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Outside the pale : a collective insight into the worded illumination of experience

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Outside the Pale

A Collective Insight Into the Worded

Illumination of Experience

by Douglas R. Arnts

A Thesis

Submitted to the

University of North Dakota

Honors Program Committee

In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

For Graduation

From the Four-year Honors Program.

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Introduction

Poetry is spontaneous utterance. When a poet is presenting his/her poems, it is a movement that lives in its own existence; likewise, a poem lives as itself.

To constantly become his/her self, the poet seeks limits, surpasses them, then discovers and surpasses yet newer ones, much like storming the gates of hell to reveal that evil exists in the mind. Poetry is a means of realizing, then transcending, the personal self; it demands of the poet a commitment to live with the utmost passion inherent in his/her self to live life deeply, directly, and dare to feel, to dance and celebrate the passing moment for all it is worth, to laugh the wild, free laugh of humanity. As a poet, I realize that my primary function is to move the individual to enable his/her self to identify with another's life, or vision, to make its own what it is not and yet is capable of being. From outside the pale, I attempt to provoke people to look outside of themselves, to deliver them from the limited ways in which they see and feel, so that they may glimpse a divine sensibility latent in their unconscious mind, a sensibility which must be rendered attainable through words. Poetry, then, is somewhat of an incantation to another, freer, purer realm: a dimension of sometimes painful awareness open to all who refuse to live life on the surface alone. While a

poet--along with painting, dance, theatre, film, poetry-- is a process him/herself, the permanent function of art is, for me, to recreate as every individual's experience the fullness of humanity at large: the collective, ultimately the divine. If this process is to transform my poetry to associations beyond its themes, each poem must build to a realization of mood rather than a sequence of events; thus, the thought that has gone into the poems is primarily pictorial and not explanatory, impressionist and not analytic.

This thesis is a fragment of process; with the poems that follow, I am saying, as a poet, this is where I am now. Not yesterday. Not tomorrow. Yet it is a chapter now closed, and it is every bit as important by itself as it will be for the chapters, down the road, to follow.

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this thesis, first of all, to Professor William Borden, my thesis committee coordinator, for his patience, wisdom, kindness, and the discipline that was necessary in the undertaking of this nine-month project; to Dr. Donald Poochigian, who I would like to believe has seen the maturing of a student/artist both inside and outside of the realm of academe, and realized both were possible; to Dr. Robert Lewis, from whom I discovered that such courses as freshman poetry are enjoyable and important all the more when its instructor takes sincere interest in the ambitions of flowering poets; and also to Dr. Richard Hampsten, a friend and mentor, the fruits of whose time and labor spent with me in independent writing courses will, I hope, be realized when he returns to campus.

To all of these fine people I express my most heartfelt gratitude.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not condemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not
glow?

---Byron, Childe Harold, Canto III

Forty-one Solos

Thrusting wings of a golden shore,
you carry words out through waves
speaking colors of calm summer
while I shiver at your beauty,
calling in vain for agreement from
the clouds, themselves merely a
misplaced and grounded heaven.

I don't know what to write--

What of the sea, boundless

and fresh, salt-lime womb

of destiny?

What of the sky, exploding

with cirrus shrapnel, infecting the sun?

What of a highway, long,

loose and languid, careening

over hell?

What of the mind, reason,

intellectual beauty, sucking

sadness, yearning and burning,

waiting for the liaison

with the body?

What of the unbelievable

coldness

of a sky closed to flight?

In the thighs aflame

The liberty was liquid.

How long does summer write
its hot notes
to the winter, before
autumn discovers the
eternal adultery of all
seasons?

Thinking upon the grass,
a clear desire traces
spring's melody. The springs

are cool, searching for objects
they might mirror and befriend. The music
of love bathes questions heavy with dust.

Lying here, the sun pushes the drops,
heavy with doubt, onto
the grass.

