

Mountains

Natural Summer

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Please email gregbem@gmail.com with questions or comments.

This publication is for, in many ways, Rachel Nelson, Rauan Klassnik, and Jason Conger, who have contributed to my health and wellness throughout 2017.

Visit http://gregbem.com for additional books and my other creative works.

Front cover photo: from the trail to Mt. Defiance.

Back cover photo: from the trail to Mt. Ellinor.

Mountains

Alone and Together, at Lake Melakwa

06-18-17

Chilled and embraced.

A teal freeze over a clear lake keeps me company.

It is glacial light I often identify with, or find myself surrounded by.

The Pratt River takes its fill and bustles away.

When rivers are born, a concept pleasing me.

I think of what Paul Nelson would think if he were here, alone, together with me, or the glacier.

I wish I could see the mountains'
tops. A plane in the distance.
The ground here—too cold for mushrooms,
but 300 feet below: the yellow,
jelly-like colonies hypnotize.

Still do in memory.

I hope my mom's doing well.

I hope Rose is OK with her depression.

Thus I'm reminded of Scherezade and her depression and then Natasha and hers.

And then my own, whenever it is, or was, or could be.

Despite this cold: bird calls woven into the river's rush.

Earlier a single figure, shadowy, maybe Bigfoot, dipping down beyond the lake's other side, to the West.

All shadowy things dip to the West, it seems.

Jason, Jeremy, Eric, et cetera.

Libby, Amy, et cetera.

Barnabus and Emiliana.

Casey and Jess. Aaron and Maria.

The list goes on.

There they all are, at this

freezing and beautiful lake.

I feel the dampness of my toes.

The verge of shiver,

and I know it's time to go.

I must remember to write a light poem after JML's light poems, which I just read in total, which led me to this year's Summer Solstice.

Are they better for Winter though??

With Aaron at Lake 22

7/15/17

We speak of columbine, trillium, the duck demanding spider web casts and the incantatory ownership of the deep green glacial melt.

The sound of the waterfall opens beyond the crushing on the jaw's apple.

Aaron and the glass pipe and the phone and the hat and I with the Chaco's and torn skin.

Like a mountain everything becomes a narrative.

Like the torn material in my knee all is awake beneath a Cascadian sun.

Forest old growth and recent plotted in waves and those rises leading to falls live breaths and eyesight.

He claims "paparazzi, sorry." and the duck spits off like an arrow shooting forward.

That friendly arrow of time
warm like the heart
clear line the swells
and present like the flies and ants.

Thinking of the pulse of friendship
like the pulse of the city
to which I must return,
filled with its diseases and complications.

This line here it's all present a thorough place to sit and be, to become, to change,

to sweat, scrape, arrive gently or otherwise at a point of brutal newness.

Spray Park with Rose, Clair, Dan

7/16/17

Cliff limits and what is spray and the wildflowers as dense as the carpet and the show

as dense as the silence

single singing marmot
a ghost to the ears
but beautiful

and the fingers numb

and the back a sheet of sweat

clouds coasting as swirl or

swoop hovering around cliff top

stare at the glaciers
be witness to a language
which writes through the season

back north gusts of cloud billow or is it bellow if you're there which you're not so visually you get billow

the numbness like the Kinsey test
is it real or valid
like the sun and its beating
fleeting qualities

we pace up to be, to be complete beyond the signal and with the rarest flowers yellow blossoms opening totally deep purple stalks rigid and phallanxed upright like a swarm of color being still in such outrageous attraction

there is something volcanic allegorically to the current persistence of Tahoma

a place as have been offered by time and ownership and privilege

but let us indulge pink skin wild beards and craggly seats

dreamed mystery of this of all days, all powers we've collected

Island Lakes, Alpine Lakes Wilderness

7/21/17

The veil is mosquito
rough seat no clenching
clutching rock (my own stone throne)
thinking of the scatter of stares like the scatter
of people in life.

There's literally zero humans here.

Plenty of mosquitos.

Fish beyond the depths.

The lake's surface like scales.

Gentile or gentle go the birds,
occasional place in some human's distance
and the exit of the lake down the site.

My feet are numb from a soak and the lack of light turns the mountains and their trees into whispers and coos.

Look at the island and think of elevation and inheritance

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(recent talks with Rauan)
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My skin exposed fumbles through the wind

Recent memories of mountain bees and a striped snake and a frog on a journey and an owl-like wind cutting open the forest we long to forget

No humans but me and what do I bring?

I bring faces and

sprays and a distorted peanut butter, honey, and cinnamon sandwich.

And memories. And dreams.

And a desire to sit
the solemn, balanced statue
and go too—

like these squirrels so small dark and gray invisible after a moment—

like that tiny fish four inches long, with a blue tint like glacial silt—

like those gray and black birds poets of the Cascades whose name I always forget

(it's perfect)—

Hidden Lake and Hidden Lake Lookout with Quentin

7/28/17

Quentin sits with white feet and the dirt gracefully coating the rest of his legs.

