beveled edge  
the sacred is  
a threaded silk rose  
adorning the naked philosopher's  
existential tapestry  
is the ancient celestial prayer  
of hollowed souls  
passed from existence  
into an ethereal unknowing

57

Images withdraw  
on a canvas  
the hollowed faces  
of Hopper's  
iron-cored terrestrial isolation  
asking if death stalks  
the sutured inhuman cadavers  
bearing Eden's fleshly scars  
their anointed  
voiceless tongues of fire  
gestating memories  
where small worlds  
articulate an essence

unseen behind  
an indistinct molecular veil  
where time exists  
as a leaf  
on a stairway  
portending thoughts  
of death's approach  
where time exists  
as a grey ensconcing  
autumnal fog  
melting the anodized tears  
of the plaster statuary's eyes  
where time exists  
as a breathless room  
devoid of windows  
and doors  
bleeding light through  
a medieval hemisphere's dimensional void  
where time exists  
as an inanimate occurrence  
reconstructing the lobotomized  
philosopher's theoretical mind  
where time exists  
as existence itself  
fading with the salient  
resonating nightingale's cry

**58**

Soon one wakes

to closed eyelids  
etched on sedimentary debris  
closing the pages  
on a drowned book  
of aqueous hours  
soon one perceives  
mute electrons  
moving through  
decayed equations of theoretical infinities  
hollowed cavities  
in cold stone  
and walls  
in fragmented calcite dust  
and here to parse measure  
intuitively aware  
of sparrows passing  
through the rainbow's unscathed edge  
and of a face's mirroring separation  
surrounded by indistinct  
and unspoken-of years  
of shadows  
masked by thoughts  
internal as motion  
flowing backwards through  
the calloused mind's eye

**59**

And soon  
there is death

in the air  
that is still  
and a question  
remains  
thickening  
the age-encrusted clotted veins  
and the metal fatigued  
stiffened limbs  
and the core  
of the massless neutrino's  
theoretical breadth  
and the deformed heart  
of the homeless vagrant's  
existential alienation

60

Comes to this  
interpretation of reality  
a floating mote  
in the dust atom's eye  
winds forming  
malleable reflections  
in acidic rainfall pools  
dried by noonday's sun  
ageing light  
through winter trees  
or maybe empty space  
rooting through  
the fleshly excrescences

tapering  
through  
the  
entropy  
of  
zero

and it is here  
one observes  
a sea fog  
convalescing  
through alcove windows  
where bent crow heads of mourning  
reflect on broken china shards  
and it is here  
monastery bells  
anticipate  
the vacancy of isolation  
defined by a quiescent wind  
at evening's approach  
and it is here  
in the ascending parallax  
of the disentangled atom  
that unblemished eyes contemplate  
a salient distilled identity  
forming the archetypal shapes  
within bituminous pavement scars

61

It is

to perceive  
what is within  
death  
and silence  
of leaves  
falling  
upon a stony ground's  
frozen rind  
it is  
to perceive  
the brittleness  
in graven faces  
prostrated before  
altars of effigy gods  
in temples of moldering  
stain-glass window frames  
it is  
to perceive  
as it was  
in the beginning  
dark candles  
fill with light  
crows on the vane  
portending  
the ancient's galaxy's demise  
it is  
the subtle onset  
of quantum gestations  
cleaving the iron womb's  
grayed-membrane sleep

it is within  
the third blood-filled eye  
where archetypal patterns  
frame a molecular skyline's  
burning fated demise

62

*"Insofar as we exist"*

to perceive  
a primordial ocean's  
returning wake  
where death indwells  
the cry of prescient sirens  
numbering the drowned leviathan's hollow bones

*"Insofar as we exist"*

to perceive  
a room where sieving fetid brackish dross  
pools in the hidden doorway's creviced edge  
and where unframed angular arc-light recedes  
into a micro-tonality's  
anti-quantum dimensional flux  
and it is here that hemispheric sands  
blind the white opaque eyes of time  
and dissonant archetypal images deform  
an attenuated breath's resonating presence  
and where molten crows loom  
as shadowed grey cloud-forms  
above the heaving bilious factory stacks  
and where the reticent widow sleeps



in the wild hyacinth garden  
beneath the submerged word  
of a dead heart's knowing remorse