It was dark, that
Night, in your mind
And you swept yourself
Into it without waiting--
The wound, the killing
Wound, the wound that kills
Does not bleed
Yet in your heart, you listened
For the wound to run.

Be seated in an airy dream; you
must feel the warm
bleed of spirit, earned upon

entry from your familiar world. Here
we'll live on soft cots, alone
together. Bathe my tired soul

in the glistening salvation of your thighs.

"Fly, glaring sand, through the
heavy sea; say farewell, now,
to the eyes which can't see."

In a dazzling sound, the
sand was gone, and I stood
shouting, not beneath the ground.

Yet I was in darkness, as a brother
knowing that that sun-dust and I would forever speak
to another.

-

So near to midnight is
An eternal winter, crouched
in a bitter glance
inside the sun's far corner.

preparations of empiricism,
I defy your primitive tones;
my language represents the seen,
unseen, known, unknown--obscure songs!
Extremes: broken, expectant hopes
which catch your nature for you--
your rationalist ears hear silence
where desire rustles through an abyss.
Have your ways, then, and labour greedily;
you'll not reap the eternal winds
blown full
through a sonorous climate.

Of this world will remain

Only the souls that rose from it.

On the wall

I painted a scarab

and the sordid

plans of

a pharaoh

ran to the sand.

We scurry
and kill
beneath the sightless gaze
of a slaughtered wind.

The sea follows

The moon

The land beckons

The undecided.

had it not been
so absurd
I would have
begun
to die.

North Dakota

The world gone by

An ice song pilgrimage.

Snow

Morning

Resign.

Orange sun
bleeding profusely
into semidark transparence
of the dawn.

confusion decrees
our rampant helplessness
and thoughts unspoken.
share with us wine
grapes of whose thine
are juiced in sunbroken
adornment,
bejeweled in dour
spotlights
of the
lifeplay.

O summer
Allow us
with your preening duskiness
and brazen bright promise
to command and
harness
the flutes of aqua maenads;
Azured mad
music always
amazes us with stung
squinted pleasure
while sunlit ecstasies
fill the cisterns
in which our fevers drink.
And we, ennobled of lurid heat
shall craze and conjure, hotly
Imbibe
this delirium with crystal clutches
printing upon the shedding sky,
dipped into its bedding sand.

The sun
burns below
the shadow
of a glimmering
pool;
Tiles of sweat
beneath a glance
push their
way
toward another
sky, one
level with the flight
of a life not yet
scratched
by the claws of time.

The clouds draped
the sky
then pulled away
to reveal an
awakening infinite.

those glass eyes;
I'm not afraid to offer my hand,
to live
in spite of myself
as I pass those glass eyes.
Yet I'd rather shatter their coldness,
offering the fierce and crimson words;
a soft hope echoes again, a refrain
hurling my heart like a discuss
into indisputable reality: Fools
and poets are one.

private consciousness, they say--
what is it but
an incubus
of the universal nightmare
from which the sublime dreamer
of cosmic history
will awaken, only to dream
once more?

The bus was warm, a
submarine in the undersea air.
It housed and embraced
the fish that breathe above.

riveted awareness

make certain

our

unapproachable chaos

is in order.

A returning flood, rising above rocks

of caution

gladly sculpts the narrow avenues

of dry-travelled boredom.

It is winter, this winter that,

with its radiant ice prepared

an escape from the placidity it mocked...

...will we find rest,
palliate the madness,
Thanatopsis undone?
Poets, we choose
nepenthe.

With a cast of emotions
he directs the
winding film in front of
the race,
striking poses
for them to face.

bright phantoms prone
lying aside from
silence
like a heavy electric
pilgrimage
moving to the
page
speak as all
with shawl cowled
tightly about
emptiness
and friendly night
hiding fledgling
loneliness.

silent dalliance of
genius
harsh response of
brilliance;
the magnanimous gesture of
murdering
your soul
while begetting
a collective life
is planting seeds
of knowing
into one
still
dry
world.

plucking strings of
tension,
pizzicato afterthought
of an age
tightened and
strummed
by soft dumb
fingers,
atrophied measures of
knowledge,
bleeding rhythms of
expanding wombs
amassing warfare
for the minstrels of the page.