Hello lake, you inaccessible motherfucker.

Hello cloud puff of Rainier.

Masculine thornface of Glacier.

Timestamp of Baker.

North Cascadian energy floats on through.

Like all the daggers of sunlight

purpling my skin.

Remember the adult bird and its child and its gurgly warning call.

And all the people who are not here but could be.

Ten Mile Island, Ross Lake, WA, with Quentin

7/30/17

What's that soothe

but a roar

the waterfall a chorus

or buzz or murmur

or everything, for us,

just off on the west bank

beyond the crystalline green

the water warm and glacial

beyond such passages

What's it like here in the winter beyond the road closures?

Does anyone see? Does the lake freeze over?

Quentin last night on sexuality and repression, sexuality and oneness with the universe.

It's all big and biological.

How can you not at the image of Desolation Peak staring back at you.

I'm old. I'm Desolate. Fuck you.

Is what I imagine it saying.

Still yesterday before the panorama showing the graft of Hozomeen and Jack to the South.

So much life
a swarm of flies to keep you
on edge
or deer so stoic
they could be trapped souls of poets

and the quail-like bird and the roar of a hawk

or eagle.

Down here on the island
my ass hurts but it and all else
remains profound
in the silky shiver
of shadow before the death gaze
of a revenant sun.

Thinking of the Space Station
we saw three times pass overhead
and looking at the claw mark
of milk that shows us our
galaxy and the moon ripples
like silent rain on water
and the stereophonic staccato
of the ripples
sound of water bright black
hallucinogenic babble
eroding and repeating and tearing
through reality

with wind gust and trees seen from below

and the signal of the light on

the other coast—
is it intended and what
language do we ascribe?

Now "This lake is our today."

a bubble of peaceful declaration

as I move to pass all this

island life on, I possessing not at all.

Smoked Mountains, at Kelly Butte Lookout with Gabrielle and Jim 8/5/17

Amidst the layers of smoke down from a distance BC down from wherever up could be

and where we could all be from wherever up is and the beer is cold and the goats are gone and a lookout radio muffles "really disconnected"

but not us in this retrograde of smoke

retrograde of Cascadia

where memory meets monument
while we discuss suffering
and water
and professional paths
and life across and in the future
and to be out
of everything else
and Rainier is right there
and it's impossibly veiled
or at least possibly

A clean air strikes
at the throat the way
we touch our voices
through the instrument of wind

"Verizon owns the mountains"

I say again—at how many
highest points will it be uttered?

Metered. Metrical.

Made possible. Passable.

Things reflect comfort.

Exercise a degree of control.

The chill in the shade
synesthesia with the fly.
Bullhorn and blend of sensory.
Bountiful, stately, heavenly.

So much can be captured amidst this load of silence.
This loud of current.
This currency of pause.

Pulse of youth and lore.

A new lore for the butte
and its temporary residents.
With language of space immemorial
challenged by the dry cracks
our footprints open up
like raw happenstance.
Humanity moments.

Three Poems near Mt. Ellinor

8/27/17

1

a poem this long
from then
with dragonflies jumping
on a pit-bull
and the sound of forest
woodpecker
horseflies
still morning air

Suzy gnaws on and on stick or bone a crackling before lived legs and snorting

the sun is on my back
Mt. Ellinor
directly visible
before I start
my own madness quiet
the world opens

asks for blood for reversal of secret an evaporation the water a gift dewdrops cascading

2: The Octagon

There is Jason and Drew and Jeff

The dogs:

Suzy and Colt.

Dom and Sub.

Drew shows a meme

Bigfoot meets Kermit

Out of context

all is beautiful.

Out of the library

all is disorder.

An Olympic stature

is slanted towards

artists and dogs.

I drink my coffee.

I hear the fissure in history.

I dream of lakeside poetry shores.

The memory of Lake Washington, it is powerful an eclipse of present time.

Blade smattering memory.

3

Where the world crackles.

Where the snow lasts.

Jason Kirk asks questions
holding higher symbolism

perhaps "higher" is highest.

Where the dust doesn't crack.

Jeff:

"A joint for the summit"

Thinking of the hikers who have died their final thoughts

the taste of coffee might be mine.

Granite Mountain with Quentin and Amy

9/2/17

Through the smoke the granite is the stone of blood.

Ladybugs exercise sunlight with the flatness of their wings.

I think of the arteries of brethren of humanity's built wonders.

It is chaos in peace and we are all princesses Disneyfied.

The hawks screeching
the torque of the sky
and the scramble a scramble
designed forward and it's more than
a single direction.

Chipmunk amidst the dancing, feet calm amidst the grit.

Amidst the crowd the mountains steer their faces of smoke or haze.

Is it all crying? Can we even speak for connection of languages at this height?