63

Once

a lion  
in a den of thieves  
beating the breast  
of the lifeless corpse

once

a soluble god's  
fossilized breath  
embedding theoretical sentience  
in a pile of stones

once

the incinerated  
heretical verity  
spoken through shattered windows  
by bloodless magi tongues

once

the fleshed out  
philosophical abstractions  
drowning the beggarly prophet  
in an existentially grizzled sea

once

the migrating hoard  
of petrified amoebas  
hidden within

the frozen asteroid's  
substratal wound  
once  
the poignant lament  
of inaccessible aspiration  
harbored in the widow's  
cloistered heart of grief

once  
a mid-winter's voice  
through spindly branches  
echoing the impaled banshee's  
terminal cry

## 64

...Or to say  
the eye is singular  
as did the bearded prophet  
in a world  
where scarlet rainfall  
floods the wolfless rabbit holes  
or where the blood-laden river grail  
lies submerged in a frozen nightfall's  
grimy tundra waste  
where tin-clad prayer wheels  
spin viscously  
on disemboweled fractal landscapes  
and where dripping liquid mirrors  
reflect fragmented cubist faces  
dissolving in weedy sleepless terrestrial wastes

and it is here  
by an unnamed trackless sea  
that one attaches meaning  
to byzantine mountains  
receding behind  
an imaginary dawn's  
saffron apparition  
and it is here  
that resonating unspoken voices  
trail off  
to an emptiness  
measured in angstroms  
an emptiness before  
time can encapsulate  
motion through the glass aperture  
an emptiness before  
a scalar ocean's cresting wave  
can refract light  
cast from a dead crow's  
unopened eye  
an emptiness  
as a null point of referential autonomy  
wherein to visualize  
the singular essence of the coiled helix

65

Aimlessness  
in isolation  
a door

in a corridor  
impervious to the touch  
*“we envisioned  
scarred field  
of burnt grasses”*  
a saffron-winged moth  
consumed in visceral flame  
below a grey unbroken overcast  
a cubist view  
through leaden iron cages  
and a mirror’s obliterated identity  
*“there were many faces  
reduced to tenebrous silhouettes”*  
shrouded in ash  
beneath a funereal moon  
and it is not here within  
this empty room  
where a rose grows alone  
among a vision of thorns  
and a wingless crow  
nocturnally dreams  
soaring above  
an edgeless precipice dawn  
*“and it is not here  
where we awoke  
to a grizzled prismatic ante-light”*  
and knotted pallid thought-forms  
piercing the insentient valence of dust  
as in a prayer’s tactile immateriality  
or a dead sun’s incendiary glow

formulating ionic gods  
in shadows of glass  
as when sands blind  
the sinuous asp in gravity's flaw  
and consciousness transcends  
the ghosted mirage  
of an astral Socrates  
lost within a fleshless sleep

**66**

Black sun in azure sky  
as time exists  
to paw through  
this weedy wreckage within lucidity  
this sinewy temple's liquid myths  
this drone of Cambrian voices  
shedding matter's half-life residue  
this vacillating eye's internalized flaw  
narrowing the burrs of terrestrial isolation  
this faceless specter in the graying sepia  
projecting the unchanging emptiness of time  
this faceted entrenchment of a raven's dream  
blackened by slurry of a madman's pith  
this reaping a harvest of eschatological ashes  
deforming the renaissance of sleeping minds

**67**

Slantwise

the figures appear  
hewn from  
a spatially entropic firmament  
a hollowed sphere  
of tin clad faces  
seeking purpose  
amid the collateral ruin  
and to know  
what has passed  
from this moment's  
entangling sentience  
what has breached  
the gloated rose's  
interior chambers  
what has fallen  
from the frozen  
stone god's bleeding lash  
and what of this  
molecularly structured  
entity of time  
its  
chasmal  
scouring  
low-  
threshold-  
resonance  
infiltrating the empty  
primordial amoebic tomb  
its  
saffron-

hued  
metallurgic  
oblivion  
entering into  
the monkish philosopher's  
recondite cipher  
and what remains but  
this low-voltage astral energy  
surrounding  
the dust and glass  
aerial passageway  
its  
muted  
idolatries  
of anti-  
thought  
posturing  
an unanswerable equation