The emotions explain to,
the brain listens
and the soul interprets
the hand that scratches
the heart of life.

Not order but disorder, luckless one,
 It seems to be, and madness in your heart.

---Sophocles

tumescent reason
 auspicious and profound
 softens into the season
 where orders, breached, abound.

aplomb passions promoted,
 imprecations unfolded
 into a gnostic chaos
 hoarded by our gaols.

DARK CORNERS' BOURNE
 WHITE DALLIANCE FORLORNED,
 when progenies still grown
 shriek from what has sown
 forever to be known
 only on loan,
 puerile and shown.

weep we must
 once we lust
 the lamenting trust
 that flees as dust.

It seems this plain has swept before;
Spirit tires of body and
Is gone in grievous dank limits,
Bringing votary from chill periphery:
"I cannot stay here--" no, it will
not do good to make suffering of
youth, in lonely
haunts of closing earthen
deliberation.
Why must we pay the toll so high
that bridges hope
To the turnings of the sun?

knowledge leads
to unconditioned release
from doubt,
which is ignorance:
it is luxe, calme et volupté'.

Shock inflames
the reality
of being.

Vacuous instant
and at our glance
piquant, announced,
the marring shamescape
of man
hosts its swarming guests,
sensation's quest.

We
are gods
in the shadows, aware
of these shadows, a knowledge
wherein the
primeaval beasts lie beside our souls;
heaven and hell reconcile
light and dark
we endure
as unconscious players
in a shadow play
of choice.

Empty idols,
voided sutra,
trapped flight
gestures refined
of Wisdom.

Pleasure's tyranny
is that of avarice,
which chooses to
destroy
what it cannot
assimilate.

imperfection

is

the greatness

of

m

a n.

Forty-three Choruses

Some Notes

It is the warm meadows that enrage loneliness.

The night threatens nothing. It is private.

The strings of a morning-harp weep to be heard.

The voices of despair scream. We need not struggle to listen.

A sea breathes freedom onto the city.

Industry burns our crawl-space. Laughing could kill us.

Timid solutions always take care of friendly goodbyes.

Dismembered sadness falls upon our lives. Separations
are final until we feel death.

Risk

be not afraid of freedom;
its touch flies above time
into the open sun.
be not afraid of pain;
its flames char the senses
to a single core of humanity.
be not afraid of silence;
its virile calm flows
below struggling ships,
quietly commanding reflection.
be not afraid of feeling;
its radiant passing
through depths and light
gives freedom to reason.
be not afraid of fear;
greet its gaze
with mirrored authority.

we risk
or mourn the days before us.

October Sighs

Leaves
fall,
the summer exhales
shaking its golden
hair;
the noble mane
proudly sheds lightly
swirling locks, gently
covering the hardening ground
like the tired old man's
slowing breath,
muting softly
his long, heavy steps.

Noontide

Desirous height of summer purges diluted energies,
The tranquil liquid repose of bent heated glimmers
Are inscribed in spinning orange orbits;
Magenta skies dance over ravaged avenues that
Web the perspiring cities like alabaster strands.
Iron cares, cold steel doubts slumber in the depths
Of cowed and breezy shades, plunged now
By molten torrents.
Livid hot nights pout with stifled spoliation of
A repleat, beautiful nectar, lit and glistening
Bronze against the plundered sands;
Golden-ripe squalls of rueful brevity are
Dashed scathing arraignments, like
Rains portending dampened dreams that splatter
Grotesquely on bleached and hardened ground.
Inhaled predilection of opaline vapors, the sweet
Ocean that purifies with her morning softness of
Salty blue, enchains the soul
Freely in delicious embracing bonds.
This sea: sower of ecstasy and sounds of

Glittering, dreamy voices of solitude--

An azured vault of roaring life opened

Unto all.