Mount Defiance (Alpine Lakes Wilderness)

9/4/17

and all alone amidst the living
this palace of smoke or is it just?
just an imagination of heat and dust
the wind a recognition of a calamity

can't help but think while spent
along aural horizons drones of interstates
beyond that is what is the death
a place without bees seeking the sun
in your face the salt in your shirt
the blue in the poles you chew dirt

can't help but blink in a dome of thoughts which arrive in each, with each, laborious breath the thoughts as golden red as the ripples Kulla Kulla a champion texture splash of dust bemoans I think of the severance of the gypsy the deliverance of this afforded peak and the doubt of the drowning spaces what doubt in those murky deaths bobs like a corpse slowly replaced with air our atmosphere of fire not any more still and the bee stays as though a messenger and what is right, or wrong, dear Cascadia? Or is it too late amidst this toppled world? Is this palace of smoke consistently dissipated? Is this human body pierced and fragmented? Will I return to the base to be pierced by the memory of this rubbled mountain and how it has infused, and how it has me taken?

Mt Dickerman, WA with Amy

9/13/17

a mesmerization holds me in silence

as loud as silence of the world

speak of supremacy amongst humans yet the truly supreme sits stacked

a set of degrees muted by cloud wrap with my skin soaked wan, wanting,

(if only Glacier could open up to me, like a palm offering its warmth and grip)

there dies the shallow as a portal, births and the numerous blades of sun match an occasional bird call

and it does well to see the visions and it does well to answer Cascadia's question

our souls are thrifty in this world a blue or gray or green or white or red

hugging into the jagged knowledge of time geology's song chorused by an entering bee

buzz is the way my mood shifts inward crunch is the implosion before we smile

as soon as the sun beckons let us calm and let this sit protected, like an incision cutting up our lives

Big Four Ice Caves, with Amy

9/13/17

What difference does it make?

Stay on the trail like we do.

Grace Tam getting crushed

into death so we may get crushed

into life, livelihood, and so the ice goes.

And the teal water goes to pool.

I think of loving humans but no here.

Here it's the final season of insects

before pushing into snow-clad abyss.

Clad like the dirt and dust.

Like the uprooted Douglas, may it rest in peace, as we piece together the beauty of being, and look humbly on at whatever the Big Four are, whatever actuality they've held like pollen to wing.

Gothic Basin, with Amy

9/14/17

When we reach the chill and the sun when the birds flush their wings in warm exposure when the water sits still with little regard there is a chance memory will remain.

And it will cut into the greater body of things and the world will be like a bowl and collections will be cupped in a set of hands.

Mud wraps itself around the sound of insects as we find trails within trails within trails.

I wonder of molds and the sheer energy.

The sheerest that I could take to bring this together.

And the sheers that shape this fertile combination.

When the world opens and we say hello,
let us be the molds and the molding lively.

Natural Summer

Free write with Jeremy Springsteed at Camano Island's County Park

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6/17/17
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1

In a dream

I am confronted with templates and types

"Tautology" is a word I just learned

Whether alive or dead (absent or present)

spirit

(figure with the symbolic structure)

(the template shudders)

in a waking moment I remember and there may be sun or cloud

it is light blue or light gray

ants approaching in a memory

how many layers of barrier?

the dream template where I face those who hold me up

WE ARE ALL BOUND

the seagulls are screaming (how many years have they been farmed?)

2

The paper creases in the wind: a Camano Island of the Mind

mining shores for ideas:

crow caw

crab eviscerated

flattened indistinguishable

most of these beaches are private and private bleeds to public

scabs of signage

I sit on a furry log

in a capsized light

thinking of Jackson Mac Low's
endless sequences of light poems
and his description of licking
a clitoris, while briny air
is subtle and entrancing

an entrance is one crow now ten, nearly a murder, and dead we all are.

the myth of Sisyphus
and Camus and YouTube
and the video game Shadow Warrior 2

remembering the cyborg DOLL enemies with their spinning blades, remembering digital strata

mutilation simulacra

and in Kirkland Ruby and Rauan and Edith and speaking with the man in the wheelchair about microscopic insects that survive in Outer Space, while we survived in that art gallery of terrible art

and the bees here looking asleep,
dead, but just sitting there, and
you blow on them, and they
come alive, like a sequence of prose

sputtering wild

like silk in fingers

and Jeremy points out the crows fighting the eagle, and before—the seal, and before—the jumping fish of the salmon super freeway—

3

in a hearty shower of light

divided time

between physical awareness

and mental joy

sequence of landscapes

while I know of the thousands

with guns

shooting getting shot

this purple hat

UV50 so what

so what the Union work

the greatest accomplishments

are done unsung

know this

more crows caw [typed as crowds]

more Camano more now

we are advertisers with stories

diminished insight

superlative whoa (or: woes)

deer in the streets

bunnies in gutters

a huge dog with a black face

the snot-like consistency

of the living Pacific

barnacle

it's soft here

the ground grainy

we find stones

throw them

step upon them

we find horseshoes and play

pass time back and forth

a bluish objectification
pleasant bruise, pressed, transformations
is it outlandish?

meanwhile parades somewhere
museums elsewhere
haven't eaten but
not hungry

haven't learned but feeling content

the Cascades arranged beyond this county park like a choir

the damnation of our cyber networks just out of touch

excision of the cruelty the oppressive tossed aside

my lips are chapped with a Saturday's mocking intensity.