## 68

A skewed view  
through the needle's eye  
when days were numbered  
as burnished follicles of wheat  
blowing through  
the alabaster cathedral's  
axially-shadowed nave  
when recumbent parchment shards  
thinned by plague-ridden century-death

appeared as a physical effigy  
cloaking a medieval sky's  
outstretched obsidian limb  
it is here that she slept  
it is here that she dreamed  
she dreamed she saw herself  
a variable in the equation  
removed to infinity's end  
where there was still a question  
igniting her mind's feeble grasp  
of a rusted scarlet sanity's hinge  
she dreamed of flagellating heretics  
burying their dead molecular heritage  
in an autumn orchid field's frozen grave  
where a pallid ancient sun lifted its girth  
above a crumbled stone threshold's grey feldspar edge  
where a gaunt eyeless prophet  
conjured a white vitreous crow  
from a hidden astral realm's  
disentangled quantum sea  
she dreamed of the image of a self  
defined by an indistinct hole in a mirrored wall  
where the diminutive glow  
from the votive candle's tapering wick  
elucidates dust falling  
from the passing swallowtail's reticulate wing

69

Rooms of gray painted wallpaper



where the strata remains  
unrelieved of its internal ailing pressures  
a clock on a mantle  
recording a molecular disturbance  
*“as the carbon atom’s bond  
breaks its hold on a frail humanity”*  
and outside  
a willow’s swollen bark  
    falls to sodden ground  
    in the absence of breath  
and from this to approximate  
    a fall of light  
    as a point of diminishment  
    as the mind entangles  
    the theoretical particle’s trajectory  
knowing this is only  
a wispy spatial fabric  
given over to hemispheres of death  
a backlit Platonic maze  
burying the floorboards  
    in iron-filing dust  
and outside the grainy pane’s rendering  
sinuous winds to define  
terminal gardens  
drowning in a distilled essence  
    of nitrate rain  
burred symmetries writhing  
beneath aged corrugated faces  
*“and the carbon atom’s bond  
breaking its hold on a frail humanity”*

70

To speak beneath  
the burred cenotaphs  
of immateriality's past  
like shoelace accolades  
    hung from a skeletal cadaver's neck  
or the shimmering hyacinth glow  
    in the crepuscular bucolic glen  
    when evening's tapestry  
    bleeds from a late afternoon's beveled edge  
or when the smallish facets of faceless thought  
    form in a mirror's sinewy arcing reflection  
these are the florid transcendent ruminations  
    receding from a frozen boreal ocean's  
    irretrievable sleeping mind  
or the shadow-myth from a quantum  
    holographic mountain's cellular girth  
or the archetypal image  
    of a minotaur's hollow-boned nightmare  
looming beneath  
the rusted iron hemispheric dawn  
where one's concept of immortality's light  
is pierced by the stone  
    goshawk's prosthetic metal claw

71

*"And it is from this window  
that we observed"*

the gnarled blight  
growing on the broken willow's limb  
the decomposed husk  
of the blackened iron-stanchion bridge  
the corrosively scarring blizzard winds  
entering the tenuous heart's salient domain  
and the luminously abstracted intimate debris  
bleeding  
from  
the  
shattered  
philosopher's  
insentient  
pen

72

What is brief  
if not the moment  
defined by observation  
in a grey sky  
through windows  
light's impenetrable tourniquet  
bleeding flesh into conscious focus  
a scarring rigidity of bone  
among dank faces  
shedding winter's tomb  
*"If not here then where"*  
can the dead bury  
these corporeal chains

chains entangling

the coiled scalene limbs

writhing in dreams

beneath the muted lidless eyes

chains on eyes passed from form

to an archetypal otherness undefined

chains divining

a line the mind intuits

as vaguely morphing clouds

below a mountain's passing swale

chains of the unheard

chords of voices

translating wind

through the isolated olive grove

*"If not here then where"*

can one retrace

these dismembered fleshly steps

through a trackless rain's staining dross

flowing within furrowed pavement burrs

steps through a decaying ocean's astral flame

swallowing darkness in its transparent mystic breadth

steps through the barbed wire iron grates

conjuring the guillotine's disembodied shadow's voice

steps of the terrestrially entrenched molecular ghost

trudging through sludge-clotted throbbing veins

73

Listless anesthetized vessels

enmeshed in an antediluvian sea's hollow depth

passive terrestrial reliquaries  
vanquished to transcendent formulaic silence  
here the perturbational ebb of empty page semantics  
the luminously drossed billowing cathedral's purview  
the somatic spirit of wind and nadir flux  
flowing through the crystalline dragonfly's reticular wing  
the abstruse beauty of numinous corridor light  
predestined by gods of synergistic tinder-flux  
the isolating eyes of the straw dog's shadow  
falling through the scarified pavement voids