Dazzling joy,

Majestic searing gladness

Weathers the worry of lone

And

Dances from possession of totality,

Like a sacred essence, permeating

Our sight.

On Dreams

following a thousand phantoms,
I knead the atmosphere
flattening existence
onto my pillow.

Zig-Zag

Earth of the slumbering and suspended rocks,
The invisible world carries a
Light-pulse of senses--
The moist erotic friction of
Land and water bludgeons the
Whispered reverie of still chirpings;
Birthcries deride their inner mould and
Ambergris of lilacs invokes riots of
Debauchery in the wild, among rushes and
Their dusty germinations.
From some ancestral distance
Screams of daylight awaken
The blood, running and rolling,
Like moving waters, steering all from
Hidden forms, tearing them from silent chambers
Of difference;
The loud blazing of golden flowers
Weave frayed corners of human
Remnants together, tailored
In time, stitched
In complicity.

Arrangement

Crystals chime; their voices
are feelings of blended light and
dark, approaching certain moments
when we remember
what it was to be so certain
that all was warm inside
a kiss, a caress, a love.

Now

we hear the chiming
as through a grey hymn, one
which resounds off an idea
of what that feeling was.

Quietude

Upon men that step into some skies

lighter and lighter air flows.

It rushes and

muffles;

it comes to all in eternal motion

and floats away,

breathes and departs.

She

Happiness blooms across her mouth;

a smile of love invades the moment.

The drops of tears upon her face;

rain on a cool, fresh rose.

The peaceful rush within her voice;

summer-sky warmth inside the breeze.

Eyes of knowing and touches of meaning;

visions of eternity, complete and true.

To Sleep

great dark horses
of sleep
gallop over the land,
like rivers flowing
across the continent
of night.

In sleep
we lie naked, alone
united at the heart
of night and darkness;
dying in a
magnificent darkness
without knowing of death,
we abide in loneliness,
stealing memories of daylight
while life, glory, joy
dissolve strangely
into peaceful, silent
softness.

Tides of sleep
lap the earth, breathing
as one with the stars.

Glasswind

Perceptible world

aloft and

retained

banishes souls,

soft and deranged--

In unordered movement

do doves tilt the

sky.

In primal bliss

the windseed invades

this heavenly membrane;

fugitives from gods

inborn to this

place

suffuse the clouds,

spilling moist

storms,

for equated love

and excluded strife

from one throne

alone

are born into

life.

To Be History?

Striding across the sun
reading the stellar ruins
a handspace of silence holds
answers in its cool-air clutch:
A planet opening, which the heavens grow,
a swirling rock amidst dry, darkened seas,
ready to moisten itself with springlands
and echo with passions
once again.

Finally

The weight of a beating air-drop
was left to cool my brow
after she left, and then
it stuck in my sweat and hung drowsily
above an oncoming message of pain
until
it leaked gold into my sleep. That
night, I tucked into my brain
monsters of rain.

Now! My Love

we shall meet, my love
in the air so full of joy,
so full of joy; we are
music, and a heart burning
over our pasts, like the sun
in Spring. The sky
is our bed, the shining pillows
will our syllables muffle, and
swift will be the current
into which we'll drown...

At Birth

Once begun
the moving clocks
surround the mind.
Clicking. Ticking.
Passing our breath,
Gaining on our
failures, destroying
dreams
before they've begun.

From Moment

We are wet, we
are awake;
sunwheels, motioning
memory to the
sputtering sea, speed
'round our minds;
walking shapes beckon
the flames downward, bright lamps
to guide our moving. Those
smokey images are ourselves
coming home, ashore, to beautiful eyes;
whirlwinds of light
climb in the atmosphere, until
they explode into another day.

Goodbye, Yet?

friends have embraced

and fled

as other we's

as other you's--

and I's, what of I's?

We simply remain they.