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Puget Sound Day Dream.
Reality and it is so rapid.
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A light poem on the eve of the Summer Solstice, for Paul Nelson

06-19-17

Just last week: completion of *The Complete*

Light Poems

by Jackson Mac Low.

Through high, mid, low efforts, varying states of arousal,

I read the book.

Sitting here in Seattle, my feet swollen, warm,

thinking about it all.

Totality of illumination.

The cup of coffee stirs

and streams

in front of me.

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Of all I read, what constitutes the light poems?
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What of constitution?
An emergence of the biography.
Fracture and fragment
upon
an ownership of reality.

Possession of awareness

ripples

Robert Duncan sitting

on a log

or stool.

Oscar—his image—the illustrations

Earlier today meeting Kevin

I was reunited with the feeling
of overcoming suicide

and an uplifting—the anxiety is as collective anxiety and it pushes us down like Pema's waves.

Oddly in a light rail light seeing Timothy Snyder's use of the same metaphor, wondering if it was intentional.

Right now in this creamy light

I think of how much I love my friends.

Knuckles raw from clamping the hiking poles for 8 hours.

Let the brutality sink in.

I think of tyranny.

What can't sink in.

Remembering James Baldwin's letters:

"My Dungeon Shook"

and

"Down at the Cross"

How much hardworking skinless light, collectively?

Must be needed to see

the work itself.

Four directions. Work.

See: they work in all directions.

I wanted to imbue this one with a peaceful ritual.

The grandest surprise of the poem is what's already included.

Continuous ritual is the begging
I am not in position to bring.

Outdoors: the gray light one cannot compare to anything else.

(For I have tried, and failed, over and over --and sure, you know, I'll try again)

Waiting for the enlightenment of the images to just arrive

Thinking of Spicer now.

But they must be instilled.

Thinking of Olson and Pound now.

I must admit, like a beaming
marmot with language like frozen
liquid, that I only came back to this
bakery because of the gorgeous and happy
baker—and she's here this time too.
[and gorgeous and happy still.]

And so . . . thinking of Rexroth.

The idea of the love poem like that of the light poem . . . it is less of romance and more of this universality, of presence.

This: Be present before
the letting of the love (and the work) loose (lose/gain?) itself

Across

Acrosswards

Across towards

the rest

of the page

Spread and lightweight, sprightly green light, opening and opening up.

Staring at the rainbow flags and remembering peace.

Remembering the full and earthly totality.

Democratically lighted.

Drastically lightened.

The skin today, tomorrow, always.

Like the jagged rocks of the trails.

Like the muscles that are torn and
have me wobbling,

I wonder if this is it . . . the end of the poem.

As I revise it, I will raise it.

Rice Light is an Aging Process: A Light Poem after Jackson Mac Low 06-20-17 Version 2, originally written while listening to Narkopop by Gas 1 In dreams leading up to today: Templates and types. Tautalogies. Spirits representing absence and presence. The waking moment of remembering: Sun or cloud, light blue or gray skies. Layers upon layers of light. Layered light. I parse through this field of light: Objects and images illuminated. I think of the flattened. I think of the indistinguishable. I think of the eviscerated. Or just the barely recognizable. A coastal way of seeing the world.

Through abundance, the question:

Where do these ideas come from? It is warm inside, and outside, today, Tuesday, The rain has stopped, for a moment. I eat purple potatoes covered in salt, pepper, chili paste. The light of the rice filling all the empty spaces. This private space where I eat. This public space where I live. Private land bleeding into public land. Or otherwise. Quote: In a capsized light / thinking of Jackson Mac Low's / endless sequences Unquote. Actually, they do end. Like his beautiful descriptions of intimacy, Which I want to go on and on, forever. Which I wish could be written by me right now. I remember the brine in the air.

In a hearty shower of light

There is divided time.

There is time: divided.

There is: physical awareness.

Mental joy through landscapes.

Despite reality, and knowing

What exists, what violence is out there,

I think of all the unsung accomplishments

And knowing more now than ever before.

I remember commenting on softness of light

But also a grainy ground filled with stones for throwing

And stepping upon.

I remember the horseshoes thrown

And an exchange of time:

An activity bluish when objectified.

Quote:

The Cascades arranged / beyond this county park / like a choir / the damnation of our cyber / networks just out of touch / excision of the cruelty / the oppressive tossed aside / my lips are chapped with / a Saturday's mocking / intensity / Puget Sound Day Dream / Reality and it is so rapid

Unquote.
3
I take little for granted in this curvy light
This tantalizing light
This extensive seasonal light
I have stopped taking for granted the people in my life
And I know them well enough
though some bring me pain and some I bring pain to
And pleasures
There are those
There is no way to share light with everyone of course
And exchange and be well and affirming
I scrape the few grains of cooked white rice up with my fork
To say I shoveled these grains
Reminds me of scraping the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of snow off the Maine driveway as a kid
Almost
Not
Worth

Snow arouses and projects my verse

I think about the strangeness of longer days

And a longer mind, like walking across sand dunes

4

It was freezing at Lake Melakwa this past weekend where I saw the visions of friends and family loom over me like caretakers in that cold, watery pinnacle

in the alpine lakes, one of grave, chiseled light

I remember also back in February Camp Wariki and being lifted by 8 men above their shoulders after just having been pinned down and smashed into the ground like a flattened crab. It was that lifting of my heart: the blood pumping rapidly, my eyes twin streams, that created a cavity, an opening.