74

*“And the simplicity  
of the moment  
escaped  
our apprehension”*  
as in dreams impinging  
upon the spatial divide  
of words unspoken  
in thought's denied  
as in this diaphanous landscape's  
amphetamine void  
where behind  
the unformed eyes of sleep  
one perceives  
    a granite archway  
    through angular fissures  
    in the black glassine wall  
one perceives

a celestial effulgence  
bleeding through  
a lenticular cloud's  
trailing indeterminate edge  
one perceives  
an asphodel  
framed by the sagging iris  
growing in the concave wall's shadowed trough  
one perceives  
a fractal sun's creviced eye  
fused to a grey foreground's  
glittery tessellated light  
and where to hear the disembodied  
fractal tanager's song  
is to enter  
an ancient night's plaintive intricacy  
shrouding the dying meadow's icy glen

75

In the nature of evolution  
a room exists  
to cauterize the wounds  
of a sleeping philosopher's  
lobotomized mind  
and it is here in dreams  
that he observes  
what is behind  
the impermeable amoeba's quantum eye  
and it is here that he observes

one  
who wanders aimlessly  
across a strangulated plain  
of petroleum saturated incendiary weeds

one  
who wanders aimlessly  
across a furrowed sieving epidermal stand  
bled to the infecundity  
of quarried slag fields  
and leaching midden heaps

one  
who wanders aimlessly  
across the strip-mined splintering bedrock spines  
where wheezy asthmatic gnomish kings  
enter the mendicant serf's  
existentially isolated dreamless sleep  
and one

who wanders aimlessly  
across the metal-tendrill thorn fields  
where silent insoluble gods  
melt into an apocalyptic landscape's  
blackening crepuscular debris

76

Contemplating the empty room  
outside the three dimensions of adamantine space  
outside the cerebrally imploding gas-light labyrinth  
here the quantum impairments  
of tongue and mirror edge

of curtain lace and wilted flesh  
of receding neutrino's blighted marrow flow  
of a constellating solidarity's Cartesian night  
of hermetical citadels forging calloused limbs of dust  
of glass-paned opacity coveted in requiem sleep  
of the onyx-stained new moon's scour  
crossing the Neolithic threshold of death

77

Notes of a chromatic scale  
intoning completion  
yet still  
the singularity  
defying conception  
still  
the dark matter's pattern  
appearing as a wounded stag  
burning in effigy  
in opalescent veins of sulfuric ash  
still  
a quantum ocean's visceral ebb  
crossing a sylvatic threshold's cellular breadth  
still  
the drifted cyclonic lung-dross breeze  
threading through  
a bleak plasmatic field's crystalline edge  
still  
a night sky's  
cavernous archetypal prescience



shrouded in an afterbirth illusion's  
consciousness bleed  
still  
the fading light of a vernal garden's ruddy sun  
closing the blackened anvil eye of death

78

And still  
the migrating arctic terns  
eclipsing  
the north facing window's light  
and still  
the ambulatory eye's static view  
through the insentient  
stone doorway arch  
*"it is here we visualized"*  
the singular essence  
    of the coiled helix  
the continual  
    surging breadth of the sea  
        flowing in distillate wakes  
        of crystal-lit shadow lore  
*"it is here we visualized"*  
the unearthed torso  
    of existential fragmentation  
        and of a winter tree's  
        gaunt outstretched limb  
            hovering above the edge  
            of a shrouded deadfall's maw