Artifacts

sparks of a fiery realm,
we ignite love's mysteries;
the lone night air preserves
this deceptive unreality.
magic solitude
within the unity of matter
draws us towards the eternal,
at once obscure and unknown;
the sun is in solution for us
to dissect,
a futile attempt to preserve a Paradise.

Again

familiar sights
in strange faces;
I rest my love
in a virgin,
seeking an obscure
motion of joy, a
movement that pain has
culled from pleasure
before I die again.

To Pass

In a lull'd and
 impregnable glen
 on an eastern purple sing
 strove an englancing wanderer
 mark'd as mad; a crazy thing.

The man strolled through
 a plague of lust
 where harlots curse
 and soldiers sigh.

But black'ning hearts
 and youthful fare
 quicken'd his ancient
 and insane stare.

Hopeless and pain'd
 his task remain'd
 as seer bless'd, to
 cry in quest,
 to hear an age
 with an unspilt rage.

'twas on a day of blinding
white
that the future did raise itself;
he felt the past
die slowly at last
and discover'd his world was
night.

Incurs'd his heart, inbled
his eyes,
he stumbl'd forward
and painted his sighs.

A canvas beneath him
a world bequeath'd him
to recall its mem'ry,
so bright, so dim.

Flight

Choose the breeze,
touch the day,
follow the eastern
starling's flight,
its iridescent vision
swooped with gypsy idyll.

Squeeze not
the breath, to
leave it with pale,
bleeding wings, but
breathe the being--
Smother the nether,
the tight burning tether
of doubt.

Allow the scents
of youth

To appall,

Fascinate and

Madden

the future.

This Total Night Within

Between breasts where many loves nestle softly,
the rush of blood resounds
Within the fury of night, beside fermenting laments,
and ever alone I thrash with a spurious dawn,
that foot-lane of sleep,
parched and breathless from a daylight's dream.
This flood of life we feel, like angel's blood
Running
from glades of grey, has spilt onto an empty dusk,
anxious
in its task to end the wayside day's stirring, for
which neither poverty nor riches
exist.
Trembling within death's province, lights emerge from
the hours, ending
the bitter pleasure of total resignation;
from depths of folded night has dawn
escaped, again a day-warning casually
reposed
on a cold shore of thought.

Eyes of a Dead Poet

Inside closed eyes
rest silent pictures
of the living world,
a haunting vision
shouting from behind
peeled lids.
Once, mighty
spoken words,
like vultures
descending, picked hungrily
at hope, desire, knowledge
that threaded the torn, exposed
nerves of still-running emotions,
felled by citizens without exploding, lambent tears;
tears by which
every turn of the earth
filled empty sockets
with the vital wetness of joy.

Now, dark plumaged words
swoop through time
and silence, a lonely
wind lashing
at doubt's prisoners
then pealing throughout the eastern sky.

Self

He walked in
to these towers
without arriving at the
door
He was already
inside
when they opened their
eyes.

Gardener's Plot

Conscious being, looking to the source
Always working, order in himself
Plodding, tilling ev'ry steppe's course.
Adding, changing nature of its wealth.

Ev'r happ'ning throughout ev'ry clime
Bearing petty duties of the soil
Laying roots for beauty 'neath the grime,
Nurture's sun-fed notions from his toil.

Seedlings, verdant tenets from the sod
From the implant some will reap, he knows;
Getting closer to his loving God,
Curing human foliage where it grows.

Sephira

The wispy voiced winds upon a gaze
Deliver the sunlight through the haze;
They want me, they say, to fantasize
Of men and truth, not things and lies.
I look in the ocean's crashing foam
Its warm splashing tides, soul's senses roam
To crystal clear visions, birds and poems;
How just is fate, one lives, one dies.