Some might call it a blessing. A chatoyant light from one realm to the next

We move from state to state

Revelation to revelation

Illumination sequentially

We are, quote:

Chill and embraced.

Unquote.
Quote: When rivers are born: a concept / that pleases me.
Unquote.
Seeing the spillover creating the stream of light known as the Pratt River.
And understanding the mechanisms that are in place carrying one space to the next.
Carrying one idea to the next.
Think water: as life.
Think forest: as metaphor for water.
Think of the glacier as the artist above the forest.
Quote:
It is glacial light I often identify / with, or find myself surrounded by
Unquote.
5
According to the English instructors at my school,
Seven seconds is the best period of time to await a response from the class.
Do not force the students to speak immediately.
They say: Have them take seven seconds to think through their response.

I stare at my keyboard for seven seconds before typing.

I have been rapidly moving from the light of each person in my life,

Wondering what to say of them. Considering a hierarchy of value.

In a better mind, observation is a plateau. It is 360 degrees.

There are four directions and a fourth dimension. All is visible. All identifiable.

Ideally, we see everyone the same. And they are all important.

But then I think of James Baldwin and his ideas and there is frustration.

I want to know how to break idealism but not forget each variation of light.

How? Another light poem, maybe.

Quote:

There they all are, at this / freezing and beautiful lake. / I feel the dampness of my toes. / The verge of shiver, / and I know it's time to go. Unquote.

6

In yesterday's coffee and donut America,

I sat to write a light poem that is not this light poem.

I sat in Seattle, as I am sitting now.

My feet were sore and swollen, as they are now.

My knees aching a Cascadian ache, as they are now.

Quote: Totality of illumination. Unquote. Today I started writing this poem with the following: I think of light falling upon my mother and her travels. I wish her peace and wellness. I think of light falling upon my father wherever and hope his suffering is minimal. I wish him peace and wellness. I think of light falling upon my younger sister and my younger brother. I wish them peace and wellness. I think of light falling upon those who struggle with anxiety, depression, and other disabling energies. I wish them peace and wellness. I think of light falling upon my artist friends so that they may create what is necessary, what is imperative. I wish them peace and wellness. I think of light falling upon those whose societies have forsaken them. I wish them peace and wellness. Quote: Right now in this creamy light I think of how much I love my friends. Unquote.

Right now in this studious light

I think of how much I love everyone.

Mellow plastic light. Structurally sound light. Whisper light. Fragrant light. Peripheral breeze light.

We live in a world of tyranny and subterfuge.

But there are four directions.

And the work is being done.

And quote: "I wanted to imbue this one with a / peaceful ritual." Unquote.

And quote: "The grandest surprise of the poem / is what's already included." Unquote.

7

In the cafe these words, in a different order were written:

Possession of awareness

ripples

Robert Duncan sitting

on a log

or stool.

Waiting for the enlightenment of the

images to just arrive

Thinking of Spicer now.

But they must be instilled.

Thinking of Olson and Pound now.

I must admit, like a beaming

marmot with language like frozen

liquid, that I only came back to this

bakery because of the gorgeous and happy

baker—and she's here this time too.

[and gorgeous and happy still.]

And so . . . thinking of Rexroth.

The idea of the love poem like

that of the light poem . . .

it is less of romance and

more of this universality, of

presence.

This: Be present before

the letting of the love (and the

work) loosen itself

"My mouth rung out"

7/3/17

My mouth rung out

like it was rung.

Othello Park Standby.

Glimpses of water (don't do it).

I buffer with load screens.

Empty windows.

A wind blade fan.

"Whisper Quiet" is

not a delight, is

quiet and consuming.

Seattle's air currents, clouds hang,

cool us down. A kind of

Shock.

I wake like the golem, no master tho'
know language (or symbol interface)
can keep me in the realm of knowing
Chapstick vitamins
a new remote for the fan
all of this swirls over me
in the frigid air of a summer
morning in Seattle

intrusions of the dead are not minor intrusions
(swallow, I can feel the pills in
my esophagus)

the dead come to me as portraits as landscapes too . . . where ambiguity is the true haunt

a style latches on like a leech some unknown mutant of expectation

causal suck and I don't relish in this

we warp our minds

utter sinkhole of sinking
sinking of slinking
another poem reaches its

deadest end

This is how I write "again"

7/13/17

nobody likes a Rainier beer
thinking of queer
thinking while repressed male

the demons of all those who came

and went

remember the helplessness of Dramamine

and bats carried by message of the night

Oh no

and there is no protections for what we don't know

Rules and laws in a mortuary light
rolling across a stiff landscape
there is the urgency of life
and it confronts an American
Stick
or purgatorial
a set of decaying flowers

most beautiful most gothic

It should not be this hard

text's what piano keys are for

the strokes the taps the systems

and a considerable length of belief

and the full coverage here

in the whisky

and I wonder if all the end users

are drunk on an edge of everywhere earth

Connections as depleted as morality

as consistent as depleted morale.