*"it is here we visualized"*

a promethean fire

refining the dross

on the thorn-pierced heart's

calloused rind

*"it is here we defined"*

a universe within

a presence withdrawn

from a consecrated gallows pole

or a transient sanctuary

consumed by flame

79

And what of flesh

composed of wounds

or the blemished tear

shed for sanity's loss

supposing

there is no-thing

to inhabit

the terrestrial womb

of unleavened reckoning

as if

no intricacy of structure

could repel

tidal surges

acting on a glandular sea

or liquid molecular clarities

sieving though a darkened window's pane

*“and here we believe we are”*  
an evolving species  
surrounded by formative stasis  
and the indeterminate equation  
masking diurnal existence  
is without  
a corollary in dialectical time  
*“and here there is no one left”*  
to internalize  
a belief  
in immortality  
nor no soul  
to placate  
the Cartesian flesh’s dogmatic ruse  
where death persists  
without essence  
to elucidate  
space  
in an empty room  
devoid of windows  
and doors  
and blood of the inanimate  
statuary’s beating heart  
flowing through  
a medieval hemisphere’s dimensional void

**80**

And to decide whether this exists  
as an externally verifiable phenomenon

or the terminal consciousness  
of faded coal-dust ghosts  
emanating through a marble palace's  
quarried corridor wall  
where signs of terrestrial life  
diminish into a hackneyed thought-form's  
eidetic slurry  
and where a molten winter's benign tempest  
blows the frayed noose  
from the knotted willow's sagging limb  
and where the soulless parasitic amoeba  
passes into an aqueous membrane's clouded sea  
and where disconsolate angular faces  
reflect the darkness migrating through  
a nocturnal window's crystalline pane

**81**

*"Here we have come to observe"*  
a crow departing  
the tin windmill's rusted appendage  
in the shadow of stone gnome deities  
before the flaccid night arrives  
and before the mirrored eye  
can define itself  
as a singular monad  
existing  
among the caged denizens  
of intimacy and dissociation  
*"here we have come to observe"*

a stairwell ascending  
a room of many angles  
dissecting the presence  
of a calcified vein's  
sallow-hued molecular light  
dissecting the palatial view  
through a clotted helical doorway's  
glandular sty  
*"here we have come to observe"*  
the ivy-ensconced  
bone-yard towers  
forged from the translucent seas  
of bloodletting inquisitional myth  
where the beheaded fate  
of the corporeal atom's celestial clock  
lies in ruin upon a uranium desert's glassy plain  
its burred eroding glassine edge  
lost among the sandblasted gaze  
of hollowed faceless waifs

**82**

Here there are years  
that are undefined  
it is a relative measure  
a scalar distortion  
a hidden geomancy  
within the sylvan moon's  
waning outer edge  
here some speak

of continuities  
of singularities  
of cresting ocean waves  
of talus pyres  
smoldering before  
the winter freeze  
here some speak  
of ancillary hours  
of a vernal efflorescence  
of precessing fossilized amoebas  
melting through a sutured landscape's scar  
of archetypal eidolons  
structuring the unconscious id  
of itinerant years calcified in flesh  
and of light before death  
can remain  
the unmitigated essence  
exhumed from theoretical ocean's  
unconscious trough

### 83

Through the window  
a wooden clock  
on a mantle  
interpretations of time  
through a dimensional space  
the insignificant particulate  
to carry  
the wound

of death  
through the I of observation  
as in a crow's shadow  
defining relevance  
in the fossilized nebula's cellular breadth  
or of mute disembodied voices  
flowing beneath the iron gated  
barbed-wire fraise  
or of the predacious wolf's hungered gape  
as a neon city's wake expands  
singed by a flaming onyx night's descent  
and as dark angles in hollow walls  
diffuse light through  
the sleeping philosopher's  
concrete eye

## 84

Where but within  
a mountain's obscuring  
shadow at noon  
can autonomy be sought  
migrating light  
through the pendulum's eye  
where but within  
the dreary symmetries  
of a briar patch  
can tonality be drowned  
in a late season's freezing sun  
where but on a treeless plain

contemplated in dreams  
can a fog's drifting resonance  
reach a jeweled enlaced precipice  
glowing with distant nebula light  
where but within  
the hooded cobra's serpentine trace  
can the metal-veined witch conjure  
a bloodless minotaur  
from the burning tinsel fields of ash