Endymion

Human souls of breath and shadow awaken in the morn
Grown from gentle dawn's tranquil involution,
Become as one with movement, impassioned dissolution.
Bemoaned are cries of other worlds' beckon;
All abandoned this planet, with infernal reckon.
Wheel of fire, from hills pervades rolling scorn--
Burning the impasses, turning flames from under,
To spark and ignite mortal remnants asunder.
Scorching at twilight, illuminated currents be--
For flesh of the mind, distilled in Alchemy,
In latent transcendence, turned Sun into Sea.

Ghost Squadrons

metal sounds

glistening thunder

Vibrations of still

blaze above wonder--

hot, spare warriors,

benign and brittle

help us to solve

the arid-blown riddle;

When is the end

beginning

to fly?

In deserts and plains

under

hot Nevada sky...

Astarte's Plague

Blazoned hue of skin magnolia--
Staring shame--who's to blame?
Lustful Eves, by youths conceived,
In night deceived--
Barren womb of dawn--Labored pain, its pawn.
Shattered mirrors, inward birth
Wanton warmth, lost of worth.
Congeries in spoiled fruits
Green convictions, brown weeded
Roots.
Darkened wet forest
Consumed my
Unsavored
Consent.

Sniper

lights

Motion of decision

Trained, flashing and imprinted

Iron-wrought and loaded,

Heavy on the shoulder of the hunter.

camera

Focused crosshairs,

Intense, directed and inward

Towards his celluloid prey.

action!

The injurious vision with which

The cameraman/killer eyes his victim

Lithe and prone in the sterile tundra,

Devoured by spectators

In the dark, warm and silent maw

Of the theatre.

Moon of the New Sun

In every impulse of the breeze
Where the sun had blown,
the submersion into winter
disrupts our boiling, fiery
hearts;

dryly, winter extends its gaunt,
crippled branches, leaving our souls
tumultuously breathless--
Lunar crossing
of night, white-
laden orb, we
are waiting
for the Fire
of Spring.

Peer of gods

Lucretius

were you awake
when gods presented
themselves to
dreaming minds of
men?

Nature,
subjugated and
floored,
rises with sinful
expectance
to those
dreaming minds.

Absorbent cruelty,
cling to dreams
with puerile
claws divine--

Hold them to deeds
of unseemingly hours
and harken their softness
from death.

We then might know
when to feel.

Smuggled Ages

Phantom cargo

at midnite.

Meet me beside

Dawns' promises.

I will show you

dead ancestors, prepared

traditions and new paradise,

A Western millenium.

Consignments of life,

Nurtured and wealthy,

glow with salvation--

Prophet leaders, consummate

Rogues, spread industrial

madness. Steel missionaries

smuggle hysteria.

Secrets broken by Jesus and Yali,

pacts of skin, natives whipped

w/lies, all

ignorant concessions from the

Big man

who lost the cargo

in the East.

Moonsorrow

Inward evasions, conveyed hither from a
Distant realm;
Stillborn notions, borne of coming ages
Flay forms cast in timeshadows of truth
and reap pristine annals of sown oracles.
In mock perusal
Of divine distress
Does the lunar elegance in
Cerebral radiance
Reveal
The sombre mindroot.

Cruise

white fur gowns
split-level towns,
the grimestreet turns
into hunting grounds
for luxuriant herdsmen.
Carbon breath tracking
the fire-load it is
lacking;
screeching desperation
halts the
cool air standing.
Model-tight legs
running from the dregs,
trip the evening's routine
handling
of legal tender changes.
Illegally rendered
ranges
hoard the bleeding,
all coralled and labeled
for fast-food eating.

Death of a Deer

Furblown byway of
stiffened hooves' breed--
skidding life
at random.
Bludgeoning race
which threatens
its prancing companions
brakes to an explosion
from wheelfelt ignition
and floors to the dust
silent running "progress."
Still, beside
dry fields printed,
glances from
does
are antlered and
tinted.