There's a consistent

an endless

loading

screen

"In the shadow of the bonsai"

7/4/17

In the shadow of the bonsai

I ponder cycles

of seasonal change

of independence

of history

I write this not from the Pacific Bonsai Museum

but from Salt Water State Park

Barnacle cushion and a sequence

of alga or seaweed runs

briny into the Sound

Crows dot like gangsters or scavengers

all demographics surrounding my pale colonial sheik

Post hunting hiker with wounded feet

Meanwhile a woman stares at what must be a heron

(Remembering two days ago seeing two herons flying together, first time)

Of independence and sighs

And the scraping sight of a jet
careening in flux and brilliance
towards a Sea-Tac
stapled into the history of this development

Meanwhile the desert is calling

Meanwhile heat and smiles

and new waves of whatever

And my next steps south or broader, like these fucking crows and their stereo of caw

I smell a charcoal that longs to sleep.

I feel a chill dancing with a barely emerged sun.

I think of the swollen dark stars

The kaleidoscopic muteness of the skull

My sullen self it won't go away but neither will this language it's all screwed into place

Dull white barnacles remind me of
the orange and black ants (fire?)
that latched onto my shoes as I
stepped into and through them
on a forest path near a sunken
calm, still memorial in a Federal Way, WA

Somewhere out there some friends are exploring mountain paths

Or long roads that don't have signs or new cities, or old ones

And here am I, as here as ever as alive as yesterday, or tomorrow that arrow of time forever a line

Glisten of pool. Soft, massage qualities of the aural known

And here:

Strange rocks holding me in place, like I am a shelved object

Alas and elongated, I seep into knowing and reroute, and trace, and withhold and uproar, and the inklings in that crow's communication demonstrative of the whine and the need and the bullshit of all our dirty mouths and dehydrated bodies inevitably open as corpses.

In the shadow of the bonsai I barely felt it, barely knew, barely owned the moment

The appearance of age in a reality of youth
What of vice versa? Is that this tepid humanity?

Is that the tepid humanity of the 31st year?

I long for that shadow
while a couple pose with a USA flag
The spectacle of the real

And now they nearly climb over me in this Sisyphean moment the boulder nearly always crushing this frame of doubt

Madras

08/22/17

The wet of the solar

A cool and twin reality

You don't know it

While it exists.

And then it's told to you.

Bold. Halo of gold, greatness.

SEVEN POEMS ABOUT ELLENSBURG, CAFE RED, LOWER LEWIS FALLS, MORTON, THE APE CAVES, LAVA CANYON, AND A DARK APARTMENT

08/23/17

1: Ellensburg and CWU
Sweetness, dead
grass still
sitting still.
It's red
unbearable
to feet
twice torn
or tearing
as lifted
they release
and ground
it's more
than alive,
than this
borrowed land
horses, ranches
expansions
and releases.
I feel
a sorrow
but forward

for who? Who more the clap the sign wait, look

for here or before?

2: Cafe Red, Seattle

A moombahton (reggaeton?)

of the drums

watch for the 2nd train of thought and though it is it is brighter

a glare in eyes dreams of flight

where's the first train

and it runs

runs through

runs a fortune

my gut

the sunbeam

opening

3: Lower Lewis Falls, 8/11/17

In rainy darkness

sleeping boys

the wet cocoons

the wildest moons

each spout

evergreen liquid

upon fabric

up upon love

we are all frozen

sinking and jamming

it hurts to sleep

the mania

a neighbor with Jason calcify concentrates bold unrest boast coldly bust unboldly and then the breach 4: About 8/10/17 The Mortoneans Mortonites Logger Face Friendliness Fondly Forked Peanut Butter Pie Chips and Fish Beer and such

a yawn

a sequence of us open and it's fortuitous and fruitful along a love and girth and effervescent the sunset toys with decay my steps invisible the cooler paupers or lovers of poverty of forks 5: About 8/10/17, the Ape Caves in a perfect dark I read a perfect sermon Lew Welch

Chanting in

The water chanting across water across stone lava surfaces. We're here. Present. Pointed like empty-bellied sparrows launched from the branch the moment is precise. Shadows of precision. 6: Lava Canyon this edge

could be the last

the lava dulled

bright dreams of mute

my mind

while I read.

the landscape torn

crevice of hate
to love forward

pulled into a love
burst of flame
the muddy boil
the rush of air

writing like tiptoe
crush
like slip upon

rain-bowed in August

volcanic

shipment the body flume

later: women

the prayer

braid cut and given

where's my giving?