85

The scarlet hips  
hang from frozen branches  
at a glazed window's  
faux winter light  
as bitter metal talon-winds  
grip a sinewy past's  
bloody heretical relics  
scouring the infected minds'  
palsied reach  
through murky fibrous centuries  
soon articulations fall  
from unspeaking oracles  
divinations and conjurings  
from quadratic deity-gnomes  
demythologized flaws  
in philosophical dialectics  
vagrant hermetic sutures  
to castrate imprisonable minds



*"I looked to see"*

the doorway framed  
by a beatific illumination  
and angels appearing  
to cast transcendent limbs  
through a gauzy cirrus ethereal veil  
and to assume these are  
fleshly entities  
silent as freight trains  
passing the brick-faced factory wall  
or the sober formulations  
of Sheeler's precisionist refinery renderings  
or ghostly miscreants  
of a taut evening's  
spatial imaginings  
intimately inhabiting  
the oak-shadowed  
triangular spur-line edge

*"I looked to see"*

ancient eyes observing  
radial plains of besotted nebulae  
floating effortlessly  
in blind transcendent procession  
in a realm where  
mottled winter cloud-rinds  
fall into an empty ocean's bilious depth

**86**

What

is  
found  
is  
this  
plastic  
avenue's  
breadth  
of  
steel  
palaces  
and  
bilious  
factory  
stacks

and  
what  
of  
the  
wilting  
caustic  
faces

each  
entering  
a  
doorway's  
rusted  
void

each  
a  
brooding

shadow  
obscuring  
light

each  
a stranger  
moving  
through  
death's  
unflinching  
eye

87

And it is here  
in the nature of evolution  
that saturnine faces remain  
pressed against the stain-glass panes  
of frozen moldering cathedrals  
where a life-force bleeds  
from the attenuated lion's prosthetic veins  
where the iron tongue of repressed breath  
conjures the dead fleshly parasitic ghost  
where the perceived stasis of a theoretical nothingness  
drowns in predatory matter's bifurcated sea  
and where the impotent king's archetypal image  
is fused to the ashen-face vagrant's unconscious id  
and to translate this from complexity  
in dreams of lace curtain fringe  
on painted opaque windowpanes  
where neon weeds grow

in fields of cracked-asphalt palaces  
and where steel bells toll  
dissonant chords of burning embers  
pushing the mind further  
from a benign sanity's wordless belief  
where the tangible girth of years of darkness  
leaves its shadow on the hyacinth garden's  
north facing wall

**88**

There are places  
where stone wraiths  
divest their essence  
down brooding corridors  
divest their entropic signatures  
of carbon-based life-forms  
divest their inert centers of gravity  
shadowed by a celestial gnomon's  
adamantine wake  
and here the eye seeks to hypothesize  
that which is within  
a dead sun's archetypal prescience  
that which is within  
a scarified forest's festering gall  
that which is within  
the desiccated essence  
of a primal bloodless sea  
that which is within  
the unicellular organism's

inherent transcendent light

89

Perhaps there is nothing  
perhaps there cannot be  
a detached theoretical hour  
resonating through time  
perhaps this is all  
to become  
abstract ruminations  
filtered through  
a gauzy limen's carbon skein  
perhaps there cannot be  
the last tear  
forming in human eyes  
*"yet I am told  
faith remains"*  
a constant  
intangible elixir  
a wilderness  
to touch  
this salient  
outcrop of sinew and bone  
this chamber symphony's  
echoing fleshly dissonance  
this glandular stone's  
sifted ashen scree  
or one among many  
brackish drops of rain

or one among many  
orphaned crumbled leaves  
or one among many  
grey fitful human dreams  
or one among many  
detached isolated souls  
one  
    among  
        many  
as it is  
within  
the endless  
expansive molecular sea  
as it is  
perhaps  
as it is

Ric Carfagna  
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## About the Author



Ric Carfagna was born and educated in Boston Massachusetts. He is the author of numerous collections of poetry, most recently *Symphonies Nos. 1, 4 & 6* published by Chalk Editions and *Symphony No.2* published by Argotist Press.

His poetry has evolved from the early radical experiments of his first two books, *Confluent Trajectories* and *Porchcat Nadir*, to the unsettling existential mosaics of his multi-book project *Notes On NonExistence*.

Ric lives in rural central Massachusetts with his wife, cellist Mary Carfagna and daughters, Emilia and Aria.