Eve of Dionysia

Towards depths of holy
Dark night, vexed in
Mutual mingling of truth
And madness
Where deep wells flow, is
Diffident paradise found.
Embodied inclusions,
Imponderable chances are as
The unharvested sea; light
Mimosa in indolent derision
Is cast upon slumbering trees;
Inflamed rebirth is
Changing and
Supreme, yet
Delicate and black,
Nestled in the
Cold opulence of
The silent empty drone
Of night.

Hi-Way

Of earth and night
Unhallowed and fleeting,
Pervasive sketches of life
Are drawn for their sweetness and
Asphalt-strewn pathos.
I see the colonnaded street lights
Touching the dark blind stratum of transparent dusk;
Saffron, maudlin blankets of derision
Infect the clarity, implored by
Restraints of measured existence
To veil reality with monoxide shrouds--
Inward dykes collapse from repression
Of the elemental,
Which breaks through perforce;
And civilization vanishes, carried only in
Turgid formless and transistorized torrents
Of impulse
That transmute phantasy
Into certainty.

And there is a bridge that
OVERRUNS the outward stream of life;
But joys of the
Innocent surface waters
Are tied to its stifled
Girders, metallic pangs that
Support the pain-ridden journey--
Reticent timeprints of distance,
Painted and remote, follow themselves
Over the hi-way
Leading into the tarred morass of
Hell or Heaven.
As steel chassied lanterns
Redeem a drowsed struggle,
The recesses of feeling return to
Proclaim in carriage-housed votary that
The rapture of the initiated lies in
The sorting and genius soul,
Driven deeper than logic.

Hurricane Algren

Bay the feather
brush it, clever--
cabering roar, a
seaman's whore;
voluptuous waves
and sanctified night,
choke we now
gravity, allow us
rig our sails.
The earth we impale,
to relieve it, and bail.

Half-Circle

squinting,
I dared see
an isle of gentle,

forever circling my soul,
forever rushing in my
veins, forever

one which had
no place
atop this plain,

beckoning me as I
held it close to an
idea of what really

or did it? to
believe it was my
birthplace would

is the nature of this
earth if I'm determined,
already, to travel from

mean, yes, I'm in hell--
but why have I chosen
this, if such an

it? Enough of this, I
must relinquish my
self to sand and sea,

isle is my home?
why search for Eden
when it's already existed,

absolving the rest
from being born into a place
at all.

Zuni Spiral

Aashiwi dusk
 cool, juniper moon
 Red banshee wails.
 Pollenway, the Life
 follows Coral directions;
 southern sluice bait,
 this noose of scalding
 sun.

A land of tendril bone's
 Labor and
 sinew-strewn kill.

And Beast priests HEAL

MADNESS of

YAAYA dances, the

White Shumeekuli

COSTUMED WITH DEAD FLESH--

GHOST CHILDREN!

costumed with dead flesh

ghost children, caught

in convulsions

Outside the arroyo.

Spiral Society Surrounds

the Zuni

Circle of sky.

Passing the Graveyards

Bow

to the black, funeral amazement

that lies in the

fabulous obscurity and

unblemished wisdom of

Birth.

Gesture to night

beckon to morning

all pass in the light

bright, sharp and alluring;

Relish the waxen

embellishment of embalmed skies,

dry with morose and pallid lies--

Pass the headstones,

the grey shale deadstones

relinquish the living

from turning in time

to the rapt stiffened dead
who with years inscribed
may chance to mime
our fleshfelt movement,
which dimly strays past
their pillows of lime.
Sleep.

To act well in this world, one must die within oneself--

Renan

Protocol

poet's ploy
undaunted joy
benign; resign
and slash the soul.
celebrate the warm,
burning life, bloody
through cerebral syringes,
a ptolemaic mandala surrounding
organs of thought,
the world's genitals
friction-worn, thick
against the earth
so embracing totality.

death, in a textured oblivion.

terrifying posture
of the innocent,
crouched from fate's
dark opacity,
recede into blackness

and transplant
other wounds
with poetic lacerations,
all mended, dressed
and conducted
cranial processions.