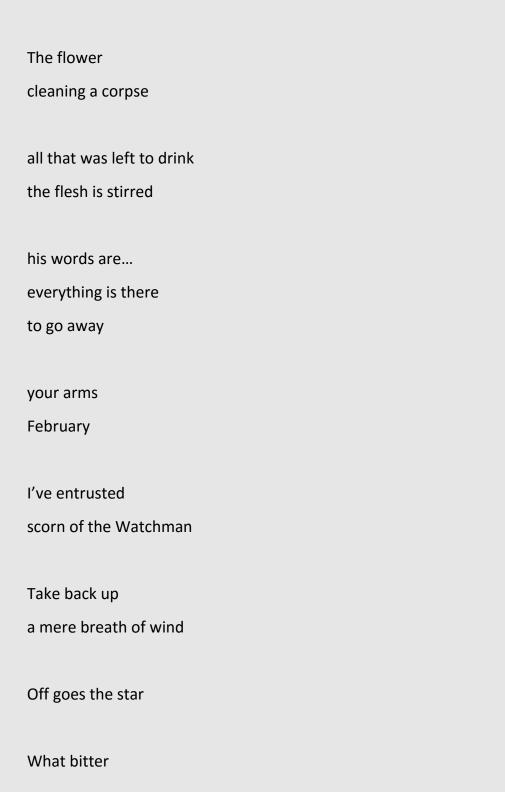
7: 8/22/17 The breath of the land. I see these bodies. They have been here. Rough translations. Bigger folds. I sit in the dark room with warm skin and cruel (undisciplined) fantasies. It is rupturing. Uproarious cursing in the dark. Just below a beyond a silent courtyard sits

and squinting

I craft the method for a more manly sleep.

Lines from Voelin

Taken from To Each Unfolding Leaf: Selected Poems (1976-2015), translated by John Taylor (Bitter Oleandor Press, 2017)



to write to write

Kiss my lips

Writing made of stone

Writing tightened in shame

In my mouth words

Pyres of silence

The crows are flying

Amorous woman

Nothing more born on

later, it's the dew

we're speaking

Tenderness hugs summer

Old men with snail-like...

Oh the timidity

Standing against the sky

Neither the galloping

for you clandestine

the light—its little head

I want to kiss

Armenia of tears
Armenia, eternal
May rains grasp
O face of medic

I'm bleeding

It's your dream that pierces
love I know
when your fragile body
if you came

I seek the language
You speak to no one
where is that hand

So precious is poetry
there—pure—
You're but a woman
You'll be awake in the language

Even the winter starts

You're aiming higher know that the mute heart—

Poems for Staying Awake

08-25-17

1

In his stomach

he counts cancer.

In his stomach

he calls out

the counting

of cancer.

He looks around him.

Ghost cells.

An epistemology of terror.

His epistemology of terror.

And the mirror stands still

and the mirror smudges.

The food keeps getting prepared

and he is the one wielding the knife.

2: 8/24/17 Wallingford to Brighton, Seattle

A woman with the brown hair who reaches across and forms the cross an intersection then a cafe whose dish bin is loud whose light is faint and orange.

We discuss
and discuss further
the very variety
of darkness
and we wonder
what makes
darkness differ.

Our recanting is precious
like the touch
of our skin
like the cross
that will disappear
into darkness

or into light as we move forward.

3

Beneath the city of light as a city of light calls forth the unity of power of energy I drive my vehicle with a hunger to be careful because I was starving and reckless for so many years beneath so many stars beneath so many street lights riding so many ridges and curves and the city is as amorphous as ancient stone as the landscapes that call my name like mouths on faces that stare into my eyes and it's here in this woven path

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of electrical current
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that I cry for a just

and resolute pounce

like the bobcat

that was seen on my campus

this morning.

I exhale

and disappear

around the corner.

4

The weather is cold today.

It is cold and it was cold

when I first stepped out of my building

onto the sidewalk

where I made my way to my car to go to work.

I appreciate a coldness in Seattle.

It reminds me of the warmth that I experienced

just earlier. Or was it later?

Was it close or was it further?

If anything, the stark dampening and bursts of chilly rain leave me in awe of the location that could open up and give us new amorous understanding of the role

of questions in life.

A falling frequency
ruined by things in clouds
and helped by thingless leaves
with green grass among dead grass.
And the wind blends with the breeze
and the welders are silent
while their tools are loud
and I am allowed to be here
to hear here
to listen
before the blackberries
take all my focus away
to that way
and thank you for visiting
and drive safely.

The Brittle Page

August 28, 2017

Preface

They are drowning in Houston.

There is the flashbang of lightning.

A worried dog is saved and another drowned.

The less you have, the more you notice.

Ceiling tiles dripping with water from above.

1.

Under the stars
there is a blue sky
and beneath it
a corpse.
It's approachable.

2.

Let the green in and let it shine in like a glare like a blinding knife opening new space.

3.

Their hearts like rubies are stolen roughly and then to sit in shadows a thief's pocket soulless and parachuted.

4.

It is stale the way it sits

and staler the way it tears
and stalest the way I taste
but the slide down the throat—
a glistening tactile, verdant.

5.

To dose on berries
the way we overdose
consumption wielding itself
that giant Ouroboros
before we sleep.

6.

Or are we awake?
Or are we away
for the last time
bludgeon to temptation
landscape itself fascistic?

7.

The dust creeps to circuits
while I creep to a circus
the mind flashing lights
strobes persons made
so we lean to the lively death.

8.

Is there no such thing?
Is there no fame?
Or perhaps I'm obsessed
with landscapes of obsession
fame as one long vista?

9.

Black plastic and brown smudges and the lament I hold before me.

Let's corroborate on cruelty.

The nature of stains and dirt forwarding a love of appeal.

10.

I dream of doomed fields
the spools of rusted refusals
and the quotes of dead men.
Children, women, men surround
a campfire culled from gasoline.

11.

Where does this marionette dance?
Or too from where does the hunger stem?
Skid marks across ugly carpet.
Ripped clothing left unmended.

Amidst wrappers a cerulean note arrives.

12.

Indented jaws smoking with sunshine.

The heat we have come to love

leaves us sitting in the corners

blessed with foaming throats.

It is tough to blink these images away.

13.

Tripped up upon shells

and laces and leathers and plastics.

Throngs of collision,

mixed curse of materials.

Bullshit carried in the brine.

14.

It was the wincing that got me.

And my falling against the tile.

Thirteen hundred blank faces

morphing of each other.

You watching this temporal decay.

Post

Waiting for an evaporation

with clothes stinging

needles folded in and we are exemplifying holding the lifeless close.

Burdens and Royalties

09-03-17

Written at the Royal Room in Columbia City, Seattle, on 09/02/17, during a performance by Jisun.

0

Those postures of dynamite and irregular heartbeats
Those pulses of the last treacheries discoverable
It is curious the way the aches creak and clone
The realm reeks before a chorus of reeling in dull tones

1

I nurse community a concept I color iodine Should have been green in the slurry Rapid rafts amidst a spent sequence of plains The beat uproarious and the language is of corrosion

2

Stop the emboldened tongues of the streetlights They slip like sandal traction on piss stained carpet It spawns the rivulets of lost mellow chances While faux whole horn sections are sectored off The stripping down of dusted green branches Imagining the curiosity of destroyed huckleberry It is the realest realization in the realms Restorative likened to a treasured gasp

4

Stop sputtering the reality of the enlivened Thus the shape of a liver is a heart of heat "We heat the heat with our own hotness" And then languishing in miles of later

5

It is at the bottom of a dream of a volcano
Innards ornamental and opaque and arranged
The spew of the solitude of an embraced, hidden magma
Or the touch of death and inconceivable combustion

6

The length of poems is the stuttering of the tongue

The cluttering of the minds is collectivism and condescending annals

I find the fixtures of the room appalling and stern-like

I find myself bleeding without blood, burdened without bones

7

But when I stare into the stars and starts of the face The jaws speaking an entire entrance of trance Open fully pulling us up and through a vorpal process Jackets and jowls an especially arranged outcome We taste plants with names we find impossible to remember We bend our necks into new positions
A listening of the universe radical and radiant
What word repeats and what patterns are born, abort?

9

What love is this lasting testosterone baking in the grime?
What winding down into the sordid defilement of the status quo?
It bulges and sags in the realm of the blue
It startles and streams like a quest of the rudimentary

10

How many swipes of an arguably dead-end screen
That leads to the extemporaneous and fully exempt
It is the shouting across a huge, interior vacuum
And the irregular lush locationism among hearthy heathens

\$

Slamming unto and into the salamander
A sneak of a brink of rotation in our guises
While the cats keep slicing specials of skin
And we otherwise keep our necks wrenched, skulls clad

Lunar Throat

09-17-17

It doesn't hurt

to imagine

these races

landscapes

bulldozed

and mown

later

before grass

died

later still

and a moon

the rising

proclamation:

stay away.

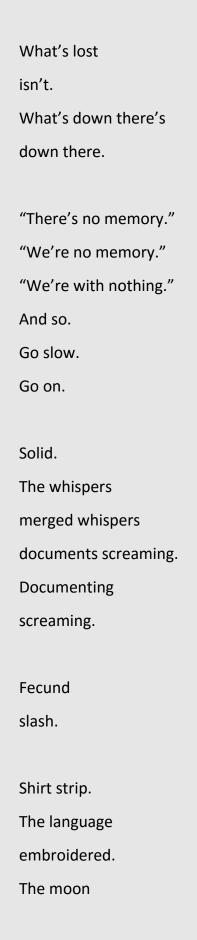
The land

scraping

sacred

its oiled holes

containing fragments.



agrowl.

Where'd it go?

Stay away.

--

This poem borrows from "Too Much Love" by LCD Soundsystem.

